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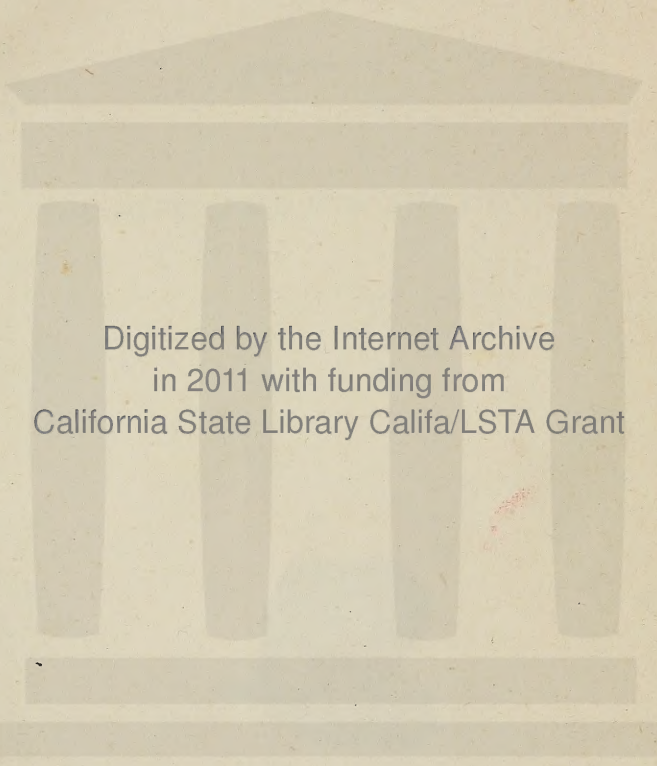
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THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME X.



SAN FRANCISCO:

JOHN H. CARMANY & COMPANY.

1873.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

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SAN FRANCISCO:
PRINTED BY JOHN H. CARMANY & Co.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 10. — JANUARY, 1873. — No. 1.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART V.

*Well, we have threaded through and through
The gloaming forests. Fairy Isles,
Begirt in God's eternal smiles,
As fallen stars in fields of blue;
Some futile wars with subtle love
That mortal never vanquished yet —
Some symphonies by angels set
In wave below, in bough above —
Were yours and mine; but here adieu.*

*Yet if it come to pass some days
That you grow weary, sad, and you
Lift up deep eyes from dusty ways
Of mart and moneys, to the blue
And pure, cool waters, Isle and vine,
And bathe you there, and then arise
Refreshed by one fresh thought of mine,
I rest content; I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair in my delight,
I kiss my hand to say "Good-night."*

*May love be thine by sun or moon;
May peace be thine by stormy way,
Through all the darling days of May,
Through all the genial days of June,
To golden days that die in smiles
Of sunset on the blessed Isles.*

What way is familiar when journeyed in first?
The new roads are rugged, the journeyings hard;
No storied names lure you, nor deeds as they erst
Allured you in songs of the Scion, sweet bard.

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When spires shall shine on the Amazon's shore
From temples of God, and time shall have rolled
Like a scroll from the border the limitless wold;
When the tiger is tamed, and the *mono* no more

Swings over the waters to chatter and call
To the crocodile sleeping in rushes and fern;
When cities shall gleam, and their battlements burn
In the sunsets of gold where the cocoa-nuts fall;

And the mountains flash back from their mantles of snow
The reflection of splendors from tower and dome
Of temples, where art has established a home
More royal than aught that the moderns may show;

'Twill be something to lean from the stars, and to know
That the engine red-mouthing with turbulent tongue,
The white ships that come and the cargoes that go,
We invoked them of old when the nations were young:

'Twill be something to know that we named them of old—
That we said to the nations, lo! here is the fleece
That allures to the rest, and the perfectest peace,
With its foldings of sunlight shed mellow like gold:

That we were the Carsons in kingdoms untrod,
That we followed the trail through the rustle of leaves,
That we stood by the waves where solitude weaves
Her garments of mosses, and lonely as God:

That here we made venture when singers were young,
Inviting from Grecia, from long-trodden lands
That are easy of journeys, and are holy from hands
Laid upon by the Masters when giants had tongue.

Yea, rugged the hills, and most hard of defeat
Are the difficult journeys to bountiful song,
Through places not hallowed by fame and the feet
Of the classical singers, made sacred to song.

But the prophet should lead, to discover the grand
And the beautiful hidden in quarries of stone;
Be a leader to point to the fair and unknown,
And the far, and allure to the sweets of a land.

Behold my Sierras! new mountains of song! . . .
The Andes shall break through the wings of the night
As the fierce condor breaks through the clouds in his flight;
And we here plant the cross. How long? and how long?

Ay, idle indeed! And yet to have dared
 On an unsailed sea may deserve some grace. . .
 But the harvest will come, and behold, my place
 Shall be filled with the prophets, to my fullest reward.

* * * * *

I reckon that love is the bitterest sweet
 That ever laid hold on the heart of a man—
 A chain to the soul, and to slumber a ban,
 And a bane to the brain, and a snare to the feet.

Who would ascend on the hollow white wings
 Of love but to fall; to fall and to learn,
 Like a moth, and a man, that the lights lure to burn,
 That the roses have thorns, and the sweetest bee stings.

I say to you surely that grief shall befall;
 I lift you my finger, I caution you true,
 And yet you go forward, laugh gaily, and you
 Must learn for yourself, and then mourn for us all.

You had better be drown'd than to love and to dream;
 It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
 And away from the sun, and forever alone,
 Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream,

Than to dream for a day, then awake for an age,
 And to walk through the world like a ghost, and to start,
 Then suddenly stop, with the hand to the heart
 Pressed hard, and the teeth set savage with rage.

.

The clouds are above us, and snowy and cold,
 And what is beyond but the steel-gray sky,
 And the still, far stars that twinkle and lie
 Like the eyes of a love or delusions of gold!

Ah! who would ascend? The clouds are above.
 Ay! all things perish; to rise is to fall.
 And alack for loving, and alas for love,
 And alas that we ever are lovers at all.

And alas for a heart that is left forlorn!
 If you live you must love; if you love, regret.
 It were better, perhaps, we had never been born,
 Or better, at least, we could all forget.

And yet, after all, it is harder to die
 Of a broken-up heart than one would suppose . . .
 The clouds blow over, and you see that the rose
 Of heaven is born of a turbulent sky.

.

The singer stood forth in the fragrance of wood,
 But not as alone, and he chid his heart,
 And subdued his soul, and assumed his part
 With a passionate will, in the palms where he stood ;

Then he reached where he stood, like to one made strong
 In a strange resolve to a doubtful good,
 And he shook his hair, made free from his mood,
 Forgot his silence and resumed his song :

“She is sweet as the breath of the Castile rose,
 She is warm to the heart as a world of wine,
 And as rich to behold as the rose that grows
 With its red heart bent to the tide of the Rhine.

“O hot blood, born of the heavens above !
 I shall drain her soul, I shall drink her up,
 I shall love with a searching and merciless love,
 I shall sip her lips as the brown bees sup

“From the great gold heart of the buttercup !
 I shall live and love ! I shall have my day,
 Let the suns fall down or the moons rise up,
 And die in my time, and who shall gainsay ?

“What boots me the battles that I have fought
 With self for honor ? My brave resolve ?
 And who takes note ? The senses dissolve
 In a sea of love, and the land is forgot.

“And the march of men, and the drift of ships,
 And the dreams of fame, and desires for gold,
 They shall go for aye, as a tale that is told,
 Nor divide forever my lips from her lips.

“And a knight shall rest, and none shall say nay,
 In a green Isle washed by an arm of the seas,
 And walled from the world by the white Andes,
 For the years are of age and can go their way.”

.

The sentinel stood on the furthermost land,
 And shouted aloud her fearful alarms :
 "He comes!" she cried, "in the strength of storms,"
 And struck her shield, and, her sword in hand,

She cried, "O Queen of the sun-kissed Isle,
 He comes as a wind comes, blown from the seas,
 In a cloud of canoes, on the curling breeze,
 With his shields of tortoise and of crocodile,

And girt in copper, with silver-white spears,
 And his flint-tipped arrows and his bended bows,
 To take our blood, though we give him tears,
 And to flood our Isles in a world of woes."

She rushed her down where the white tide ran,
 She breasted away where the breakers reeled,
 She shook her sword in the face of man,
 And beat, as the waves beat, sword on shield.

She dared him to come with his storm of seas—
 To come as the winds come, fierce and frantic,
 Sounding down to the far Atlantic—
 And sounding away to the deep Andes.

.

She slept at peace in the holy places,
 Sacred alone to the splendid Queen ;
 She slept in peace in the opaline
 Hush and blush of the tropic graces ;

And bound around by the twining traces,
 Vine and trellis in their primal morn,
 As still and as sweet as a babe new-born
 The brown Queen lay as in love's embraces.

She heard her sentry's passionate words,
 The sound of shields and the clash of swords,
 And slow she came with her head on her breast,
 And her two hands held as to plead for rest.

Where, O where, were the Juno graces?
Where, O where, was the glance of Jove,
When the Queen came forth from the sacred places,
That lay away in the heart of the grove.

They rallied around as of old; they besought her,
With swords to the sun and the sounding shield,
To lead them again to the glorious field,
So sacred to Freedom; and, breathless, they brought her

Her buckler and sword, and her armor all bright
With a thousand gems and enjeweled gold.
She lifted her head with the look of old,
For an instant only; with all of her might

She strove to be strong and majestic again;
She bared them her arms and her ample brown breast,
And they lifted her armor, and they strove their best
To clasp it about her; but they strove in vain.

It closed never more, but clanged on the ground,
Like the fall of a king, with an ominous sound.
And she cried, "Alas!"—and she smote her breast—
"For the nights of love, for the noons of rest."

And her warriors wondered; but they stood apart,
And trailed their swords, and subdued their eyes
To earth in sorrow and in hushed surprise,
And forgot themselves in their pity of heart.

"O Isles of the Sun," cried the blue-eyed youth,
"O Edens new-made and let down from above!
Be sacred to peace and to passionate love,
Hallowed by tears and made holy with truth.

"O gardens of God, new-planted below!
Shall rivers be red? Shall days be as night?"
And he stood in the wood with his face to the foe,
And apart with his buckler and sword for the fight.

But the fair Isle filled with the fierce invader;
He formed on the strand, he lifted his spears,
Where never was man for years and for years,
And moved on the Queen. She lifted and laid her

Finger-tip to her lips. And sweet, O sweet,
Was the song of love, like a love new-born,
That the minstrel blew in the virgin morn,
Away where the trees and the sea-sands meet.

The strong men leaned and their shields let fall,
And slowly they moved with their trailing spears,
And heads bowed down as if bent with years,
And an air of gentleness over them all.

And the men grew glad as the song ascended,
They leaned their lances against the palms,
And they reached their arms as to reach for alms,
And the Amazons came—and their reign was ended.

They reached their arms to the arms extended,
Put by their swords, and no more seemed sad,
But moved as the men moved, tall and splendid—
Mingled together, and were all made glad.

Then the Queen stood tall, as of old she had stood,
With her face to the sun and her breast to the foe;
Then moved like a king, unheeding and slow,
And aside to the singer in the fringe of the wood.

She led him forth, and she bade him sing:
Then bade him cease; and the gold of his hair
She touched with her hands; she embraced him there,
Then lifted her voice and proclaimed him King.

And the men, made fair in their new-found loves,
They all cried "King!" and again and again,
Cried "Long may they live, and long may they reign,
And as true be their love as the red-billed doves'.

"Ay, long may they live, and long may they love,
And their blue-eyed babes with the years increase,
And we all have love, and we all have peace,
While the seas are below or the stars are above.

"Let the winds blow fair and the fruits be gold,
And the gods be gracious to King and to Queen,
While the tides are gray or the Isles are green,
Or the moons wax new or the moons wane old."

FINIS.

THE GHOST OF RUMMELSBURG.

A LEGEND OF THE NETHERLANDS.

RICH was Arnoldsden among the merchants of Bremen, and many were the vessels which carried his wealth from the newly discovered *dorados* of Mexico and Peru. His word was worth a million at the exchange, and his residence the wonder of his numerous visitors: gold and silver ornaments everywhere; and what struck the multitude with almost awe, the spacious halls and entries paved with shining dollars. Besides his palatial mansion, he had more than one suburban residence; and it was in one of these that, after a succession of festivities our merchant-prince was called where rich and poor must once appear.

The heir of all his wealth was his only son, just of age, and therefore entitled to the full possession of all the riches which had been accumulating while young Franz was rolling in premature dissipation. Generous and open-hearted, he thought best to enjoy the present; gave up exchange and business, and many were the visitors who trod the dollar-paved halls, and helped to empty the richly stored money-chest.

But where is the barrel which does not once give out when constantly drawn upon, and never replenished? So one morning the major-domo said, with solemn look: "The last dollar is gone;" to which young Franz replied in an angry mood: "Get money of the Jews; money there must be!" And so the sons of Israel began to loan, and to take mortgages, and to compound interest; and, to make a short story still shorter, when it became known in the city that the dollar pavement had been taken up,

credit was gone, and Franz was left with a few family jewels, a lute, and a few dollars capital, perhaps some of the pavement.

Somewhat discouraged, he dropped his name, and took a small room in a forlorn house, in one of the narrow alleys which you only find in the old-world cities. There he was safe from temptation, with sufficient means against cold and starvation, but rather sad and lonely.

Of course he often sat at the window, and surveyed with curious eye the opposite ones, only a few feet distant. Think how interested the lonely bird became when he saw an arm, as beautiful as the Venus de Medici, removing the curtains of a window just opposite his own; and then another arm removing the other side, and at last a face looking dreamingly through the open window; but what a face! so sweet and pure—so richly framed in richest flowing locks!

Poor Franz! He could not control himself. Open flew his window, and his gaze met that of the wondering beauty.

They gazed not long. A daft dame appeared behind the nymph, and with angry look shut up the window and curtains. Franz remained lost in admiration; then with a sigh withdrew, and fell into a deep reverie.

Never had he loved. In foolish dissipation and revelry he had passed his time, and spent his fortune. Now, alone, left to himself, this sudden apparition of pure, undefiled maidenhood had struck him to the quick.

And well might it! Meta was the

only child of Frau Brigitta, the widow of a brave and sturdy ship-owner, who in his voyages to and from the New World had earned a large fortune, but in the stormy Channel had met with a direful shipwreck, was lost, and left his widow to settle his affairs. And bravely she did so. The hard-hearted creditors took advantage. House and property went, and Frau Brigitta took refuge in the third story room, earning her living by spinning flax, and wisely providing for the future by keeping a small trade in the much sought-for article.

Meta, her only beloved, was her pride and care. With the strictest precision she brought her up. Daily she went with her to mass, and now and then a walk to the suburbs, but else she kept her safe from the world's contact. We may suppose that Frau Brigitta, while diligently providing for the present, did not forget the future; and that she hoped, through a well-to-do son-in-law, to spend her riper years in some comfort and ease.

Poor Franz took care no more to show himself. He now and then peeped through the curtains, but avoided being seen. He took the lute; a poor musician, he struck some melancholy accords, but somehow or other his deeply-moved soul imparted to his performance a degree of harmony, which after a while broke out in tones so full of meaning that he could see the lovely Meta listening through the windows ajar. Love is a wonderful teacher. Soon he began to give sounds of joy and happiness when the angel was visible; tones of sorrow and despondency when she was absent. The neighborhood began to listen. Mothers hushed their children, fathers drove the noisy boys away, when the lute was heard, and even Frau Brigitta listened sometimes, while keeping watch over her beloved Meta.

Then Franz began to be a church-goer. He took care to pass Meta when

coming from mass with her aged mother. There was a look of recognition. No word was said, nor any *billets-doux* exchanged, but Franz knew that Meta loved him; and Meta had to hear many scoldings from Frau Brigitta for paying attention to the young good-for-nothing who had spent his fortune.

One day Franz spied through his window, and behold! curtains, flowers, everything was gone; and soon he heard that his opposite neighbors had left. Indeed, Frau Brigitta, tired of this silent love affair, and wishing to further the addresses of a rich merchant in flax, had taken French leave, and gone to another quarter of the city. But the flax-merchant was not successful with Meta. Nothing could persuade her; and when the merchant, who was in a hurry to marry, took as his bride another damsel, Frau Brigitta broke out in bitter words against her loving daughter.

The rumor of the merchant being refused by Meta, soon spread throughout the alley-population, and Franz rejoiced. Meta was his—she sacrificed fortune and luxury for him. What could he do, poor and destitute as he was, to deserve her? He was roused from his apathy—he would try. In the account-books of his father, which happened to remain in his possession, he found several debtors who had failed to settle. They were mostly merchants of Antwerp. Perhaps he might make something out of it; perhaps they had recovered from their failure, and would pay, if not the whole, at least some of the amounts. He made up his mind; he sold his father's gold watch, his mother's ear-rings, bought a fleet and sturdy trotter, equipped himself for a long journey, and one bright morning set out in good and buoyant spirits.

But it was a long and tedious journey, indeed! On and on he rode, until he reached the populous and thrifty Netherlands, and finally entered the gates of

Antwerp, then the Venice of the North, whose merchant-princes might almost defy the power of emperors and kings.

After a few days' rest from the fatigue of his journey, he began to inquire concerning several of his father's old debtors: "How does Peter Van Wirt get along?" "Oh, he's richer and richer; he recovered soon enough." "And Vlietboom?" "Well, he has more vessels in port than I can tell." "And Gerrit Pinker?" "Let him alone! well, he sold yesterday a cargo for half a million florins!" Franz was encouraged; surely his journey would prove successful. He began to collect the necessary documents, and went to the proper authorities to have his claims looked after.

But, alas! one said he never heard of such a man as Arnoldsen; another said: "When I gave up everything, paying five per cent., Arnoldsen might have had his part; it is not my fault if he did not collect." Another opened his books, and made out a fearful account against Arnoldsen. In short, in a very brief time, poor Franz was in prison for debts claimed from his father's estate.

There he was, pining and ruminating, and thinking of Meta, and of his baffled hope. But the rich men of Antwerp did not want to keep and feed the poor wanderer. No, after a few weeks he was set free, with five dollars, to leave the country as fast as he could go. His horse had been sold to pay expenses; and with a weary heart our young claimant took up his pilgrim's staff and left the gates of Antwerp.

He went and went, scarcely knowing where, but at last he reached the village of Rummelsburg, not far from Rheineberg, since utterly destroyed in the Thirty Years War. A caravan of teamsters from Liege had just arrived at the inn, where Franz intended to ask for night quarters.

"No use," said the host, not prepossessed by the wanderer's destitute appearance—"no use; go to the next village."

With a muttered imprecation, Franz took up his bundle, when the host, with a mixed feeling of pity and mischief, called out to him:

"Halloo, my boy, you might rest here in that old castle, of which I have the key, and I'll give you a piece of bread to keep up your spirits until to-morrow."

Wearied Franz was but too grateful. "You see," said the host, "that castle looks old and forlorn, but is as comfortable as possible within. The fact is, they say the castle is haunted at night, but it is all nonsense. Wild cats and owls make noise enough. Yet the Count believes the stories. When on his hunting excursions, he keeps jolly with his friends in his spacious halls and chambers, which are all splendidly furnished; but when darkness comes he leaves. Well, young fellow, you can have there better quarters than in my inn; and I'm going to fix you some supper in a basket, which you can enjoy at your leisure, and then take your night's rest on one of the softest mattresses you ever rested on."

Franz thanked the wily host for his kindness, and soon thereafter followed him to his weird and lonely quarters.

The castle lay on a steep rock, just opposite the inn, from which it was separated by the main road and a small brook. There the host preceded Franz, carrying a heavy basket with provisions and a flask of wine; also, some consecrated candles and two candlesticks. Having opened the front gate, he handed Franz the basket, showed him the way, and wished him good night.

As he was told, Franz mounted the winding staircase, and came before a closed door, which he opened with the key. A long and dark hall, which ech-

oed each of his footsteps, led him to a spacious drawing-room, and from this a side-door to a succession of apartments all provided with luxurious comfort. He chose the most cheerful one, where he found an inviting bedstead, and of which the windows looked out upon the inn, where the talk and noise were at that time lively, so that he could nearly understand each word. He lighted the candles, spread out his supper-table, and enjoyed himself amazingly.

As long as the teeth were occupied, and the wine-flask held out, no spectral illusions bothered him. But when hunger was satisfied and digestion began, there was a tendency to observe sounds and noises.

He locked the door, drew the bolt, and retired to the roomy window-sill. He opened the window, looked at the stars, but all was silent. In the inn, the lights were out, and all at rest. The watchman could be heard clapping his doleful clap, and wandering through the village singing his monotonous song, "Ten is the clock, the clock is ten!"

Franz felt lonely, became somewhat nervous, and when the watchman sang "Eleven is the clock, the clock is eleven!" he began to think it safe to go to rest. He thought of ghostly midnight. Better sleep through it. Once more he went round his room, looked carefully at every nook and corner, snuffed the candles so as to make them burn brightly, and made himself comfortable on the bed.

But sleep would not come as soon as he wished. Then he bethought himself of prayer, and verily he was soon in a quiet doze.

An hour might have passed, when a sudden fright awakened him. He listened: no noise; nothing but the village clock just striking twelve, and the watchman's monotonous clap, clap. Franz listened awhile longer, then turned to sleep again, when lo! far away he heard

a door creaking, then closing with a muffled noise.

Fear said, "That is the ghost;" a little courage whispered, "No; nothing but the wind!"

But it came nearer and nearer, like the heavy step of a man. It rattled as if a convict was dragging about his chain. That was no wind. And Franz did what frightened children are apt to do: he covered his head with the bed-quilt, as the ostrich hides his head in the grass when he can no more escape the hunter.

On it went; doors flew open, doors were shut, until it came to the sleeping-room. The lock was turned and twisted, one key after another tried, until the right one was found; but the bolt resisted, when a blow like a thunder-clap knocked it off.

In stepped a tall, lean man, with a black beard, dressed in by-gone fashion, and looking dark and gloomy. On his left shoulder he wore a scarlet cloak, his head was covered with a pointed hat. With heavy step he walked three times up and down the room, looked at the candles, and snuffed them. Then he dropped his cloak, opened a bag, pulled out and spread on the table some barber's tools, and with rapid strokes sharpened a razor on the broad strop which was suspended from his girdle.

Franz, from under his quilt, was looking on in trembling and fear. Was the razor meant for beard or throat? The ghost solved the problem by pouring from a silver flask some water into a silver basin; then, with bony hand, he beat the soap to frothy foam, placed a chair, and with serious look beckoned Franz to come forward.

The look was so positive that Franz, with all his fear and trembling, could not resist, and, strange to say, slipped lightly from his bed, and took his seat.

The ghostly barber soon adjusted a neat shaving-cloth to his trembling client, and then, with comb and scissors,

cropped his hair and beard. Next he soaped him carefully, first the beard, then the eyebrows, at last the temples and the head, and shaved him from throat to neck as smooth and bare as a skull. Having duly performed this operation, he washed the whole and dried it clean, made a bow, took up his shaving-bag, hung his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and prepared to leave.

Poor Franz saw with dismay, in an opposite mirror, how his handsome head was transformed into a sort of Chinese pagoda. He sighed, but felt relieved, for after this sacrifice he instinctively perceived that the ghost had no more power over him. And so it was. Red-mantle went to the door, silent as he had come, but when about three steps away, he stood still, looked with melancholy mien at his customer, and stroked his black beard with the flat of his hand. He did the same again and again, when he reached the door. There was something beseeching in his manner; and Franz suddenly got the notion he might want the same good office from him which he had just performed on Franz.

By this time all fear had left our young hero; he made sign to the ghost to sit down on the chair which he just had left. Red-mantle immediately obeyed the summons, threw his cloak aside, fetched the barber tools out of the bag, and took his seat on the chair, as one who wishes to be relieved of his beard.

Franz followed exactly the proceedings of his ghostly barber, cut his hair and beard, soaped him thoroughly, and shaved him from throat to neck, as well as he could, for this was his first trial, and many mistakes he made; but the ghost sat quiet as a stone, and never murmured when Franz made a scratch.

Until now the whole scene had been a pantomime; but now, all at once, it became dramatic.

"Stranger," said the ghost, with kindly mien, "receive my thanks for the serv-

ice thou hast rendered me. To thee I owe that I am now freed from three centuries' captivity within these walls, to which I was condemned until a mortal should do to me what in my life-time I did to others.

"Know that once there lived here a reckless, overbearing man—Count Hartman—no one's friend, and who violated even the sacred rights of hospitality to humor his evil whims and wicked jests. The stranger who came under his roof, the poor who asked for a morsel of bread, never left the castle without some malicious trick being played on them. I was his barber, and did what pleased him. Many a pious pilgrim I decoyed by kindness into the castle, prepared his bath, and when he thought to obtain gentle treatment, shaved him bare, showing him mockingly to the gate. This Count Hartman looked through the window and enjoyed with cruel laughter the sport of idle boys, who abused the pilgrim, and called him, like the prophet of old, 'Bald head—bald head!'

"Once there came a holy man from far, who, as a penitent, carried a heavy cross on his shoulder; in his hands and feet and side he had burned the five wounds of Christ; on his head was a crown of hair, like the crown of thorns. He asked some water to wash his feet, and a piece of bread. I led him to the bath-room, and served him like others, shaving the crown from his head. Then the pious pilgrim uttered a heavy malediction on me: 'Miserable man, know that after thy death, heaven and hell and the iron gate of purgatory will be shut against thy soul. As a tormenting spirit thou wilt stay within these walls, until, unasked, a pilgrim will retaliate on thee.'

"From that moment I became ill, the marrow dried in my bones, and I dwindled away as a shadow. The soul left the worn-out body, and remained hovering in this castle, as the holy man had

foretold. In vain I waited for release from these earthly bonds; for when the soul leaves the body it is anxious to be in the place of rest, and suffers nameless pains when kept in earthly places. Soon my noisy appearance emptied this house. But seldom a pilgrim came to pass the night, and, though I did to all what now I did to thee, none understood my need. Henceforth no roving spirit will disturb this castle, for now I go to my long-desired rest. Once more, young stranger, receive my thanks. Were I a guardian of treasures, they would be thine; but riches I never had, nor are there any in this castle. But listen to good advice. Remain here till beard and hair cover again thy chin and head, then turn thy steps to thy native city, and wait on the Weser Bridge, when day and night are equal, for a friend who will tell to thee what best to do for thy welfare on this earth. When riches and prosperity come to thee, remember me, and when the day returns, have three masses said for the rest of my released spirit. Now farewell; I take my leave of thee."

With these words the ghost disappeared, leaving Franz in no small amazement. For some time he thought it was all a dream, but his poor bald head soon convinced him of the reality. He then betook himself to bed, and slept soundly until noon. Meantime the roguish inn-keeper had been on the look-out since early morning, expecting to see the bald-headed traveler come forward, and having a good joke on him. But as it became noon, he was rather anxious, called servant-men and girls, and went to the castle, going at once to the room where the night before he had observed a light. Franz had locked the door again, and louder and louder knocked the host, until the sleeper woke, and opened.

With feigned wonder, the malicious host cried out: "By all the saints, Red-mantle has been here and shaved thy

head! It is, then, true, after all! But, tell me, how did the ghost look, what did he say, what did he do?"

Franz, who by this time understood his man, said, gravely:

"The ghost looked as a man with a red mantle; what he did you know yourself; but what he said, I remember well. 'Stranger,' said he, 'put no confidence in a deceitful host; what would happen to thee, he very well knew. Farewell; I leave these old walls, for my time is up. Henceforth no wandering ghost will haunt this castle. I, now become a quiet elf, will tease the host, will pinch and sorely bother him, unless he make amends, and give thee board and lodging till round thy head the brown and wavy locks again appear.'"

At these words the host began to tremble, made the sign of the cross with a will, and vowed by the Virgin and all the saints to give the wanderer free and abundant maintenance as long as he would stay with him; then took him to his house and served him in lordly style.

No more the ghost was heard, and Franz got quite a name. Many times he slept in the castle, and even once a young man took the risk and kept him company; and when he came out with hair and beard, the thing became a settled fact. Red-mantle was gone, the castle free, and the owner, in great joy, gave orders to take the utmost care of the stranger who had done him such important service.

About the time when the grapes began to color, and approaching fall to redden the apples in the orchard, the brown and heavy locks and the silken beard of Franz reminded him of travel—not that alone, but Meta's sweet image and the "promised friend" on the Weser Bridge. So he packed his bundle, and, when taking leave of his host, behold! this honest man led from the stable a beautifully-harnessed saddle-horse, a gift from the grateful castle-owner, with a hand-

some purse for traveling expenses. Glad and joyful, Franz resumed his journey; and so it happened that he rode into his native city, about a year after he left it, not only in lordly style, but in that happy mood which well-founded expectations are sure to produce.

How he yearned for the day when Sol should pass the equator, and the friend be found who would lead him to wealth and prosperity, and, above all, to the means of approaching sweet Meta; for, though he quietly took his old quarters, and inquired about her, and found her faithful to their silent love, never would he dare to approach her as long as he was poor and needy.

There he was on the bridge, long before daybreak. At last, there came some wagons, and more and more increased the number of people. The crowds of beggars took their habitual position to gather their usual contributions from the charitable; for in those days they had no almshouses, and work-houses, and hospitals. The first of the begging crowd who observed the joyfully expectant face of Franz, was an old soldier, who, fighting for his country, had been honored with a wooden leg and a free pass to beg where and when he would. He had ample time to study physiognomy, and seldom failed in addressing the right man to get a penny. So now he thought the beaming face of Franz promised well, and stretched out his hat. With friendly mien, our expectant youth threw in a silver piece.

Till now only working-men had passed the bridge. Among them Franz did not expect his "friend." But now the rich began to pass—the judges to the tribunal, the merchants to the exchange—and Franz was all eye, and often thought he saw the promised man. But the sun rose higher and higher; noon approached; the bridge became empty; and during a couple of hours none but the beggar crowd remained,

looking curiously at the young man, who alone continued walking up and down. The one-legged soldier went to the other side, and, relying upon the stranger's absentmindedness, again held up his hat, and again received a silver piece.

By and by, the bridge began to fill again. But no friend for poor Franz, though many times he walked straight up to some, and looked them in the face. All walked coolly along, leaving disappointed Franz to his own meditations. They began to be gloomy. The sun lowered, the shades of night approached, and sometimes Franz thought of jumping down, to make an end. But sweet Meta! Once more he would see her, and then....

He was going to leave the bridge, when the wooden-leg came up to him. He had watched him the whole day, and was curious to know what in the world he wanted. So he said, "Pardon, my dear sir; allow me a question."

Franz was not in very good humor, and said, rather gruffly, "Well, what do you want, old man? speak out."

Said wooden-leg: "You see, we two have been the first here on this bridge, and we are the last. As for me and such like, we do it to make our living. But you surely don't belong to our guild! Now, dear sir, if it is no secret, please tell me what brings you here? what burden lies on your heart?"

"What matters it to thee, old man?" said Franz. "What good can it do to thee to know my trouble?"

"Sir," responded wooden-leg, "you have been kind to me; twice you have opened your hand and given me alms. I wish you well. Now your face is not as joyful as this morning. That hurts me, indeed."

This kindly-spoken word softened the heart of Franz. "Well, now," said he, "if you want to know it, I have been waiting for a friend who on this day had promised to be here."

"Excuse me, sir," said wooden-leg, "if I may be so bold, but your friend is a scoundrel. If he did so to me, I would give it him with my crutch. No one has a right to fool a man."

"Well, now," said Franz, "I can not say much about his delay. He did not promise me anything. It was only a dream, in which I was told I would meet him here."

The ghost story was too long to tell, so he made it up with a dream.

"O, that is another thing," said the old man. "If you rely on dreams, no wonder you are fooled. I have dreamed many stupid things in my life, but I never took any notice of them. I never believed in dreams, and never moved hand or foot to see if they would come out. Now, truly, I must laugh in your face that for an idle dream you squandered a beautiful day of your life, which you might have passed pleasantly with some companions."

"Well," said Franz, "my experience seems to prove that thou art right, my old man, and that dreams are often idle. But then," added he, in self-defense, "I dreamed so lively and so precisely, more than three months ago, that on this very day, and on this spot, I would meet a friend who would tell me important things, that it seemed worth while to try it."

"O, as for that," said wooden-leg, "no one dreams more lively dreams than I. One among the rest, I shall never forget should I live ever so long. I don't know how many years ago, I dreamed that my guardian angel stood near my bed. A golden-haired youth he was, with silvery wings. He said to me: 'Berthold, listen and forget not one word of what I say. There is a treasure for thee, which thou canst take and live happily thy life-long. To-morrow night, at sundown, take pickaxe and spade, go through the Mattenburg, over the Tieber, on the right side, to the Beam Bridge,

near St. John's Convent, to the Roland. Then cross the square, through the Arm Street, till thou come out of the city near a garden, to the entrance of which there are four stone steps. Remain there hidden till the moon comes up. Then press with all thy might against the gate, which will yield. Enter the garden, and turn to a grape-trellis, behind which, on the left side, stands a large apple-tree. Stand near its stem, turning to the moon. Look three yards before thee; thou wilt see two rose-bushes; there begin to dig a foot and a half deep, until thou findest a stone slab, under which lies the treasure in an iron chest. Heavy as it may be, don't give up till thou hast lifted it, and findest the key which lies underneath.'"

In amazement Franz stared at the dreamer, and his confusion could not have been hidden, had it not been for the lowering darkness. He recognized at once the garden which he had inherited from his father and sold almost for nothing. Yes, it was his father's pet-garden, where the old man used to practice his horticultural tastes.

Now the wooden-leg became at once quite interesting. That was the friend promised him by the ghost of Rummelsburg. He was going to take him in his arms, but thought it more prudent to keep silence.

"And so thou never didst try to follow the behest of thy guardian angel?" he asked.

"Upon my word, not so foolish was I," replied the old man. "If my guardian angel wanted to help me, he might come when I was awake. No, not I!"

Franz gave him another silver piece and said: "Drink a flask of wine, my old friend, and don't forget to visit this bridge. I hope to see thee again."

The old man was glad, and went to the next inn, following the advice of Franz, who, full of hope, hurried to his narrow alley, and began to plan future operations.

You may be sure that Franz was on the spot the following evening, fully trusting in Red-mantle's promise. There he stood, leaning against the sturdy trunk of the apple-tree, and anxiously waiting for the rising moon. He soon struck out with pickaxe and spade, and with youthful vigor lifted the chest, found the key, and opening the lock, stared with no little joy at the Spanish gold-pieces.

So then poor Arnoldsen's wish was fulfilled. Knowing his son's disposition, he had gathered a handsome treasure for time of need, and hid it where he so often used to rest. When taken ill, having received last unction and spiritual comfort, he would have called for his beloved son and confided to him the hidden treasure, but death came too soon, and happily the treasure was kept for better times.

Franz buried his gold-chest in a hollow tree, confiding in the watching care of his ghostly friend, leveled the spot, took with him as much as he could carry, and returned to his quarters in the narrow alley. This he repeated several days, until the whole treasure was well ensconced in his third-story room, and then began to lay out his future plans.

First of all he dropped his *incognito*, assuming a dress corresponding with his altered circumstances; then he went to church, and had a thanksgiving offered for a traveler just returned home. He watched Meta, who, as usual, attended with Frau Brigitta. When the thanking words were uttered, he could see the glow of joy which overspread her rosy cheeks. Yes, she was faithful to him. And when he left the church, and, as had been his custom, passed her with knowing look, there was a thrill of recognition which might have been observed even by others than Frau Brigitta.

Now Franz began to see old friends, to visit the exchange. He started a business which soon assumed colossal proportions. He was for a time the

wonder of the city. Certainly the old debtors must have been conscientious, certainly he had succeeded in his efforts. They did not know about the ghost of Rummelsburg!

In the meantime, Meta began to be uneasy. Now her lover might show himself, and speak a word. But no! Less and less she saw of him. She heard the more. Franz Arnoldsen was building a magnificent house; he was preparing it to receive a bride—a rich daughter of Antwerp. Yes, it was said she was actually on the way. Poor Meta! how jealousy began to gnaw and fret! How the spindle began to weary her! How Mother Brigitta began to look gloomy! How, now and then, the flax-merchant was remembered!

There they sat, spinning and spinning, one cheerful morning, when lo! there was a loud tap at the door. In stepped Franz, dressed as a rich lover ought to be equipped, and, with solemn bow, introduced himself to the frightened Brigitta.

With clear and manly voice, he asked her for the precious gift—the gift of her lovely Meta. “Since long,” he said, “I loved her, and I have hope that my earnest love is understood, and not despised.” And, bending one knee, he took Brigitta's hand, and, humbly kissing it, he said, beseechingly, “Allow me to call thee mother.”

Frau Brigitta was too much overcome to speak. She looked round to Meta, who was trembling and blushing. She looked again at Franz, whose honest, handsome face was shining with the rapturous joy of love, for he felt surer of his treasure than when he stood on the Weser Bridge. At last, Frau Brigitta arose, and, taking Meta's hand, laid it in the hand of Franz, which she still held.

The two lovers, who never had exchanged a syllable, now made up for lost time. All the little signs and sig-

nals were remembered, all the days of anxiety gone over, but the present—how delicious! Hours passed, and yet they were talking and planning, until Franz all at once recovered himself, arose, and said, "I have a duty to perform; when that is done, I come again, and we shall further see."

What was this duty? He directed his steps to the Weser Bridge, and soon found poor wooden-leg at his accustomed post. It was long since the old man had seen him, and the richly-attired merchant was different from wandering, expectant Franz. But the old soldier soon recognized him, and when Franz gave him his hand, took it with a look of satisfaction.

"My old friend," said Franz, "couldst thou go with me to the new city, where I have some business to attend to, thou wouldst oblige me."

"Most certainly," was the answer; "and I can walk as fast as a youngster, for a wooden leg has one advantage: it never gets tired. Only I should like to wait a moment, till my little Gray-coat comes."

"And who is little Gray-coat?"

"Well, I don't know; but since many days he passes regularly and puts a silver-piece in my hat. To tell you the truth, I have often thought it may be the evil one himself, who wants to buy my soul. But then it takes two to make a bargain, and I am none of them; so I take the silver-piece without compunction."

Franz laughed, and said: "Well, no matter about the silver-piece. I'll take care of that. Let us go."

When they had reached the New City, Franz conducted his companion to a neat little dwelling, surrounded by a lovely

garden. He opened the door and said:

"My friend, this is your house and home. I give it to you, stocked with provisions, and an aged attendant to look to your comfort. And daily you will find under your plate a silver-piece, so as not to forget the Weser Bridge and little Gray-coat. Be happy here, and enjoy the rest of your days in ease and comfort."

The old man sat down on a chair, tears streaming from his eyes. It came so suddenly, it was so wonderful, it seemed a dream. He began to stammer questions, but Franz said, smiling:

"No matter now, old friend; perhaps I am thy guardian angel come in the flesh. At any rate, be happy and remember me."

With these words he left the old man to solve the riddle as best he could, and returned to his matrimonial arrangements.

Next day it was a perfect fair in the rooms of Frau Brigitta. Franz sent merchants, jewelers, dress-makers, tailors, shoe-makers, and seamstresses to offer their wares and services. She passed a happy day in selecting silks, and muslins, and laces, and shawls, and all that was necessary for a bridal suit. Her tiny foot, her rounded arm, her slender waist, were as often measured and measured again, as if the model of a Venus had to be taken.

Meanwhile, the bridegroom went to get the license, and, after three weeks, he led the lovely bride to the altar with a display which put the marriage-feast of the flax-merchant in the shade. Frau Brigitta had the joy of placing the bridal-crown on her sweet and virtuous daughter's head, and of passing her summer days in ease and comfort.

A DAY AT ENGLAND'S SEA-SIDE.

SOUTHEND, an English watering-place, lies at the mouth of the Thames, some forty-odd miles from London; and, after one passage thither by sea, the Californian may all the better appreciate the comforts of his own river and harbor steamers, for while the boats running to Southend grant speed, they are sparing of many appliances conducive to human ease. What is termed the fore-cabin is a cramped, triangular pen, furnished with hard benches, and these are always filled by voluminous women surrounded by packages, boxes, baskets, and hampers, while, as everybody opens an umbrella, when it rains or the sun breaks from the clouds—occurrences happening every fifteen minutes—it follows that room becomes extremely limited, and a view of the Thames' banks is confined to momentary fragments of scenery seen through the interstices of numberless umbrellas. There is no resource for cramped limbs, save to arise and walk, and when you do this, you lose your seat. Besides, there is no room to walk, so that you can only stand. The only refuge lies in beer, which the steward loudly proclaims, and every one orders. With this and pipes, and the enormous lunches, which are opened an hour after starting—thus explaining the necessity of so many packages—and eating themselves to sleep and sleeping until they are hungry again, and wishing the place of destination was reached, the passengers manage to enjoy the trip down the Thames; while the Captain picks out the prettiest girl on board, elevates her to the dignity of the paddle-box bridge, and devotes himself entirely to her, until the premonitory heavings of the German Ocean affect

her stomach, when he barter her for another, toward whom the elderly women look scandal over their brandy, which is developed from side-pockets in "nog-gins," and the younger ones figuratively make up envious faces. All this time the boat is making the best of speed, shooting close alongside and past barges, whose cooks are preparing solid and comfortable dinners, just a savor of which is vouchsafed us, and whose dogs mount the rail and hurl after us all manner of canine abuse; past clumsy, smoky, rheumatic, lumber-laden ships, from the Baltic; past brigs, which the knowing lady-passenger by my side informs her companion are ships, and sloops, which she terms schooners; past great rusty iron propellers, surging along and churning the waters behind them. We came to snuff the fresh air, but, apart from the heaving of the ocean, it is a dead stillness, and many of the passengers, overcome by the sun without and beer within, drop off in bone-and-muscle-aching dozes. A tall, young woman opposite me, who for the last three hours has busily supported life by a steady consumption of ham-sandwiches and ale, interspersed by sips from a small pocket-flagon, drops her head on the rail, opens her tired jaws, and snores for the entertainment of all who have sufficient vitality left to enjoy the spectacle. At last, the pier at Southend,—a mile in length, the boast and pride of Britain—is reached; and as I gaze upon it, I wonder why no one has told these Anglo-Saxons that afar off, on the Pacific frontier of America—where, less than twenty-five years ago, scarce an American and not a single newspaper drew breath, and in a State which to-

day numbers not the population of some second-class English cities—some person, or a power evolved from among us, has built a pier two miles in length, and is ready, on the least provocation, to make it ten.

Oppressed, but still glorying in this thought, I step on the Southend pier, bringing up the rear of the two sea-sick girls, who, at various times during their miserable pleasure-trip from London, would have sold all their future right, title, pleasure, and interest in this world for sixpence. We step in some large bread-trays provided with seats and wheels, and when the string is full, and the summer residents of Southend, who have come down to witness the boat's arrival, have finished staring at us, the train, propelled by a solitary horse, whose brightest hope now is that he may soon die and give this world of misery the cold shoulder, starts, and the conductor proceeds to rid all on board of threepence each. We pass the old man-o'-war's-man, whose tarpaulin, in gilt letters, is labeled "Coast-guard," who is always sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass after vessels which, deep down in their holds, may be carrying contraband packages, and who does this and nothing more, because there is nothing more to do, save drink his beer, draw his pay, and hope he may never be transferred from shore to ship again. We pass the gauntlet of cabs, whose owners are anxious that we should snuff the glories of a ride on the beach to Shoe-buryness; a ride, which, no matter how fresh the air, how picturesque the combined view of sea and land, ships, steamers, forts, groves, meadows, thatched cottages, yellow fields, and red-tiled farm-houses, can only be fraught with sympathetic suffering to the man of humanity, as he contemplates the lashing and goading of the weary and emaciated animal by whose languid and painful ac-

tion of bone and muscle he is rolled over the sands.

We are at last fairly in Southend, looking for a week's lodgings; and, having only means and inclination to pay a moderate price, our search is a prolonged one, for, although every other window bears the word "Apartments," yet every landlady has about four asking prices, commencing at her highest figure, and, trembling then for fear she may not be demanding quite enough, gradually coming down, as the applicant holds out, and when, at last, a bargain is struck, the woman, encumbered with empty bedrooms, looks out of one-half her countenance as if she were on the verge of ruin, and out of the other as if you or I, or whoever the applicant may be, were a hard, mean, heartless creature, thus to grind—ay, polish—the faces of the poor; while scarcely has your newly-acquired chamber-door closed upon you, and you are trying to quench your thirst with water which has stood in that chamber for the last month, or commenced to do battle with the fleas, who argue a prior right to the premises, being to the manor born, than that same landlady is metaphorically dancing, at the bottom of her heart, a breakdown for joy at having secured a lodger.

Having rested sufficiently and strengthened ourselves by a meal of tea and shrimp—a most popular dish at the English sea-side—we go forth and find Southend to consist of the upper town, situated on the "Cliffs," being neat and stylish architecturally, and fronted by the "Terrace," corresponding to the Spanish Plaza, where, at evening, every one repairs to read the papers, hear the music, see the vast armada ever creeping out and in at the mouth of the Thames, inspect the last batch of new dresses on the persons of the wearers, and criticise each other. There is also Southend lower town, more ancient, more strag-

gling, being a long, single row of houses facing the beach, and more plentiful in small shops and green-grocers' stands, whose fruit, that has never ripened, too often verges on rottenness, for the promotion of cholera plain, cholera complex, cholera compound.

The evening air seems raw and chilly to a newly-arrived Californian. I wonder, especially at the sea-side, how people can be so comfortable in light apparel, while I long for my overcoat. I wonder how those English girls can remain bathing half an hour in the sea, when a single immersion chills me to the marrow. I am provoked at seeing stout men protecting themselves with umbrellas from the sun, while I wish that the orb was even more potent for warmth. I desire that those young men who keep their straw hats so carefully swathed with scarfs, after the East Indian fashion, might feel one hot day in the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valley, when the atmosphere shimmers and quivers near the earth, and the infant whirlwinds are sending up spirals of red dust in every direction, and every barn and house a mile away seems but a quivering white blur upon the horizon. Such are my first "night-thoughts" at Southend. I retire, and long for more blankets.

It is morning. Even at as late an hour as nine o'clock, Southend is very quiet, the only persons visible being a group of superannuated fishermen, seated about one of the flag-staffs, who deem it a sin to sleep after daylight, yet who know not how to occupy the time when they do get up, save by the repetition, for the hundredth time, of the old yarn about the old boat, which, finding herself fast getting past her prime, vigor, and usefulness, sensibly capsized in an opportune squall, and got out of the way and went out of sight forever.

The tide is out, laying bare the sands a full mile from shore, and over the dull,

flat expanse lie hundreds of sail-boats, careened at various angles, hard, fast, quiet, and immovable, as if they were taking a sound morning nap, ere the rocking and rolling consequent on the coming tide.

By ten or eleven Southend awakes. There is a rattling of butcher and baker-wagons; the ice-cream, ginger-beer, and Persian sherbet-man gets his battery in position; the tea-gardens hoist their flags; the oyster-carts are unlimbered; cockles, shrimp, sole, prawns, and her-rings are cried on every corner: all this preparatory for the expected crowd of excursionists from London. The first down-trains roll into the station, and they come, by the hundred—men, women and children—rough, dowdy, boisterous—rejoicing at the first draught of pure air which has entered their lungs since last year's sea-side trip.

For they are of the humbler class, seldom able to extricate themselves from the miasma of their London basements and garrets. This day's trip will make a large gap in their limited income; but there is no reason why they should trouble themselves with that reflection now. They rush first for the nearest porter-house, and next for the beach. Men and women tuck up their garments and wade. The ankles are not those of sylphs. They shout and scream, and, if the tide be at ebb, chase the poor little crabs, who scuttle about hither and thither, until captured and torn to pieces by merciless humanity.

As the day advances more trains and boats arrive. Every public house is filled with bread, beer, and cheese consuming crowds. The bar-maids' faces are flushed with their lively exercise at the beer-cranks. The Italian hurdy-gurdies, of whom a detachment is stationed at Southend during the season—being, with their monkeys, strengthened by the sea-air for their winter's campaign

in the city—turn on their well-worn music; and many of the fairer sex, not of the most ethereal build, break out in jigs and awkward waltzes on the street. Though not graceful, it is vigorous dancing, fitting for the street, muddy perhaps from the last shower—for an excursion is not complete in England without its shower. It is the coarser poetry of motion, having a wash-tub flavor, and inspired by half a gallon of beer—for this British maid can scarcely appreciate the charms of the country without her ale. The Italian smiles thereat, as he revolves his crank, for he has an instinctive appreciation of awkwardness as well as grace; while his wretched monkey, its tail brought out in strong relief by the red coat which partly covers it, hobbles about, half supported by a stick, like some possible pilgrim of the pre-adamite and less developed age of humanity.

The torture of the donkeys begins. These animals are hired in packs; and, when the cavaliers and their dames are mounted, they are chased by the proprietor through the street, being subjected meantime to a most vigorous belaboring in the rear from his club. The riders seem animated by the motion, and the donkeys sufficiently so by the drubbing as to maintain a stolid sort of canter, which diminishes and increases in exact ratio with the weight and vigor of the castigation behind. These donkey-drivers, while on the full run, handle their clubs with the dexterity evidenced by a stage-Irishman with his shillalah, momentarily bestowing pokes and whacks over at least one-third of the animal's carcass. This is necessary, since the great object involved in the life of these donkeys is to move as slowly and little as possible; and, even when on the full canter, one may plainly see, from the expression of their countenances, that they are studying new plans for the furtherance of inertia. For these donkeys

and the street-organist's monkeys, all the sunshine of life seems to have departed. I once noticed a driver, who, in a superlative condition of intoxication, became surcharged with a maudlin affection for his brace of animals, hugging and kissing them, between the intervals wherein he disported himself by flinging his ragged outer garments to the breeze, and kicking the relics of a hat in a desperate manner about the street. But the quadrupeds, falling firmly back on the dignity of sobriety and self-respect, responded not to these heated and lurid counterfeit testimonials of affection, which they well knew would next morning be transformed into increased abuse and violence. They received their drunken driver's caresses with passive, silent, and contemptuous endurance.

The day draws toward its close. The London excursionists concentrate about the railway stations. The lady, who, a few hours since, danced so vigorously to the notes of the street-organ, still keeps herself before the public; but her step is less steady, her face more flushed, her hair more disordered, and a good lookout ahead is necessary to prevent being run down by her; for her street-collisions are numerous, and without respect of persons—as is evident by the manner in which just now she shouldered a dandified individual, trimmed externally with bouquet at the button-hole, cane, and eye-glass, who repressed his intense indignation and disgust within the limits of a mutter and a fierce glance. She has consumed a trifle too much ale. This is not a fault in her social grade. She expected to pass the limits of the strictest sobriety, when she left London. In the same company, other and older women are similarly circumstanced. They feel very happy. A fleeting youth for them has returned, despite wrinkles and gray hair. Behind come women encumbered with children—some in arms,

some straggling among the crowd; and after them half-grown boys and girls, their arms about each other's waists. The train is packed. Everybody is happy. It is a yelling, howling, hooting happiness. These are not the butterflies of humanity. They are the grubs.

The crowd return contented to their homes; a day in the country long suffices them. Are we humanitarian? Are we reformers? Are we "elevators of the masses?" Do we groan over the wretchedness, squalor, and misery prevalent among these children of the city? Let us abate one-half our distress. For these sufferers realize not all the pain we attribute to them. They love Lon-

don too well to leave it, were opportunity offered. Green fields and fresh air will answer for an occasional change, but the country is "dull." Offer one of you crowd the choice between a cottage by the sea, on condition of permanent residence, and a cellar in a London court, with its bad air, bad water, shoals of dirty children, squabbling women by day, husband-beaten wives by night—its noise, confusion, shrieks, cries, groans, and clamor: Will they not sigh for the court? Do they not love the swash and stir of their metropolitan mire, where something new, naughty, or excitable may be seen every time their heads are thrust from their windows?

A JOURNEY IN A JUNK.

THE RUINS OF ANGKOR WAT.

WHILE spending a short time at that charmingly-romantic spot, Macao—a Portuguese settlement on the coast of China, redolent still with the poetic genius of Camoëns—a French gentleman asked me if I had visited the great wonder of the world, Angkor Wat. I think I may fairly assume, that most of my readers, like myself, had never heard of Angkor Wat.

I resolved to visit this marvel of antiquity. For this purpose I had to go to Saigon, the capital of French Cochinchina, the most utterly condemned spot on the surface of the earth. Every evil that can be said of any place has been published and reiterated and sworn of Saigon. It was said to be so hot that it was doubtful whether there was anything more than a sheet-of-brown-paper partition between it and another hot place, which must be nameless in these pages. I was told, that even a few days there were sufficient to give a

fever which remained in the system for months, and sometimes for life—that no one went there but the reprobates of the earth, who could not find *pied-à-terre* in the other respectable colonies, such as Singapore and Hongkong—that it was equally a cesspool of moral vice as of malaria and disease. All united in anathematizing Saigon, in order to prevent me going there; and the result was, that I took the first sailing-vessel, and, with a northeast monsoon, found myself in Saigon river in five days. In justice to that much-abused city, I need only remark here, that I found it very interesting as a young city, and was never sick for a single day.

I was still nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the goal of my ambition, Angkor Wat. This would be a mere step in America; but here, in the kingdom of Anam, without roads, without communication, two hundred and fifty miles through a dense jungle, inhabited

by wild elephants, tigers, etc., it was really a formidable enterprise; and if I had been warned and cautioned and advised and frightened about Saigon, by my friends in China, they of Cochin China were more vehemently opposed to my journey through Cambodia and Siam, in order to reach the ruins of the pagodas of Angkor Wat and Angkor Tnom. I was beset in Saigon, until, getting possession of a good surveyor's chart of the country (for ordinary geographical maps afford little assistance), I found that the great river Mékhong—which is yet unexplored to its source, supposed to be in the mountains of Thibet—laves in its various branches the whole of that country, intersecting it in a similar way to the Nile in Egypt, and performing in its descent one of the most extraordinary feats that a river ever effected—viz., of turning round, and running at a right angle back toward its source, forming a great lake, twelve or fifteen miles from which are the ruins of Angkor Wat. It would seem, upon the first view of the case, that the lake formed the river confluent with the Mékhong, at Nam Van, as a tributary in the natural way; but the fact is not so. In the season of the melting of snows in the Thibet mountains, the waters of the Mékhong rise from twenty to fifty feet, and, boiling over various cataracts to Nam Van, the capital of Cambodia, one-half makes a sudden turn, forming an acute angle, and as violently rushes back again to the lake, which is low, marshy ground one-half the year, but has five to six fathoms of water the other half. It is fed from no other source, and is sixty miles in length, the breadth varying from ten to thirty. But the course of the Mékhong is, I believe, unique in the annals of rivers. It is supposed to be the one mentioned by Ptolemy as “the great two-branch river,” at whose conflux was situated the city of Thinoe, or Sinoe—where Nam Van now stands; and further to the

north, he also speaks of another great city, called Sinarum Metropolis; which is supposed to be no other than the great ruins of Angkor Tnom, some six or eight miles distant from Angkor Wat.

Having made this discovery, I resolved to go by water, and occupied myself in finding a junk, or sampan, to convey me. A small junk, or sampan, is a long, narrow, open boat, with a prow at each end, on the principle of a Roman galley or Venetian gondola. It has a small house, or tent, in the middle, the oarsmen standing at each end. It is constructed very lightly, and draws but little water. My troubles were summarily put at rest, by an announcement that the King of Cambodia, or, strictly speaking, Kamphuxa, whose territories extend between Cochin China, Tonquin, and Siam, having been informed by the French ambassador (or, as he is called, *protecteur*) of my desire to visit the country and the ruins of Angkor Wat, would send one of his own steam yachts to convey me to his capital of Nam Van, (or Phnom Peugh, signifying “mountain of gold”), where his majesty would expect me as his guest, and forward me to my destination.

“Do not be astonished,” said one, “should his majesty give you an audience in a cool and airy costume. Perhaps you do not know that the Cambodian dress consists of a single garment—a sort of table-cloth, tied round the middle, called a *sangouti*; that his majesty, having already about two hundred wives, would willingly emulate Solomon, and may suppose you to be a modern Queen of Sheba!” Under the protection of the French governor of Cochin China, I had nothing to fear; as, some years ago, Norodon the First had been established on his throne by French arms, and the present *protecteur* was also his intimate friend and counselor. A more serious impediment was advanced by the fact, that the eccentric

river was receding from the lake, Tonli-Sap, leaving it a vast plain of muddy swamp, almost impossible to traverse.

I shall pass over my visit to the court of Kamphuxa—his majesty being literally clothed with diamonds, which was a world of wonders in itself—and merely say, that I was received with princely honors—that I was never made a state prisoner, nor shut up in a seraglio or harem; but his majesty kept his royal word, and forwarded me on my journey in a junk.

My junk was thirty feet long by six wide. The cabin was furnished with a silk mattress, made of waste silk, and a number of cushions; a mosquito-curtain of fine green silk gauze of Shanghai, bordered with pink, to suit the complexion; my polished leather tartar-trunk made quite a handsome table, or side-board; a mirror, which *did not* fairly represent my personal appearance, as I fondly hope; and a wonderful picture of a dragon with three heads. In the hold was stowed away the rice for the men, and my American canned provisions—salmon from California, green corn, and condensed milk, (for the Cambodians never use the milk of their cows, and have a strong prejudice against taking the milk from any animal.) My crew consisted of eight oarsmen, two *mathos* (or soldiers) with arms for six, a minor mandarin, an interpreter and his wife Ony, my page and general aide-de-camp Nam, (a little Anamite boy of twelve years, who understood a few words of French, and soon became my right-hand man and factotum.) From the stern of my galley waved the King of Kamphuxa's flag—three white towers on a pink field with azure border, supported by two mighty bunches of peacocks' feathers, and a strangely-fabulous animal as a weather-vane. At either end of the bark, four oarsmen rowed, standing—literally sleeping on their oars; for they never sat down, unless to eat. My cabin, which occupied

nine feet in the centre, was my bed-chamber and dining-room; bamboo shutters closed it at both ends and on either side, so that I could have as much air and as little sun as I thought fit. Andrea the interpreter, and his wife, slept on one side, under a bamboo canopy, and Nam on the other. The mandarin reposed on the sloping prow; and, as he never uttered a sound other than the bubbling of his opium-pipe, and rarely moved from his position, he became associated in my mind with the figure-head of my boat—and was never of much more use. My rowers were like fine bronze statues, as well formed and as little draped. I believe they regarded me in their hearts as some supernatural production, or something uncanny.

There is a sweet satisfaction in self-reliance, when a purpose, for which we have had to fight to gain every inch of ground, is nearly accomplished. There came over me an indescribable feeling of awe and curiosity as we penetrated into that unknown wilderness, which the face of a white woman had never looked upon. Unaccustomed sounds of unknown night-birds met my ears; the very splash of the oars, from the fact of being worked standing, was unfamiliar. Once and again came, borne from a distance on the breath of night, a high-toned minor wail, so pitiful that it went to my heart, and made me tremble; I learned afterward, to my cost, that it was the cry of those who travel in the forest, and have lost the trail. All was strangely, terribly novel; only the little crescent moon appeared to look down upon me as a friend.

Sunrise found us floating on the Mèkhong; through a sweet, cool atmosphere, now perfumed with jasmine, now with orange-blossoms and a variety of spice-wood; resonant with the warbling of birds in the deep-green shade of mango trees, laden with fruit, and the lichi, which is even prettier than our Europe-

an cherry; now crushing through a perfect avenue of broad banana leaves—for the bronzes loved to “hug the coast,” to avoid the strength of the current, and the better to help themselves to whatever might be growing there. And I loved it for the wondrous beauties of nature every moment displayed to my delighted eyes; and its glories will spring up green in my heart for many a day. It has all the stupendous majesty of the Mississippi, with the graceful beauty of the St. John’s river, Florida. The river banks are fringed with villages, or hamlets, sometimes for ten or twelve miles—one street, and one row of houses, or sheds.

The greater part of the population of Kamphuxa, supposed to be from two to two and a half millions, live upon the rivers or lakes. There are very few interior villages. The rivers supply the fish, and irrigate the land, which grows the rice. The interior of the country is dense, impenetrable forest, for the most part. Com-pong-loan, the first place we landed at, merited the name of a town. It has about two thousand inhabitants, a long shady road, well-built houses (of course, of bamboo), and a bran-new pagoda, or temple, erected by a rich mandarin. Wishing to compare this modern building with the ancient ones I was about to visit, we found another fallen tree, and got ashore. The style of the architecture of this pagoda is utterly indescribable. It was neither Chinese, nor Moorish, nor Turkish, but a fearful *mélange* of all. The pilasters and buttresses were gilded, and filled with a mosaic of colored glass—the ornamentations of the most grotesque character, of creatures partly fish, partly elephant, and wholly non-existent between heaven and earth. The temple was surrounded by three massive ornamental walls, and two smaller pagodas, where the bodies of great personages were burnt. Further away were the mat-sheds of the monks

who serve the temple. Inside the temple was a colossal gilt figure of Buddha, which certainly had a significant squint. Upon the altar, before the statue, was the strangest medley of objects ever congregated together even upon a bazaar table. In a glass box was a statuette of a goddess, in pure gold, and the canopy was a perfect *bijou* of art; but the golden eyes gazed steadily upon two pomatum-pots, which had formed part of a lady’s toilet-set. Beside these were several tawdry vases of French flowers, looking pitiable from their age and dirt; and flanking these were two censers, in exquisite mosaic of gold and ebony, *chefs-d’œuvre* of skill—and so on throughout the whole. The walls were rudely painted with stories of battles, and seductions of devils, who seem to be playing quite a prominent part everywhere. Two men were fighting a duel by tilting their heads together, the hardest being doubtless the conqueror. In some panels were large French mirrors, and in others still worse, coarse, indelicate French prints of fair ladies taking their bath. To my great disgust, one of the Cambodian women forming a crowd around me led me directly to this picture, pointing out the similarity between us, and pulling at my dress in her desire to complete the resemblance. I had encountered the same thing in the harem of the King of Kamphuxa, and had with difficulty convinced a score of his wives that European women were not adorned in that costume. How can we be surprised that savage natures become more debased from communication with the civilized world, when drunkenness and immorality are the first lessons we teach them? The bare fact of these revolting French prints taking a place of honor in a new temple, shows the degradation they are effecting among this primitive people. They had no doubt found their way up from Saigon. From the fantastic gables of the roof were suspended lit-

tle bells, with a red, heart-shaped bit of tin attached to each clapper, so that with the slightest breath of air the tiny bells pealed out a soft, sweet harmony—a strangely-poetic idea as contrasted with the grossness inside.

I returned gladly to my boat. Andrea, who always had an eye to the main chance, had secured eggs, poultry, cabbages, and melons. We continued our journey through never-ending banks of verdure, with occasional flocks of white cranes vividly throwing up the contrast; sometimes sailing in the deep solitude of the primeval forests; sometimes amid the pleasant excitements of the fishing villages, among the junks casting their nets and making a haul of five or six hundred fish, or sampans crowded with whole families off to a *fête* in a neighboring village, or the solitary boatman, plying his one oar, and catching fish with his hand for his own lonely meal; admiring the little fellow, in his tiny canoe a couple of yards long, swimming and rowing ere he can scarcely toddle: for every village, every man, woman, and child, follows the trade of fishing—even the very birds are of the same profession. We saw large villages of pelicans—gigantic, brown fellows, standing four feet high; the king, or head mandarin, was perched upon a large tree, his ministers or smaller officers holding positions a little below him, while the coolie pelicans were tugging and toiling, at the edge of the water, with great fish nearly as big as themselves; others (wealthy citizens, no doubt), were walking about two and two, discussing politics or the state of the markets—they looked like portly old gentlemen, with very thin legs and long-tail coats. Sometimes we met whole droves or phalanxes of these majestic birds on the water, like a fleet of Roman galleys. They would barely give way for the bark, so proud and grand they seemed—for perhaps, next to the swans, they are the finest-looking birds on the water;

but when they attempt to fly, they descend from the sublime to the ridiculous—the head is too heavy, and droops a little, and the long legs stretch out in an absurd fashion. There was another, a large black bird, which swam entirely under the water, with the exception of its head and its long neck, like a serpent. Other villages were inhabited by eagles, brown and black; these noble birds, I regret to say, like the Chinese, affected putrid fish in preference to fresh. Occasionally we came upon a company of monkeys, who, I think, were merely amateurs spending the afternoon in a little piscatory amusement. A river more replete with life can scarcely exist. Fish of all sizes and descriptions, from the tiny white burt, which Nam used to catch in my hair-net, to monsters six or seven feet long (which are boiled down for oil), abound in its waters. The banks where these great creatures were slaughtered and cut up resembled the shambles, and the stench was anything but agreeable. The fish-oil and dried fish produce a large revenue to the King of Kamphuxa.

As evening approached, we entered a narrow part of the river, which was merely a fork, forming an island. There the wild fowls, of nearly every description, floated and skimmed about by the score. The trees overhung the water in exquisite festoons of creepers and flowers; and wherever there was a gnarled bough more picturesque than another, there sat the lonely heron, as in melancholy contemplation of some poignant woe. There is a peculiar stillness indicated in the *posé* of the lonely bird, which conveys the idea of grief or death. In thousands of positions in the woods, he would scarcely be remarked—flying and skimming about, he would be like his fellows; but he has the instinctive tact to select a spot which is singularly adapted to show off his symmetrical form, and make a picture of striking

beauty. In this *arroyo* we anchored for the night, by running our boat into the bushes, and mooring her to a tree. Our bronzes cooked their rice by kindling a few sticks in an earthenware bowl, which served us as a stove—smoked a little tobacco, tied up in a banana leaf—chewed their betel-nut, and went to sleep. In the distance, we could descry the twinkling lights of another fish-drying village; but we left it well to the windward. All was still, save the plaintive “tee-wheet” of the owls, as they conversed with each other from tree to tree, and the unbroken trill of the cicada. The crescent moon had just arisen, and dropped a silver star from between her horns—which English farmers say denotes rain; but in this country it would not rain out of the season for all the moon’s horns in the world. A great clump of the delicate bamboo, on the bank above us, hung like a feather fan over our little junk; and underneath, on a decayed but silvered bough, as though this exquisite canopy had been made for him, sat my friend the heron.

I laid down on my crimson silk couch, and only awoke the next morning when the invaluable little Nam thrust my coffee in to me. Next came my bucket of water. It was no difficult matter to take a shower-bath there; I had only to roll up the matting, sit on the rattan, and heave the water over me, when it found its way to the bilge-water in the hold, or into my wine-cellar. The first excitement of the day was an alligator, airing his very ugly head above the water; but, with true Asiatic *sang-froid*, he never disturbed himself, although we passed close by him. At this part of the river we lost sight of the cocoa-nut and palm trees generally, the foliage of which was dense wherever it was not broken up by villages. The scenery had more of the familiar European character; and, indeed, for five or six miles we skirted a broad belt of green sward like an En-

glish park, with hundreds of wild cattle feeding upon it. The river was generally from two to three miles wide, except where it forked, forming islands sometimes a mile long. These islands were covered with verdure; indeed, there was not a yard of land untenanted by some flower or shrub or grass.

The third day of our voyage, the river widened out, the bank receding until it became a dim line in the distance. We were entering the first, or smaller lake. Before this time I had to take the entire command of the vessel, the mandarin and Andrea vying with each other as to which could smoke the most opium. The bronzes rowed and ruminated, and certainly never gave a thought whether they were going five or ten miles out of the direct line, by taking some loop in the river that would probably bring us back to the same place. Therefore I had to keep a sharp look-out, to see that she kept her course; for, by the time I had shaken Ony, who had in turn to shake her husband up to the consciousness that he was to interpret, we were far away down a creek we had no business to enter at all. I therefore kept my map extended, and, with Nam to reiterate my commands, with a strength of lung quite startling from such a small person, I contrived to navigate my own craft safe to harbor. We had two and a half to three feet of water all through the lake; and so strong was the current and the wind over this vast plain of water, that there was frequently quite a heavy sea, which caused the boat to rock and pitch as upon the ocean, and Andrea and Ony became very sea-sick. It was phenomenal, how we could have so much sea in so little water. It was on the principle of a storm in a tea-pot; yet, the splashing and dashing, and roaring and rolling, were quite as violent as at sea, except that there was no danger—for, at the worst, we had only to get out and walk.

The storm continued all night, and, although we moored our boat by driving long bamboos into the mud, she was constantly slipping her cables and going adrift; so that next morning I found we were some twenty miles out of our course, and the bronzes pulling in the wrong direction, going back toward the *embouchure* of the river. Andrea, between the sea-sickness and the opium, was perfectly imperturbable—the most totally-useless animal on the face of the earth; yet this is a matter which concerns Providence, and not me—he ought to be placed in the same category with mosquitos and fleas. He was a fair specimen of the mongrel race, Anamite-Cambodian, with a dash of Portuguese, consisting of his name and baptism. The Jesuits at Pulo-penang had endeavored to educate him as a priest, and among the multiplicity of languages which he spoke he counted Latin, though it went no further than “*Dominus vobiscum*” and “*ora pro nobis*.” In the matter of speaking “strange tongues,” the Holy Ghost had certainly been favorable to him; but in the use of them he was never profuse. I seldom heard him address his wife the whole six or seven weeks he was with me; and frequently noted, that he was not awake more than twenty minutes out of the twenty-four hours—always excepting the time required for filling and smoking his pipe.

We soon arrived at the water villages: and a most singular appearance they presented. They were constructed on a sort of scaffolding, or piles driven into the water. They were literally *frame* houses; for I do not think there was a single plank in the whole village. They were constructed entirely of laths, tied together with withes, forming a grating. The floors, walls and roofs were made in this fashion, and tied together, a few palm-leaves supplying the place of tiles. A ladder led down into the water streets, where men, women, and children were

walking about, up to their middles in water, as unconcernedly as if on shore. They were of such an amphibious nature, that they did not appear to discern the difference. Upon every unoccupied pole perched a jackdaw, crane, or pelican, though the latter generally lived in their own village. One and all followed the ancient profession of fishermen—the unfeathered bipeds by netting and spearing, and the plumed by patient watching from the tops of those poles until some frolicsome fish leaped, in the exuberance of his youth, beyond the muddy depths of his domicile of origin. Then the bright, watchful eyes caught the gleam of his little silver body, and, without an instant's warning, his joys and sorrows, bones and body, were transmuted to something else. But I noticed that the feathery fishermen were quite dainty in their appetites, and, like great epicures in oysters, preferred to eat their fish alive. They despised the pieces floating along the river or lake from the fish-shambles, as coarse food; but pounced with avidity on the little silver morsels, as they rose to the surface. I noticed a very handsome red or tawny hawk, which hovered over a large fish as over a bird, and when the creature sunned his back above the water, the fisher-hawk fell upon him and nipped a piece from his living body. The human bipeds are not so fastidious. The water, owing to its shallowness, is like liquid mud, and the vast quantity of offal thrown into it makes it utterly disgusting; yet, rather than be at the trouble to place it in a jar, until it clarifies, they drink it in that noxious state. Starting upon the hypothesis that people's characters are influenced by the kind of food they eat—does the fact of eating nothing but fish approximate the nature of man to the former, or create a bond of union between the piscivorous and the piscatorial? These people scarcely know the taste of meat, unless, occasionally, a little pork.

Thus seven days of unmeasured beauty, of incessant novelty and pleasure, of continued splash of the oars, of unnumbered opium pipes by Andrea and the mandarin, brought us to the top of Tonli Sap, and up a small stream, where we soon stuck fast in the mud; when the bronzes went ashore, and soon returned with two buffaloes, which they harnessed to the boat; and so we continued our sort of amphibious journey upon one foot of water and one foot of mud, for a few miles, until we reached a landing, where horses, elephants, buffalo and ox wagons were waiting for us. The wagon is a small carriage on two wheels, narrow and long, with a bamboo bottom and banana-leaf cover. The traveler is obliged to recline as in a hammock. Upon a smooth road, this vehicle would not be uncomfortable, and the oxen walked at a fair pace; but the descent into the deep holes and quagmires was terrible. After half a day's journey, I resolved to patronize the elephant, or the pony. A great part of the route was over paddy-fields, and a river intervening made no difference. We went straight through; the water, so long as it did not drown me, seemed unheeded by our drivers—they experience nothing of our European dread of getting wet. Several miles of this river were planted with waterwheels of the most primitive construction. To an immense bamboo wheel were attached hollow bamboo tubes, which filled with water at each revolution and emptied themselves into a tank as they descended; and by another set of tubes the country was irrigated. It was extremely simple and effective, the bamboo serving all the purposes of our India-rubber and metal piping.

Half a day's journey brought us to Si-am Kep, a fortified city of Siam, and the residence of the governor. He received us with great honor, having had a house prepared for us. We remained a day, and resumed our journey on the morrow.

This time I mounted the pony, having been supplied by the governor with the nearest to a mount he possessed—an English racing saddle. This was a luxury in comparison with the saddles of the country, which were nothing more than cushions, without girths or stirrups. We now rode through the dense forests, where the nightingale, the lark, and a number of strangers, made the air ring with their chorus. One black-and-white bird, like a woodpecker, had a sweet note, similar to castanets, with which he kept time to the rest. Another was a lovely green bird, his wings lined with burnished gold, shading into bright scarlet on his breast—glittering like a prism of light as he flew in the pale blue ether of the Siamese sky. Monkeys were springing and spluttering from bough to bough; and, on a piece of open ground, some peacocks were displaying, in the height of vain-glory, their superb plumage. The forests were of an entirely different character from the American forests. I did not see a single pine, live-oak, sequoia, or cypress; but, instead, the teak, the ironwood, the banyan, and a multitude of flowering and fruit-bearing trees. The cocoa-nut, or palm, is not found in the centre of the forest. Magnolias of various species, and the large tree-jasmine, were plentiful.

Entranced by the novelties and the beauties all around me, which filled my senses to overflowing with sweet sounds, delicious odors, and lovely coloring, I submitted with indifference to Andrea's announcement that I could go no further on my pony, and must now descend and walk. I made a few steps after him, mechanically, inspecting a flower I had just culled, when, raising my eyes, I was almost paralyzed at beholding the full glory of the temple of Angkor Wat displayed before me. It seemed more stupendous than any building I had ever seen in my life; though this may have been the effect of its rising out of the

very heart of the great forest. I had not at all realized its magnificence in my continuous fight to get there, and on the road had been too much engrossed with other beauties. For awhile I could not speak; my faculties seemed absorbed and overcome. But presently, as my eyes took in each separate beauty, the terrible need of sympathy in my pleasure came over me. O, for an individual who could understand my civilized tongue, that I might have uttered some exclamation of pleasure and delight! One of my suite was busy with the horses and buffaloes; Ony was seated on the ground rocking her knees, with her back to the temple; Nam was inspecting some ripe lichi hanging on a tree above him. It was exasperating—I seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and pointed to the temple. “Is that it?” was all he said. How I longed to “call a spirit from the vasty deep”—or anywhere else—to gloat with me over this wonderful spectacle! Thus all my enthusiasm had to flow down to my fingers, to be written out, and assuage the desire of reciprocity.

The Temple, or Pagoda, or Wat of Angkor, is built in the form of a quadrangle, covering a square mile of ground. A massive wall, with outbuildings, and four splendid entrance-halls, form the first square. Within is a lake. The second quadrangle is a raised terrace, formed of solid blocks of stone, fitted together on the model of the Via-Appia of Rome. A massive and richly-carved balustrade protects this terraced walk, and bridges the lake on each side. The terrace, which is now considerably dilapidated, is eighteen hundred feet on each side. In front, it has a magnificent building in the form of a vestibule, or gallery, six hundred feet long, with three domes, or cupolas, and grand entrance-hall. The whole is sculptured minutely, and the delicate precision of the lines and angles of the pilasters and gateways

give a perfect symmetry. The steps up to this gateway are flanked on either side with colossal lions, their manes so carved as to put me in mind of Lord Chancellors’ wigs. Inside this square have been magnificent gardens and fish-ponds. Four detached houses, all in the same style, had probably been the residences of priests of the temple. All is in solid stone, without a particle of wood or iron. The third square is of six hundred feet a side. It rises superbly from the elevation of the terrace, with eight towers, about a hundred and fifty feet above its basement level. To give any idea of the architecture is difficult, as it follows no recognized order. The towers are all formed in projecting leaves, like a pineapple, having the shape of a bishop’s mitre. All the roofs are domed, and made of solid stone; all the door-ways are square, and surrounded with elaborate beadings, exceedingly chaste. The windows are richly mullioned—of course, without glass. This structure is surrounded by a double row of square columns, or pillars, with ornamental capitals and pedestals, and the surface carved with the figure of a woman, finely attired in a quantity of jewelry, and a skirt which must have represented silk, as it is *broché* with a pattern such as ladies wear at the present day. The skirt is trimmed with a fringe and braiding, and is gored; the dress has no bodice, and the person remains uncovered save for a deep necklace which descends upon the shoulders, armlets, bracelets, and anklets of jewels or gold. But the scantiness of the dress is compensated for by the head-dress, which towers in strange, fantastic shape, as high again as the head—square on the forehead, like the coif of Mary Stuart. The face is round, the features short, the eyes large and soft, quite different from the Chinese eye. The figures are round and graceful, but lack the development of muscle in the arms and legs. There must have been thou-

sands of these figures, for this building alone was surrounded by four hundred and eighty detached pillars, each holding two figures.

The interior of this colonnade was a picture-gallery, wrought in stone or black marble, of historical events, representing great battles, with half a million of men engaged, each regiment consisting of one thousand—the numerical strength of the present day—each regiment bearing a different insignia. The arms were javelins, arrows, and a sort of truncheon, or battle-axe. The men fought on foot, the chiefs on horseback—the horses are remarkably well drawn, and the riders have capital seats, but no stirrups—in chariots and on elephants, the latter dashing among the troops and whirling them up in the air. The day after the victory, women and children were led captive with the prisoners. The tortures inflicted on the conquered were terrible; and, although I tried several times to examine them, it made me quite sick each time, and I therefore spare my readers the description.

In another gallery was a representation of a fight between men and monkeys, humorous and grotesque, and very significant of the Darwinian theory. The legend is that the monkeys so closely approached men that they contended with them in open fight, but being utterly subdued and crushed, they sank into degradation—probably not a greater fall than the present Cambodians from their grand ancestors. In another place, there were exquisite bass-reliefs of a great procession marching through a forest, the trees marvelously chiseled. There is an allegorical picture of a dragon or serpent, four hundred feet long, which a multitude of people are unable to subdue or tame, until *one* is sent from heaven, who possesses about thirty faces representing omniscience, and as many hands, being all-powerful. He subdues the dragon, and the men are able to curb

him afterward. This seems a strange parody, cut in stone, upon the redemption of the world! In this arabesque picture the fish and aquatic animals are prodigious; it would take weeks to examine them. The fourth square was another beautifully-sculptured building, elevated about five yards above the outer one. It contained a vestibule of five hundred pillars, and I should be afraid to say how many gods, or images of Buddha. They were in rows, or tumbling about pell-mell; and I plead guilty to having helped myself, for the benefit of science, which, viewing the objects, may possibly aid in defining the date of these ruins, as yet unsettled. There were also four large swimming-baths, finely carved and ornamented, probably kept for the priests' ablutions before entering the *sanctum sanctorum*, which is the final square, surmounted by a grand tower, considerably higher than the rest. Forty steps conduct you up to it, and, in a splendid array of sculptured columns, is the quadruple sleeping Buddha, intended to represent one figure with four sides. The pillars and steps are so arranged, that, in walking up and down, you seem always to come upon the same figure, which is, in fact, four precisely alike. It is a couchant figure, about nine or ten feet long, so deeply gilt, that even at the present day—a period of at least one thousand years from its origin—it still resembles solid gold. The wonderful repose conveyed into this statue is remarkable. It simulates perfect quietude, which never had been and never could be disturbed. Neither in painting nor sculpture have I ever seen peace, tranquillity, and absorption so effectively portrayed. One is almost surprised with the stillness, and feels disinclined to raise the voice or move boisterously. Several other figures surround this Buddha—one standing with the hand raised, as if cautioning silence; others in attitude of waiting—all richly gilt on stone.

Under each tower is a colossal figure, twelve to fourteen feet high. Some are mutilated, but most of them are in good state of preservation.

The amount of stone requisite to build these gigantic structures is incalculable, and it remains an enigma from whence it could have been procured. The country far around is a sandy soil, not producing a pebble, and the stones are so enormous that it is a mystery how they could have been conveyed and hoisted to their places. The arabesques are, I believe, equal to those of Nineveh, the *coup-d'œil* equal to St. Peter's at Rome, and the general effect quite as impressive as the Pyramids. On the terrace *enceinte*, or second inclosure, is established a monastery of Buddhist monks, who, strange to say, do not inhabit the temple, or even worship there, but in little mat sheds, which rather detract, in their disorderly appearance, from the grandeur of the *tout ensemble*. But their low, monotonous chant, on the other hand, rather enhanced the effect. These priests repeat their prayers and psalms in a dead language—a Cambodian Latin—and, like many Christian monks, comprehend very little of what they are repeating; in fact, their habits and customs very much resemble each other. They have a sort of bible, or history of Buddha, or, in other words, *som-mon-nocu-dom*, which has, fortunately for caligraphists, been curtailed to Buddha, who had for mother a woman named Maha or Meia, who was born pure in the calico of the lily Neimpha, and brought a son into the world by miraculous conception. This woman is held in high veneration by the priests, and they devote hours to the repetition of her name in the same way as the recital of the rosary. They have also psalms, which they chant, changing the tune with each. The priests teach all the young to read and write, instructing them in their religion from this book. The Cam-

bodians have much more sentiment of religion than the Anamites, and believe firmly in God and devil. The priests are all celibates, but have the option to leave their order and return into the world, if they wish to marry. Many remain for life. Their vows compel them to live on charity given, from hand to mouth. They are not allowed to possess anything. Like the monastic orders in Europe, they must live in absolute poverty. Hence the Cambodian monks, dressed in their yellow toga, sally forth every morning into the adjacent villages, to solicit alms, the inhabitants supplying them with cooked rice and fish, which they carry home and divide with their brethren. They are not allowed to kill, or cook, or store. When they are not eating or sleeping, they are praying; and I must say that their monotonous drawl or repetition of "Maha Maha Meia" for hours, during the night and early morning, inspired me with more vexation than veneration.

The governor, to facilitate my object, had built me a bamboo house in their vicinity, in order to be in the centre of the ruins, and our domestic life was not the least curious part of this journey. My establishment was now considerably increased by the suite with which the governor had supplied me—grooms and drivers, and, of course, a small mandarin. Three of the grooms were for my special use, as his highness was under the impression that I should need two to hold me on the pony and one to lead him. Ony, Andrea's wife, was to do the cooking and be *femme de chambre* in general; but her cooking was confined to lighting her lord's pipe, and her aid as *femme de chambre* to watching me act for myself. Little Nam was the only useful personage I had; he could make coffee, grill a fowl, and fry an omelet. The roof was neatly thatched with grass, and was quite symmetrical and pretty. The walls, also of grass, opened out-

ward, like shutters. We divided the shed into compartments, also with bamboo, and hung up drapery to make a private chamber for myself. My matress I laid on the laths, and, with the musquito-curtain carefully tucked underneath, I slept as well as in a royal couch. Indeed, it was a royal bed, for did it not belong to my host, the King of Kamphuxa. I slept with all my shutters unclosed. There were no doors to shut, and I opened my eyes in the morning on that glorious leafy wilderness embowering those stupendous ruins—that is, if I succeeded in sleeping through the cock-crow, which heralds the dawn. These woods are filled with the most beautiful game-cocks, in a wild state, and also the very noisiest. We had scarcely installed ourselves in the bird-cage house before we were waited upon by a deputation of roosters, who, besides giving us welcome, inquired our business and the general state of our larder. At first we made them welcome under the sanguinary *arrière pensée* that we would kill and eat them presently, when they should have gathered enough crumbs. But such idea was vain, for they turned out to be sacred cocks, they and their progeny all belonging to the Temple of Buddha, and no one dared to touch them, for their lives or souls. They were beautiful birds, but the most provoking; and to see them strutting about in all the vanity of their plumage, and their arrogance in waking us up at their pleasure at any hour, feeding upon our *débris*, and shrieking discordant opinions as to the quality or quantity, was too tantalizing. It was useless to drive them away. They returned by tens and twenties—each bird worth \$25—and promenaded under our house, escorting their hens, of which they had very few, and every lady seemed to have several husbands, or, at least, *attachés*. It was Mormonism reversed.

But once awake, I had merely to pour

my two buckets of water over me—which served the double purpose of a shower-bath and of scattering the fowls below—and close my brown Holland dress, of all others the most desirable garment for this climate, because it is cool, and strong, and not transparent—three great *desiderata* in traveling, with the thermometer ranging from 80° to 100°, having to mount racing-saddles, elephants, ruins, rocks, trees, and sit generally on the floor. We were not supplied with either chairs or tables, and a cushion with my plate on my lap was the greatest state we could arrive at in dining.

The first thing in the morning, after my coffee, was to sally forth to the picture-gallery of the pagoda, to make sketches and take notes—never omitting the smelling-salts, for the great entrances were filled with bats, and the stench was overpowering. Through these ruins I wandered for twelve days, counting pillars, measuring distances, sketching figures and arabesques; living in a world of by-gone grandeur, of beautiful conceptions and delicate fancies; in communion with high minds and great thoughts that never die, but speak for centuries and tens of centuries in those massive stones, as they will speak to souls yet unborn—telling us plainly that not Solomon alone built temples to the Lord, but that all creatures between earth and heaven have worshiped Him with their highest aspirations, with their utmost labor—bearing testimony to all future generations that the great Supreme has ever been praised with the deepest devotion. So spoke the ruin-stones in Angkor Wat, and my pen is but their mouth-piece—too feeble to convey to my readers a true picture of all they are. Their beauty, their solemnity, their majestic grandeur, the great peacefulness which envelopes them, the awesome stillness at certain hours, and the exquisite music of the singing-birds at others; the fairy-like dream of the whole scene, as, sit-

ting under those mysterious colonnades, emotions strange and new throng around us so fleetly, that we only care to drink deeply of the magic draught, in order to recall it afresh at some distant period; to realize vividly all around—"wondering, hoping, fearing, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamed before."

We made excursions to other ruins, which lie in different directions, distant from five to twenty miles. They were all similar in style to Angkor Wat, but much more dilapidated; the foliage and vegetation having crept over them and taken such root between the stones as to overthrow them, and much beautiful sculpture is underground with the tree-roots upon them. There are traceable the ruins of a city, with ramparts, moat, temples, and palaces, which must have been splendid, and of great dimensions. It is known now as Angkor Thom, but is probably the city mentioned by Ptolemy as Sinarum Metropolis. The city wall may be about eight or ten miles around, and in riding through the forest we often came upon an enormous statue of Buddha, from twenty to fifty feet high, around which worship is offered on the Buddhist Sunday (which occurs once a fortnight), by the priests, the natives assembling as spectators. They consider that the priests are maintained to do the praying, while they do the work of life. Returning from one of these moonlight services—for they are always held at night—I was shocked to see two large fires under my bird-cage. I seized the nearest of my suite, and made signs to throw water on the flames, while I rushed forward to save the few things I had; but, as I stepped on the grating, there lay Andrea, being toasted, and Ony calmly nursing her knees beside him. I pushed him with one foot as hard as I dared under the fear of slipping through with the other, and called, "You will be burned alive!" Ony regarded me calmly, and uttered the word "Moncambe"

(mosquitoes). Andrea roused up, and explained that the fire was to drive away mosquitoes, and that they usually placed it under the house, watching to see that the flames did not catch the bamboo. I certainly preferred the mosquitoes to such a remedy, which nevertheless is a custom.

All the time I remained, there was an ever-changing crowd of people from the villages, far and near, coming to see me, as the first White woman they had ever beheld. They generally brought me small presents of fruit, flowers, vegetables, fish, eggs, or chickens. They would squat around the house, canvassing my appearance as a phenomenon. They sometimes wanted to touch and rub me, to satisfy themselves that I was real, and not got up for the occasion. One old woman came frequently, and, after gratifying her eye-sight, always asked to eat. I gave her rice, which she tied up in her *sangouti*, the sole rag she wore round her loins. She differed from the other women in the fashion of her hair, which had been allowed to grow, and now stood out in a conical tower half a yard from her head. How long it had taken for the hair to mat itself solidly into that shape I do not know, but it had obviously not been combed nor disturbed for a length of time. It was nearly gray, with a reddish tinge, and I think she must have had it in the saffron-vat, where the priests die their vestments. I was cautioned not to meddle with her, as she was possessed by the devil; that she could effect great evil, and foretell things to come; that her brother, who was the abbot of the priests, had often tried to exorcise the evil spirit in her, but he refused to quit. I could not help telling them to "try swine." She had a wild look in her eyes, and glared vindictively when she noticed that she was the subject of comment. I gave her a little more rice, to conciliate the evil one. Poor body! she

was another victim to circumstance, for I was told she had been possessed from her youth, and no one would marry her.

There was scarcely any money used in this part of Siam, and in return for the people's presents I had to bestow my white skirts, towels, or bottles. They also delighted in needles, scissors, and knives, but they did not know the use of pins. Men and women dressed alike, and, from equal exposure, became similar. They took their share of the labor, and there appeared to be no remarkable difference in their strength. Feeding the hungry is a self-evident benevolence, but clothing the naked is open to discussion in this climate, where they seemed much happier in their single rag than

those who are obliged, by force of custom, to put on a dozen garments, and be boiled and baked therein.

I bade farewell to Angkor Wat with regret, and with a half-yearning to become another Lady Hester Stanhope. I traveled back in my junk the whole distance to Saigon, two hundred and fifty miles, visiting all the French posts in Cochin China. I did not meet with any difficulty or even unpleasantness, although the country was said to be in insurrection. I neither saw nor felt anything of it, and, in spite of the prophesies, I accomplished my journey to my own satisfaction, and, I trust, to the amusement and instruction of some others.

THE GATE.

Down the serpentine reach—
Under the orient peach,
Grape-vine and quince interlaced—
Leisurely two of us paced.

Half of the yellow moon
Hung in the west in a swoon;
Scents of geranium leaves
Swam on the indolent breeze.

Soon to the garden gate
Sauntering we came, to wait;
Vows entangled with sighs
Raveled out our good-bys.

"Shears, to sever our paths,
Cut us not yet into halves!"
Cried I the gate: and we stood
Close to each as we could.

Sweets have end, as the sour:
"Be thou eternal, this hour!"
Sighed I, in frenzy of bliss,
That burst on her lips a kiss.

O, gate! you then swung ajar
To a pathway flamed by a star;
And down the shining reach
Went two forsworn of speech.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

CROSSING by the San Gorgonio Pass, the continuation of the Sierra Nevada range back of San Bernardino, the traveler leaves the fertile coast valleys, and enters upon what appears to his astonished eyes the parched and death-stricken remains of some ancient world. As he came through the broad, rolling pass, upon his right towered San Gorgonio Peak, a huge unbroken mass, 10,500 feet in height, the great trees up its rugged sides dwindling to mere shrubs. Upon the left, forming the other wall of the pass, pine-clad San Bernardino, more broken and irregular in outline, reaches an altitude of 11,500 feet. But leaving now the mountains behind, he descends into what seems the scorched, blasted bed of some old cyclopean furnace, a wreck of the days when "there were giants in the land." San Gorgonio and San Bernardino on this side have lost their pines, and brown, barren and desolate, frown down upon yet greater desolation. Upon the west, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the Sierras in an unending line—a forbidding, rugged wall. At the north, a spur from this main chain turns off eastward, and then curving around bears to the south, parallel to the Sierras, making another abrupt wall, which at last drops down and is lost near Fort Yuma. Inclosed by these mountains, open only toward the south, where 200 miles away it faces out upon the waters of the Gulf of California, is the Colorado Desert. From its upper end, the eye lifts mile after mile toward the southeast over the broad expanse—no trees, no hills, no water, no life. Only the glare of the never-ending sand, the deceptive mirage, and the silence of death. Here and there a lone

whirlwind rears its stately column of sand hundreds of feet in the heated air, and travels slowly on for hours. At times fierce blasts of scorching wind rage for days, carrying the fine sand in clouds that obscure the sun, and give to the sky a dull red glare. These are the dreaded sand-storms of the desert.

What is the Colorado Desert? In the spring of 1867, I crossed its upper end with troops, on the road to La Paz. I found the sand white with innumerable sea-shells, some minute, some fragile, such as are only found in sheltered arms of the sea. For miles and miles I traced with the eye a strange, well-defined line along the mountain sides, always at the same level. It was as undeviating as the chalk-line of a carpenter's marking-twine. Riding out to it, I found it to be the old beach of a sea.

The rocks were worn and rounded up to that level, as by the constant washing of water, with coarse coral formations in their crevices and upon their under sides. Above that line the rocks were sharp and jagged. The worn rocks showed that for ages the water had stood at that level. No other beach could be discovered. The water consequently, when it abandoned that level, must steadily have diminished, until it disappeared. The surveying party of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in running the line to Fort Yuma, struck the present sea-level the moment their instruments reached this ancient beach. Further south they gradually descended, until a depression of 215 feet below the sea was found. The great basin of the desert, the chief engineer, Mr. Phelps, estimated to be at least 350 feet below the level of the sea. The whole area now below the sea-

level is supposed to be about 3,900 square miles—130 miles in length by thirty miles average width.

The inquiry naturally arises, "At what point has this desert been connected with the sea, and how has it been shut off?" Surrounded upon every side by mountains, except in one direction, and there opening out upon the head of the Gulf of California, the answer is plain. The desert is a portion of the old gulf, which then extended 200 miles above its present limit. Its head-waters then were immediately back of San Bernardino, with only the mountains intervening. The cause of the separation of the upper end of that gulf, making what is now the Colorado Desert, is so apparent, that a moment's examination reveals it. The same agency is still at work, constantly widening the space between the gulf and the desert. Here, nearly 150 miles from the head of the ancient gulf, came in from the east side the Colorado River, bearing in its thick floods quicksand, and the red mud from the great plateaus of Northern Arizona, which gives the river its color and its name.

The contour of the country shows the gulf to have been narrow here. The filling in of this alluvial deposit went on unceasingly, as at the mouth of every great river which enters the sea at a sheltered point. The water grew constantly shoaler, until at length the separation was complete. The upper end of the gulf thus isolated from the sea, and not having rain-fall sufficient to keep up its supply, finally dried up and became a desert basin. The alluvial deposit has steadily increased the distance between the gulf and the low bed of the desert, until now the division is marked by a narrow neck of thirty or forty miles of land but little raised above the sea-level.

The length of time which has elapsed since this great change took place is also another interesting question; the more

so because the change is plainly a recent one, and the data exist for at least a comparatively accurate estimate. Among the many shells which whiten the sand of the desert, I found numbers of a thin, fragile bivalve, about one and one-half inches in length by an inch in width, the shell scarcely thicker than half-a-dozen sheets of ordinary note-paper, closely pressed.

These shells are drifted about in the restless winds, beaten upon by raging sand-storms, scoured and worn by the constant attrition of the sharp grains—and yet to-day they may be gathered in great numbers, unbroken, perfect in outline, only scratched and scored, and evidently rapidly crumbling. How long could these shells withstand this constant wear? Not possibly more than a very few centuries; probably not more than two or three. The rate of formation of the alluvial deposit at the mouth of the Colorado might also be readily computed, although the data here are not sufficient for accurate computation. That it is now very rapid, the mud-laden current of the river and the rolling quicksand of its bed sufficiently testify. That the deposit has been equally as rapid in the past, one thing would seem to indicate. The proof can be taken for what it is worth.

In the possession of General Stoneman, of the U. S. Army, is a map which he obtained in the city of Mexico. This map shows the results of the early explorations of the Spanish navigators at the head of the Gulf of California. That the accuracy of the map is sufficient to entitle it to some credence, one feature renders probable. While the eastern shore of the gulf up to the mouth of the river is clearly and sharply defined, and as at present found, the western shore is left in doubt. This shows a regard for exactness hard to be reconciled with the supposition that the whole map is to an extent guesswork. In that map the Gila

river is laid down as entering the head of the gulf, while now it empties into the Colorado, about ninety miles above its mouth. Granting that the observation was taken at a time when the conjunction of a flood of the Colorado and high tides in the gulf caused an unusual overflow of the lowlands, and thus apparently extended the sea limits, still the great distance now intervening would show a remarkable change. That the Gila could then have entered the gulf by a separate channel, the contour of the country hardly admits as a possibility. The constant drift of sand from the desert, carried by the prevailing west wind, has still further helped to widen the belt of low country. Within the last twenty years, the sand is said to have encroached upon the river bottom more than a mile.

Two other facts, remains of former vegetation and relics of dead races, incidentally bear testimony upon the same question, of time elapsed, and point to the same conclusion. These will be discussed under another heading, viz., the climatic changes which would naturally result in the surrounding territory, as a consequence of the drying-up of this portion of the gulf. That such a change has taken place in the climate of western Arizona and southern California, and within a comparatively recent period, seems positive. It is a transformation within a historical rather than a geological era.

In western Arizona are traces of an ancient population, much more dense, much more highly civilized, than that now inhabiting the country—a people patiently tilling the soil and living upon its fruits. Among these remains are the ruins of cities, once large and populous; canals for extensive systems of irrigation; fragments of pottery so numerous that in places the ground seems almost paved with them. It would hardly have been possible for that population to sub-

sist with the present arid state of the country. These remains are many of them perishable, and can scarcely date back more than a few centuries. The records of the Spanish explorations in the sixteenth century show that even then the population was much more dense than now.

Take another curious fact. Men who have rambled much in these now desert mountains and plains, report that they have found the remains of old forests, still in a passable state of preservation, where all is now parched and dry; perished evidently through lack of moisture. How long a time could elapse after the death of the forests before all traces of them would be obliterated? Even in that dry climate, not more than a very few centuries. It is a natural inquiry, whether there is evidence of any great alteration in the general contour of the country to account for this recent climatic transformation. The shores of the gulf show that for thousands of years there has been no extensive upheaval. The mountain chains of Arizona bear no appearance of recent convulsions. Living and scouting among them for months, the one deep impress which they gave was of age—drear old age. Brown and bare, washed and gullied by the storms of centuries, parched with fierce heats and beaten upon by burning winds, they seemed the skeleton-frame of a world long worn-out and forgotten—borne down with the burden of years, wearily waiting the end. It is a land of wrecks. I have traversed cañons where the solid mountain had by a mighty power been cleft asunder, and the rocky walls lifted bodily back, until upon either side they stood dizzy with their own height—a world-shudder, frozen in the moment of fright—a cold, stony horror. That was ages and ages ago. Since then the water has filled in the bottom of these cañons with the wash and *débris* of centuries; worn channels in the solid rock, that tell

of long quiet and rest. One thing shows the great length of time which must have elapsed since these wide-spread convulsions. I frequently saw, while scouting in the mountains, huge boulders balanced upon slight pinnacles of rock, in such positions that the least shock would have displaced them. They had evidently been so left by the gradual decomposition and disintegration of the softer stone around.

Do not forget these two facts: the still existing traces of a dense population—traces which the lapse of a very few centuries would obliterate entirely; and the remains of old forests, perished evidently through lack of moisture—remains which would also have been undistinguishable in a very limited time. Recall that other fact already given, the existence in a good state of preservation of countless numbers of the thin, perishable shells of the Colorado Desert; shells which the scouring of the ever-shifting sands and the bleaching of the sun would necessarily destroy within a like limited time. Weigh also the evidence of rapid change at the head of the gulf within an even more recent period, as shown by that old Spanish map. Take also for what it is worth a tradition which exists among the Indians upon the lower Colorado, that formerly the river ran much more to the west, and that they had villages and cultivated fields, where now is only barren sand.

The drying-up of the desert and the apparently contemporaneous change of climate is a very remarkable coincidence. Was it more? In the light of the foregoing facts, in the absence of any other apparent cause for that change—nay, with positive proof from the geological formation and topographical features of the country, that no other cause could have existed—shall it be called more than a coincidence? Cause and effect?

What would be the logical result of the transformation of so large a portion

of the ancient gulf? An area 180 miles in length, by an average of at least thirty miles in width, has ceased to be covered by water, and has become a parched, heated desert. The yearly evaporation in the Bay of Bengal, as shown by the published proceedings of the "Bombay Geographical Society," is more than sixteen feet. This portion of the gulf, which is surrounded by high mountains, reflecting the sun from their bare sides, shut off from the cool winds of the ocean, its waters shallow and easily heated, must have been a steaming caldron, keeping the air-currents above constantly saturated with moisture. This evaporation, however, estimated at the rate before given, would be enough, if all recondensed and precipitated, to supply twelve inches of rain to 86,400 square miles—more than double the area of the State of Ohio. Again, that evaporation involves the rendering of a vast amount of active heat latent. This would lower the temperature of all the adjacent territory. Fort Yuma, at the south end of the desert, upon the Colorado River, has for days at a time a temperature of 120°. When the desert was covered by the sea, the heat must have been lower by a number of degrees. This lowering of temperature alone, apart from any increase of moisture in the air, would add to the rain-fall, by increasing the condensation of vapor already brought by the rain-currents from further south. The augmented dampness of the atmosphere and the consequent fall of temperature would have another effect. Such rain as had fallen over the adjacent country would be less quickly dried up, by giving a moister soil and more numerous springs and streams of water. It is not probable that western Arizona, the Mojave Desert, and the mountains surrounding the Colorado Desert, were ever sufficiently well watered for any general system of agriculture, but it is probable that there was enough moist-

ure to supply forests where none now exist, to feed innumerable streams for irrigation where now the channels are dry except after an occasional storm, and to support an annual growth of grass for grazing where now are barren wastes.

Could the Colorado Desert be again filled with water? It is an interesting question. From the Gulf of California, it is probably an impossibility. The gradual silting up of the old gulf-bed at the mouth of the river, and the drift of sand by the wind, have interposed a barrier too extensive to be easily removed. By turning the Colorado River into the desert it might be accomplished. The project has for years been discussed, of taking enough water from the river to irrigate a stretch of fertile land, alluvial deposit, found at the southern end of the desert; but the idea of going further than this, of diverting the river into the desert and forming a large fresh-water lake, seems never to have been broached. Nature, unassisted, is now attempting this. The drift of sand, through the prevailing western wind, is from the desert toward the east. This drift has kept the river walled in upon the east side of the valley, and has apparently constantly forced it further in that direction. The river, however, with its immense alluvial deposit, is unceasingly at work filling up its bed and rising higher above the level of the desert, which a few miles away forms an inclined plane with a rapid descent from the river.

Within the past twenty years, the water, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the rise in the bed of the river is becoming more rapid than the rise of its western bank, has commenced during each flood season to escape over the brim and run back into the desert. The larger portion of the overflow leaves the main river, it is supposed, about forty miles above its mouth. At first it has no definite channel, but, after a few miles, follows a well-marked river-bed. In the summer

of 1868, I crossed this stream, some sixty miles from the point where it leaves the Colorado. It was there a stream one hundred yards wide, with a depth that would average four feet, and a strong flood-current. The stream is said to be yearly growing larger. If left to itself, probably a large portion of the flood of the Colorado would eventually be diverted from the gulf to the desert. The descent is much more rapid than down the present course of the river to its mouth. The reason why the diversion is not more rapid is, no doubt, the fact, before given, that "New River," as the stream is called, has for the first few miles of its course, after leaving the main river, no definite channel. If a channel were cleared out for that short distance, the current would soon enlarge it and make it permanent. The difference between high and low water-mark in the lower Colorado is not more than fifteen feet. The fact that this small rise is sufficient to turn its water into the desert, shows how slight would be the difficulty in diverting the current permanently. The difficulty is even less than this would indicate, for "New River" commences to run long before, and continues long after, the high water-mark has been reached. The evaporation from the surface of the lake thus made would be so great that the Colorado would hardly refill the old basin; yet even now at the flood season a shallow lake is formed many miles in extent, but quickly dries up.

The climatic effect of thus even partly refilling this portion of the ancient gulf with water, becomes an interesting problem. The Colorado Desert is now a serious disturbing element in the climate of southern California. It is a huge furnace, from which withering blasts make forays upon more favored territories around. One personal reminiscence will show the intensity of its heat. When accompanying troops from Wilmington, California, to northern Arizo-

na, in the spring of 1867, I had two men sun-struck, the tenth of March, in traveling a distance of only seven miles, across the upper end of the desert. These occasional hot winds are but the smallest of the evils, to which it gives birth. Any one who has resided a few years in the Los Angeles and San Bernardino valleys, can not have failed to notice and execrate the baffling west wind that so often breaks up the storm-current from which refreshing rain is hoped. A south-easter sets in, blows for several days, clouds gather loweringly upon the mountains, and the parched earth waits for the cooling shower. But suddenly the storm-drift checks, the west wind comes rushing in, there is an angry commotion in the upper air, and the clouds, baffled and beaten, are driven back, carrying with them their precious moisture, through the mountain-passes to the interior. This especially happens in the evening, the time for the full strength of the daily sea-breeze, and so repeatedly that the plaintive remark is often heard, "If only our rain-current will continue until the turn of the evening, we shall escape the west wind, and then we are certain of another day's rain." What is the cause of this interruption? Simply this: back of those mountains is the desert. All day it is heating up with the sun. When afternoon comes, it is probably 40° hotter than the ocean, on the west. Then the cold sea-air rushes in through every break in the mountain-chain, to take the place of this rarified atmosphere, forcing back with it the clouds, whose moisture is quickly dissipated by the scorching breath of the sands. So constant and powerful is this wind-current that the trees in the San Gorgonio Pass are all blown from the perpendicular, and slant toward the east.

The same warring of winds is seen again in the months of July and August. Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San

Diego counties are really within the circuit of the Sonora summer rains. Again comes the south-east wind, but more gently than in winter. Now it seems to follow rather up the course of the gulf, and from there passes over westward. Again the clouds gather upon the mountain-tops. Light showers fall, even heavy rains, in the San Bernardino mountains. Thunder and lightning are frequent. But the disturbing influence of the Colorado Desert again makes itself felt. In winter it was hot. Now it is a fiery furnace. It glows and wavers with ever-increasing heat; without water, without life. Day knows no respite; night brings no freshness— 120° , even 130° are recorded. The rains have traveled up the gulf. They have refreshed Sonora and Lower California. Arizona has grown green. They have followed the Colorado River far to the north. They have even turned the upper end of the Colorado Desert, and sent occasional floods upon the higher and cooler Mojave Desert and in the mountains about Tehachapi. They have gone to the south of the great, fertile plains of Los Angeles and San Bernardino; they have skirted the western edge of Arizona, back of them; they have doubled around and spent their strength upon the mountains, north of them. Why have these rains thus gone all around the only extensive fertile portion of southern California, and yet avoided it as a forbidden land? Because, to reach it, they must cross the Colorado Desert, and its fiery breath is to them the blast of death. Should they cross it, should other rain-currents follow up the coast from the south, the cold wind of the ocean, rushing in to displace the overheated air of the desert, beats them back, and so the land has no rain.

Could that desert be refilled with water—converted from dry, hot sand to an inland lake—the very heat which is reflected from the barren mountain-sides around would be a power of good instead

of evil. The constant evaporation would render heat latent which is now active, thus lowering the annual temperature very perceptibly. This lowering of temperature alone, even if unaccompanied by an increase of moisture in the air, would give a greater rain-fall by the more perfect condensation which it would cause. But the evaporation from the surface of the lake would materially augment the supply of vapor in the rain-currents, thus acting in a double manner—a decrease of temperature and an increase of moisture for precipitation. These rain-currents would also meet with less difficulty in making their way against the ocean winds—as these winds, caused largely by the heat of the desert, would be less violent—and would, therefore, with more certainty and regularity deposit their supply of moisture over the plains of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego. When it is considered that every additional inch of rain is worth millions of dollars to these southern counties, the value of such a change in quantity and certainty of fall may be appreciated.

The difference in the summer climate would be especially marked. The flood season of the Colorado River is from April to September. The flood is caused by the melting of the snows in the Rocky Mountains, where the river has its source. The water still retains much of its coolness when it reaches the gulf. The lake in the desert would be at its highest, filled with cold snow-water, just in the hottest portion of the year. All the influences at work to modify the winter-rain would now act with double power, and the summer-rains would prob-

ably become as reliable in the mountains of southern California as they now are in the mountains of Arizona. Streams which are used for irrigation would have their flow augmented; other streams, which now only furnish water in the winter, would become permanent during the year. The grazing lands in the mountains and among the foot-hills would furnish a much more abundant and certain pasturage. The hot, dry winds which now come, at times, from the desert, scorching vegetation, would be cool and laden with vapor.

There is satisfactory evidence that such a difference did once exist in the climate of the territory surrounding the Colorado Desert, at a time when it was still a portion of the Gulf of California. The evidence further shows that this difference must have been caused by the presence of such a body of water where now none exists. If the old bed could be filled from the river, is it unreasonable to suppose that the same cause would again work the same result? It might be a rash assertion to say that the work of refilling the desert is a possibility. It might be equally rash to assert that the water of the Colorado would be sufficient for the purpose. Yet men who have traveled much and seen much upon the desert think the project feasible. If it were done, enough land could probably be reclaimed, by irrigation, from the alluvial deposit at the south end of the desert, to amply repay all the expense of the undertaking. Would it be money wasted if the government were to send a commission of scientific men, of engineers, carefully to examine the subject, to run levels, and report the result?

BRAVE MRS. LYLE.

THE heroism of common life finds little space in history. Of that more passive form of courage, called fortitude, which bears its burdens with a spirit steadfast and unbroken, the world takes small account. Like the air and sunlight, it pervades earth with an atmosphere of blessing, but is so generic in its scope as to be held cheap.

Champions of law and liberty, in Arkansas, had fallen upon troublous times. The Federal flotilla of gunboats, that swept down the Mississippi to aid in the Vicksburg struggle, virtually segregated the States west of the river; thus constituting a new department, more or less isolated in situation and circumscribed in action. General Foreman, once a representative of the State in the council-halls of the nation, but now a zealous leader in the Confederate ranks, had returned to his native soil, and was enforcing a vigorous and ruthless conscription. Adherents to the Union cause, outside the pale of Federal protection, had learned to expect no quarter. Compelled allegiance to the rebel authorities, or the most bitter persecution—perhaps even death—these were the alternatives offered. There was no escape, except in stealthy flight. In counties more remote, lying west of the White River, affairs had assumed a perilous aspect. To be an avowed Unionist there, was to dare dangers the most imminent, and invite penalties the most appalling.

Nathaniel Lyle, a native of Pennsylvania, emigrated to Arkansas at an early day, and at the breaking out of the war was a well-to-do planter, in the western part of the State. A large inheritance of principle and pluck stood as atonement for meagre educational endow-

ments; and these invaluable characteristics had been supplemented by that last best gift to man—a loving, sensible, heroic wife. But with the choice presented, of duty or trial, principle or persecution, there was no trembling hesitation, no weak dalliance. Mrs. Lyle knew what it was to suffer and be strong.

The solemn November day on which our story opens had been harsh and vexatious. The cows, at milking-time, had been perverse and vicious, completing a long catalogue of provoking peccadilloes with the final upsetting of a generous, well-filled milk-pail, wasting at once the product of their own day's scanty pickings, and the tired housewife's patient strippings. What made the matter far worse, was the fact that the milk had a special, predestined use. There was no mistake about it—this had been a day of marked disaster. Even the staid and decorous old plow-horses, Darby and Joan, whose historical record, in the matter of runaways, was without a blemish, had that morning, while coming down the long lane with a load of "light-wood," with evidently preconcerted action, pricked up their ears, caught the bit, and dashed down the road as if, contemptuous of humble pedigree, they would rival the proudest achievements of the best-bred Hambletonian.

This all-pervading, morbid tendency must have been atmospheric; else why should Charlie, the prince of good fellows, have lost his proverbial good-humor to such an extent as to declare that Nat, his baby brother, was a perfect little vixen, and to wonder what in the world he was ever made for, unless it was to "torment folks to death?" Sure enough, this was a problem that had

puzzled wiser heads than Master Charlie's, since poor Mrs. Lyle had been going through such a sea of trouble.

It was almost midnight; Mrs. Lyle was still worrying with the despotic little tyrant Nat, who had maliciously set himself against sleep, and neither nursing, rocking, nor lullaby could budge him from his resolve. The other children—five, all told—had been sound asleep for three hours. Care-worn and very pale was that pleadingly-eloquent face, on which was recorded the story of an inevitable grief that she had hidden in the peaceful chambers of silence. Spirits sensitive, and finely strung, seem oftentimes to possess prophetic vision; they feel the shadow of coming calamity, even as we see the penumbra of an eclipse, that is to end in darkness. The exigency is upon her; there is no time for temporizing policies; desperate schemes are taking shape in her mind, as, with that pugnacious bit of babyhood tossed over her shoulder, she unconsciously rocks to and fro, keeping time to the sweet, mournful refrain with a pat on the back of the petty potentate. Poor little Nat was not in the least responsible for that mischievous sleeplessness and nervous disquietude. They were no less an inheritance from the sensitive, mettlesome mother, than were those large, brooding eyes, and soft brown curls, that set off his pretty baby face. Long before his name was added to the census-register of White county, or the air stirred with his first imperious cry, baby Nat had been in intimate sympathy with the troubled mother-heart, beneath which he lay enfolded. Wordsworth tells the story:

"Her little child

Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings."

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner struck the hour of midnight, and its harsh, metallic ring startled Mrs. Lyle to the consciousness of the press-

ing demands of the moment. Rising hastily, she laid the child, still broad awake, in his rustic, homespun crib, and proceeded to wrap herself in a coarse woolen cloak and hood, and taking from the closet a pair of strong boots, she drew them on, as if preparing for a long walk. Nat, who had been avenging himself for the indignity offered, by screaming at the top of his voice, had fairly worn himself out, and was snubbing and sobbing in the very dreariness of despair.

"No fresh milk for poor papa to-night," mused Mrs. Lyle, half-audibly, as she poured a panful from the morning's setting—cream and all—into a tin bucket, and placed it beside a large, well-filled basket, which stood near the door opening into the rear-yard.

Moving as quietly as her clumsy boots permitted, she approached the bed where Charlie lay sleeping—her first-born, noble boy, who, she repeatedly declared, was the greatest comfort a mother ever had. If baby Nat was a sadly-suggestive illustration of the baneful effects of an ante-natal atmosphere of sorrow and misfortune, Charlie was a triumphant exemplification of the salutary influence of a pre-natal atmosphere of hope and joyful activity. It was no marvel that Charlie's whole being was absorbed in the prosperity and well-doing of his home, for he had been in closest sympathy with the buoyant efforts of the early wedded years which had established that home.

The sleeper murmured in his dreams, as the mother approached. "Come, Charlie," she said, softly, as she kissed his fair forehead—"come, my boy! I'm so sorry to disturb you; but Natty is so fretful to-night, and I must go to the camp, or your father will be caught by the conscript officers, you know. They are on his track"—and she heaved a deep sigh, and uttered a brief ejaculatory prayer.

Charlie's ear caught both sigh and

prayer, for he had slept as with one eye open for many a week, since the dangers thickened about them so fast.

"Yes, mother, I'll mind the baby; but hear the rain against the windows! Let me go and carry the things, and break the news. You can't cross the branch in such a storm as this."

"Yes, Charlie, I must go. I must see your father myself before he goes—God only knows where. Try and keep Natty from waking up the children; and mind that the fire don't fall down. I'll turn out the lamp, for the oil is nearly gone; but the light-wood fire will make it cheerful enough. Don't worry about me, Charlie."

With this, Mrs. Lyle packed up her burden, and glided noiselessly out into the darkness and storm. The load with which her hands wrestled was heavy enough; but the dull weight at her heart was far heavier. What was she to do? Whither should her husband flee to escape his persecutors? How could she protect herself and her children from the inevitable woes impending? A clap of thunder rent the air, and the wind shrieked and howled through the leafless trees—was this her answer? Perhaps, after the storm, would come the "still, small voice."

Mr. Lyle and a neighboring planter, Philip Nourse, had been "lying out" for nearly six weeks—fugitives from the infamous conscription so mercilessly enforced by Foreman. They were encamping in the woods about two miles off; hidden in a sort of natural fortress, formed by the convergence of hills, whose rugged sides offered at once protection and concealment. During all this time, Mrs. Lyle had been going twice every week with a supply of provisions and other little comforts, wherewith to cheer the exiles in their self-imposed but dreary banishment. These visitations were always made in the stillness and darkness of night; for the

country was alive with spies, and discovery would bring disastrous, perhaps fatal consequences. What contributed no little to Mrs. Lyle's responsibility and burden, was the fact that her neighbor, Mrs. Nourse, was one of those dear, devoted little wives that know how to do nothing else, well, but to love and be loved in return—no mean accomplishments, but always the better for being reinforced with good, strong, womanly sense, and a *modicum*, at least, of sterling executive talent. A hereditary predisposition to heart-disease had made Mr. Nourse all the more careful to shield his gentle wife from every possible hardship and annoyance. What with natural temperamental tendencies and the happiest experiences, Mrs. Nourse could be none other than she was—a veritable Griselda in loyal, trustful affection, but a tender-eyed Dora in helplessness and dependence. She was a child-wife. She wanted to be brave; but it was awkward business for her, in the absence of that great, manly breast upon which she was wont to pillow her drooping head. Poor Mrs. Nourse! she was doing wonders now, in caring for the blind sister, who was an inmate in the household; and keeping within bounds their only little boy, three years old and over, turbulent as he was with fresh young life—for the stir and vigor of the father was in him. Indeed, it is a question whether she would have gotten along at all, had not Mrs. Lyle, amidst her own over-burdening cares, managed to find opportunity to visit her every day, often assisting her in the very nick of time.

They had been waiting and watching for help from some quarter; they felt sure that relief would come—whence and how they hardly knew. But a new crisis had arisen. On the morning of the day in question, Charlie had been out in a deep thicket of second-growth pines, looking up stray cattle. Worn and exhausted with the tramp, he had

thrown himself down in the underbrush, when the low hum of voices, not far off, caught his ear.

"There's no sort of doubt but they're hid out somewheres about here; for that plucky little woman wasn't coming in at that time o' night without some good reason for it. Why it must have been two o'clock in the morning, or better, when I saw her getting over the stile into the back yard. That was a lucky day for Nat Lyle, when he married Eunice Atherton. She's a deuced smart woman, and as good as she is smart."

"That's so, Cap; there wasn't another like her in Van Buren county. You didn't know I once set up to her myself, eh? But Nat got in ahead of me. I've never squared the account with him, yet; this may be my chance—who knows? But he's a devilish fine fellow, that Nat Lyle." The voice was deep-toned and resonant; but there was nothing vindictive in it.

Charlie hugged the ground still more closely, and listened breathlessly for the reply. After a moment's pause, the speaker continued: "I say, Cap, hadn't we better keep an eye on the little duck? Follow her, and we'll soon find out where the old drake is paddling. That's a pesky nice brood of ducklings—those Lyle young ones. The boy Charlie is his mother, right over again—quick as lightning, and cunning as a fox. He's good grit, and no mistake. Why, that little cuss was born with more good sense than nine-tenths of folks die with. He's bound to make his mark some day—if somebody don't make a mark of him. If we can't do better, we can put some pretty straight questions to him. He's 'cute; but the sight of one of these 'tooth-picks' may fetch the secret out of him. He knows where his dad has vamosed to—no doubt of it!"

"But, Pete," the first speaker interposed, in a gruff, sepulchral tone, "you forget that we must go down the valley

to-night, and carry out the general's orders in regard to that blasted horse-stealing business, that he dignifies by the name of 'confiscation.' He says we'd better bring in no more miserable, broken-down animals like that old tackey which came so near costing him his life. Foreman is a catawampitious old cuss, and is getting a little too big for his boots. He'll get flipflop-pussed himself before he knows it. I'm getting deuced tired of his nonsense. He's too durned cruel to suit my notion of things. He walks into folks too rough, altogether. Lyle and Nourse have got a lot of choice blooded stock, that they set great store by; and the orders are, to take the last one of them—drive the cattle down the river—unearth the men-folks and press them into service, or burn their old shebangs to the ground. Now, that's devilish rough on the women folks, just as winter's setting in! But the old moke won't rest till it's done. I reckon Bill's right about it—the old skeezicks means to kill off Lyle, and marry the widow himself."

"Reckon he'll slip up on that," returned Pete, a little flushed. "The general won't do to tie to in such matters, anyhow. But I allow, we'd better do one thing or t'other—either turn tail on the old slang-whanger altogether, or else rope in, and obey orders. You know, Cap, the general looks on you as the bell-mare of us skalawags; you mustn't play out. I hate this sneak-thief sort of business as much as you do. These poor fellows have worked for what they have got, and it's tight on 'em. Speaking of blooded stock, Cap, reminds me of that colt, Nebo, that old man Atherton gave Charlie for his name. Why, the boy fairly worships the animal; and he's as pretty a piece of horseflesh as I ever laid eyes on. It's astonishing to see the tricks the boy has taught him. The yunderstand each other better than we do. Some animals are half-human, I

believe. Charlie declares Nebo will do wonders one o' these days. 'Taint worth while to pester the child's colt, whatever else we take. Let the boy have him. Besides, he's like half the women-folks, nowadays — more for show than good hard work. We'd better let the colt alone."

Charlie bristled at the thought of Nebo's danger, and instinctively sprang to his feet. It was well for him that just at that instant the two men moved toward their horses, browsing in an opposite direction. Discretion mastered emotion, and Charlie dropped down again into the pine straw, and laid concealed in the thick underbrush. As the riders dashed by, within a few feet, he caught the words, "We must get back by day after to-morrow, and follow the little partridge to the ambush."

Here was a revelation, the full significance of which Mrs. Lyle was prepared to grasp, as Charlie—all alive with excitement—detailed the marvelous disclosure. It was evident that her movements had been watched; that her husband's retreat would be discovered; that she herself might be forced to reveal it; and that he would be at their mercy unless she went, at once, to tell him the whole story, and hasten him forward to the Federal lines. To know that the marauders were to be gone down the valley for two days, re-assured her for the struggle. It was a comfort, too, to feel that a latent spark of humanhood still lingered in the breasts of the desperate men with whom she must sooner or later deal, and who so largely controlled her destiny. Could it be possible that Peter Preston, who, years ago, when she was a mere school-girl, talked so softly and sweetly to her, under the big magnolia, in her father's garden—could it be that he would harm her now, in her helplessness and desolation? She could not believe it. She had too much faith in manhood. She had too

much trust in heaven. He might feel bound to obey the orders of his superior officer, but, in carrying them out, he would not insult and abuse her, or her children. The thought consoled her, as she struggled on through the darkness and storm to the rescue of her husband.

Drenched to the skin, and too much exhausted even to speak, Mrs. Lyle reached the camp of the fugitives—a rude inclosure, improvised of pine boughs and alien remnants of a rail-fence, that had been dragged for more than a mile. She fell prostrate as she reached the door of the cabin. It was a perilous and dreary scene. The lightning flashed with a glare that illumined the woods with floods of flame; thunder on thunder rent the air; rain poured in torrents from each gathering cloud; streams dashed along the deluged valley, and the crest of the surging waters seemed tipped with fire; wind howled to wind, through the swaying trees; the heavens scowled, and Nature was draped in the garniture of woe. The scene without was a fitting accompaniment to the recital within; although Mrs. Lyle, in hurrying preparations for their immediate departure, took good care to represent all home affairs in *couleur de rose*, as far as possible. They needed the tonic of a brave nature like hers in this terrible exigency. Many a man, lacking it, at such a crisis, has irrevocably fallen.

But we turn to the scene at home. Mrs. Lyle had been gone less than a half-hour, when a fearful clap of thunder startled Nat from his troubled sleep, and he sent up at once an imprecating psalm. Charlie was hushing him to quietude, by pacing back and forth across the room in the soft glimmer of the light-wood fire. A momentary lull in the storm revealed the approach of hurrying footsteps, followed by a quick rap on the back-door. The branch was doubtless impassable, and his mother had been

compelled to return. Charlie stepped nimbly, and turned back the clumsy bolt, when the two men whom he had seen in the thicket presented themselves, in evident disguise.

"Pretty late for young chaps like you to be up. Where's all the folks?"

If there had been a doubt as to the *personnel* of the speaker, there could be no mistaking that voice. It was the dull, stentorian drawl of Cap; Charlie knew it at once, and his mother-wit indicated the answer.

"Why, father he's been gone for six weeks, or better; and mother she's been going down the valley to Mrs. Haley's, every chance she could get, for a fortnight. They've got a new baby down there—he's a cripple—and they're afraid Mrs. Haley aint going to get well."

"So your mother's down to old Haley's, is she?" (Charlie had not said so; but no commandment had been broken.) "And your dad—where's he, p'rhaps?"

"Perhaps he's in the Federal lines, by this time," responded Charlie, repeating the adverb with concealed but grateful satisfaction. "That's the safest place for folks to be these days. But won't you come in and dry yourselves? I'll chuck on some fat knots, and have a scorcher in a jiffy. It's pouring down faster than ever. You'd better come in."

There was a childish welcome in the invitation, and a trustful frankness that softened the heart of the interrogator, who replied: "No, thank you; we wanted to see your father. What time d'ye reckon your mother'll be back?"

"By late milking-time in the morning, for nobody else can manage the little red heifer; she's like Natty (giving the baby fresh prominence), nobody but mother can do anything with her."

Pete, who had not spoken during the interview, turned on his heel, saying, "Come, let's be off!" and the two disappeared in the darkness.

Long before daylight, drenched and dripping in front of the fire, Mrs. Lyle was listening to the story of the unexpected *denouement*. The terrible storm had doubtless prevented their contemplated trip down the valley. The crisis was upon her. There was no time for delay. The twilight of the morning found her tapping softly at the window of Mrs. Nourse, awakening her from a heavy slumber. No rude, nocturnal visitors had disturbed her sleep; for this she was thankful, not alone for her own sake, for if the child-wife had been taken unawares, she might, in her weak fear, have disclosed everything. She must be fortified against attack.

Mrs. Nourse took in the significance of the situation much after the manner of a child. She realized there was a great volume of wretchedness, but of the contents-table of detail she took not the slightest account. "What *must* I do?" she asked, with pleading entreaty.

"Just say the men have gone to the Federal lines, and stick to it. Don't let them get another word out of you! Federal lines—Federal lines! do you understand?"

"Oh, yes; I understand. I won't say another word, if they choke me." And the flushed and purple face looked as if the process of choking had already begun.

"Now give me your valuable papers and keepsakes," continued Mrs. Lyle. "I will put them in a stone jar with my own, and bury them in the cave. Be quick! If anything happens, leave little Phil with Rachel, and run over to me."

Poor Rachel! had she been deaf as well as blind, she might have been spared the agony she was now suffering.

The storm had abated. The sun was struggling through the falling mist, and far up the blue sky the rainbow arch appeared, as if angelic watchers, in the plenitude of sympathetic love, had bent

over the pearly battlements to unfold the covenant pledge of heaven to weary, overspent mortals. Mrs. Lyle interpreted the full meaning of the soft-tinted emblem, and was refreshed for duty.

It was not far from noon when four horsemen appeared at the gate. One of them dismounted and presented himself at the door. There was a blended air of affected civility and saucy bluntness in manner and speech.

"We take it you know something of your old man's whereabouts these days. If you'll be good enough to mount one o' these animals at the gate and lead the way, you shan't be harmed."

Argument would be wasted. Numbers might prove her protection. In any event, she would rather accept the risks than imperil Mrs. Nourse. She stepped to the gate to see if Pete was of the party. His disguise did not conceal his identity, but it was a secret all her own. Looking him full in the eye, she said: "I'm not afraid to trust that face. I will go with you where I last met my husband, although I assure you he is now seeking Federal protection; he is no longer there. You will let me ride a horse that better suits me, I'm sure. Here, Charlie, saddle Nebo, and bring him to the door!"

The men were awestruck and confounded; they did not interpose a word. The imperial majesty of her exalted womanhood had subdued and overmastered them. They were her subjects; she was not their slave. The omnipotence of her sublime heroism compelled their worship.

The companionship of a trusty brute, in such peril, is a solace; there is conscious sympathy. Through bog and *débris* Nebo daintily picked his way, obedient to the firm rein of his well-known rider, whose thoughts just now far outdistanced his constrained pace. Mrs. Lyle was in no hurry. Every minute increased the distance between the

pursued and the pursuers—at least, she hoped so. But what if the streams beyond had forced them to return? What if the storm had shut out all hope of escape? Once or twice she was startled by the sound of her own voice, as she mused. Had they overheard her fears? They were following at a distance, mute and respectful.

The camp was now in sight. There was no smoke, no appearance of life. A moment more and it proved itself deserted. Mrs. Lyle thought she detected a glint of satisfaction on Pete's face. Possibly she was mistaken, but it emboldened her to say: "You see it is just as I told you. Here is where I used to bring food to them, but they have gone to the Federal lines."

A few words, but not of censure, and the riders put spurs to their horses and dashed off toward the river. They would not be likely to surprise the fugitives, for their route lay in the opposite direction.

Perilous days followed. Rumors of devastation reached them from every quarter. They were in constant dread of a similar fate. In the dim twilight of an evening, early in December, a horseman, riding furiously down the road, darted up to the back-gate, and, throwing a package quite into the small piazza, disappeared in the bushes. Charlie, who caught a glimpse of the rider, declared him to be Pete Preston. The contents of the envelope gave confirmation of his statement. The note was brief, and ran thus:

"Danger is at hand. Brave as you are, you can not cope with rapine, fire, and exposure. Those who would help you are powerless to do so. Flee at once to Federal protection, and delay not a moment."

To a nature less resolute this would have been an hour unredeemed by hope; but Mrs. Lyle's unflagging vigor kept her activities abreast of her quick, intuitive plans, and the magnetic influence of her undaunted courage would have in-

spired the veriest coward with confidence. What was this but genius?

The old clock struck three, and Mrs. Lyle was still busy with hasty preparations for departure. She must, if possible, snatch a few moments' rest, and then lend assistance to her faint-hearted neighbor, who was to go with them. But there was no truce to be made with sleep; a vision of disaster usurped the place of slumber. Was it the stir of trouble from without, or the mute prophecy of doom from within? The solution of the problem was at hand. A flash of light from across the way told the story. Mrs. Nourse's dwelling was in flames, and, wild with terror, the half-crazed inmates were fleeing up the road toward Mrs. Lyle's.

"They've burned us up! They've burned us up!" shrieked the frantic woman, clutching her boy with one hand, and poor, blind Rachel with the other. "What shall we do—what shall we do? You'll go next!"

With the air of one accustomed to command, this mother-generalissimo hurried forward preparations for immediate flight. Was she to be foiled at the very first step? A visit to the stable found every stall empty; not a horse remained—not even Nebo. To resolve was to do. Two stout yoke of oxen were still available. They had done generous duty in front of the great lumbering country-wagon for many a year. An ample commissariat and plenty of warm blankets and other little comforts were hurriedly stowed away within its great, swelling sides, and, before noon, the heavy-laden, heavy-hearted emigrant train was under way for Memphis—more than a hundred miles distant—over a rough, unfrequented route, and in midwinter oftentimes impassable.

Family-life in a country-wagon, with a party of ten, including seven children, a blind dependent, a weak, fragile woman, exhausted with fatigue and fright,

and a turbulent little autocrat like Nat, was calculated to test the mettle of the hardiest campaigner. In Charlie, her second-self, Mrs. Lyle found strength and cheer. His innate manhood expanded with the emergency. The third morning rose on a scene of fresh and unlooked-for sorrow. Mrs. Nourse, who seemed to be sleeping later than usual, was found to be dead. She had slipped away in the shadows of night, and had gone home, leaving to her little boy, who lay enfolded in her cold arms, the sweet legacy of a smile.

A hushed, funereal sadness lingered about the journeyers all that dreary day, as the great clumsy wagon, at once their hearse and home, dragged on through marsh and lagoon, till toward sunset a hint of habitation appeared in view; when kindly hands assisted in a hasty burial, and twilight dews shed holy tears over the new-made grave of the pilgrim—at rest.

Three weeks of wearisome journeying through dangerous defiles and over rugged corduroy roads, and we find the refugees—ten, less one—sharing the hospitality of a genial-souled planter—though southern in sentiment, yet warm of heart—who, coming upon the strange group around their evening camp-fire, and learning something of their history, insisted upon their occupying some vacant cabins in his own yard. They had crossed the river, and were within five miles of Memphis. A few days of rest would better prepare them for whatever of struggle awaited them there.

But misfortune had his iron grip upon them—they were fairly at bay with fate. Sudden and serious illness fell upon the planter, which physicians pronounced to be a malignant form of measles, prevalent in the army encamped all about, and frequently fatal. To expose her family to this, was to invite further disaster; for not one of them had ever had the contagious disease.

With a small amount of means—the proceeds of the sale of her oxen to the planter, who was disposed to afford her all the aid in his power—she managed to get through the lines, and make her way into the city. It was not difficult to secure temporary protection; and prospects were encouraging for obtaining a meagre subsistence.

But her stay at the planter's, brief as it had been, was to have its sad sequel. The mother was the first to succumb to the insidious disease, leaving her family helpless. Her case was quickly made known to "The Society for the Protection of Refugees," then in active operation in Memphis, and a home was provided for her in the refugee hospital. Every member of the family was ill—three dangerously so. Blind Rachel was the first to be carried to Elmwood—the darkness of earth had given place to the brightness of heaven. A few days, and little Nat followed—going up to the better nursery of angels. The rest, save Charlie, were doing well.

Poor Mrs. Lyle! She was slowly recovering; and Charlie's critical condition left no time for useless repinings. A council of physicians had pronounced his case hopeless; but the mother still clung to her boy with a grasp that would not let him go—with an agonizing faith that cried, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

All was hushed in the darkened wards of the hospital. Sleep had fallen upon most of its inmates. Stillness reigned, broken only, at times, by the troubled groan of tossing patients, who were perhaps dreaming of home, and friends far away. Charlie laid quiet, almost breathless, in his unconsciousness. Mrs. Lyle, agonized and tearful, yet still clinging to a desperate hope, sat by his bedside, holding on her lap little Phil Nourse, whom she was trying to soothe and comfort in his feverish fretfulness. That pale mother-face, lying back in the val-

ley, was ever pleadingly before her, and the orphan boy was her tender care. Sitting in the mournful silence, the events of the past few weeks flitted in dreary succession before her. She was almost paralyzed with grief. Charlie gave a sudden start, and, looking wildly about him for a moment, shrieked aloud the name of "mother!" and, sinking back, was as one dead. Was this, then, the final blow? She uttered a pleading cry, stroked his cold forehead, hugged the orphan baby still more closely to her heart, and sank back in a swoon.

"Then whisper'd the angel of mothers
To the watcher, in gentle tone,
'One so kind to the children of others
Doth richly deserve her own.'"

Charlie was given back to her, as one alive from the dead. The blackened cloud began to unfold its silver lining.

Ministering often ends in being ministered unto. Bread cast upon the waters is sure to find its way back, after many days. Winter had given place to spring, and Mrs. Lyle, with her family (now reduced to seven members), was anchored again at the homestead of the planter, who had, so unwittingly, bequeathed her such a heritage of woe. His house had once been her protection—she was now to be its defense. His own sickness had proved fatal; and Mrs. Lyle had been sought out by the widow, to afford at the same time fellowship and security. Smuggled goods, for the Confederacy, had been discovered secreted about the place; and, although consciously innocent herself, her property was threatened with confiscation. By her trials and persecutions, Mrs. Lyle had become well known to the Federal authorities, who were disposed to render her generous assistance. Her presence at the plantation would insure its safety. The offer of the widow was munificent: liberal provision for all her family wants—supplies for the needed plantation hands—the entire jurisdiction of

the place, and an equal share in the crop. With the details of cotton-raising she was amply familiar; a good overseer was already on the spot; and, being so near the city, colored help was not difficult to secure. Even the patient oxen seemed to catch, instinctively, the situation of affairs, and bent eagerly to their task, as if ambitious of doing their part in replenishing an impoverished family exchequer. The heavens were propitious with sunshine and rain, and an abundant crop rewarded patient toil.

A single notable incident enlivened the dull monotone of daily plantation life. Charlie had gone to town on some household commission, and was passing down a frequented street where a quartermaster's sale of condemned stock was going on. A man emerged from the crowd leading a fleet-limbed animal, with glossy mane and flowing tail, and a neck still proudly arched, though spurs had seamed and scarred his lean, weather-beaten sides, and the significant "I. C." flared ignominiously from his shapely flank.

"There's Nebo!" shouted Charlie; and, with a bound, he sprang to the side of the animal. "That's my colt, sir—my colt!"—and his face flushed with a joyful excitement that gave full attestation to the assertion.

"Your colt?—the deuce it is! Why, I've just planked fifty dollars for him. Don't you see that?"—pointing to the hateful brand.

"O yes; I see! But won't you let me talk a bit to the colt, and I'll show you he was mine. He was stolen, sir—stolen over in White County. Here, Nebo!" and Charlie proffered a lump of sugar, which he had taken from a package on his arm. At the sound of his name, the animal pricked up his ears in a knowing way, and his flashing eye kindled with a new fire. Charlie patted him caressingly, as he repeated the question: "I say, Nebo! do you want this

lump of sugar? If you do, up with your white foot!"

With a sniff of recognition, Nebo lifted the dainty limb, once so supple, but now perceptibly stiffened with hard usage, yet still awkwardly obedient to the behests of its young trainer. Without a word of protest, the generous dealer placed the halter in Charlie's hand, saying, "Here, my boy! take your colt; you well deserve it. I'm no stranger to horses; but that beats all, in the way of horse-sense, that I ever saw." Charlie once prophesied that Nebo would do wonders, yet; the prediction was likely to be fulfilled.

A year had elapsed since their exodus from home; still, no tidings of the fugitives, although letters and messages had been dispatched in every direction. They were undoubtedly dead. Hardship and exposure, or the hand of the assassin, had accomplished the work. It was the anniversary of that dreadful December day, which, opening in conflagrations, found every stall empty, and the rude ox-team their *dernier ressort* for flight. Mrs. Lyle and the widow had been in town all day, purchasing a stock of winter supplies. It was the dusk of evening, and they were slowly approaching home. Mrs. Lyle's thoughts were busy with the past. Nebo, who was in front of the carryall, was doing his best, but showed evident signs of fatigue;—the roads were heavy, and his wonted vigor had not yet returned. Two men, suddenly emerging from a by-path, eyed them with a scrutiny well calculated to awaken suspicion and alarm. Their gaze seemed riveted on Nebo, who, just now, was tugging heroically with the deep ruts of the road. Through the increasing darkness, the shadowy outlines of figures were but dimly visible. They drew near, as if to seize the bridle.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Lyle's voice was firm and commanding in emphasis; but the music of its tone was

not to be disguised—it disclosed its ownership.

“Want? why we want *you*, my precious wife! God be praised, we have found you at last!”

But the woman at her side was not Mrs. Nourse. For *him*, the comrade of the speaker, there remained a mournful recital, which was the grave of hope.

The story of the wanderers is soon told. They had reached the Federal lines—enlisted in the Union service—fought in many a battle—been shut up in hospital from sickness and wounds; and, obtaining a furlough at the first opportunity, had hurried back to their homes, to find nothing but desolation—not a house remaining. Not a trace of their families could be discovered. Their route had been eastward—this was all they could learn. Reaching Memphis, they had obtained a clue to their whereabouts, and were prosecuting the search when Nebo presented himself, and was instantly recognized. Verily, he had “done wonders!”

Peace had once more unfolded her fair pinions over a distracted land. The exiles had returned to their homes, beyond the White River. The product of the cotton crop sufficed to rebuild the Lyle farm-house. But poor Philip Nourse—what had he? A few acres of overgrown, neglected land—a share in the contents of the unmolested stone jar, buried in the cave—little Phil, well kept

and rosy-cheeked, a perpetual reminder of one gone—a stranded and bitter spirit: these were all that remained to him. There was not even a mound on the hillside to tell of the sweet and loving child-wife.

A protracted civil war leaves many claims for adjustment. Unhappily they are not all of a monetary nature. Vengeance, deep-brooding over dire cruelty, sometimes refuses to sheathe the blood-stained sword.

Foreman had returned unharmed to his native soil, and to the practice of his profession. His legal acumen, however, did not avail to protect him from a stray bullet that went whizzing through the open window of his dwelling, to find a lodgment in his heart. If sent in retribution by a foe, he was never discovered; and efforts to unearth him were not gigantic.

During their long banishment, Charlie had made numerous friends, both in the army and outside. Among the former were those who insisted that he should be fortified against possible future exigencies, by a thorough education at the expense of the Government, in one of the first military schools of the country.

“Go! my dear boy,” said Mrs. Lyle. “Your country may need your best service, by and by; and Nebo may yet ‘do wonders’ as your war-horse—who can tell? But Heaven forbid that you should ever ride forth to the dreadful conflicts of another civil war!”

THE CITY AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

WHEN the world was younger, the sites of cities were often the offspring of the merest freak or fancy of emperors and kings. The capital was certain to be the largest city of the realm; and ocean commerce being an undreamed-of thing, only three considerations were entertained by even the wisest rulers—and those were the geographical centre, the centre of population, and the adaptability to defense against the raids of enemies. The great cities of the world were all inland cities, and the greatest of men failed to appreciate the design of the Creator in ordering three-fourths of the surface of the globe into “a vast waste of waters.”

Later in the world's history, a contest sprang up between inland trade and traffic and a brisk coasting commerce, and the result was a compromise in selecting the sites of the larger cities. The cities of modern Europe are, therefore, generally located near the head of navigation upon the largest rivers, where the great freight-wagon and the small watercraft could come together and exchange their burdens. Then the railroads had not annihilated land, nor ocean steamships water.

But the nineteenth century has witnessed the preponderance of ocean commerce, and the inference is inevitable that the great cities of the world must henceforth be maritime cities. The ship of largest draught and the railroad of greatest length have decided the question of future metropolitan grandeur and superiority. Hence, ancient Pekin must go to Canton, Rome to Naples and Venice, London to Liverpool, and Paris to Havre and Marseilles—as Moscow has already gone to St. Petersburg.

In this view, San Francisco looms up as the great future metropolis of the western coast of a whole continent. Not the comparatively insulated San Francisco of to-day, but the grander city which shall embrace the whole population upon her magnificent bay, connected by highways across the water; whose mammoth structures shall present the perfected skill of the Iron Age, combined with the solid masonry of the Stone Age, as the city itself will mingle the elements of the past and present in the temples dedicated in the name of all the great prophets and religions which have swayed the different races of mankind for two thousand years; a city of different races and diverse religions, all to be assimilated and absorbed by the better race and the better religion. There have been cities teeming with an almost innumerable population in the past, when ocean commerce was unknown. If to their meagre facilities for creating and condensing population were added the possibilities of our modern appliances, prominent among which are the steamship and the railroad, we should be able to approximate to an idea of the magnitude of the great cities of the future which will be the most favorably located for combining inland trade and foreign commerce. But the commercial chart of the future, embracing those favored localities, can not be drawn without an adequate forecast of the possibilities of Oriental commerce, and of the main channel through which it will seek the western world.

If a merchant, endowed with one of those rare intellects capable of comprehending the commercial geography of the earth, the growth and resources of

commercial nations, the common principles of political economy which underlie the prosperity of cities, and possessing a matured experience in the higher walks of his profession, were asked to designate the site for a city upon the commercial map of the future, the one most fortunately located for foreign and inland trade and commerce and domestic manufactures, bearing in mind the increasing importance and the unrivaled possibilities of Oriental trade, together with the mineral and agricultural resources of the Pacific Coast, he would unhesitatingly locate that site upon the harbor of San Francisco.

It is by no means an easy matter to determine where the future commercial emporium of the world is, or is to be, located; but if the spirit and enterprise of the people corresponded to the natural advantages of the place, the weight of enlightened opinion would favor the designation of San Francisco. But as Archimedes required a *place* on which to put his lever in order to move the world, so a place requires an *Archimedes* in order to produce the same effect. It must be confessed that there is nothing in the past or present of San Francisco to denote that the right place has found the right people to develop its great natural advantages.

Daniel Webster once said of the peculiarity of the profession of law, that to be a good lawyer the man of genius must study just as assiduously as though he did not possess a single spark of genius. It is very much with cities as with lawyers. No natural advantages will compensate for the absence of enterprise and public spirit; although, as with the lawyer, where these are united with great natural advantages, the greatest possible effect is produced. No one believes that the New York of sixty years ago would have become the great emporium that she is to-day, if she had delayed till the days of railroads that

wonderful artificial river which connects her with the inland oceans of the continent and those vast prairies of the West where is to be found the home of agriculture and stock-raising. Had she failed in enterprise at the birth of enterprise in America, she would now rank with the second or third cities of the Union. Who does not believe that the same enterprise and public spirit in St. Louis, that has made Chicago what she is, would have given the former city a population of half a million? Chicago, that modern wonder of the world, like Sacramento, borrowed from abroad the very foundation on which she stands. Situated upon low, marshy ground, upon the border of a vast plain, over which the winds and tempests sweep with the besom of destruction, fanning conflagrations that seem the work of the infernal regions; where the Winter-king reigns during long months of each year, with a rigor that almost congeals the very agents that mark his power; in defiance of all drawbacks, there she stands—the city of unrivaled growth in population, wealth and power. Cincinnati and St. Louis, both better located, and having many years the start in the race for superiority, are already both distanced, and scarcely regarded as rivals, although they scorned Chicago “in the day of her small things.”

It is easy to understand how Chicago might now be a town of seventy-five thousand inhabitants; but it is not so easy to see how San Francisco could possibly be less populous than she is. With an unrivaled position upon the continent, and starting at a period of most remarkable and fortunate events to speed her growth, with a harbor of unequalled proportions and security for shipping, at the mouth of two large rivers which, extending north and south, drain their rich valleys for hundreds of miles; looking out upon the broad Pacific, with its highways from the Orient converging at

her harbor; with the control of the rich trade of China, Japan, Australia, and the islands of the sea, to be had for the asking; with innumerable inland mines and an endless coast commerce; with an agricultural background capable of producing without limit cereals, wines, silks, cotton and wool—with all these resources, and with no rival on the coast, San Francisco could not but grow, in spite of herself. But her growth has been, and is, in spite of herself, for she has merely accepted the gifts that the gods sent her, and there rested. She has not a public work of any kind, and never had a municipal policy. She controls no railroads, no lines of ocean steamships, no works of internal improvements—and yet she boasts unnumbered princes, hedged about with millions of capital. Her habits and her methods of business are still provincial, and her scope of vision can scarcely pierce the horizon that encircles her city limits. In an age when railroads and steamships and manufactories are the recognized agents of human progress, she is content to pocket the commissions which she levies upon the productions of the surrounding country, the tolls of the Golden Gate, and the one per cent. per month with which she cripples struggling enterprises. Her merchant princes are stock-jobbers, and her capitalists are land and mine and wild-cat speculators; Shylock sitting at the receipt of customs, and selfishness forging the chains of the blind votaries of chance!

Instead of being the nursery of budding enterprises, the patron of grand undertakings, and the seat of political economy, she invests her faith in the omnipotence of the natural advantages of her location, and will neither go to the mountain nor compel the mountain to come to her. Can not the world spare her, from its vast treasury of representative men, at least one De Witt Clinton,

one Astor, or Girard, or Lawrence, or Bright?

The man of Chicago loves Chicago first, and himself last; the man of San Francisco loves himself first, and San Francisco last. Chicago has a city policy; and she goes to the Legislature or to Congress, for a right or a boon, with a united delegation backed by the support of her whole business population. San Francisco has no policy; and she goes to the Capitol for a right or a boon with a divided delegation, divided counsels, conflicting interests—and generally returns to find a plundered municipality.

The public spirit of the ancient Romans ordained, that all the grand highways of the world should lead to Rome. Modern thoroughfares may lead to San Francisco if they will, but there will be no compulsion about it. With millions of idle capital seeking opportunities for speculation, she still permits the enterprise of an interior village to project and build all her thoroughfares of trade and commerce, and then quarrels for privileges which only ownership can control. Now brought in competition with all the great cities of the continent and Europe, she still wears the provincial garb and indulges the provincial habits of her early isolation. With a thousand useful avenues open to profitable investment of foreign capital, she forces all that comes here into the old channels of speculation and usurious banking. Through emigrant-aid associations, she spreads circulars replete with glowing descriptions of an unrivaled climate, a rich virgin soil, and boundless homesteads; but it is work that the penniless immigrant wants when he lands upon her wharves, and she offers him none. She invites the enterprising manufacturer here, with declarations of unlimited resources of the raw material to stock his mills and feed his looms; but when he comes, she offers him no cheap capital with which to lay the foundation of her future Man-

chesters and Lowells, her Birminghams and Lynns.

San Francisco should become the ship-builder of the Union, and should control the carrying-trade of the Pacific. She can have but one rival; but that rival is a sleepless, energetic antagonist. England has appropriated the rich carrying-trade of our whole Atlantic coast. The masts of her vessels, and the smoke-stacks of her steamships stand like forest trees upon every bay, harbor, and inlet from Maine to Texas. Not a breeze that ruffles the ocean, nor a current that ripples its surface, that is not felt by some portion of her ubiquitous merchant marine. The rich harvests of the Atlantic, all its thoroughfares, are hers; and nothing can deprive her of them save one of those terrible visitations—a national war. She must continue the sail-or and ship-builder of the Atlantic; for such is the calling of her island people—she has the power, and is in possession.

But there is a broader ocean, with unclaimed highways, grander possibilities of commerce, a richer harvest, and a mightier field. Centrally located upon its border—the lumber-yard of the continent upon the north, the boundless productions of the tropics upon the south, the granary, the mineral vaults, the silk and cotton fields of the Pacific Coast stretching their unnumbered acres in the background—stands San Francisco, all unmoved; seemingly unconscious of her duty and her destiny. Looking out upon the only field that is left to American marine enterprise, she makes no effort, enters no protest, against its occupation by the same power that is now paramount upon the Atlantic.

But not alone is her mission material; it is intellectual and moral as well. With her commerce must go her civilization and her religion, her language and laws.

From her position, she must stand as the representative of the United States

to the Oriental nations. To Europe, we present Boston as the exponent of our civilization, and New York of our commercial character. But to Asia, San Francisco must stand as the exponent of both, with the national religion added. Her mission is, therefore, three-fold, and her responsibility in the same proportion. The evidence is not yet visible that she is equal or will be equal to her mission. In time she may outgrow the speculative tendency of her childhood, born of the habit of risking everything on chance, and dedicate herself to the production of legitimate results.

Candor compels the acknowledgment, however, that there have been palliating causes for the ruling passion of speculation which controls too many men of affluence, and deals the death-blow to the cordial adoption of any intelligent city policy for the inception and prosecution of useful public enterprises. Mining was for years the main pursuit, and is still one of the leading pursuits of the people of this coast; and although, in itself, a perfectly legitimate occupation, yet its well-known hazardous and exciting character has undoubtedly generated and invoked the spirit of gambling and speculation that is repeating upon California Street a scarcely improved edition of the notorious Wall Street of New York. To the score of mining, therefore, we may charge the instigation of the mania that warps the public judgment, dwarfs public enterprise, and undermines that pride of city without which nothing great can ever be accomplished.

The mines of California shed a priceless blessing on the nation just at the critical moment when the nation must have a blessing no less pure and omnipotent than fine gold, to save her from foundering in the angry billows of disunion. But every sweet has its bitter; and the bitter alloy of this national blessing is exclusively to the profit-and-loss

account of California. Capital, it is well known, is cautious and conservative everywhere except here; and it is peculiarly so here, except in speculation. It is true, manufactures can not be expected to spring up in a day, even in this, the finest field in the world for them; but they should not be allowed to languish in their infancy, with their substantial security, for want of adequate and necessary means at moderate, living rates, while the wildest of "wild-cat" collaterals command ready discount—though, of course, at speculative rates. No matter what the hazard, so long as there is a speculative margin in the heavy discount.

Eastern capitalists may not have the same or so good reason for withholding their fostering care from internal improvements, public enterprises, and home manufactures. Their plethoric, unemployed means, and the lower ruling rates of interest, often force them into

worthy enterprises for which they deserve little credit on the score of humanitarian impulse or public spirit. But one can always find there noble exceptions, of men who, having amassed a fortune greater than they can reasonably enjoy, use it to employ, at remunerative rates, the labor of their less fortunate but equally worthy fellow-men, and who feel that there is a mission above mere money-making, or bold, unscrupulous and oppressive money-using.

We hope—nay, confidently believe, for signs are already visible—that the immediate future will develop among us at least a sufficient number of worthy examples to form a nucleus, around which may centre a redeeming spirit of enterprise and brotherly aid, which is undoubtedly abundant, but extremely latent and dormant in the will and energies of those who have the power to set the world in motion.

THE THRUST IN TIERCE.

"TOUCHÉ."

"No."

"I appeal. Judgment, judgment."

"A clear hit, gentlemen. Monsieur Paul, you improve. Monsieur Gabriel, you are weak in carte. Let me show you;" and Jean Petit, our fencing-master, took the foil from Gabriel's hand, and threw himself into the correct attitude.

"So," said the master, glancing critically along his blade, from the hilt to the button, "you err, Monsieur, in that bend of the elbow. Now, see, my arm covers the body, and half an inch throws my adversary's blade out of line."

"Another bout," cried Gabriel, "and a bottle of champagne on the result."

They cross blades, and advance and

retreat, and lunge and parry, while Jean Petit looks on with interest.

"*Touché.*"

"Yes, Gabriel, a clear hit," said I.

"Granted; at it again. *En garde.*"

We were all three of us attending a course of lectures on *Materia Medica* at — College, in the south of London; and Jean Petit, the "amiable exile," as we dubbed him, instructed us in the mysteries of "carte" and "tierce," at three shillings a week per man. Cheap enough, heaven knows; for the poor fellow labored as conscientiously in his vocation as if we were being drilled for field marshals of France, and the honor of the glory-loving nation depended on our proficiency.

Paul and Gabriel were about my own

age—that is to say, in the neighborhood of two-and-twenty. Although warm friends, there raged between them a constant struggle for the supremacy in out-door games, in studies, in boxing, fencing, and every pursuit to which the mind of the student youth inclines. Gabriel was the most muscular of the two; but Paul was the most skillful, and generally carried off the prize from his weightier but less expert rival. I often feared that this incessant rivalry might at some time or other be the cause of an outbreak between the friends. Once I said to Paul:

“How will it be if your unremitting struggle with Gabriel should extend to the fair sex, Paul?”

“Never fear, old fellow,” he answered, merrily, “Gabriel’s taste leans toward the blonde beauties, and I am heart and soul devoted to brunettes. In this respect, I assure you, you need fear no outbreak, nor, indeed, in any, for we are too good friends to quarrel.”

Arm-in-arm, we left old Jean Petit’s academy, and strolled toward Gabriel’s room, for a friendly pipe. Once established in his snug quarters, we dispatched a trim maid-servant—the fair goddess of the lodging-house—for a quart of half-and-half, to help the tobacco.

“Just noon,” said Paul, looking at his watch. “I had a letter from the governor to-day, containing a small remittance, to supply the inevitable necessities of existence, and consequently feel inclined for a spree. What do you fellows say to a pull on the river?”

“Agreed,” said I; “mind, none of your racing, high-pressure pulls, but a gentle drift for half a dozen miles, and nothing too violent to interfere with the placid enjoyment of a pipe.”

“O, you lazy rascal!” cried the chums in chorus; “but off we go, high-pressure or low-pressure.”

We were out of the London smoke, moving dreamily by the villa-studded

banks of the river, now sweeping by a drowsy angler bobbing for perch, and again an object of admiration to the nursery-maids and their broods, who lazily watched us from the bank. Occasionally a trim racing-boat, pulled by trained rowers, whose bared arms showed magnificent muscular development, foamed by us, and we laughed in our superior wisdom at their painful exertions on that hot afternoon.

“Let us lay on our oars,” said I, “and I’ll give you a surprise.”

“Bring it along,” laughed Paul, flinging his oars on board.

I drew from under the stern a jar of cold punch, which I had concealed for an agreeable thunder-clap to the party when the desire for such an ingredient should begin to develop itself. We hob-nobbed, and Gabriel proposed a toast, “The provider of the feast,” which I responded to, and Paul made a short speech, in the course of which he referred to the unbounded liberality that had always characterized medical students, and of which he begged to point to his friend in the stern (meaning me) as a shining example.

“A thousand suns will shine on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be
Forever and forever,”

spouted Paul, as he lay at full length on the thwarts. “Who can say when we three will float along thusly again?”

“Your pardon, gentlemen.”

We started, and lo! in our relaxation into cold punch and tobacco, we had run, or rather drifted, into a tiny skiff, which a rosy-cheeked girl, costumed in bewitching white, and with the sauciest of gipsy hats, was paddling a short distance from the bank.

“A thousand pardons,” apologized Gabriel; and then, after a prolonged stare, which the lady returned with interest, “By George! it is Laura Summers. Laura, don’t you know me?”

"Cousin Gabriel, I knew you three minutes ago," quoth the fair rower, demurely, "and heard your voice before you turned yonder bend of the river."

"Charley—Paul—let me introduce you. My cousin, Miss Summers."

We pulled off our boating-caps and let our boat run alongside the skiff, into which Gabriel clambered, and took the sculls from the lady.

"Why, how long have you been here, Laura?"

"About a week. We took this place for the summer; papa is delighted with it, and catches any quantity of perch every evening when he returns from town."

"Laura, we're awfully hungry," whispered Gabriel; "what hour does the old gentleman dine?"

A whispered conversation followed, at the conclusion of which we were invited to step ashore and spend the evening at Riverside Villa, for so Miss Summer's country nook was called. And, indeed, we enjoyed the prospect of an adventure. When a man is hungry, there is a spice of novelty about taking up his quarters and feeding with people whose *personnel* he has no idea of, and of whom he hopes rare things, in the dinner line. Then, a stranger, introduced by *un ami de la famille*, has so many privileges, and everybody is anxious to find out what stuff he is made of, so that, on the whole, the novelty is delightful. Ten minutes after our introduction, we were all three dressing for dinner, which dressing consisted of a total ablution, a turned collar, and a general brush down to improve the texture of our boating-clothes.

"What do you think of it?" said Paul to me, as we waited impatiently, it must be confessed, the tinkle of the dinner-bell.

"Jolly, my boy, jolly. Don't you think the fair Laura is sweet?"

"Do you know, Gabriel has often raved to me about his cousin, and I have

chaffed him ever so many times on the subject of his lady-love. I'm going in to-night to make him jealous."

"Don't do anything foolish, Paul," said I, cautiously, as we walked toward the dining-room.

Mr. Summers and his wife treated us to a cordial shake-hands, and seemed to hold medical students in an exalted and unusual light, indeed. He thought a few days at Riverside Villa would be a healthy relaxation, after the fatigue of our studies, assured us that the perch-fishing was excellent, and that Laura would exert all her powers to entertain us, if we could possibly remain. Paul was willing, and remembered that our next lecture would not come off for several days; and, for my part, being a much harder student than either of my companions, I really felt the necessity of a little draught of country-life. And so we agreed to remain for three days.

That evening Paul was evidently on his best behavior. He was well versed in the many little arts that please women, and had an excellent baritone voice. I could see that Gabriel was longing to have Miss Laura to himself, to talk over old times, and perhaps, I conjectured, renew some soft promises that might have passed between them. But she seemed to be completely taken up with Paul, and they sang duets together; and, isolating themselves from us, appeared to be deep in a strong flirtation. Mr. Summers fell asleep over the evening paper; Mrs. Summers dozed over the worsted-work; and Gabriel and myself examined a book of prints; while Paul and Laura chatted in a low voice beside the piano. I could see that Gabriel was slightly annoyed, and I regretted the resolution which Paul had evidently formed in regard to making his chum desperately jealous.

The next morning we all rose early for a swim in the river.

"Jolly girl that cousin of yours," said

Paul, gaily, as he prepared to take a header.

"Laura, I'm inclined to think, has more beauty than sense," answered Gabriel, dryly, pulling off his boots and stockings in a sulky sort of a way.

"Were you ever in love, Paul?" said I, jocosely, wishing to give the conversation a bantering turn. But Paul was spluttering and floundering ten yards off in the river.

"I don't think it fair," said Gabriel to me, confidentially, "that Paul should make such a determined attempt to flirt with Laura. She is about half-engaged to me; the old gentleman has consented, and Paul knows this. Why should he endeavor to make himself disagreeable in this way?"

"Pshaw! 'tis only his confounded levity. Never mind him, Gabriel."

"But I will mind him; and though I may be very wrong, I confess that I never felt more inclined to quarrel with him than at this moment."

I was back in London. I had left Paul and Gabriel at Riverside Villa to fight it out between them for the smiles of the fair Laura. I was working hard, for the time approached when I should go up for my degree. Three days after my departure, I had a short note from Paul, stating that Summers had extended his invitation to a couple of weeks, and asking me to send him down a certain number of his medical works. This I did, muttering as I put them in the office, "I don't think, Mr. Paul, that your studies will occupy a large portion of the two weeks you intend spending at Riverside Villa."

One evening, while I was poring over a skeleton that I had purchased a week before, Gabriel presented himself.

"I'm glad to see you, old fellow," I shouted, jumping up and taking his hand. He grasped mine cordially and sat down. I noticed, with uneasiness, that his frank,

jolly look was changed to a sort of brooding, angry expression, very unusual indeed to his open countenance.

"How are the people at the villa," I asked; "and did you bring Paul along with you?"

Gabriel struck his hand on the table with an energy that shook the vertebræ of my poor skeleton all out of place, and said, "Paul is no longer a friend of mine; he has wronged me, and must answer for it."

"What do you mean?" asked I, in amazement.

"I knew how it would be," said Gabriel, walking restlessly up and down my narrow room; "Laura is a silly girl, and Paul's fine speeches and opera songs, and all that sort of silly stuff, were too much for her weak brain. Well, the end of it is, we have broken off our engagement—for we were engaged, although I did not tell you so before—and I have left my friend" (this very bitterly) "master of the situation and the lady's heart, I suppose."

"Why, Gabriel, you don't mean this, surely?" said I, shocked at the condition of affairs, and still unwilling to believe that Paul could have been so totally regardless of all principle as to willfully put himself between Gabriel and his betrothed.

"Don't I? Ay, indeed I do. But I will not act the fool—rely on me for that."

"Still, this may be only a freak of the girl's. You know, women always like to tantalize their lovers."

"'Tis no freak!"

"She's not in earnest?"

"Earnest or no earnest, I've done with her forever. I saw too much of her conduct with Mr. Paul ever to bother myself about her again."

Of Paul I saw nothing for a week. One afternoon, wearied with hard study, I sauntered into the academy of Jean Petit. Two or three pupils were lung-

ing furiously at targets, under the direction of the master.

"Ah, Monsieur! Glad to see you," cried the exile, joyously. "It is long since you and Monsieur Paul and Monsieur Gabriel have honored my poor place with your presence."

Hardly had I received his welcome, when the door opened, and Paul and Gabriel entered. I was astonished that they should be together again, and I shook them both warmly by the hand.

"Why, Paul, how thin you are!" I remarked. "And you, Gabriel, seem white as chalk! The country did not agree with either of you," I added, slyly, conjecturing that the little difference about Laura had been all settled.

"Give us the foils for a bout, Monsieur Jean," said Gabriel, not heeding my remark.

"Ha! I am glad to see you cross blades again," chuckled the master, as, after a moment's conference, the fencers came on guard. "You are two of my best pupils. But, gentlemen, your masks are forgotten!"

"Nonsense, Jean Petit! Don't you think we know how to take care of our faces by this time, after all your teaching?" said Paul.

They fenced rapidly, and well.

"Mind your tierce-guard, Paul!" shouted the master, who watched their skill with proud and delighted eyes.

He was standing by me, and together we remarked that both Paul and Gabriel seemed to be on their mettle. Their foils crossed and disengaged like a flash—they advanced and retreated, and feinted and parried, in a style I had never seen either approach before.

"Be careful about that tierce!" warned Jean Petit again. And then, after a moment's pause, as if something unu-

sual had occurred, and startled him, he cried, "Pardieu, Monsieurs! this must stop! Throw down your foils at once!" And he was rushing between the fencers, when Gabriel's blade struck Paul in tierce, and, to my utter astonishment, pierced him in the side. He was falling, when Jean Petit caught him in his arms.

"My God!" I ejaculated, "what accident is this?"

Paul was lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from the wound in his side; and then I discovered that both foils were without buttons.

"Here are the facts," said Gabriel, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion. "You know we quarreled; and we decided to fight it out here, with Jean Petit's foils. You see the result. We broke the buttons off before we engaged. O, Paul! Paul! are you much hurt?—are you dying?" And he knelt beside the wounded student.

"He is dead, Monsieur!" said Jean Petit, solemnly laying the head of our poor Paul reverentially on the floor.

A grave in the wilds of Australia contains the dust of Gabriel. He could not bear to live in England, after the duel in which he slew his once darling friend. The true facts of the affair were never brought to light. The newspapers had a paragraph warning fencers to be careful that their foils were buttoned before engaging. Of Laura Summers, I heard, a year after the death of Paul, that she married a wealthy corn-dealer, and was a most exemplary wife. I often wondered if the wreck of two gallant gentlemen, the friends whom I loved indeed, ever troubled her dreams.

Jean Petit still prospers with his fencing-school. The history of the bout on that fatal day has never passed his lips.

ULTRA-WA.—No. IV.

WHAMPLE'S WAYS.

TWO spots in Bay Coast are all agog this afternoon. One is the "Long-Shore Tavern." Its critics call it the "Cavern," and the villagers the "Larng-Shore House." The other is the dwelling of Mrs. Charger, and her daughter, Harriet Amanda. Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention the additional circumstance, that the husband of Mrs. Charger, and father of "our Hatty Mandy," is an inmate of the same abode. Said inmate wears a dejected look at this hour, not without occasion, for Mrs. Charger has laid out his "clean things" upon a chair, and bids him put them on. He feels put upon, already, by the bare thought. That mysterious institution, which Mrs. Charger calls "common decency," compresses him as with a straight-jacket. The collar that should be stuck up on either cheek, sticking under his chin, clamps him like a garrote.

It does seem to him, that, for a well man, a sane man, a warm and comfortable man, to be undone in such a fashion, at high noon, is needlessly abject, and suggestive of sickness or surgery. He sympathizes now with those innocent babes that screech against being washed and dressed, and protest upon the lap of Fortune, with blazing foreheads and hopeless but indignant kicks. As for his hands and face, "they have both been washed once to-day a'ready," is his timid snarl to Mrs. Charger. "O, wot's the use? There's no sense into it. And wot are they all a-cumin' here again to-day *fur*? It was only last week that the hull lot wus together to Mis' Caddington's. Bodder to it."

"Bodder to it" is Mr. Charger's pet proverb, except when, with remarkable

contradiction, he sets it crosswise—namely, "Don't bodder." On rare occasions, he doubles it up and redoubles it, "Don't bodder—bodder to it!"

At present his opinions may be said to be filed, as undoubtedly his thoughts and features equally are rasped; for Mrs. Charger, as he says, "suspects company to tea," and her suspicions are well-founded. The feminine society of the neighborhood take tea together, it appears, "oncet or twicet every week." Another husband and father is wont to complain that "they are all the time goin' out to take tea."

Upon these festive afternoons it is exacted of the lord of the manor that he get home early, don his best raiment, and "sit up"—usually on the extreme edge of a chair—"to help entertain." The spectacle might be entertaining to the heartless—the spectacle of a lone man amid a group of busy-tongued women; but it was rather rough on him, inasmuch as no male visitors were expected to arrive until the moment came to "sit up to tea"—that is, to sit down at table—which did not take place until five o'clock, in quality-circles; and, in the exclusive presence of ladies, no chivalrous Charger would be caught saying "Bodder to it," nor even "Don't bodder," however apposite these phrases might appear; but merely such courteous words as these, "No, marm—no marm, no;" or, "Yes, marm, yes;" or, "It is but dusty," and "What a powerful sight of rain we had last year this time;" "How is your husband and children, Mrs. Jones?—and Mr. Jones, how is he?" "It is a great blessing to have good health."

This afternoon, however, Mr. Charger

is soon relieved, as each succeeding flurry of a dress whisks him tenderly into obscurity; and the conversation—rising in its tide to a very surf—beaches him high and dry. Why, O! why, ladies—his inmost spirit asks you why—may not his numb feet take him to the friendly barn, whose gable-end beams cordially and coaxingly upon him through the—we were going to say gratings—casements of the parlor! Because, alas! because he must not track mud into that parlor, nor forget that his clean things have been put upon him.

But now the table has its clean things put upon it; so superior is the array of table-cloth and service to the common spread of every day.

Heavy boots are audible upon the porch. More than usual eagerness is shown, by more than usual prinking; for it is understood that Mr. Caddington will “fetch that Mr. Whample” to take tea.

Mr. Whample is a city gent, of no little elegance, who has been stopping for some days at the Long-Shore Tavern, with a view, it is said, to enjoy a little fishing and hunting; and, assuredly, no two words in our mother tongue could better describe Mr. Whample's purpose, or Mr. Whample's manners. In fact, so fond of these sports is he, that he practises them among his fellow-men, and moves toward them like one disguising a fishing-line, or lowering a shot-gun, and ever asking sportively of himself, “Well, Whample, what luck? Caught anything to-day, Whample?”

Whample is so affable that already he has made many acquaintances in the village—founding them chiefly on a remarkable ability he has of recalling some interview which he had with the same party elsewhere; some mutual acquaintance, making the party ashamed because unable to recall the same, or anything resembling the same.

Whample having met Mr. Caddington

in business circles, the latter has been instructed by Mrs. Caddington, to fetch Whample to Mrs. Charger's tea. “For,” says Mrs. Caddington to her hostess, “he must be rich to do as he does; not that that is of any consequence, but the scriptures says, we must entertain angels, as strangers, unawares.”

Mr. Whample is a junior partner of a legal firm, which is reported to do a little illegal business once in awhile—just for variety. This is the firm which has pounced upon a flaw in the title of the property held by the late Mrs. Stewart, and by her bequeathed to Calla Conrad.

Whample is sure to recall your image. “Where was it that I met *you*?” Or, “I used to know a person of your name; often did business with him; built the same way, too, only a trifle slimmer. Were *you* always as heavy as you are now?”

Whample is “fetched” by Mr. Caddington, and by him duly made over to Mrs. Caddington, as a heavy package, by express, *via* Charger. Mrs. Caddington introduces him, first, generally: “Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Whample.” Next, personally, to Mrs. Charger and Harriet Amanda, who “have so often heard of him,” and “have so wished to know him;”—whereupon he: “Let me see—are they relatives of the Massachusetts Chargers?—certainly there is a family likeness.”—“Little Miss Plimley, who is “delighted to meet Mr. Whamper.” “Now, reelly, will he give her now his honest opinion, reelly and truly—does he like Bay Coast?” For her part she “likes the city best.” She “should die if it were not for Broadway—reelly and truly.” She “actially should.” She “loves Bay Coast, but Broadway is the place for me—‘*par* eminence, *mar* excellence,’ as the French say.” “Oh! but does he dance?” She “should die if it were not for dancing—reelly and truly now, she actially should.” “Now, *does* he like Bay Coast?”

While he: "Primrose — Primrose! may I ask if you ever had a brother of that name—a remarkably handsome young man, who was in a bank, or something? Appears to me you don't look unlike him." *Answer*: "Not that she remembers; but she had a grandmother, and, now she thought of it, grandmother used to keep some money in a bank."

To Miss Georgiana Perk, who makes him an exceedingly stiff and stately bow, ending in meek obeisance, and rolls her eyes reproachfully upon him, but forgivingly, at last, as who should say: "Fear not; this is the way to greet a perfect stranger. I am not like the rest, you see; this is extreme high-breeding."

To Mrs. Parner—one of those stern-visaged women, whose hearts are full of sweetness, whose tones are so sensible as to take the nonsense out of you, and ways so true as to make a very knave honest while he talks to them; who look like termagants until they look right at you and speak to you, when lo! they turn out to be such as you would choose for friends: to Mrs. Parner—who gives him a reassuring nod of simple greeting which makes him say to himself that that homely one is the handsomest person in the room; and somehow he finds himself unable, at the instant, to recall any Parner, with whom he used to go to school, or transact business.

Last, not least, to "old Job Toll" and his older sister, Aunt Rojanna, the latter of whom gazes at him over her spectacles, and deigns no other recognition than to take them off and put them on again, plying her needle to a fierce jerk that breaks the thread.

Job, however, is disposed to go into particulars; and when Mr. Whample blandly requests to be informed "whether this is *the* Mr. Toll—Mr. *Job* Toll—whose market-wagon, with its early vegetables, is so popular in the city," Job insists upon being informed "what it is

so popular about," and whether "them cityfiers liked best them Jackson whites or them ere Chile reds," in respect to which Whample is undecided, as also as to whether his partners "have got their cabbages laid in;" Job appearing to suppose that a lawyer would provide on the same scale as a grocer—which, perhaps, in the matter of cabbaging might not be unlikely.

The talk, however—buzzing in separate corners, and on disconnected topics, like a scattered swarm of bees—suddenly settles thick upon the Conrad household—their life, lineage, ways, and manners; Whample bringing it back to that topic, by a casual word, whenever it diverges or flags, as follows:

"How that old DeLissey Place has spruced up latterly, since those Conners took it. I think you said the name was Conner, Mrs. Caddington?" "Conrad, I said," she answers. Again: "That's a queer old dorky that goes about there on the hill; a sullen fellow, too. * I asked him a question or two about the old roads, as I happened to be passing, but could get nothing out of him."

"Mr. Toll can, well, once tell you, all about him for all," exclaimed Mrs. Charger, multiplying her particles of speech in rich confusion, as is the fashion in Bay Coast. "Franz used to live with Mis' Stewart, and when her will was read, Franz had been willed to Miss Cally, and he went over, but for all, and carried that curious little chest with him which used to—well, once—stand under Mis' Stewart's high-post bedstead. Mr. Toll bought that strip of meadow-land from the Stewart Place."

Job Toll had a solemn and tender manner about him, a gravity of fixed features encircling ferret-like eyes which twinkled most inconsistently with their position. He invested the mention of trivial occurrences with a startling character. It was this which made people esteem him older than he was, and

gave him the distinctive epithet of "old Job Toll."

Add to this two other peculiarities—one, a habit of deprecating censure in matters with which he could not possibly be connected; the other, a way of telling, for news, what had happened years ago, when it came freshly to his mind.

Thus, when a neighbor, who had been absent for a year, met Mr. Toll, and hailed him: "How d'ye do, Job? Well, Job, what's the news, Job?" Mr. Toll, glancing about him, made reply, "Why, there's no *particular* news, except that Ennis has been and married Mary Brown"—referring thus to a wedding at which the two had met full five years before, and at which, in fact, the inquirer had officiated as groomsman—and, indeed, an Ennis, jr., bearing strong resemblance to her who had been "Mary Brown," was, at that identical minute, making mud-pies full in their view. Mr. Toll's other habit, of making premature protest against blame, seemed to be intense in proportion to the distance of the case, and the difficulty of supposing him to have anything to do with it whatever. When, for example, some one read to him the news of a big fire in the city, he took the precaution to plead, "I hope no one will blame it onto me—but it's a bad business." When, however, word arrived that the President had been assassinated, he exclaimed, in much more agitated tone, "This here is a judgment on our nation—but I hope no one ain't agoin' to blame it onto me."

"Mr. Toll," says Mrs. Charger, "you can, well, once, tell Mr. Whample, then, about Mr. Conrad, and Cally, and Mrs. Stewart."

Whereupon Whample, thinking to propitiate the matter by using the same vernacular, appeals, "*Do*, once, then, for all, but, though, Mr. Toll."

Every one looks up amazed, as if such style of speech were something new—

and the effect is a failure. Mrs. Charger stares; Mrs. Parner drops her threads, and looks perplexed; Harriet Amanda snickers outright; Mr. Charger, for the first and only time, breaks from his moorings, and mutters, audibly, "Bodder to it!—don't bodder!" while Aunt Rojanna re-adjusts her spectacles, and glowers grimly on the speaker.

Mr. Toll, however, quickly proceeds: "Mr. Whample, sir, Franz is a old nigger, and he always was. Franz, he was born a old nigger. He never did die yet"—announcing it as news—"and I don't know as he ever will. However, Mrs. Stewart, *she* died!"—looking round, to see how the company would bear these tidings.

"Why, that must have been, well, once, eight years ago," ejaculated Mrs. Charger.

"Yes, marm," says Job, "it were eight years ago"—glad to be corroborated. "I hope no one will blame it onto me; but there was a Will that willed it all to Cally Conrad, because her grandfather died so sudden. They say the mother had a fortune buried with her, or some kind of Will or 'nuther. It never was none of my business, and I hope no one ain't agoin' to blame it onto me; but I learn that they buried her very quick, and next to her father—*who has been shooting himself!*"—in an astounded way—"but it was giv out that she died of the plague, and that the plague was in the pack of papers. Some folks thought that was the reason she was buried so curus, and everybody kep away."

"Mis' Stewart's papers," added Job, "were all taken over to the old DeLissey Place in a old chest; Franz said he helped to carry it, and saw them open it, and it was chuck-full of papers. Franz, he went over and lived, because he was willed by the Will to live, with the Conrads—and Miss Cally is as proud of him as if he were a white man. The old

chest stands, now, in the back parlor. I see it there, when I went to pay fur my strip o' land."

Whample's eyes brightened at the intelligence. He gave a start, and stepped to the window, to look out. Returning, he changed the conversation, by addressing little Miss Plimley: "That Miss Conrad is fortunate. Is she handsome? Bay Coast seems to be a good soil for beauties. The Primroses, that I knew in New Jersey, were great belles; what relation did you say they were to you?"

"My! she doesn't let on that her name is *Plimley*," murmured Harriet Amanda.

Little Miss Plimley appeared, however, not ill-pleased with the compliment to the *Primroses*, and only too glad, on this as on every occasion, to revive the memory of her departed grandmother.

"Yes," says Miss Plimley, "Miss Calla *is* said to be a beauty; but she carries too much hair for me"—which was very true, as Miss Plimley's coiffure was plainly somewhat sparse, somewhat tight, and somewhat scrubby. "Grandmother always used to say, that if there was too much hair on the top of the head, it was sure to draw down a typhus fever. Don't you never marry a man with too much hair, Harriet"—sparklingly, to Miss Charger, whose only beau was as shaggy as a goat. "There was a girl lived opposite to grandmother's who had a splendid head of hair, once, and it drove her crazy. They cut it all, well, once, off in the asylum; for the doctor said nothing else could cure her."

"That Miss Conrad's grandfather shot himself, for love, or because his love deserted him—didn't he?" Mr. Whample asked.

"Did he?" cried Harriet Amanda—"Did he?" all the young ladies in a gush—"O yes, I have heard the story."

"What a love of a man!" exclaimed Miss Plimley. "I'm sure I'd marry

him, after that. I'd marry any man who had shot himself for love."

"But this man," said some one, "was already married. It was a case of desertion."

"Grandmother used to say," rejoined Miss Plimley, "that there *was* a man shot for desertion here, in the war; but whether because his girl deserted him, or he deserted her, I disremember; only grandmother saw a taploon of soldiers put in file, she said, to see him shot, and they marched by the house, and one of them took a drink at old Nyse's well. Old Nyse's well is up there now, near the old DeLissey Place; and they've lots of blackcaps there. Harriet Amanda! let's go berrying there, some day. Say, will you?"

The conversation now reverts to ordinary trifles. The tea-things clatter like the voices—the voices clatter like the tea-things; a pleasant medley. Whample already yawns a little, and even Caddington begins to fidget; when all at once there is a rushing heard overhead—the street-door slams with a quiver, and a loud voice responds to the meek servant's intimations, "O yes, I know there's company—I'll go down." And down comes, like an avalanche, Mr. Cham, the brother of Mrs. Charger, known as "Birdie Cham;" though what there was "birdy" about him was not evident—great mastodon that he was, tramping through things, and roaring, at the top of his voice, wherever he tramped. A right royal fellow, full of fun, whose rampant rollicking can nowhere be repressed—comes Cham—rushes over the meek servant—whisks up to each one severally, beginning with Miss Georgiana Perk, who is preparing to receive him with an excruciating bow—but no, he shakes her hand so heartily, that she winces with the squeeze, and draws it back in sheer amazement. Cham rushes at one and another, with some pleasant jeer for each; espies Whample, and, to

the universal consternation, bluffs him at his own game:

"Why, there's Whample! Is that *you*, Whample? How *are* you, then, old boy—Whample, old boy, how *are* you?"

Mr. Whample, who has not the remotest recollection of Mr. Cham, contrives to gasp: "My dear fellow, how *are you*? I am glad to see you. I can't quite recall your name, but your face is perfectly familiar. Its a curious feature of my memory that I never can remember names. I forget my own brother's name. But I am so glad to see you."

"Why, Whample!" exclaims Mr. Cham, "you remember Johnson, whom you used to go fishing with—don't you remember—down at Morford?"

"Remember!" exclaims Mr. Whample, gleefully. "As if I didn't; as if I ever could forget! Why, Johnson, I should have known *you* anywhere, you know. You ain't changed a bit, Johnson, old fellow. Let me see: how long since we went up the creek together? Mr. Caddington, did you ever know anything so strange? Here's Johnson and I have always been intimate, and I forgot his name—well, well! ha, ha!" "But I ain't *Johnson*," quietly returns the new-comer; "my name is Cham." Whereupon, with a sickly smile and a gasping "Ah, O; yes, indeed," Whample subsides.

Cham, however, rushes on, and roars, with amiable roughness: "Jane"—he yells at Mrs. Charger, who appears to be otherwise engaged and reluctant to listen—"I say, Ja-a-a-ne"—yelling to a climax—"fetch us something solid—something to eat—Ja-a-a-ne! Charger looks as if he were half-starved, and pretty nearly choked with his collars, too. Now, tell the truth, Charger: don't she do you short when there's to be company—eh, eh, eh?" raising his voice to a roar, and ending with a turbulent laugh.

"Aunt Rojanny, *you* look as if you had lost all your friends! Hattie Mandy, when *did* you frizzle up your hair that way? Say—I sa-a-a-y—that fellow, Rev. Bendleton, has gone to see another girl. I saw him walking with her yesterday. Say, Jane, hain't you got anything in the house but sponge-cake? Job Toll, put down that jelly-bowl: it isn't yours. Say, folkses all, I am going to have some cold pork, and apples, and cider. Won't you jine in?" Shouting as to distant auditors—"I am bound to have something to eat. Whample, what's the matter with *you*? Job Toll, give back that dish; do you want it *all*? You, Sam"—vociferating at the small colored boy, who grins from ear to ear, but looks irresolutely at his mistress—"are you going to bring them in or not? I'll go myself." He suddenly starts, and, rushing into the rear apartment, returns bearing a large dish of cold pork, which he slams down on the table, and then jams his chair so hard that the spokes give way, and he takes another, which creaks but patiently endures. "Now then, folkses, come on. Georgiana, take hold. Georgiana Perk, I tell you, you need something to give you a color. Caddington, I bet you're afraid of Mis' Caddington; come on!" Instead of coming on, however, the whole group move off, somewhat stealthily, one by one, while the indifferent and happy Cham gives himself wholly to his meal.

That familiar object, Job Toll's green wagon, now presents itself before the door, drawn by the staid, homestead team—the old gray mare, and the older sorrel horse. They are quiet beasts, usually, that have jogged and waddled together, cow-fashion, this many a day. But the old gray mare, whose name is Nanny, has an infant colt, which, after the manner of the country, has been allowed, for the first time, to-day, to run and frolic by the side of its dam, in company with the wagon—the little creat-

ure's first pleasure excursion; which, like pleasure excursions on the part of other youth, equally giddy and gay, coaxes it into familiarity with the tugs and traces of the coming cares. Now, so long as the foal moved by her side, or even when it frisked and pirouetted in advance, the venerable dam trotted on in her usual meditative mood, but whenever the baby-horse lagged behind out of sight, the maternal heart waxed frantic. Then the anxious mother smites with both hind-feet upon the dashboard—not, it may be, with malice prepense, but as a signal and a summons. And her feet are honest—heavy with the plowing of many years, and firmly shod with iron.

Job takes the reins, and Rojanna emerges from the door-way, surrounded by the tea-table company, who have left Mr. Cham alone with his glory. Rojanna's bonnet on, and little black shawl pinned firmly on her breast, she appears to unbend at sight of the homeward transportation there awaiting her; for many persons are most at ease with their friends when they see that they can get away from them.

The invitations, counter-invitations, and good-bys fly back and forth: "Come, then, once for all, to see us, then!" "Why don't *you* never come our way, then?" "It's your turn next time; you ain't never sociable to our house." Hattie Mandy gushes, Miss Perk bows, and, this time, goes so far as to wave her handkerchief. Each, in turn, assures Mrs. Charger that "such biscuit as she makes" they "never eat before;" and, as for Mrs. Caddington, she "never will attempt to make pound-cake again;" she "never can come up to it."

They all call out, "Good-night, Aunt Rojanny; take care of yourself, Rojanny;" which advice is requisite, for the instant Miss Toll puts her hand on the side of the wagon, and plants one foot on the hub of the wheel, to climb the high seat—slam! slam!—slam! slam!

—bang! go those maternal heels, which may be called tender in their solicitude, but are unqualifiedly tough in their expression.

Rojanna steps back, and makes a pause, while the bevy gurgle and shriek, "O! she *will* be killed." "Rojanny, *don't*." "Mr. Toll, what *is* the matter with that frightful brute?" while the venerable sorrel turns a surprised and pained look upon his companion of years—saying, apparently, "This is something new for you, and quite unworthy of your age."

Presently Rojanna tries once more, while Job, shifting the reins to the other hand, reaches forward and takes her by the arm, helping her up, and saying sternly to old Nanny, "You will, now? will you?" which challenge the mare promptly accepts, waiting only until Rojanna gets both feet on the hub, and both hands on the seat, and is bending over for a final spring, when slam! slam!—slam! slam!—bang! come the hoofs, in such a random shower of blows, that Rojanna hesitates to move, either way.

At that moment out rushes the tormentor, Cham—voice and manner reinforced.

"What is all this rantang about out here?" he yells, good-naturedly. "Rojanny—Aunt Rojanny!—what on earth *are* you doing to that poor old horse? Why can't you take your seat like a Christian woman? At your time of life, too! People will think that you have been taking something in your tea! For shame, to torment the poor old mare."

Slam! slam!—slam! slam!—*bang!* again.

Aunt Rojanna tries to turn round and glare at Cham, annihilatingly, but the situation makes it difficult, and she springs convulsively upon the seat, with a bound that would do credit to a deer, flounders over the seat upon all-fours, and at length secures an upright attitude, and sits more rigidly erect than ever.

Meek-faced, and kittenish, the sportive colt now comes to the front, and the gray mare sobers down to cow-like gentleness—the sorrel turning his head, as if to say, “Think nothing of it—it is all over now; I know her well.”

The team turns the corner, on a trusty jog, Rojanna remarking curtly, “That man Cham must be an idjit.”

Whample betakes himself to his lodgings at Long-Shore Tavern, halting by the way, sometimes to frown, sometimes to laugh a little cunning laugh, and once to slap his thigh, as though there were a mosquito on it; or, as though he might himself be a mosquito upon the thigh of that community.

Long-Shore Tavern has been all day more brisk than usual. As dusk sets in, the knot of 'longshoremen and loungers from the village, who congregate about the dice-table in the brightly-lighted bar-room, is much augmented, and lights flit through such upper and interior chambers as commonly are vacant.

It has become known that a sporting-man from town has “driven down a span,” and that span has stood in the stable all day, under inspection by all the jockeys, the teamsters, and sundry farmers of the vicinity. The span have had their mouths opened, and their teeth searched, often enough to give them the toothache, or the lockjaw; and their feet “heisted,” until their pasterns are kept limp for the next arrival; and their eyes struck at with feints of blows to test their sight, until they might well go blind and be left in peace; and their haunches slapped resoundingly, with directions to “stand over,” and “stand up there,” while hemmed in, on one side by the amateur-judge of horseflesh, and on the other by the wall, without an inch of spare space—and their points in general canvassed so insultingly, that they are discussing between themselves the question, “Have the humans reason?”

Judging horse-flesh is apt to be very

dry work, and most of those who have been practicing it experience a peculiar thirst; so that each time when a horse's mouth is opened, several human mouths must be opened, also; it comes about that the bar has a run, like a bank in a panic, against which, however, it is quite solvent; while, for the sake of that bar-room floor, it could be wished that these human mouths were even a trifle drier than they are.

Teunis Larkin is hanging about the doorway, as also the lesser lad known as John Simon, and by way of contrast, a very bean-pole of a man, by the name of Copple, who muses with ineffable disdain on all things, and ejects tobacco-juice, in bitterest protest that such a universe as this should be upside-down, and “them fellers that is rich enough to own hosses haint no sence to han’le ’em; an’ men as knows how a hoss ought to be han’led haint no hoss to han’le.”

Near by, a pert young negro lad, well known, and too well known as “Si,” employs himself between the errands of the stable and the chores of the house, halting incessantly at the porch to chaff John Simon, or whisper with Teun Larkin—pronouncing loudly the most oracular opinions, and exploding with tremendous “hi-hies,” and “yah-yahs,” wholly unexplained and unexpected. On the porch are Ledson and Peter, who, as lodgers, mingle freely with the visitors, but have very little to say for themselves, and are supposed to be sailors from an English trading-vessel in the harbor.

One little occurrence has admonished Teunis Larkin. Misled by the reserve and modesty of the two strangers, he has once or twice offered an insulting speech, and at length brushes against them rudely; upon which, Peter—that is—Hunter, suddenly seizing him like a staff or light bundle, swings him round and round above his head, the astonished Teun screaming out: “Don’t—stop! I’m a’posed to this here; I’m a’posed.

I don't 'prove of no sich querrelin'. Don't—stop, I say! Lem me go!"

Upon being released, and laid upon his back on the floor of the porch, Teun resumes a little bluster, mixed with much trepidation lest the experience be renewed, and utters the following protest:

"Mebbe you fellers don't know my senemens; *I've sot my senemens agin wrastlin'*. Now you know 'em! I've sot 'em agin it!"

Not Teun the only mortal whose doctrine begins where his practice fails.

The afternoon stage arrives, from which descend two female figures, of large proportions, flashily dressed, but with the most villainous countenances of masculine hardihood that one ever beheld. Teun Larkin steps out to meet them, very briskly, and converses with them for an instant in low tones, when he steps to the bar, and, appearing as their spokesman, or agent, informs the landlord—who is not over-particular about such matters—that "them two luddies say they want to stay all night; they'm from the city, and they'm expecting their husbands, in a fishing-smack, to-morrow. One of them is took faint-like, and they wants a bottle of best brandy in their room."

All of which requests are speedily fulfilled, with the aid of Si, who grins impertinently, and whispers to Teun, "Golly, wot big feet dose leddies hab; dem's bully women;" while Peter remarks to Ledson, "Those—that is—women never have been women—that is—long."

At this juncture, Whample returns, steps lightly into the bar-room, shows himself there a condescending man—treats all hands; steps proudly into the stable, gives instructions, gives the hostler a dollar; and, at an early hour, retires to his own apartment, ordering a wood-fire to be made there, because, summer-evening as it is, he is afraid lest the

swamp-air give him a chill. Teun Larkin has a long whispering confab with the Negro, Si, in the stable-yard, and they retire.

The Long-Shore Tavern settles into midnight slumber. Sleep, we were about to remark, has silenced sound, but the statement would be poetical. Sleep snores so sonorously here that midnight is noisier than midday.

An hour later, a window-shutter opens softly in the room assigned to "them two luddies," a light wire-ladder is let down from the sill, and, presto, change! the females descend as males, thoroughly equipped for a tramp, with enormous pockets in their coats, and a bag under their arms, in which they deposit the wire-ladder, folding it into an exceedingly small compass, and proceed through the village.

At a low whistle from one of them, the swinging-door of a hay-loft in a neighboring barn-yard opens, and Teun Larkin's lank legs are seen to dangle thence. He attempts a whistle of the same tone in return, but is so nervous and shrill that one ruffian nudges the other: "Porkenbush, that fellow is not the stuff. *He* give a sig'gal! A mess he kin give a sig'gal!"

"Never mind, Case," says Porkenbush, with a sneering chuckle; "he's built to clime—limber-like—and I'll back him on a run."

Teun joins them, looking somewhat livid, it is true, and the trio creep toward the house upon the hill. "Where's that young nig, now—the scallywag?" asks Porkenbush.

"He ain't cum," replies Teun, which was plain. "He tuk the money, an' sed he'd be on hand. He must have overslept hisself with the drink."

"Can't wait for no nig," says Porkenbush; "two o'clock."

"Say," says Teun, "that's a smart lyar a-sleepin' up-stairs in the Larng-Shore House. Did yer see him? If *he*

sot eyes on you, he'd get you nabbed quicker'n a flash."

"I guess he would," replies Porken-bush, winking at his friend. "Best keep clear of *him*."

That night, at two o'clock, the old DeLissey Place was skillfully broken into, from a window on the shed of the piazza. The principal thing taken was an old chest, or trunk, which had been known to belong, in other days, to the late Mrs. Stewart. Only one room was entered, and that without disturbing the family, who slept in another portion of the house, although old Franz insisted that he had been disturbed in his sleep, and thought he heard men in the house, his cot being in a little veranda, just off from the room in question, and between that and the apartments of the family—the chamber in which Miss Calla and Miss Jenny Perley slept being next upon the other side—and he got up to step into the room where the robbery occurred, when he saw coming out of that room—"as shuah as he was a brack man"—his "dear ole mistis, Mis' Stewart, an' a-walkin' arm-in-arm wid her, dat bressed lady, Mistis Adelaidy Conrad—Missy Cally's ony moder—jes so as dey done use to walk togedder in dese garding-paths 'mong de toolip-beds—and dey was all smilin' bery much, an' de mose splendorous-lookin' dat eber you seed. An' dey made motions to me to be bery still, an' dey seem bery glad 'bout somtin', an' went troo dreckly into Mis' Cally's room. An' dis chile fell soun' asleep, mose like he was dead."

The tears ran down the cheeks of Franz as he told this dream, which to him had all the power of a waking vision. Nothing could make Franz believe that any harm had happened in the loss of the trunk. "Dey was dat happy, dey larf wid dere eyes."

At daybreak, however, the housekeeper had discovered the window open, a closet-door forced with a wrench, sun-

dry silver spoons and a small sum of money, kept for convenience of change at the same place, appropriated; while in the old chest, which the robbers probably imagined to contain bonds or stocks, they had carried off what could be of the least possible avail to themselves. No clue was found to their identity; and next morning the sleepers in the Long-Shore Tavern awoke to hear the news casually told by the village teamsters, who were earlier astir.

As was afterward brought to light, Si, the young colored lad, had been beguiled into joining the burglarious expedition, by splendid lures of the two principals, who were anxious to have some one familiar with the premises whom they could put through the window, and also, in case of accident, to have some scapegoat take their place behind prison-bars. But Si had not known what house they sought; and thought, at most, he was in for a petty piece of pilfering.

No sooner had he been made to understand that they were bound for "de ole Lissey Place" and that "ole uncle Franz," who stood to him as the owner of the place, was to be invaded, and "lubly Miss Cally dat ar' way frightened by dem blame scounerels," than it appeared to him in the light of sacrilege, and he began to shirk, at first—to remonstrate with those who were employed to bribe him: "Dat ar' won't do, now, not noways! I'se tell you, dey's fatter pullets down to farmer Beggs's, and gobblers, too; and he keeps money loose in der kitchen clossit." Not succeeding in effecting any diversion, he kept muttering to himself, "Noways—not noways, dat ar' won't—not *no* how yer can fix it. Ole uncle Franz ain't goin' to git no chance to lick dis chile dis yer time; I tell 'em dat prazacly—I does." He wound up by skulking altogether. Feeling himself too deeply in for it, however, to go and confess, he makes the compromise of burying himself under the

hay in some distant hay-mow, being supposed to be gone on a spree for days.

It thus comes about, much to Teun Larkin's terror, that *he* must be inserted in the window, and told to open the door. This much Teun accomplishes.

The little trunk or chest is secured by one of the men, who carries it forth as far as the door, but, being jealous lest his pal should not divide equally the other swag, he hands the chest for an instant's convenience to Teun. Just at that moment a step is heard—the step of old Franz, who is restless in the night, and who is in the very room next to the one they leave, so that he seems to be coming right after them. A panic seizes Teun, and he yells involuntarily, and trips, letting the chest fall with such violence that the lid flies open. A double panic seizes Teun; for, one of the ruffians grips him by the neck, well-nigh throttling him, and while the other snatches the box, closing the lid under his arm, declares, "Porkenbush, I'm a mind to punch this varmint's tongue out. Wot's the reason we didn't bring a 'cacklin' hen?—it 'ud been better nor sich a squealing babby."

His companion, however, hurries him along, and all parties are soon safe in their own quiet slumbers, which are sounder than any sleep of innocence this night.

Mr. Whample is in his own apartment, not asleep at all—very far from sleep. Whample is always a busy man, and this is his busiest moment. He slips into the room occupied by the two strangers, and takes the little box, empties the papers and relics it contains upon

his table, then locks the box in his trunk, and sits down, at four o'clock in the morning. After glancing rapidly through the papers, the most of which he shoves away impatiently, he comes upon a slip of paper in the handwriting of the late Mrs. Stewart, infolding a bit of tissue paper, within which was a curl of a woman's hair. Instead of any pleasing effect, the little relic seems to fill him with surprise and wrath.

"All done for nothing, is it?" he asks of himself. "All to be done over again. Buried with that Adelaide Monard! That must be it. It will be an awful business to get that paper from the grave. But it has got to be done, and done at once."

He packs the papers away under his clothing, and retires.

Next morning, when the robbery is discovered, Mr. Whample offers his services to pursue the rascals—declaring it an infamous and infernal shame, that "any New York vagabonds should go out of their way to invade the peaceful precincts of Bay Coast." As it is, he prepares an article upon "Mistaken Lenity, or the Impunity of Crime," for the village newspaper, *The Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, the junior editor of which is a particular friend of his. This is a rare journal, which we would commend in its next issue for the reader's improvement in humanity and progressive enterprise.

As to the movements of the Ultrawans, meantime, certain letters which have come into our hands, when given to the reader, will throw light upon them, and upon this history at large.

CHRISTMAS EVE: 1872.

Peace in thy snowy breast,
 O cloud from storm at rest!
 Peace in the winds that sleep
 Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height:
 Peace infinite,
 Through all the worlds that move
 Within His love.

O! all sad hearts, that be
 On land or on the sea,
 God's peace with you rest light
 This Christmas night!

And with the souls that stand
 In that dear land
 Where pain and all tears cease,
 Most perfect peace!

CHINESE PROVERBS.

ON INTIMACY AND FRIENDSHIP.

CONFUCIUS said: To dwell with a good man is like entering a house wherein are the fragrant "lan" flowers; after awhile you may not seem to smell the fragrance, because you yourself have changed—(your whole person has become impregnated with the fragrance.)

To dwell with a bad man is like entering a market of abalones (a large shell-fish); after awhile you do not notice the stench, because you yourself have changed—(your garments are saturated with it.)

The vessel in which cinnabar is stored will have the carnation color: the vessel which contains black varnish will become black.

Therefore, all ye gentlemen! take great care with whom ye associate.

Association with good men is like the fragrance of the lan-wai flower. Let one man cultivate it, and all people will enjoy its fragrance.

Association with bad men is like carrying a child to the top of a wall: if the man misses his step, both will meet with disaster.

In the family sayings of Confucius it is said: To dwell with a good man is like walking in a gentle mist: although your garments do not become suddenly wet, yet are they all the time imbibing the moisture.

To dwell with wicked men is like standing in the midst of knives and swords: although they may not wound

men, yet all the time are they in dread.

Tai Kung said: What is in proximity to vermilion, turns to a carnation color; what is near to ink, becomes black: those who keep with the virtuous and sage, become clear-minded: those who are near the talented, become wise: those who keep company with the dull, become stupid: those who keep company with the good, become virtuous: those who keep close to the wise, become honorable: those who affiliate with the foolish, become obtuse: those who associate with flatterers, become sycophants: the companions of pilferers, become thieves.

The teacher Hung Ku Chang said: In regard to him who at present is your friend, select good and agreeable words whereby you may be able to preserve concord; and thus, patting him on the shoulder, and taking him by the sleeve as you walk, you may be able to cultivate the same tastes. But if in one word you disagree, then angry passions will mutually arise.

Between friends there should be no grindstone, to whet anger to an edge; if so, how will there be profit?

Confucius said: On Ping Chung's relations with men were good, because he was always respectful.

Kai Hong said: A dangerous man treat respectfully, but keep at a distance from him; a virtuous and good man you may keep near to, and associate with. If he (the bad man) comes to me with ugly language, I will answer with good words; if he comes to me with crooked speech, I will return him direct and straight answers. Thus, how will he be able to get angry with me?

Mencius said: Have no words with a person who is violent with himself; and have nothing to do with a person who throws himself away.

Tai Kung said: A woman without a mirror will not know whether her face is clean or dirty. A scholar without a good friend will not know when he

transgresses, or when he comes short.

Confucius said: To urge one another to what is good, by reproofs, is the way of friends.

The friends which a person unites to himself should be better than he is; yet, if only like himself, it is better than to have none at all.

Of acquaintances, there are enough to fill the world; but of true friends, there are few.

In planting trees, do not plant the branches of the weeping willow: in uniting to yourself a friend, do not become united to a heartless fellow.

Anciently in uniting in friendships they united hearts; but now there is only the union of faces.

Sung Hung said: The poor and unaccomplished wife (who was taken when the husband was also poor), must not be discarded when he becomes rich and great.

A friend in his poverty must not be forgotten, but confer favors and treat him kindly, the same as before you met with good fortune; and let friendships still be united in times of poverty and distress. Let men's feelings constantly be as they were in the original acquaintance; then in the end there will be no ill-feeling in the heart.

Those who have plenty of wine and food will have brothers by the thousand; but those who are in straitened and distressed circumstances will not have even one.

Desist from planting shrubs which bear no flowers.

Do not contract friendships with people devoid of righteousness.

The great man's friendship is like the fresh-water stream—ever-flowing; the small man's friendship is like the sweetness of honey—sweet, very sweet at first, but soon consumed.

Among mankind we use riches to try friendship—(real friendship is tested by wealth and poverty). Fire is used for

trying gold. With water we take a stick to sound it as to deepness or shallowness.

Men, by means of money in trying friendships, soon perceive the nature of the heart.

Benevolence and righteousness do not make wealth a consideration in friendships. Where wealth is the consideration, benevolence and righteousness are set aside.

By a long journey we know the strength of the horse. By long experience we ascertain the nature of a man's heart.

ON THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

Confucius says : Woman depends upon the man ; therefore, she must not presume to meddle with governmental affairs.

There are three classes of duties for her to follow :

At home (unmarried), she must submit to her father.

Having been married, she must submit to her husband.

If her husband be dead, she must submit to the son.

She may not dare to follow her own will.

Command her not to go outside of the female apartments.

Her business consists in preparing food and such like domestic duties—nothing more.

Therefore, at the age of putting up the hair (at the marriageable age) she must keep within the female apartments, and may not go a hundred *li* to attend a funeral. (She may not go far from home, even on the most important occasions.)

In business matters she must not assume responsibility.

In going abroad she must not go alone.

Having taken counsel, (learned what is best), let her diligently perform.

Having proof sufficient of what she is about to say, then she may speak.

During the daytime she may not walk in the public hall, and going about the house at night she must carry a light.

By means of these rules she may fulfill the round of woman's virtuous actions.

The Book of Wisdom and Profit says : There are four classes of female virtuous actions which are to her praise. They are, 1st, womanly virtue ; 2d, womanly countenance ; 3d, womanly speech ; 4th, womanly employments.

As to woman's virtuous actions, they do not require an uncommon display of talent and brilliancy. As to her countenance, it is not necessary that she be exceedingly handsome. As to her speech, it is not necessary that she have a mouth for discussion, and a sharp, rapid delivery. As to her works, she need not excel other people in cleverness and skill.

She must be chaste, innocent, sober and economical. She must mind her own business, and be neat and orderly. In her personal conduct she must preserve modesty. In her work she must have rule and order.

These constitute female virtue.

She must carefully choose her words, and then speak. She must use no improper or untimely expression. When it is the proper time, then she may speak. Let there be no occasion for others to be offended with what she says.

These are the rules for woman's conversation.

Let her wash and dust her clothes, and let her keep bright and fresh. Let her bathe at proper times, and preserve her person from all impurities.

These are what are required with regard to appearance.

Let her diligently spin and weave, and let her not be inordinately fond of savory food and wine. Let her in perfect order prepare savory dishes to set before the guests.

This constitutes woman's work.

These four virtues constitute woman's

great and essential duties: they are very easy. Let her use the utmost diligence to continue on in this straight road, doing according to these directions.

This is the sum of woman's virtuous conduct.

Tai Kung said: the rules of propriety for woman require that she speak with gentle voice; that she walk slow; when she stays her steps, to stand erect; in her appearance, to be sedate and respectful. Her ears must not hear too much (must not be eaves-dropping); her eyes must not see too much (must not be prying into other people's affairs). Abroad she must not wear the countenance of a flatterer. She must not steal glances over the wall. She must not peer through the lattice. She must rise early and retire late. She must not fear labor or suffering. Of broils and quarrels she must be especially cautious. She must live in constant dread of bringing any possible disgrace on the family.

A virtuous woman is a source of honor to her husband.

A vicious woman brings dishonor on her husband.

The house having a virtuous wife, the husband will not meet with sinister and calamitous events.

By a virtuous woman concord will be preserved among the six relations (the six degrees of consanguinity), but a talkative and subtle woman will break up the six relations.

Suppose a person should ask whether the rules of propriety forbid a widow marrying again—how about it?

The teacher E Chün said: all who take a wife do thereby pair themselves. If a widow loses her "chastity of widowhood," he who marries her also loses his own chastity.

Again, if it should be asked, supposing the case of a widow, who is poor, with none to depend upon—may she marry again?

The answer is, that the motive to marry would be only because in her future life she has a dread of hunger, cold, and starving to death. Therefore, this is what we have to say: The starving to death is a very small matter; but losing the "chastity of widowhood" is of the greatest importance.*

The Records of Eminent Women say: "Formerly women who were *enceinte* did not sleep in a crooked position, nor stand in a leaning, halting manner, nor eat things of bad taste (stale or sour), nor did they eat what was not cut straight. If the mat was awry, they might not sit down upon it. Their eyes might not observe any lascivious sight; nor their ears listen to any obscene sounds.

At night, they commanded the blind minstrels to chant the ballads; and conversation in her presence must be upon correct and appropriate matters.

Thus the son to which she gave birth was perfect and comely in form and countenance, and with talents and wisdom surpassing others.

*Throughout China there are many monumental pillars and honorary tablets to women who in respect to deceased husbands have refrained from a second marriage. These are called "Tablets to virtuous women."

HALF AND HALF.

A CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE.

AFTER a plum-pudding, that was brought in all of a blaze and smelling delightfully, they went to the pantomime in company with the very queen of landladies and her princess of a daughter; and after the pantomime the company sat down to cold slices of plum-pudding, and ate heartily—not that there was any excuse for so doing; but it was Christmas, and there was much to talk about, and it seemed more like Christmas to talk with one's mouth full—of harlequins and columbines, and sprites and fairies, and of numerous theatrical adventures as just witnessed by the ladies in question, together with your humble servants, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry.

You see they were three chums, occupying chambers that ran into each other through doors that were never known to be shut. The landlady used to say if she knocked at Tom's door she was sure to be answered from the window in Dick's room, where Tom and Dick were on the lookout for the arrival of Harry, who was, of course, overdue, he being the slowest of the three fellows, who were instinctively a trifle fast. And later, if she rapped at Harry's door she was answered by a chorus of three, who were celebrating Hal's arrival at Tom's sideboard; and that was the way that Tom, Dick and Harry passed their off hours, when the stupid offices in — street were closed, and there was nothing left for them to do but to be perfectly jolly.

As Christmas drew on apace the three chums had the greatest difficulty in keeping the secret of their gifts to them-

selves; Tom told Dick what he was about to bestow upon Harry as a holiday token of his love; Harry divulged to Tom the mystery that was in store for Dick; and they each managed to puzzle one another to an unlimited extent, that made all three of them supremely happy.

There was a girl in the case; there always is: how could there be any case worth mentioning that didn't in some way or other involve this very important subject?

Rosebud wasn't her name, but T., D. and H. used to call her Rosebud, and take turns at loving her a little better than anyone else they knew of. Rosebud was as pretty as she was useful, and seemed more like a sister than anything else in the house. She used to tidy the three rooms when Tom, Dick and Harry were off on business, and there was a unanimous vote of thanks passed immediately upon the return of the young gentlemen; and a great many complimentary allusions were made during the evening, the very whisper of which should have made the ears of Miss Rosebud tingle deliciously. Such was the fate of the landlady's pretty daughter!

Tom admired Rosebud for her good heart and her amiable disposition; he was happy as possible when Rose found time to talk to him; and the two other fellows noticed a finer moral tone in his conversation, and more gentleness of manner in Tom whenever he came from one of those coveted *séances*.

Dick thought Rosebud the most useful little body it had been his good for-

tune to fall in with; she was ever ready to repair his bursted gloves or to put a neat monogram in the triangle of his handkerchief. Once, when he was ill, she brought him cups of tea and slices of toast made with her own hands; she trotted about all day, and was so convenient and useful that Dick loved her from necessity; he wanted everything done for him, and she was willing to do everything for somebody; it actually seemed as if the two were born for one another—how could he help loving her?

Harry was more self-reliant than either of his friends, and he was slower and surer of heart; he had to raise steam gradually, and little by little get under headway; but once started he was certain as sunrise, and there was no resisting him.

Tom, Dick and Harry sat at cold slices of plum-pudding, talking of pantomimes and thinking of Rosebud. Rosebud's mamma, a very Christmas-like landlady, presided for propriety's sake, looking the picture of a dear, delightful pudding, with two large plums for eyes, and unctuous wrinkles under her chin, as though the pudding bag had been tied there and left an indelible impress; then her mouth suggested a little break in the richest and plumpest of puddings, and all over her face there was a kind of spirituous and sauce-like glow.

Rosebud's mamma thought cold pudding uncharitable, so she mixed a savory cup that was passed merrily around the circle, and five happy hearts grew as warm as possible, and five glib tongues wagged almost incessantly in that cozy supper-room back of the chambers.

I believe the whole pantomime the party had just witnessed was rehearsed at least three times before it grew at all tedious to narrators or listeners; young Harlequin was made to go over his thorny path of love in a very picturesque and desirable fashion; Columbine danced again and again, in the language

of Tom, Dick and Harry; Mamma Rosebud had a good word to say for the juvenile frog of unusual dimensions, who nearly swallowed a man—but not quite! Rosebud listened and laughed, and was as good to one friend as another, so that you could not possibly have told which of the three she liked best.

Well, they sat there until it was evident that no long-lost son would return from the stormy seas in the manner of Christmas stories, with a heart full of love, and several chests of inestimable value. It was also too late for any good fairy to rap at the door and announce glad tidings—because it was getting toward day-break, and all of these pleasant things belong to the “witching hour;” so they drank again, and said “Good-night” and “Merry Christmas” very frequently—in fact, much more frequently than was at all necessary—and then the young fellows went off to their chambers, arm-in-arm.

I never knew exactly how they got to bed. I fear they were indifferent to circumstances, and slept as it happened. Nature, no doubt, looked after them—she is very good at this sort of thing. However, they soon slept heartily, and all dreamed Christmas dreams; but it is Hal's dream that interests us most, and this is what he dreamed:

He was instantly, and in the most miraculous manner, transformed into a harlequin, with a charming suit of close-fitting garments, in pattern much like a fancy bed-quilt. Rosebud was Columbine—and who should be Clown and Pantaloon but the undeniable Dick and the unmistakable Tom!

On this discovery, Harlequin Harry became much excited—to slow music in the orchestra—and was quite at a loss what to do next. Seeing his embarrassment, Clown and Pantaloon seized him, and with no little dexterity fastened him to an enormous pasteboard-rock at the back of the stage; there he was doomed

to witness the despair of Columbine, who was bored with the attentions of both Clown and Pantaloon, though she had all the while secretly loved Harlequin, as any one could plainly see with half an eye. Clown loved Columbine for her domestic accomplishments, and Pantaloon adored her for her amiability and beauty; neither would yield her to the other, so it became necessary to divide her, and let each take his half and be satisfied. Just then, a gorgeous cloud descended upon the stage, and Solomon in all his glory, who had arrived in this aerial chariot, stepped forth quietly, cut Columbine in two at the waist, giving the head and shoulders to Pantaloon, and the arms and legs to Clown; he thereupon returned into his golden cloud, and was hauled up into the canvas *flies* forever.

Pantaloon at once had Columbine's *torso* beautifully mounted upon a pedestal of a convenient height, and then he began to hold charming and instructive conversation with her before the face and eyes of Harlequin, who wept aloud, and shook the pasteboard rocks like a young earthquake. Clown had a neat little table, with a shelf or two at one side of it, riveted on to the waist of his half of Columbine, and she at once skipped about the stage in the most cheerful manner, having two little knot-holes in the upper shelf for eyes, and folding her hands gracefully upon the table, when they were not wanted for any thing in particular.

No words can do justice to the agony of Harlequin at this period; chained, as it were, to Caucasus, with the vultures preying upon his liver! He saw how sad a case it was; had Clown won the whole of Columbine, he would have had no use for her pretty head and face, and her warm, trusting heart; he needed only a couple of willing hands and two ready feet that would not tire of running and supplying his many wants. In

fact, he had all that was necessary for his comfort, and he at once began his queer, domestic, and, I am sorry to add, very selfish life. He ordered dinner for one, and off went the little walking machine, as willing as a bride, and back she came in a moment, with a table-cloth spread over her shoulders—I mean her leaves; a bowl of soup, a broiled fowl, with sauce, and *entrées*, spread out on her neat little slab; there was also a cup of delightful tea on her top shelf, and, in fact, everything that could be desired was ready, and Clown began eating as heartily as a man who is just married can eat.

Harlequin watched the exhibition with great, honest tears in his eyes; he seemed at once to comprehend the situation. In his mind's eye he saw the thankless Clown, mindful only of his own comfort, waxing fatter and more selfish every year; he saw poor little Columbine growing rusty and decrepid in the service; her leaves were warped, her shelves stained, her varnish considerably defaced; she could scarcely see out of her two little knot-holes; and she was sometimes caught running into something and spilling the dishes off from herself; or, perhaps, she backed up into a corner, when no one was looking, and wished she were dead, while she tipped over against the wall, as though her days were numbered. What joy could she look forward to in the hereafter? There is no paradise for broken furniture, and she seemed to realize it. Harlequin saw that she realized it, by the hopeless expression of her legs—they were growing loose at the joints, and she was by this time beginning to dangle her arms in a pathetic fashion, a thing she would not have been seen doing at the time of her honeymoon. No wonder, she was going all to pieces, just as if she didn't care to be useful any longer! She felt that when her hour came, when all of a sudden, some bright day, one of her

arms dropped off, or a leg snapped in two, and she went to the floor all of a heap—dishes, dinner and everything—she felt that then she would pass quietly away, and go to some sort of heaven—a cheap one, probably—where she would be nothing, perhaps, but a bed-making angel through all eternity.

By this time Clown had finished eating, and Columbine fled to her kitchen, which was of course her boudoir also, and having rid herself of the remains of the banquet as speedily as possible, she returned again, to await further orders from her lord and master.

“Ah!” said Harry, in his own natural voice—he forgot for a moment that he was Harlequin—“Ah!” said he, “and this is to be the fate of Dick’s half of Rosebud!” And for his prophetic vision of their possible future Hal actually hated Dick, a thing he had always believed himself incapable of doing.

Then Harlequin turned to Pantaloon, who was still holding sweet converse with his half of Columbine; they were happy enough for the time being, but love-making, and nothing but love-making, soon grew monotonous. By and by Columbine felt the pangs of hunger, and she delicately insinuated that refreshments would be most acceptable. Pantaloon was by no means practical; he had laid in no stores for the winter of his life which was sure to follow the summer of his love; nothing but warmth, and artificial warmth at that, could save him after the fever of his heart had once cooled. Columbine would have saved herself and Pantaloon also, had he not permitted her more useful members to be taken from her; in truth Pantaloon objected to her coming down from the beautiful pedestal where he had instated her, and the consequences were direful enough for a genuine tragedy.

The prophetic Harlequin again cast his sorrowful eyes into the future, and saw poverty staring that unlucky pair in

the face. Unfed, unclad, unloved, the little household died a spiritual death; and before the corpse was decently interred, Pantaloon deserted, and was seen no more. There were a few flashes of red-fire in the wings at the side of the stage, and several small devils played leap-frog for some moments in the direction of the departed Pantaloon; but the end of that domestic episode was come, in very truth.

Then Harlequin arose in his wrath, and burst his chains; again and again he implored Solomon to come down out of his cloud and mend the idol of his choice; but Solomon was too wise a man to undo anything he had done, albeit the result of his action was scarcely what he had anticipated, for he would have lost his reputation for wisdom had he sought to mend the matter.

Harlequin, no longer able to endure his anguish, annihilated his offenders; and, seizing the fragments of his loved one, he bore them up a rose-colored mountain, and entered the realms of bliss quite out of breath. There was an azure firmament fretted with golden stars, and every conceivable delight in the shape of large gauze flowers with no perceptible perfume, lime-lights shining forever with blinding brilliancy, and a great multitude of stuffed fairies with unenviable dispositions—for they, too, were underfed, and sat up very late o’ nights on shockingly small salaries.

At that moment, came a dreadful crash, which proved to be the Christmas landlady, who was announcing, with some concern, the lateness of the hour. Tom, Dick, and Harry arose and went forth to the duties of the day; they felt not over-well. Hal looked dark-browed and suspicious—for him; Tom and Dick seemed to have something upon their minds. A crisis was approaching, and each was anxious to confide in the other, but didn’t know exactly where to begin.

Well, Tom told Dick he was quite miserable, and had an important something on his mind; Dick advised Tom to seek Harry and relieve himself, because Hal was best able to advise in serious matters. Tom, having poured into Hal's ear the story of his love for Rosebud, withdrew to the sideboard for consolation; then followed Dick, who repeated the tale, but altered to suit his case. Thereafter, Dick joined Tom in his convivial misery, and Hal was left to himself.

Hal's case was dreadful; he not only had his own passion to conquer, but he must needs have heaped upon him the combined emotions of his two friends—dearer to him than brothers. The dream haunted him; he needed no Joseph to interpret its awful significance. Were his own happiness alone in question, he felt that he would willingly sacrifice it for the sake of either of the dear fellows who had appealed to him for advice; he would yield to them, and go his way with a dead heart and a free conscience. But Rosebud should not be sacrificed, either to the selfishness of the one, or the improvidence of the other; he would save her this martyrdom, if he had to marry her himself! After all, why not save her, in spite of everything, including his sense of honor? or, better still, why not argue the case before her, and leave the verdict to the victim?

This plan was no sooner suggested than accepted. Tom, Dick, and Harry arranged themselves on three chairs, facing the sofa in Hal's room. Enter Rosebud, the incarnation of a living blush; enter the Christmas landlady, looking good enough to eat.

Dick opened the argument. He loved Rosebud because she had done so much for him; felt that he was but half a man without her; for his sake, thought she should be his. Rosebud glanced tenderly and pityingly on poor Dick, as he sat down with a look of confidence,

that, properly speaking, should have been misplaced.

Tom worshiped her for herself alone. He would make a queen of his Rosebud—suggested a carriage; servants; livery, in course of time; artistic receptions, also; likewise, watering-places, Europe, etc.! Tom subsided, and Rosebud's eyes were half-filled with tears.

Then Harry stepped forward, and began his thesis. His face was a marvelous study; for once in his life he was inclined to be savage toward his bosom friends. Tom and Dick changed color; they had expected nothing of this sort from the lips of him whom they had grown to look upon as the most lovable of created Harries.

To save himself from reproaches, he related his dream: “‘We are such stuff as dreams are made of,’” said Hal; and the young fellows felt hurt and hopeless. Rosebud blossomed, and almost withered, yet blossomed again—so variable were her emotions as she listened to the eloquent Hal, who was surprising himself every moment, and growing as bold as a criminal lawyer. It was evident that he was almost irresistible, and therefore he spoke much longer than he had intended—as irresistible folk are fond of doing.

All this while the Christmas landlady was gleaming and glowing as though her bursting cheeks had just been inundated with the richest of sauces; while those plum-like eyes of hers seemed likely to pop out of her pudding face, at the very first opportunity.

Then the meeting adjourned, and the matter was dropped for a day. After that, Tom entered into a conspiracy with the landlady, and at a moment when least expected, he proposed to Rosebud. When he returned to his chamber, with a cheerful and benevolent face, Dick and Harry felt a little bit like companions in misery; but Tom whispered a word in Dick's ear that sent him flying to Rose-

bud, who was tatting like a good little woman by the window in the landlady's parlor. Tom looked ominous, and Hal looked puzzled, until Dick returned with a face almost as complacent and satisfied as Tom's own. Dick winked at Tom, and thereupon both boys seized a hand of Hal, and wished him joy of Rosebud. They assured him, that to no husband but himself would they intrust so precious a bride; and with that they sought the sideboard, in the best of humors—feeling an almost irresistible desire to hug everybody in creation.

So Hal married Rosebud, to the joy of the whole household; and nothing happened after that but congratulations and good-luck.

Dick never married. He thought it safer to live by himself; and so he lived, until Tom, one fine day, discovered a treasure, and secured it. Tom wrote Hal a long letter all about it, and declared, in several places, that he was very happy—in fact, much happier than

he deserved; and that as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Hal would call on Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Mr. Tom would take very great pleasure in introducing to them a perfect little fairy, with a face like a cameo—and who, to tell the whole truth, could be none other than Mrs. Tom herself!

Then Dick, like a good fellow, went to end his days with Tom and his wife; and he proved to be matter-of-fact enough to strike a balance in the domestic circle, so that they lived happily for many years.

Rosebud's mamma grew more and more puddingish, until, like a good mother-in-law, she died of richness. So, on the whole, the amount of joy that came of that Christmas pudding was only equaled by the amount of misery everybody escaped in doing just as he did; and I believe the whole of it may be credited to the eating of that particular pudding, and the eating of it cold, after the pantomime—all of a Christmas night!

ETC.

"Christmas Comes but Once a Year."

To the Californian who still remembers with some degree of fondness the Christmas in his Eastern home, this sacred season returns like an old friend in a new dress. Perhaps he wakens from a dream of Christmases past: it is scarcely daybreak; he sees the frost-ferns on the window-frame, and beyond them the sharp stars are sparkling in the clear, cold sky; during the night some boisterous wind has heaped a snow-hill against the casement, and laid white, feathery rolls of snow in the shelves of the shutters.

By and by the sun slides his level rays across the glittering landscape; the trees look like silver candelabra, ribbed with crystal, and hung full of prismatic stalactites; the snow-apples fairly ripen in the rosy light,

and the evergreens shake off their cumbrous mantles of ermine, and reach out their resinous boughs to the brave little snow-birds. From every chimney ascends the incense of the morning meal, the frost-ferns wither on the window-panes, and day begins. Somehow, those Eastern Christmases are forever associated with a sentiment of fraternal love. It was always at such a season that everybody loved everybody in a very open and cordial manner; the exchange of gifts, the universal charity, the earnest jollity of the occasion, will live forever in the heart of him who has once realized them.

We have our California Christmas, though it be of a different temperature. To be sure, the old folks and the young folks—the linked generations that have such good cause to re-

member one another on the blessed eve of Christmas—are somewhat scattered! Perhaps they are a little changed in nature, though not in heart; if they partake more or less of the unceasing gaiety of the Occidental year, that leaves less margin for any special joy on any particular occasion, it is because we live under an uncommon climatic pressure, and our social demands are proportionately increased. We have a sort of sham winter, dwelling, as we do, under the icy eaves of the sierra glaciers. Nowadays, a light frost occasionally whitens the roofs for an hour after sunrise; a dense fog hangs over us—the ghost of a remembered snow-storm; a north wind chills us, and closed windows, clouded with steam, proclaim the mild bitterness of the weather.

In the midst of our winter season come golden days—it is the new birth of Nature, heralded by the radiant and prophetic stars, and the wise men of the east are beginning to discover some virtue in the symbol.

On every hill-slope the tender grass is pricking up under a naked sky full of clear sunshine; the dusty channels of the summer brooks are glossed with sudden and impetuous floods; the meadow-larks sing their carols, and the roots begin to stir in the moist soil. After all, there is something in the event that makes it very dear to us, spite of the wraith of the departed holidays that rises before us whenever we think of the past. Have we not our own red berries, our native holly, differing of course from the holly of Old England—for we scorn to follow in the footsteps of anybody or anything! Have we not our shining laurel leaves, together with abundant misletoe? Yea, all that Nature can do to sanctify the season she has done, and it is not her fault if Christmas is not hallowed by Californian mankind in general.

We begin a new year amid the clashing of joy-bells; the pungent odor of evergreens is in the air; something tells that the climax of the year is reached; from this date we gradually sink into a vale of flowers, and cross the smoking plains of summer, and then climb again the brazen hills of autumn to reach the very summit of events, where all things have their beginning, and where all things end.

Write Home! Write Home!

Write home; write home. The Christmas time for tender memories, and meltings of the soul. The New Year's prime for freshened purposes. Seasons blending well, and blending now for us. Write home!

In many a household, two articles are apt to be laid on the shelf—the family bible and the inkstand. If the former be sprinkled with corner dust, the latter curdles its sediment in its fluid moldiness; holding the stub of a pen in soak to uselessness, so that should one use it, it would make a thick, black, muddy down-stroke—and nothing else. Others of us there are who keep the inkstand open all the time; and it is dip, dip, scratch and scramble—producing much waste paper in the world—good writing, which, in after years, shall make poor kindling. So much that we write is altogether so mechanical, superficial, formal.

But write home. Write the expected letters. Better a little oftener, and a little earlier, than in mere surrender to the demands of expectation. Nevertheless, sometimes the expected letter acquires new charms in its few hours of tardiness, like a small sum of interest paid with the principal. Let it not run too long, however. Let it never be too late. There are letters arriving for the hands that are folded on the breast—the letters lie upon the mantel, while the coffin lies upon the trestles; and it is an awkward thing for colder hands to open them. Write home!

“Has nothing come in the mail for us, Bridget!” “No, nothing to-night, mum.” “Sarah Jane, did no letter come?” (hoping that Sarah Jane may have gone to the post-office and secured the same, without Bridget's knowledge.) “No, mother; nothing for us to-night.” “Poor John! I suppose he can hardly get time. I hope nothing has happened to John.” The dear old mother, disciplined through life, makes no complaint. The rheumatic hands only stir the fire a little more impatiently. The rheumatic limbs only cower a little closer over it. A shadow on the gray hair, and a slight absence of mind in household care. “I know John is dreadful busy; God preserve him.” But stop—“I forgot to tell yees, mum, there kem a letter for yees. Mesther Jones, the neebor, fetched it till yees, as he cum airly. I was

afear'd the childer would be afther playin' wid it, and I put it behint the picter in the parlor; and what wid the scampagin' round and round, it went clane out of my mind. Shall I be afther gettin' it for yees?" "Oh! Bridget!" is all the answer. The tone says all. Write the expected letters.

Write the unexpected letters. It is nice to be reminded of people, and to know that people remember you, upon whose memory you have no claim.

There is the group in the rustic New England store, standing round the stove. It is a dreary day; and some hearts are very dreary. They have outgrown their own pith, and outlasted their own hopes. Others are heedless and hard, because parched. The consequential postmaster—sometimes talkative, sometimes surly, always dignified—puts on his steel spectacles, with a relish. He fumbles among the documents. He scans the bundles of exchanges—lots of *weakly* newspapers. "Jenks," he says, "it seems to me that there's a letter come for you. Your name is Jenkins Jenks, aint it?" looking at the seedy individual searchingly—not through the spectacles, but over them, that he may not claim any Jenks but the right Jenks. "Yes," he says dubiously, "I believe that is my name; but there must be some mistake. There aint no letter comin' to me. Aint nobody writes to *me*. What would anybody write to *me* for?"—he adds, half scared, half sad—"I don't owe nobody anything!" "Wal, I don't see any letter," says the sapient postmaster. "If there was one, it had ought to be on that shelf, where it belongs. Seemed to me I *did* see one. Sure enough, here it is, on the floor. For *you*, Jenks." "For *me*?" asks Jenks, sceptically. And now the tables are turned. Great severity in the postmaster's tone and glance. "Your *name* is Jenkins Jenks, *aint* it?" sharply. "Well, then, you jest take that letter, if you are agoin' to." Jenks takes it, twirls it between thumb and finger, looks at it on each corner, slowly opens it, and his wrinkled features rustle out of their rigidity. "Why, it's from George Robbins! way down to Californy." "Why! what on airth! he has been writing to *me*. Why," to the interested group of listeners, "*you* remember Robbins? Him and me was boys together.

He's a rich man *now*—they all *git* rich down to Californy. Who'd have thought of his remembering *me*?" And here he is writing all about the old elm tree; and the pond where we caught the snapping turtles; and that time we shared our dinner-basket in the lane. 'Precious hungry'—so we was! 'Tasted good'—guess it did! Why, Robbins is jest the same; not a mite spiled. Strange, that he should think of writing to *me*." And Jenkins Jenks smiles, but there are tears in his eyes. Jenkins Jenks walks out of that store, happier, healthier, larger-hearted, and longer-lived, for that letter. *Write the unlooked-for letters.* Write home; write home.

Write letters of the *Past*—no labored intelligence. They get that in the newspapers. Your death they will get there; as also your marriage, and the like. Write words of remembrance, that shall call up the early days. Put in the photographs; they are the real "tracts to distribute." They show what time has done, to waste and wear. They show what survives the waste and wear of time. The best sermons these that you can preach. Make presents; send souvenirs—if only a pebble from your garden-walk; only a leaf from your tree. It costs little; it counts much. Write home; write home.

Write from home, ye beloved! You need not tell us news of the election, nor remind us: "Suppose you have heard all about the great fire." Of course we have. Write to us of the dumb creatures we used to know, if any of them survive. Give us some intelligence of the favorite tree. Tell us that you went where we used to gather nuts. Send us a picture of the old barn-eaves, just as drooping as they are. Take us back to the playground. Show us the light and shadow on our mother's grave. Write us home-like things, from home.

But write home. Write home. There is a home at hand. There is a homestead where they re-assemble. It is their Christmas time and their Thanksgiving Day in one. It is their New Year, that shall never be old!

There is a postal department under the Creator's hand. His government takes the heart's letters, to convey them, overland-mail—ah, how safely crossing the mountains steeped in fog, along the highway that climbs the stars. Write home! Write home!

America's Dead of '72.

The past year was fatal to many Americans, eminent in art, letters, science, politics and war, whose names will long be memorable in history. None of these were young; and some, the most famous and useful, had reached a ripe old age. Among the latter, Prof. Morse, the electrician, was nearly fourscore. The telegraph sounds his praise all around the world, and gives him a claim to the perpetual recollection and gratitude of mankind. It has fallen to the lot of few men to do such signal service to the race, and to fewer still to be so well rewarded and esteemed. Morse was also honorably connected with the rise of American art, attained no mean distinction in it; was one of the founders and the first President of the National Academy of Design, a contemporary and friend of West, of Allston, Stuart, Vanderlyn, Inman, Coleman, and other pioneers in that line. Another link with our early art, who has dropped away the past year, was the venerable Sully—painter of gracious portraits, to whom royalty sat abroad, and who limned some of the first Presidents and other famous survivors of the struggle for independence. An artist of a later epoch passed away in the person of T. Buchanan Read, who immortalized Sheridan's Ride with both pen and brush, and wrote one of the most perfect poems in the language—"The Closing Scene."

Following these bright sons of fame went the illustrious statesman Seward, whose eloquence, tempered with logic, and brightened with the cheerful hope of a far-seeing spirit, led the Republic out of the cruelty and degradation of a double bondage; whose diplomacy, as resolute as it was adroit, averted foreign war when it would have made civil strife fatal; whose sense of public duty kept him silently faithful during a bitter season of mistrust and abuse; and who rounded a busy career, when other men would have sought repose, by an eventful trip around the globe, leaving for posthumous publication records of his public life and of his last journey, written or dictated during the few months of palsy that could not dim his active brain until it sunk in death. Of Henry Wager Halleck it must also be said, as the Romans said of their departed, "he has lived." His was

an intellect that studied war as a science; that was adapted equally to directing military operations, to elucidating international law, to organizing civil government on remote frontiers, to developing the resources of new States, to cultivating the amenities of literature, even while he practiced as a counselor-at-law and busied himself in the accumulation of wealth. He was a patient, self-contained man, who did the best he could and made no fuss about it; who could bear abuse without complaint, and who never made a boast of either his talent or his service. A fine soldierly figure of the best type was Gen. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg; whose victory on that field, coincidently with Grant's at Vicksburg, turned the tide in favor of the Union, and who followed it up with excellent service at the head of the Army of the Potomac to the end of the civil war. Dr. Jonathan Letterman, who died in San Francisco, was the first Surgeon-General of that famous army, and organized the ambulance corps of the Union service, writing a book on the subject which will be an authority.

James Gordon Bennett belonged to another sphere of activity. He was one of the two men who did most to make the American daily newspaper what we see it—"a history of the world for one day." The *Herald*, in his time, only lacked convictions and consistency to render it fully worthy of its immense success. Horace Greeley gave these to the *Tribune*, and so made it a greater journal than the *Herald*, and the most powerful political motor in the Republic. Now that Greeley is gone, under circumstances so pathetic, even those who so cruelly lampooned and vilified him admit his moral purity, his high purpose, his benevolence, his wonderful vigor and fertility of brain, his splendid service to journalism, to the state, to mankind. He has not left his equal in a profession which he made more potent than presidents, senates and conventions.

Among the lesser lights that went out during last year were Mrs. Parton ("Fanny Fern"), whose quaint and caustic pen made her one of the most popular writers of the day; Edward Stanly, once an influential Congressman from North Carolina, the friend of Clay and Greeley in the early Whig days,

and later Military Governor of his native State, a pure and honorable man; and good Archbishop Spalding, who, had he lived a few weeks longer, would have been the first American Cardinal.

James W. Grimes, for four years governor of Wisconsin and twelve years a senator of the United States, was also one of the best of our public men in his character and motives. Erastus Corning, of New York, Congressman, railroad manager, and organizer of new enterprises, was one of the most energetic and successful of the business class he represented; as James Fisk, Jr., whose fast and dissolute life went out in blood, was one of the most unscrupulous of that growing class who make business a gambling speculation, and riot in personal indulgence and vulgar display. Edwin Forrest was before the public as an actor for fifty years, and his name is identified with the first successful efforts of the dramatic muse in this country, through the plays written for him by Stone, Conrad, Bird, and Payne, some of which will long keep the stage.

California has to lament the loss of men like Albert S. Evans, journalist, traveler, and magazinist, who met at sea the fate of which he seemed to have a presentiment; and poor Arriola, the undisciplined painter, whose genius would have shone under better auspices, who met a similar fate. With R. B. Swain and Edward Tompkins went two men whose generous public spirit, charitable impulses, and constant devotion to whatever would make the metropolis a worthier abode, will long be missed. Finally, we may mention J. Neely Johnson, the fourth governor of California; James Coffroth, politician, lawyer, and orator; B. F. Washington, politician and editor (grand-nephew of George Washington); Judge Royal T. Sprague, of the Supreme Court; F. L. A. Pioche, the enterprising and generous Frenchman; his partner, Bayerque, who so liberally remembered our orphan-asylums in his will; and Capt. J. B. R. Cooper, brother-in-law of Gen. Vallejo, and a resident of the State since 1823: all men of note in the pioneer annals of California, who did their share in founding the State and city. Truly, our list of memorable Americans gone during the last twelve months is a long one.

Juan the Vaquero.

Now loose the bridle, give the rein,
For Juan is on the plain again.
Salinas lies a gleam of light
Past yon faint mirage to the right;
While, far behind, the mountains rise—
Ahead the dim horizon lies:
And if or sea, or plain, be there
Where sky stoops down, and seems to share
The dim, far outline at the verge—
Eye can not see, so close they merge.

Refreshed at some far mountain-spring,
The mighty herd come bellowing,
And, seeking pasturage again,
Their thundering tread rings o'er the plain.
Yon tawny bull, who leads the van,
With lowered front, bodes ill to Juan,
Who, riding fast beside the herd,
With grace and ease of flying-bird
Reins up across the leader's path,
And takes his glance of growing wrath.

Now, Holy Virgin, save to-day
His soul who dares death in this way!
An instant, and the swift lasso
Juan's nimble fingers quickly throw;
He checks with skill the furious rush
That threatened horse and man to crush.
The herd recoil and swerve aside,
Choosing another as their guide;
While, flying down the dusty road,
Sped on by fear as by a goad,
A woman comes, whose eager glance
Tells all she dreads; but, happy chance,
There stands her urchin by the side
Of Juan's old mustang, while the pride
Of last year's bull-fight tangled lies,
Just where he fell, and can not rise.

From far in rear, then, Juan had seen
The child at play, the herd between;
Had measured well the time and space,
And rode for that boy's life a race
Whose speed, and grace, and manliness,
Unequaled, well deserved success.

Our Sea-board Speech.

Why, in the wide, wide world, must we Californians, in speaking of our State or city, always say, "*this coast?*" Our "speech bewrayeth" us. Trying to utter "*shibboleth*," we still lisp "*sibboleth*." Has California only one side? Is it an island? Or are we simple coasters, or fishermen? Perhaps, indeed, we may be said to have latterly become diamond-divers. Beyond a doubt, our diamonds have been taken from beds well salted previously; and those who went out after them took a decided plunge—many of them going under. The tidings of discovery were tidings proper to be told to "the marines."

A Benedict Arnold once sought to sell his country. Whether our Arnold be a Benedict is not announced; but, in any case, the country seems to have been sold. According to Shakspeare, *Duke Clarence* had a fearful dream, in which he saw

"Invaluable stones, inestimable jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea."

But Clarence *King* had fearful waking—for he saw them all scattered on the *surface of the land*. We have been under a pretty sharp diamond drill; its touch was hard and cutting. We may be said to have been bored by diamonds. In fact, also, we have been stoned with precious stones. They hurt us as much as if they had been common pebbles. It turned out well, perhaps, that the monster ruby proved a soft thing—we ourselves were soft.

But wherefore are we loitering all the day long upon the shore? "This coast!—this coast!" "The interests of the coast!" "The claims of the coast!" "The prospects of the coast!" "The literature of the coast!" "The religion of the coast!" (which is, of course, misty and moody). "The politics of the coast!" (which are, of course, turbulent, and given to tidal waves). Does an orator wax eloquent?—he is "the ablest speaker on the coast." Does a preacher become impressive?—he is "the most popular pastor of the coast;" probably, therefore, a successful fisher of men. Does an author enchant us?—he becomes "quite a lion on this coast" (query, a sea-lion?) Is a merchant prominent and prosperous?—he has a "mammoth establishment upon the coast;" perhaps it is a coastwise steamer; or, possibly, a leviathan. We are told about "the women of this coast." Is that altogether respectful? Is it home-like? Are they fish-women?—Do they utter billingsgate? No; these are rare "beauties of the coast." One can ride out to "the Cliff," on any fine day, and meet the "beauties of the coast!"—are they then rainbows? or are they capricious waves? or are they rocks? Surely they are not mermaids, whatever hero-heroines inhabit the *Isles of the Amazons*, according to the "Poet of the Sierras." And even the Poet of the Sierras, it appears, must quit their peaks, and go sauntering along the sands, to garland his brow with sea-weeds, hold sea-shells to his ear, and muse among the Muses of "this coast." It

seems to us, that the Sierras have cause to "take on airs" about that thing, and frown, with icy brows and stony gaze, upon such recreant recreations.

But now, seriously, why do we always harp upon "this coast?" Is it that, in this climate of perpetual summer, we propose to treat existence as a season at a watering place—a good haunt for harpers? We may be said to "hug the shore." Is it that there is no inland to love? We reply that there is a philosophy of all proverbial speech. In this case it lies in the fact that we watch the horizon of the Uncertain for the ships of the Unseen. We are afraid to commit ourselves to the Interior. Many of us came here upon a speculation. We like to be upon the dock, to see the vessels go, and watch for coming vessels. We have a passion for waving handkerchiefs and peering into changeful clouds. The heart of the State is not yet occupied, because the heart of the people is not yet settled.

No large State can dispense with large, substantial inland cities. Such vital glands must send their vital ducts from inmost recesses to outmost cuticle. The nerves must have strong, hearty ganglions—making the body nervous with strength, or the body will be left nervous, (as that word is popularly employed), *i. e.*, unnerved and weak. Vigor of circulation will feel the tingle and show the tinge of robustness.

A great Rome must be built in a great forest, by a Romulus, suckled of a wolf. Seaboard cities are best built by the steady confluence of farm wagons toward "the coast," followed by trains of manufactures, and these by crates of the finer and the rarer things, in their regular procession; wains and freight vans of surplus production, in long line, that must make for the sea-side. The coast must be the place of export first, of import afterwards. Let it be so.

Change the key-note a little. Like the Greeks at Troy, burn your ships, and march from "this coast." How pastoral, how positive, how domestic it will sound, to say of- tener, "this valley," "these hill-sides," "our pleasant plains?" Make the oversea overland, then will the overland spread to an oversea.

Happy New Year to the State!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. THE VEDA; THE AVESTA; THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. By William Dwight Whitney. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The various papers comprised in this volume were originally published in different reviews—principally the *North American*—or were contributed to the American Philological Association, by Mr. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. In this valuable work, the author reveals not only his intimate familiarity, but his fervent fellowship, with Oriental study. The first chapters are devoted to the Vedas—in contradistinction to the Veda—and to the Vedic doctrine of a Future Life. After a summary view of the single Vedas, he considers the general questions relative to their composition and history; questions too obscure, for the most part, to admit of satisfactory solution. From this he passes on to a comprehensive statement of the main results which the Vedas have contributed to the history of ancient and modern India, in the geographical and social relations exhibited by these books. He describes, in detail, the main features of the Vedic religion, graphically picturing the more prominent and important deities, divinities, and personifications. The Vedic doctrine of a Future Life—transmigration—is clearly and summarily set forth. It is, in substance, the present popular doctrine of Evolution, inasmuch as it teaches that the present life is but one of an infinite series of existences through which each individual soul is destined to pass; that death is but the termination of one, and the entrance upon another; that all life is one essence; that there is no fundamental difference between the vital principle of a human being and that of any other living creature; and that the soul, in its progress toward the final consummation of its existence, is liable to experience all forms of life.

Several chapters are devoted to a review and criticism of Muller's *History of Ancient*

Sanskrit Literature, his *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, and his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, in which that accomplished scholar is rather severely handled. While the author indulges in no running-fire of abuse against this noted philologist, there is an occasional spasmodic *pronunciamento*, or splenetic *jeu d'esprit* like the following, where, in a summary disposal of Muller's Rig-Veda translation, he says: "On the whole, we hardly know a volume of which the make-up is more unfortunate and ill-judged, more calculated to baffle the reasonable hopes of him who resorts to it, than the first volume of Muller's so-called 'translation' of the Rig-Veda. If the obligation of its title be at all insisted on, at least three-quarters of its contents are to be condemned as 'padding.'" Mr. Muller having survived the "nitro-glycerine mine" which Kavanagh essayed to spring at the very foundation of his theorizing, in his *Origin of Language and Myths*, it will not be surprising to know that he still lives after this fresh bombardment. Professor Whitney speaks with much warmth of the amount of harm done by Muller in inculcating false views and obstructing better light; while, at the same time, he admits the admirable service rendered by him to the cause of linguistics, by the spread of information, and the awakening of a spirit of appreciation and love in a very large class of readers. The former influence, however, he believes tends more and more to preponderate over the latter.

An authoritative record of the religion of the Persians may be gathered from a singularly interesting article on "The Avesta." The subject is handled with great thoroughness, as well as conciseness; and the review is a valuable repertory of carefully-collated facts in regard to the history and present condition of Zoroastrian scriptures, together with a critical tracing of the course of European studies upon them. The first task of Zoroastrian study—namely, the selection of proper traditional material—the author deems to

have been pretty satisfactorily accomplished; but the second and far more difficult task, of discovering and correcting the errors of the tradition, and of establishing the true form and relation of the sacred texts, and ascertaining their full meaning, he thinks is but just begun.

The well-digested papers on "Linguistic Studies" which follow, show vastness of research, laborious study, classical and æsthetic culture, robust thought, and a very wide range of linguistic learning. The closing chapter on "Language and Education," is an eloquent plea for the full development of every faculty; a protest against too strait-laced a scheme of study, and an argument against uniformity. The work is both valuable and interesting.

CONCORD DAYS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

We know of no recent book so full of sunshine and serene weather as this before us, *Concord Days*, wherein a venerable and sweet-souled philosopher discourses on life, literature, and fifty charming topics, with a voice full of wisdom and prophecy. The best pages of his life are here gathered together in the shape of essay, criticism, and biography. Mr. Alcott seems to take delight in endowing the memory of his friends with all that is sweet and appreciative and charitable. There is a kind of antique grace, and an unaffected gentleness, in his diction, that is perfectly delightful. We hardly know which to admire the more, the temperate judgment of the man, or the amiable frankness of his language; and the spirit of his work is as rare in these times as a saint or a miracle.

We quote a single paragraph from the volume, because of its peculiar interest to reader and writer: "My code of composition stands thus, and it is my advice to whom it may concern: Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it of an afternoon; digest it after

a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelve-month; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, if he be an author especially. You may read selections to sensible women,—if young, the better; and if it stand these trials, you may offer it to a publisher, and think yourself fortunate if he refuse to print it. Then you may be sure you have written a book worthy of type, and wait with assurance for a publisher and reader thirty years hence—that is, when you are engaged in authorship that needs neither type nor publisher."

SAILING ON THE NILE. From the French of Laurent Laporte. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Frenchmen are good travelers. They improve their opportunities, and enjoy the moment; their past is soon forgotten, and the future possesses no terrors for them. They have not the narrowness of the English, the coldness of the German, nor the boastfulness of the American, tourist. They delight in everything, like children; they break their hearts over a picturesque ruin or a pretty face, and mend them again at the very next object of interest, with an ease and grace truly refreshing.

Laurent Laporte sails on the Nile like a young graduate whose generous mind has absorbed the *Arabian Nights* in the same mood with which he attacked the classics. He scents clove and cassia in every gale; he hears the rustle of the sails as he lies on the deck of his *dahabieh*—which, by the way, is a faithful copy of that of the Viceroy of Egypt (what more can a Frenchman ask?)—and they sound silken in his ears. He dotes on donkeys; he weeps over the piteous slave, who sings at his oar; he composes himself under the Libyan stars, and dreams his Oriental dream; is washed shoreward by a melodious wave, and abandons himself to the voluptuous Arabian *kief*. The date-palms seem to spring up before his joyous progress; for him the pigeons coo and the ibis flaps its white wings in welcome.

Even the Pyramids smile upon him, as witness his first sight of them: "Day was now beginning to dawn: its brightening radiance gradually replaced the moonli

At this hour the light is vague, the darkness transparent. Our donkeys chose their own way, over fields intersected with canals, over verdant meadows bespangled with a slight dew. Rosy turtle-doves, snipes, and clouds of pigeons, startled by our approach, were constantly soaring into the air. Some white ibises were walking solemnly among the young shoots of a grove of cotton-plants, from whose half-open pods flew flakes of snow. Suddenly we all cried out with one voice, 'The Pyramids!' The first ray of the rising sun had just struck their summits, and, in the midst of the misty aureole of the morning, they arose before us white and shadowy as a vision."

Perhaps there is more drought and dreariness in Egypt than M. Laporte saw; perhaps the indifferent eye of the average traveler would find little beyond a yellow, sluggish stream, fringed scantily with palms; but memory glosses over the accidents of travel, and Laporte's book is a memory of a very dreamy and seductive cruise. Voyagers would do well to go out into the world with an imagination as quick and a heart as susceptible as this Frenchman's; at least, he thinks so, and concludes his very agreeable volume with this bit of advice: "Do as I have done: stroll along the sandy beach, dream and meditate in the waving and majestic palm-groves, take no note of the flight of time, or of how speedily or slowly you are advancing, but find your delight in the passing moment. Watch the wind swelling your sails, hearken to the singing of your crew, to the measured throbbing of their oars; and, when night comes, cast your anchor against a green bank or off a lonely shore, and sleep in the open air under the stars of heaven, as did the shepherd kings. There is only one way to see Egypt, and that is sailing on the Nile."

THE POLYTECHNIC. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

This collection of music is designed for the use of schools, classes and clubs. It is a choice compilation of deservedly popular melodies--hitherto widely scattered--the best of college songs, and a rare and valuable

assortment of sacred music, well suited to the ordinary and extraordinary exercises of public, academic and normal schools.

The secular department embraces classical gems from Donizetti, Rossini, Von Weber, Offenbach, Verdi, Bellini, Flotow, Millard, De Beriot, and other celebrated musical authors; all of which have been reharmonized for mixed voices, and new words have been frequently substituted for the objectionable English paraphrases of the operas. For festival and commencement occasions, a few more pretentious and elaborate compositions have been introduced. The list of college songs comprises the best and most popular from this unique and indispensable department of the musical literature of the country.

While the selections for each of the divisions are of the highest order, another point of primal importance has not been overlooked, viz., to give special preference to melodies of a tuneful and ear-captivating character, which enlarges the sphere of its utility as a school work, and enhances its value for different avenues of circulation; making it a pleasant parlor companion, a delightful accession to the library of social song, a valuable acquisition to the school-room, and a substantial and satisfactory resource for the more classical and æsthetic demands of the virtuoso or *dilettante*.

THE MARBLE PROPHECY, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

We hesitate to denounce the well-known author of *Kathrina* and *Bitter Sweet* as a poetical fraud. When we say he is not a true poet, the odds are against us, for probably no poet, save Whittier, is so popular with the reading public, and possibly Dr. Holland outsells the author of *Snow Bound* and "Barbara Fritchie." What we will say is this: that Dr. Holland writes good and exceedingly proper verses, that are easily understood by the hundred thousand who buy his books as rapidly as they appear; and we venture to assert that in most cases the apostles of the Doctor will be found to have no stomach for any other poet, save, perhaps, Mr. Tupper. But the poet who can satisfy souls of this calibre is not to be scorned, for he

does a great and, perhaps, permanent good.

The Marble Prophecy is a bit of prosaic verse, conveying an indefinite impression of strength taxed to its utmost. The poet hurls his anathema at the Roman powers that be, and does what he can to set the world to rights; asserting that the grand old Laocoon is after all sublimer and more worthy of worship than the living head of the church who riots in the Vatican, together with all his statues, etc. The essay would have been quite as poetical, and perhaps more forcible, if issued in a prose form, unincumbered with a metre a trifle irregular, and lines that are unadorned with rhymes and naturally bald.

The twenty or more minor poems that eke out the volume, are hardly worthy of being gathered and bound over. A few of them are familiar to most readers, and some of them are noteworthy more for the sentiment than the form of expression. We know there are some souls that have been made patient and hopeful by these familiar lines, among the best in the volume, from the poem entitled "Gradatim:"

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Such a poem saves a book that seems to us to have been made up of fragments twice discarded, and at last printed from dire necessity, since the successful author must produce his annual volume or be deposed from his place in the public heart.

THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

In every department of art, science, or literature, the demand of the present age is for a broad, comprehensive and philosophical spirit. True art is vastly more interested in the actual incorporation and development of the idea into the material at its control than in the mere study of material. Science, that "last born, petted progeny of time," in anticipation of its fast-coming millennial day, roams the wide world, rummaging in search of laws that await discovery—not invention—and with which philosophy is eager to busy itself in its backward leaps from facts to principles.

Literature, also, has come to be a matter of scientific study. M. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, has clearly substantiated this statement. In his application of this scientific method to historical literature, he has been happily successful. It is by the careful study of potent forces lying back in antecedent history, that he determines the character and development of the literature of any people. His best energies are not alone directed to the marshaling of facts, but in turning those facts to the best account, by deducing the necessary and inevitable sequence therefrom. It has come to be understood that a microscopic keenness for discovering, sifting, and tabulating facts, is of secondary importance, if unallied with a capacity for interpreting the meaning and bearing of those facts upon mankind. This constitutes the true philosophy of history, which concerns itself chiefly with the origin, progress and development of the industrial, political, and social organism of a people. Buckle, in his introduction to the *History of Civilization in England*, pledges himself to show that the progress which Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity. Guizot, in his *History of Civilization in Europe*, exhibits his doctrinaire style of philosophising; but to M. Taine belongs the honor of leadership (if honor there be), in the struggle to reduce history to a purely positivistic basis. Hallam and Freeman, while patient of research, accurate of statement, firm in attachment to liberal principles, laborious in investigation, profound in scholarship, and marvelous in artistic skill and realistic power, yet lack the philosophic ability, which, after all, may transcend the province of the true historian. Kingsley, Froude and Macaulay belong to yet another school—less severely historical, but more generally popular. Aubrey, in his *National and Domestic History of England*, and Draper, in his *American Civil War*, tread a pathway between the two last-named classes of historians. To severe historical research they add careful original investigation. With pleasant narration they combine judicious suggestion, contributing also the deductions of a sober judgment, thus making their works at once popular and valuable.

The purpose of the author of the present work seems identical with that of the writers just named. It is historical rather than philosophical—a sketch of the political history of the *Rise of the Republic of the United States*—a careful narration of events, with their causes and relations. His plan is best told by himself: “I shall aim to show how the European emigrant, imbued with the spirit of a new civilization, organized self-governing communities, and to follow the stages of their growth into a Union. I shall then trace the origin and rise of a sentiment of nationality, and the effort by which it became embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which was the first covenant of our country; and of the Federal Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land.”

In consonance with this plan, he proceeds, in his introductory chapter, to show the preparation in the Old World for colonization. He recognizes in George Buchanan, Hubert Lanquet, John Milton, John Locke and Algernon Sidney, the pioneers of the republican school. The origin of the idea of a common union, he traces to the appreciation and pressure of a great and vital want. But when the attitude of the colonies was pronounced from the throne to be rebellion, and the force of the nation summoned to suppress it, the popular party was forced to accept the situation of revolution, and to aim at separation. Then grafted on and blended with the conception of union was the sentiment of nationality. Just at this point was opened a most tempting field for the exercise and application of the philosophical spirit, had the author so elected; and would not the value of the work have been enhanced by a happy *détour* into the history of causation in regard to revolution, showing that what Huxley says of the human mind is equally true of the human race; that, when fed by constant accessions of knowledge, each periodically grows too large for its theoretical coverings, and bursts them asunder, to appear in new habiliments; that revolution, in other words, is the incarnation of new ideas—the development of expanding sentiments?

The author, however, presses bravely forward in the progress of colonization, the combination of local self-government and union in the New England confederacy. He

proceeds to show how a common peril necessitated and occasioned a Congress; details the dangers attending the French and Indian wars, with conciseness and eloquence of description; describes the surrender of Canada to the British arms; takes up English legislation from the Stamp Act down, and portrays the influence upon the colonies in evoking a sentiment of union, and establishing a general Congress. Moving on, he keeps pace with the popular leaders in their recognition of the fact of revolution and aim at independence, and shows how they met the question of sovereignty; how by the Declaration of Independence they decreed their existence as a nation composed of free and independent States; and how the people, by ordaining the Constitution of the United States, instituted Republican Government. This is, briefly, the plan of the work.

Mr. Frothingham is an interesting writer. There is little of sparkle and brilliant coloring; there is little, too, of offensive rhetorical flourish and hasty assertion. The work has much of graphic description, and if it lacks masterly historical grouping, it is neither crude nor superficial. There is a conscientious gathering of rich material, and a scholarly grasp of the same; there are evinced great painstaking and fidelity to facts; and in a quiet, lucid, sober way, we are treated to the full details of the *Rise of the Republic of the United States*.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Some years since, and during the period when the author of the present volume was writing *Elsie Venner*, a stranger from California, bearing a letter of introduction from the poet Whittier, called upon him, in Boston, to acknowledge the pleasure the *Autocrat* had given to a circle of readers in the Golden City, then separated from the “hub” by leagues of ocean, and a month of time.

With a warm welcome, the genial poet said, “It is especially gratifying to me, when the echoes come back from so far away.” Ever since then, he has been sending out healthful alternatives to sick souls—administering sugar-coated pills of reform, or oblit-

erating the lines which have *not* fallen in pleasant places in the lives of others, by dexterous touches of his magic wand, wielded among his satellites of the "Breakfast-Table." And ever since then he must have been hearing gracious echoes from far-off places. He speaks to the human heart, and the human heart responds. His *dramatis personæ* are drawn with such fidelity to life, and come so near being flesh and blood, that their words and actions are vital with individuality, and we feel a personal interest in the sentiments they utter. We draw up to the "Breakfast-Table" with an appetite for the intellectual variety of good things so lavishly dealt out—finding no repetition in the bill of fare, nor re-hashes of meats served before.

The "Landlady," and some of her boarders, we have met, certainly—we recognize them as acquaintances of our own, and wonder we have been so stupid in not sooner penetrating the secrets of their inner lives. One of the peculiarities of the poet is, that he awakens no coarse sentiment of pity or commiseration for the anxieties and troubles which shrink from revealing themselves; but rather a sincere and loving sympathy for the nameless mortifications which follow genteel poverty and unsuspected struggles to keep up appearances.

We recognize "the Lady" as instinctively as we recognize her, meeting her in our daily walks. We respect her reticence, and presume on no familiarity. "That Boy" is brother or cousin to every one of us; and the "Scarabee" stands for the man of one idea in every form of its monopoly. It is easier to duplicate the boarders than the poet who introduces them. None but he could have given us recollections of the old "Gambrel-roofed House," with such tender touches of memory and love; recalling to the absent (ah! how many years absent!) sweet and sad or joyful reminiscences. Californians, especially, can appreciate the remark, "We lose a great deal, in living where there are so few permanent homes"—or *Holmes*, which is it? If we seem personal and familiar with our *Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, and a little out of the line of legitimate criticism, it is because we can not separate ourselves from the personality of the author. We explore

with him the garret of the old house in a riot of unlicensed rummaging—sighing as we recall the solemn condemnation of a Bostonian on our western style of architecture. "No garrets?" said he; "no reminders that you are growing old, except what pertains to gray hairs, and other personal imperfections? I consider legless tables and dilapidated books my daily monitors."

How much erudition—how many scraps of wisdom—what a number of moral axioms, and really delightful descriptions of men and things, the reader skips over to read again and again this heart-awakening and home-loving paragraph: "Let us look at a garret, as I can reproduce it from memory: It has a flooring of laths, with ridges of mortar squeezed up between them, which if you tread on—the Lord have mercy on you!—where will you go to? The same being crossed by narrow bridges of boards, on which you may put your feet—but with fear and trembling. It is a realm of darkness and thick dust, and shroud-like cobwebs—and dead things they wrap in their gray folds. *For a garret is like a sea-shore, where wrecks are thrown up, and slowly go to pieces.* There is the cradle, in which the old man you just remember was rocked. There is the ruin of the bedstead he died on; that ugly, slanting contrivance used to be put under his pillow when his breath came hard. There is his old chair, with both arms gone—symbol of the desolate time when he had nothing earthly left to lean upon. There is the large wooden reel, which the bleary-eyed old deacon sent the minister's lady, who thanked him graciously, and twirled it smilingly, and in fitting season bowed it out to the limbo of troublesome conveniences. And there are old leather portmanteaus, like stranded porpoises, their mouths gaping in gaunt hunger for the food with which they used to be gorged to bulging repletion; and the old brass andirons, waiting until time shall revenge them on their paltry substitutes, and they shall have their own again, and bring with them the fore-stick and back-log of ancient days; and the empty churn, with the idle dashers, which the Nancies and Phebes, who have left their comfortable places to the Bridgets and Norahs, used to handle to good purpose; and the brown, shaky

old spinning-wheel, which was running, it may be, in the days when they were hanging the Salem witches."

Now, we do not intend to convey the idea that the description of this roomy old attic is the best thing in the volume, by any means. There are studies in psychology and ethics which involve a much wider range of suggestions; but the recollection of such an infirmary for the general ruin of household traps, in homes never again to be looked upon, is so fraught with associations, that it is no wonder we glance over it the last thing at night, sleep with it under our pillow, consult it before prayers in the morning, and sigh for *one* relic of the olden times—a garret.

There is a grim contrast in introducing, after these local reminiscences, the boarder who applies himself to the "order of things." From the attic to the stars is not such an improbable leap, after all; and the man who "wants to project a possible universe outside of the order of things," can not be other than rigid in habits of thought and modes of expression. Under this guise, the author gives us some sound thinking. There is a natural harmony in introducing "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with sky-lights," as a sequence to the rambles over the old house; and following it out is only a similar rummage in the chambers of the brain. The poet has such a graceful way of concealing the lancet of satire with which he pricks us, that we gratefully acknowledge the benefit of the delicate thrust. The old master at a modern concert, however, is a broader cut into the very arteries of affectation.

In the treatment of some of the weakest foibles of human nature, there are touches of genuine feeling and sympathy, inlaid with such mirth-provoking wit, that we sometimes forget the poet in our rich enjoyment of the humorist. But "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts" recall us to our fealty. This poem runs through some of the chapters like a golden thread, upon which are strung crystal-clear gems of a mainly sound and healthful theology—flawed a little now and then, 'tis true, but especially commendable to those cruel clerical despots who would fain light offending sinners into heaven by the brimstone torches and sulphurous flames of the nether

regions—continually goading them into a state of nervous apprehension lest they lose their way, and so slip into outer darkness. The poet advances, at the "Breakfast-Table," authoritative and definite opinions on many subjects; but the listening soul may hear, striking above the discords of vexed questions, that sweet, soft whisper of Infinite Love: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Thus overland we again send an echo to the genial author; rejoicing that it now takes but a week to reverberate.

KALOOLAH. By W. S. Mayo, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Kaloolah is already a generation old. At the time of its appearance, in 1849, it ran through four editions in four months, and established the reputation of its author, who afterward followed it with one or two volumes of a similar nature. Its success might have been aided by the desire for graphic and picturesque literature awakened by the advent of Herman Melville's fascinating story of *Typee*; at any rate, authors of pure fiction were at that time fond of imposing their ingenious inventions upon the credulous public in the shape of facts, and their realistic dress generally carried conviction to the reading mind, though the authorities were often wanting. *Kaloolah* is as interesting to-day, and will perhaps find as eager a public, as upon the occasion of its first issue from the press. There is pleasant satire in its pages, sage hints on sanitary reform, much vivid description, and no end of adventure woven in a novel and interesting story-form.

We find this quaint fancy worth quoting for its originality. The "Ristum-Kitherum" was an instrument whose gamut included a series of subtle odors—noiseless, but infinitely varied. There were fifty distinct perfumes, that stood in the same relation to each other that tones and semi-tones do to the different parts of the scale in music. Garlic corresponded to the minor key in music; compositions in the sulphureted-hydrogen key had invariably a spirit-stirring and martial expression. "Romer" listened to, or rather smelt, a performance upon this instrument,

sitting in a long hall, through which a current of air wafted the various perfumes past him. He says, "a series of staccato passages, amid bergamot, lemon, orange, cinnamon, and other familiar perfumes, quite entranced me, while a succession of double shakes on the attar of rose made me fancy, for a moment, that the joyous breath of a bright spring morning was once more dashing the odors of that old sweet-briar bush into the open window of my chamber at O——." All this took place in the mysterious land of the "Framazugs," together with much else as singular and suggestive.

Dr. Mayo has something to say on the moral influence of food, which is worth considering. "It is a great thing, a plenty of good, plain, wholesome food in this world, and not without its influence in the next. If anyone doubts, let him ask the starving millions, who are suffering the pangs of hunger—who are dying of diseases engendered of famine—who are groveling in the mental and moral debasement of deficient nutrition—and what will be the answer? Why, that a starving stomach permits no moral sense, no religious sentiment—that you must fill that organ before you can touch the heart—before you can make the consolations of religion, the

incitements of virtue, the hopes of heaven, anything better than miserable and empty sounds, signifying nothing."

So much for the medical gentleman who found no difficulty in weaving much wholesome logic into his story, which seems to us second only to the unrivaled Polynesian romances of Herman Melville.

LEISURE HOUR SERIES. *Fly-Leaves* by C. S. C. New York: Holt & Williams.

Mr. C. S. Calverley, the reputed author of *Fly-Leaves*, may be judged as a writer from two stand-points: he is either a genuine poet, whose broad humor masters his sentiment when least expected, while he convulses the reader who may be quite in the mood to accept him in good earnest; or he is a wit, with an uncommon appreciation of the beautiful, and who possesses poetic powers of no mean order. In fact, there are stanzas in this volume that would do honor to almost any of the modern poets, and we are sometimes inclined to feel vexed with the author when we find he is only fooling. Altogether, it is one of the most entertaining books we have met with for many a day, and we thank the publishers for introducing it to us in so attractive and convenient a form.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. By C. P. Cranch. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By O. W. Holmes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 GARETH AND LYNETTE. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE. By J. R. Leifchild. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 THE MINISTRY OF SONG. By Frances R. Havergal. New York: D. C. Lent & Co.
 HINTS ON DRESS. By Ethel C. Gale. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Schele DeVere. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY. By Chas. K. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 KEEL AND SADDLE. By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- A SUMMER'S ROMANCE. By Mary Healy. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. By S. T. Coleridge. 2 Vols. New York: Holt & Williams.
 OUTLINES OF HISTORY. By Edward A. Freeman. New York: Holt & Williams.
 INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. By D. D. Home. New York: Holt & Williams.
 SERMONS. By Rev. H. R. Haweis. New York: Holt & Williams.
 ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Coppée. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
 OFF THE SKELLIGS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Bros.

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DIPS, SPURS, AND ANGLES.

HANGTOWN had taken upon itself the more euphonious and less awfully-suggestive name of Placerville when it formed the acquaintance of Doctor Robinson. Viewed in the light of following events, it seems possible that this ominous change of title may have had its influence in determining the settlement of the Doctor in the locality mentioned—in profession a doctor, but in practice a saloon-keeper, a kind of dispensing chemist, much sought after in most of the mountain-towns of the Pacific Coast. He was of medium height and slightly built, black hair, a sallow complexion, an irrepressible bad cough, evident tendencies toward consumption, and a monomania for “specimens.”

In those days the excitement about quartz-ledges ran high, and the vicinity of Placerville boasted numerous “pockets” of rich rock, which, if they did not prove fortunes to their owners, justified the most sanguine expectations, and lent a *couleur de rose* to the future of many

an adventurous spirit. Our hero developed, not a ledge, but one of the worst cases of quartz on the brain in all El Dorado County. Every old miner knew that his face was good for a week at Robinson’s bar, provided he could donate the proprietor a fine specimen from a rich crevice. It is affirmed, even, that a piece of Turkey rhubarb, embellished with a few particles of gulch-gold, once did important service to an impecunious toper, unfortunate in his search for the genuine auriferous rocks. Robinson, having his reputation as a quartz-sharp at stake, always denied this story, but as it was generally followed by a treat at the expense of the slandered party, it was told of him not the less because untrue. And so the liquid quartz ebbed out and the solid quartz flowed in across the bar, until the Doctor found himself stranded, financially wrecked upon a bushel of rocks of varying colors, sizes, and structure, termed by their possessor “the richest and most beautiful specimens ever found on this coast, gentle-

men!" Fortunately it did not require much capital to set him up in the "bull-whacking" business on the road to Washoe.

It was in the year 1865 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Doctor Robinson. In discharge of my duties as an officer of the government, I was making a tour of the north-western Territories. By the aid of a special coach, I had visited the most populous portions of Montana Territory, and was on my way through Idaho, *en route* to the Columbia. At a station near the foot of the Blue Range, I tarried several days, enjoying the luxuries of natural warm baths and picturesque scenery, and recuperating from the fatigues of the journey. Perhaps, too, my meeting with Doctor Robinson at this point had something to do with my sojourn, for he was a most plausible talker and agreeable companion—one of those individuals who become confidants before you have really allowed yourself to think of them as friends, and who have a peculiar faculty of directing their thoughts in the same channels which you have marked out for your own. When I resumed my journey, it was with no crabbed reflections concerning the dead-head system, but with genuine pleasure, that I assented to the Doctor's suggestion that he should accompany me. During the brief journey to Wallula, I became deeply interested, not only in the man, but in his schemes, and particularly in a magnificent quartz-mining enterprise, which abounded—as what mining enterprise does not?—in golden promises.

Did the reader ever notice what a peculiar *penchant* physicians have for enterprises of the character referred to? Quinine and quartz seem to have what the chemists call an affinity for each other, which it is difficult to explain, except we refer to the frequent practice of doctoring mining-returns and dividends. Had I not had pressing engagements

elsewhere, or had I remained in the Doctor's society three days longer, I doubt not I should have joined my fortunes with his, with the ultimate object of embarking on the golden-sanded Pactolus, which, he averred, had its source somewhere in the mountains through which we were traveling. As it was, I gave him letters of introduction to prominent gentlemen in San Francisco, believing, that, if I was not myself so circumstanced as to be enabled to take advantage of his promising offer, I would, at least, have the satisfaction of serving my friends. Prior to the year named, I had always resided in "the States," and, from my position, entertained views similar to those of the General Government concerning the inexhaustible mines of gold supposed to bespangle the central portion of the continent. My letters to San Francisco were not the less glittering because of my misconception. I last saw the Doctor at The Dalles, where, with a final admonition not to forget to call upon my friends, I bade him a reluctant good-by.

Out of sight, he gradually passed out of mind, until, several years later, revisiting the same region, I instituted inquiries concerning him.

"Well, I reckon what he don't know about swindling fellers ain't worth knowing!" was the startling response given by a rough mountaineer to my first question. "You see, that consumptive cuss, instead of going to the grave-yard and planting himself, or leastwise getting into a wooden overcoat and making a dry camp somewhere without grass or water to all eternity, as would have seemed natural, and as I wish he had, just lighted straight out for 'Frisco after he left you, and bilked them Front street sharps out of \$30,000, clean—*sabe?*?"

A ray of light *did* begin to gleam upon me, but it was only after the whole history had been given that I fully comprehended the situation. As my informant

proceeded with his remarks, he completely hedged in each group of facts with thick-set, bristling expletives, such as, by the customary use of initial and terminal letters, could only be reproduced in skeleton here, and I, therefore, simplify the matter by giving a mere outline of his story.

The Doctor had heeded my injunction—as I wish he hadn't—and had not forgotten my friends—as I wish he had. A call upon the parties to whom I had given him letters was his first care on arriving in San Francisco, and he did not neglect to reveal confidentially to them his magnificent mining scheme. "You see, gentlemen," said he, "I am without means sufficient to enable me, unaided, to take advantage of my great good fortune, and I am therefore compelled, as it were, to make others rich, that I may myself reap the reward of my perseverance and energy." His speeches were of as specious a character as if he had just come from the kissing of the blarney-stone, but he did not rely solely upon words. He was prepared with a "bushel of proof," in the shape of his bushel of specimens, the collection of which had been commenced in Placerville, and which had received important additions in Nevada and Idaho. "The ledge, gentlemen, from which these specimens are taken can be traced on the surface of the ground a distance of nine hundred and sixty-three yards, as actually measured by myself, and there is no doubt but that the mine is several miles in extent. The walls inclosing it are of the most regular granite formation—smooth and well-defined—while the crevice has a width of five feet six inches, with indications of growing wider as you go down. The ledge has a dip of 45°, the most favorable for working, you will observe; wood and water abundant, beautiful mill-site, rock easily crushed, no sulphurets, gold easily saved. Now,

then, gentlemen, I am willing to show any organization the locality of this ledge on certain conditions. My terms are \$50,000 cash in hand, an agreement that the development of the mine shall be commenced within one month from the time that it is reached, and a guarantee that my rights shall be respected. You think my proposition preposterous? Very well, then; the ledge will not run away." Then, putting on an air of injured innocence, he would resume: "Gentlemen, I came to you as an honest man, and I claim the right to be treated as such until I prove myself to be otherwise. Gentlemen, I am not far from death's door"—a hacking, consumptive cough would give sanction and emphasis to the assertion—"and I realize the awfully solemn character of my situation. Indeed, were it not that I might secure my discovery to my wife and child, I would not be busying myself about the affairs of a world I have so soon to leave. Besides, does not this bag of specimens, collected by me at the mine, speak for itself, and give conclusive proof that my words are those of truth?"

The glittering bait was judiciously handled, and the fish were caught. Their names—well, no matter. They still live, several of them in San Francisco; but as they have observed a studied reticence regarding the venture heretofore, I shall respect their evident wishes.

Out of consideration for his wife and children the Doctor was eventually induced to accept \$30,000 for a revelation of his discovery; and during the autumn we find Dr. Robinson and twelve zealous disciples on their way up the Columbia, *en route* to the Cœur d'Alene Mountains and a fortune. Toilsomely they worked their way through narrow cañons, across bleak mountain ranges, and over fallen timber, until the most stout-hearted were forced to admit that the route they were following was "near-

ly lightning," and forcibly reminded them of the "days of '49." After three weeks' experience, something of monotony began to attach to fording creeks and marching up hill and then marching down again, and patience and provisions were upon the point of simultaneous exhaustion, when a little incident occurred.

The party had for some time been in one of those countries to which old Bill Burton was desirous of sending his moral tracts, "a wild and desolate region where," apparently, "human foot had never trod." No well-defined fear of Indians had presented itself to any of the party, and yet within the past few days they had heard in their vicinity certain unaccountable sounds which had put them on their guard.

Sitting around their camp-fire at the close of a chill October day—a day which had been more than usually productive of wading and climbing—they were discussing the feasibility of going back for food or forward to fortune, when their deliberations were cut short by the sudden appearance of a large party of men, who demanded an immediate capitulation in the name of the law. Here was a dilemma. After having taken every precaution, at the outset, to conceal the true object of their mission, to find themselves followed by a party numbering two to their one was a discouraging aggravation. Their disgust did not become less intense when the new-comers announced that their business was principally with Doctor Robinson, or rather with a gold mine which they understood he possessed, and upon which it was proposed to levy an attachment to secure an old debt. Here were the San Franciscans, within a few hours' travel of their goal, to find their prize in danger of being snatched away from them. The thought of taking twenty-five non-contributing partners into a business

which had cost them \$30,000 was not entertained for a moment. It was impossible to escape, for the new-comers evidently believed that eternal vigilance was the price of quartz as well as liberty. The only thing that could be of service to them under the circumstances would be Doctor Robinson's firmness; and he assured his followers that nothing could force him to a disclosure of the locality of the ledge. But the interlopers were endowed with equal firmness, and, notifying the twelve that they could visit home or hades at their option, signified their intention of "camping right there until the Doctor was prepared to come down with a little jaw-bone!" They even surpassed their threats, and on the second day after the meeting commenced certain surgical neck-stretching operations, for the purpose, they said, of limbering the jaw-bone aforesaid. By the aid of a lariat and twenty-five stout pairs of arms the Doctor was duly hanged by the neck. After a slight strangulation, which he seemed to bear with remarkable equanimity, he was lowered to the ground and again called upon to divulge. The Franciscans, on the other hand, entreated him to stand firm, as if one could "stand firm" with three feet of daylight under his heels; nevertheless, he signified his intention of doing as requested, a promise which he was prevented from fulfilling by circumstances over which he had no control. Up he went again. The result of this last movement seemed problematical, but he was not kept long in suspense. Being lowered to the ground the Doctor was still silent, his jaw locked, his lips sealed, and the operation a failure. An armistice was arranged, to be of twenty-four hours' duration, within which time Robinson was to accede to the will of the two dozen and one, or make a will of his own for *post-mortem* service.

An old '49er, a member of the "Fris-

co" party, remarked that Robinson hung the most comfortable of any man he ever saw. The suspension, like many of a financial character, may not have been altogether "on the square."

The San Francisco party thought they saw an immediate demand for strategy on their part if they wished to save their guide's life, and, what was to them of more importance, retain to themselves the secret of the mine's location. The "popular landlord of the — Hotel" having had to deal with strategy in giving all his numerous guests the "very best room in the house," was equal to the emergency. The escape of Robinson was planned, and, what is more important, executed.

The guards having the Doctor in custody had good reason to believe that he would not decamp, and their vigilance was, therefore, more assumed than real. It was two o'clock in the morning when a splash in the waters of the Salmon River, which flowed near by, announced to both parties that Doctor Robinson, guide and gold-mine owner, had set out on a return trip to the coast. This turn of affairs brought pleasure rather than astonishment to the San Franciscans; to the other party just the reverse.

It was not many weeks after, that Robinson found himself, and was also found by the San Francisco party, at the city of Portland, Oregon. The meeting was not unexpected, as it had been arranged previous to the escape by our popular landlord. Indeed, it had been planned that an immediate return to the supposed locality of the mine should be attempted; but the Doctor announced that his experiences in an aerial and hydro-pathic line, as well as the hardships attending his journey to Portland, had so shocked his nervous system that he would not be able to put his friends in possession of their gold mine before spring. It was decided, therefore, that the Doctor should make a trip to the

Sandwich Islands for recuperative purposes, his expenses to be paid by the gentlemen from the Bay, in consideration of the fact that his injuries had been received while suffering in their service. In the spring-time he was to put in an appearance at San Francisco and lead his generous friends on to fortune.

My readers will remember that the facts above recorded were given me by the old mountaineer whom I met on my second visit to the mountains. After getting the Doctor safely shipped to the Sandwich Islands, he paused.

"And is that all you ever heard of him?" I asked.

"Waal, no!" was the half-reluctant answer, "I can't adzactly say it was all, although it was the last. You see, mister—and I didn't mean to tell this part of the story; but now that I am at it I may as well make a 'clean-up.' You see, I was jest No. 25 in that lot of d—d fools what trailed Doctor Robinson and his quartz sharps from Walla Walla. The amount of the business is, that the Doctor, when he come to Walla Walla, he give me a sly wink, and says he, 'Hank, I've knowed you a long time, and you helped me out of an ugly scrape there in Placerville once, and I don't mind getting even with you now, and giving you and your friends something that will pan out a home-stake in no time.' And then he told me about his big ledge, and what he had been doing down at Frisco, and how a lot of men, who always stood ready to rob the honest miner, had persuaded him to show them the mine, and how he didn't feel under any obligation to them, and how he would like to play them one of their own games of freeze-out, and do a good turn to an old friend at the same time; and so, to come to the point, he agreed that if I would get together some of the boys, and follow him and capture him, and *make* him tell where the big mine was, it would be all right. And so we

fixed up, and he told me where to overtake him, and I outfitted a party, and—well, we all got ‘cinched.’ You see, the way I put it up is, that Robinson was ‘playing’ both the Frisco folks and my outfit, and that the only big ledge he had was a brass mine, running northeast by hellwards all over his sanctimonious face.”

Expressing regrets that he hadn’t given the “consumptive cuss a good square hanging, just for luck,” he launched forth on a torrent of blasphemous abuse, in the nature of a few closing remarks, founded upon the text preceding, and illustrative of the character of my quondam friend, the Doctor. But, as we trace the dips, spurs and angles of Doctor Robinson’s life still further, we shall be enabled to judge of his true worth by what might be called a working process.

I thought nothing more of Doctor Robinson for a twelvemonth, save to give to my friends an occasional rehearsal of his brilliant exploits.

In the year 1869, I was again in “the mountains,” in an official capacity. I arrived in the town of Helena, Montana Territory, during the month of August, and, more out of respect to my office than myself, I presume, was given a banquet by the Knights Templar of the place. During the evening, I was introduced to a Sir Knight, just arrived from Philadelphia, apparently a gentleman in easy circumstances, traveling for pleasure, and remarkably unobtrusive and retiring in his disposition. Mr. Smith was an intimate friend—a relative, I believe—of Jay Cooke, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed several years before, during those troublesome times when the government received such needed aid from the able financier. I, therefore, took more interest in Mr. Smith than I should otherwise have done, and expressed to him my regrets that I had not been informed of his com-

ing, so that I might have arranged to make the tour of the Territory with himself and the party of gentlemen accompanying him. A cool reply, to the effect that they did not purpose trespassing on the hospitality of any one, could receive but one interpretation, and I made no further effort to break the ice of Mr. Smith’s reserve. After a sojourn of ten days in Helena, during which pack and saddle-horses, provisions, and other articles, indicative of a journey into the mountains, were provided, the unobtrusive gentlemen from Philadelphia took their departure. But in a mountain-town like Helena, where the business of one is the business of all, their movements had not been unnoticed, and it was whispered that Smith & Co. were North Pacific Railroad men. Now, the name of that western town which does not want a railroad is not recorded. Helena longs for one with a fervent longing, but is fearful she may be “passed by on the other side.” To this combination of desires and fears were Messrs. Smith & Co. indebted for those numerous drives, dinners, and wine-suppers, to which they were invited by certain bankers and other prominent gentlemen of Helena, prior to their departure. But, although all the arts and sciences of toadydom were brought into requisition, no one obtained admission inside the Northern Pacific Railroad ring, or added to his stock of information concerning that road. The busybodies of the town were, for once, foiled in their attempt to build up a satisfactory conclusion from the circumstantial evidences in the case. . . .

“Hullo, Hal! Heard the news?”

“No; what is it?”

“Why, that d—d Doctor Robinson has bilked that Philadelphia outfit out of \$36,000 and stampeded, and I’m d—d glad of it.”

It was in this form that Doctor Robinson was first suggested to my mind in

connection with Smith & Co. The stage-coach in which I was traveling came to a sudden stop as it met a corresponding vehicle going in the other direction, and the drivers of the respective conveyances exchanged the above-quoted remarks. I at once became interested to know all the particulars. My wishes did not remain ungratified, for stage-drivers when they meet must have their little stories, even if a subsequent exposure of their animals to a shower of stones is necessary in order to prevent any disarrangement of schedule-time. In the present instance, the well-known antipathy of Jehu for "style" seemed to induce the driver of the "up-coach" to dwell with unusual minuteness upon all the, to him, delightful details. And so, all unmindful of the impatient passengers stampeding to the newly-discovered Cedar Creek mines, and with a total disregard for the feelings of the woman with a cross baby and the elderly Scotch gentleman with a bad temper, the two drivers smiled with each other spiritually, and the downfall of Philadelphia "frills" was duly recounted. The narrator was fully informed regarding Doctor Robinson's early exploits, as described in this article, and I had no difficulty in tracing the career of the illustrious "fraud" from the time that he took up his residence at the Sandwich Islands. Here is the substance of the driver's story:

Returning from the Islands in the early spring, the Doctor had again set foot on American soil, at Portland, Oregon, steamed up the Columbia River, and then proceeded, by the way of Pen d'Oreille Lake, across the Rocky Mountains, and down the Missouri River to "the States." For reasons best known to himself, and not wholly beyond the conjecture of our readers, he did not seek for admission at the Golden Gate of San Francisco. . . .

It is the winter of 1867-8. Secretary Seward, in his office at Washington, is

being interviewed by a debilitated individual with a bad cough. In tones sepulchral, tones creditable to "thy father's ghost," but little fitting the glittering subject of which he spoke, he told of a magnificent gold-mine located in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, of which he was the fortunate discoverer. As a jockey dwells upon the fine points of a favorite horse, so did he expatiate upon those peculiarly desirable features which are supposed to be the best recommendation for every quartz-mine. He concluded sententiously as follows:

"I have discovered this mine; I have but a short time to live; I have no use for such an amount of wealth. I wish, therefore, to present it to the government, and shall feel myself amply remunerated by the consideration that my name will go down to posterity as a benefactor to my country—as one who, individually, supplied the funds for the wiping out of the national debt."

From the substance of these remarks, the reader will rightly infer that their author was Doctor Robinson. The Secretary thought he recognized in the speaker a spirit of magnanimity which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, but, believing that a matter of such great financial importance came more properly under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Treasury, he turned Doctor Robinson over to Secretary McCulloch. The latter, after hearing the wondrous tale of wealth, referred its inventor to Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., the financial agents of the government. Armed with a flattering introduction from "his last place," and clad in an invulnerable armor of brass, Doctor Robinson found but little difficulty in insinuating himself into the good graces of the eminent bankers. Partaking of their hospitalities, and surrounded by the luxuries and elegancies of refined wealth, so strongly contrasting with his experiences as chief

engineer of the Placerville gin-mill, the Doctor soliloquized that he had "struck a soft thing," and would cleave unto it. Having had his lines cast in such pleasant places, he became for the time sublimely indifferent as to whether or not he had a bite at his gold-mine bait. After something over a year's sport—a year of dalliance with the shiners which hovered around his hook—he landed his fish—a rich and luscious Smith. And after Smith came other shiners of equal richness.

Smith was a spiritualist, and to this fact may be attributed the affinity which existed between him and Doctor Robinson, from the time they first met. Smith was, and Robinson had been, a medium by which mankind at large (and, in the Doctor's case, the citizens of Placerville in particular) could experience the delights of spiritual intercourse. It would seem that Robinson's career as saloon-keeper in the early days of California would give him influence only with spirits of the most villainous character: but, whether spirits of good or spirits of evil, unseen spirits of some kind lent him their hearty co-operation. They not only gave to medium Smith a minute description of an immense gold-mine, the country surrounding it, and the approaches to it, conforming in every particular with the statements of the Doctor, but they emphatically indorsed the latter as "all right." That these supernatural manifestations were merely the reflections of Smith's desires and wishes may be readily believed.

Robinson was delighted. Supported by authority scarcely less than that under which Ethan Allen claimed to act at Ticonderoga, he disclaimed all intention of handing down his name to posterity in the manner at first proposed to Seward, and conducted his future negotiations with a view to moneyed considerations of an entirely *ante-mortem* character. His imperious demands for cash

were complied with, and he received, so report said, \$36,000. To persons living in a mining country it seems almost beyond belief that such a sum of money should be paid for an interest in an unseen and undeveloped mine, and if the foresight of the Philadelphians had been as good as their hindsight, the Doctor would not have been enabled to thus place himself "in circumstances," with the aid of all the Smiths, spirits, and specimens that he could muster.

In the spring of 1869, the party of mine-owners set out, under the guidance of Doctor Robinson, to view their newly-acquired possessions. There were nine of them, the greater portion of them firm believers in Smith's infallibility as a spiritual medium, and with sufficient wealth to "back" their belief.

As the party steamed and sparred against the strong currents and over the shallow waters of the Missouri River, the one redeeming trait of Doctor Robinson's character shone forth brilliantly. He showed himself to be one of those generous creatures to be found in all portions of the world, but more particularly in mining communities, who know no bounds to their liberality when handling other people's money, and accordingly the members of the expedition had the pleasure of being dined and wined in the most luxurious manner at the expense of their own funds. They enjoyed these little attentions more than they would otherwise have done, from the consideration that persons so soon to become millionaires need not begrudge a lavish expenditure.

And so, making the best of a tedious trip, the party arrived at Helena. Now, Doctor Robinson was well known in this town, and was, in fact, owing sundry little bills there of long standing. These bills could cause him but slight inconvenience in his present affluent circumstances; but, knowing that his reputation as an eminent "bilk" was co-exten-

sive with the community, he felt disposed to remain, for the time being, an under-current in the tide which was to bear Smith & Co. to fortune. Hear his plausible reasoning, as he talked to Smith:

"I am well known throughout the whole of this mountain country, and am known to be the possessor of this immense mine. It, therefore, becomes necessary that you should preserve the strictest secrecy concerning the object of your visit. Should my presence with the party even be mistrusted, you could not stir without being followed by parties desirous of benefiting by my discovery—a discovery to which you are rightly entitled by purchase."

Following this advice, the deceived unwillingly became, in their turn, the deceivers, and when their reserve was interpreted by the bankers and prominent citizens of Helena as meaning "Northern Pacific Railroad" (as herein before stated), they dared not contradict the assumption, for fear that some knowing individual might discover their immense secret.

"Well, you see, Hal," the driver of the "up-coach" continued, "them Philadelphy chaps never struck that gold-mine. The Doctor led them up and down such trails as I don't believe the 'trail of the serpent,' which the preachers say lays over 'em all, could beat for pure cussedness. And if they didn't have a rough time of it, I'm a sore-backed cayuse on the opposition line. Rough—why, rough was no name for it! But they hadn't slept out in the rain, and torn their clothes, and lived on poor grub more'n a week, before the Doctor made up his mind that he didn't want any more of that in his, and that he had better get things fixed to slide out. So he capped one of the boys into a row with himself, and it was only a scratch that they didn't have a big fight. You see, the fellow drew a revolver on Robinson, and allowed that he'd been playing 'em

for Chinamen from the word go, but the Doctor didn't scare worth a cent. *His* education hadn't been neglected. He was '*up*' in the Bible, and remembered the remark which says, 'Physician, *heal* thyself!' and he *was* 'heeled,' you bet. And so when he was ordered to show down and tell all he knew or else get the top of his head shot off, he jest drew a couple of deringers, which he always kept handy, and said, kinder quiet, that that was a game two could play at. Jest then the wagon-master of the outfit—Smith they called him—Mr. Smith, he rushed in between the two men and the three pistols, and yelled, 'For God's sake, don't—don't kill Robinson. I know he's all right. And, besides, with him dead, where's our mine and where's our money?' You see, Hal, the old man had got double security on his life, and he didn't pass in his checks jest then. Well, of course, after such a row, Robinson had a right to act mad and balky, and next day, when he wouldn't say nothing about the ledge, they thought it was because his feelings had been hurt. So Smith had a medicine-talk with him, and tried to coax him, but the soft-soap dodge wouldn't work, and the next morning he turned up missing. That was about a week ago, and ever since then they've been hunting for him, but they are liable to strike that ledge before they drop on him. Well, Hal, here's to the great American dead-beat. Be good to yourself!"

The driver's story was ended, and the coaches rolled on.

While continuing my journey, I had occasion to call at a farm-house about twelve miles below the town of Missoula, on the banks of the river with the same name. While I was eating my dinner at this place, my attention was attracted to a sick man lying upon a bed in the corner of the room. It was Smith. I found him with a broken arm, but with faith in Robinson unshaken.

"Governor," said he, deeply agitated, "this has been a terrible piece of business. If Doctor Robinson had not been grossly insulted—threatened with violence even—by one who should have better known what is due in intercourse between gentlemen, we should to-day have been possessed of one of the richest gold mines in the world. But what person, with the least spark of self-respect, would fail to resent such an indignity as being called a Chinaman, and having the muzzle of a revolver thrust in his face!" and he proceeded to recount the "shameful treatment" which the Doctor had received.

"But how came you by this broken arm?" I asked; for his thoughts had been so wrapped up in Doctor Robinson, that he cared for but little else.

"Well, Governor, I truly believe it to be a chastisement inflicted upon me by Providence, because of the unchristian treatment which Robinson received from the party with which I was connected. But I assure you, on my word as a gentleman, that I made every effort to find the poor man, without success. I fear that he has been captured by the Indians, or become hopelessly lost, or that some dreadful accident has happened to him; and all because he felt impelled, by a sense of honor, to forswear the society of those who had so grossly insulted him."

"Yes, yes," I said, becoming tired of these vain regrets, "but how did you break your arm?"

"Well, you understand, after we discontinued our search for the poor Doctor, the party broke up, the others all starting back for the East by various routes, while I commenced a series of explorations for the purpose of finding our mine. I was aided in this undertaking by a map of the country, which I had drawn under the direction of spiritual influences, and which exactly conformed to one made by Doctor Robinson. On

this map the position of the mine was well defined, and, guiding myself by this chart, I have no doubt but that I should have been able to find the mine without difficulty, had it not been for an accident. I was riding up the side of a very steep mountain, and leading a pack-horse, when the horse suddenly jerked back, throwing me from my seat, and putting me in the condition in which you now see me. I made my way, the best I could, to this place—and here I am, a victim to the misconceptions and distrust of my late companions. I do not despair, however, for I have been assured, through spiritual sources, that the Doctor, who knows that I have always been his friend, will seek me out, and that another year will find me in possession of my mine."

I ventured to suggest, that the Doctor would avoid rather than seek him; and was proceeding to give my ideas concerning the character of the individual, when I was interrupted by Smith. A look of holy indignation overspread his countenance, and his eyes flashed angrily, as he raised himself on his well arm, and said, impressively:

"Governor —, Doctor Robinson is *all right*."

I had nothing more to say.

I never heard anything more of the other victimized Philadelphians, save to learn that, in connection with the vigilance committee, they made every effort to find "the poor Doctor," and would have added him to the number of Smith's spiritual correspondents had they succeeded.

The last I heard of the Doctor was in the spring of 1870, when he traveled by coach from Helena, to Corinne on the C. P. R. R., in company with a San Francisco merchant who had known him in California. "Road agents" had been waylaying the coaches on the route, and members of the old vigilantes were engaged in an attempt to capture them. One

of the most prominent of the "strangers," as the outlaws significantly called them, was X. Beidler; and this gentleman was standing at one of the stations on the road as the coach drove up. On seeing him, Robinson turned as white as a sheet, and, addressing his traveling companion, said:

"For God's sake, Hallet, don't say anything about my little quartz speculations, for here are these d——d vigilantes, and they would string me up in no time if they knew it was me. Please don't say anything about it—don't mention my name—call me Brown, Jones, anything but Robinson. I have only a little longer to live—have pity on my wife and children!"

Just then, "X." popped his head in at

the coach window, but not before Robinson had had time to throw himself back in a corner, and bury himself in his blankets. Hallet did not betray him. The last he saw of him was at Corinne, where, after seating himself in a westward-bound train, he stepped out just a moment to get a lunch-basket, and forgot to come back.

Whether the mammoth gold mine of the Cœur d'Alene Mountains has again been sold, I know not; but it is fair to presume that negotiations for "feet" upon it are still in progress, and presumably certain that purchasers in the future, as in the past, will find it impossible to strike the pay streak, on account of the numerous dips, spurs, and angles—in the life of Doctor Robinson.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

COME, my friend, let us sit down here in the sunshine. Ah! the old man learns to welcome it as a friend; often the only one that peeps in at his window, or crosses his lonely threshold.

I love these gray old arches, with their soft, warm tints, and quaint and crumbling carving; and often as I sit here alone with my memories, I people these wide aisles with phantoms, and I wonder where the restless feet which once trod these moss-grown pavements are resting now.

Look at the blue sky above us; what frescoes could equal its magic tints? And see yon kneeling saint—for centuries those adoring eyes and prayerful hands have been raised to the pitying heavens. And under that discolored marble a brave Crusader sleeps. What power—what life in that sculptured image! But Time's silent touch is already softening the proud lines in that haughty face. The falling leaves drop lightly

on the once unquiet heart. The birds perch fearlessly upon the carved shield; and the mailed hand which chains could not bind is now fettered by a spider's web. The moss covers the record of his deeds, even as in the minds of men it is obliterated by the fresher laurels of a newer fame. The storms of years have beaten upon the upturned brow; meekly it has borne their fury. Unchanging while all has changed around it, that still form says to us, "As I am, so thou wilt be."

Perchance I love this solitude because I, too, am old and solitary. My grave will be here. The sunlight will fall upon it through the delicate tracery of these ruined windows.

What is more beautiful than these early autumn days. The smell of the close-cut grass comes to us from the distant hill-side. The late flowers seem to whisper softly their good-bys. The creaking of the heavy-laden wagons, and

the hoarse call of the drivers as they travel slowly to the mill, remind us of the gathered harvest. The hum of voices from the street rises to us here void of all discordant notes. The birds are beginning to gather in flocks, and whisper to each other, "It is time for us to be going."

See how my pansies raise their bright faces to the sun. Ah! you ask me why I have always pansies—what has the old Professor to do with flowers in his window? you smile at his fancy.

If you will not weary of an old man's story, I will tell you why I love them.

I am afraid, my young friend, that if you share the cold unbelief in everything which can not be seen or handled, which is now so much the fashion, you will scarcely credit the facts (for facts they are) which I am about to relate to you; but, although the circumstances occurred when these gray hairs were as black as the wing of yon dismal raven, they are as fresh in my memory as if but one day, instead of half a century, had elapsed since these eyes witnessed them.

Would you think that through these sluggish veins once coursed the quicksilver of youth? What is this body which fades like a leaf in winter, while the subtle essence which we call the soul, filled with longings unutterable, vainly stretches its tired wings and beats its breast against the bars of its prison house; and yet he is scorned who opens the door and lets the poor bird free.

Ah! these mysteries are too deep for us to fathom. We grope about in the darkness, and stumble often; we make such fearful mistakes. Well, well, it must be so, and I am only wearying you.

I had been several years at Heidelberg, when I first saw the young Count Von Steinfelz. He and I met to arrange one of the duels which were then constantly occurring among the students; and from that hour we loved each other.

It was a strange, ill-omened friendship. Death clasped his hand with ours at its birth, and Death smiled coldly on our last embrace.

Franz! my friend, my friend! had thy soul but matched its faultless casket, thy life would have been a hero's and thy death glorious.

Even with the calm of my winter years upon me, when I recall his brilliant fancy, and the charm of his frank, bright face, I feel again the enthusiasm of early youth; and with the fancied clasp of his warm, firm hand on mine, I swear again eternal fidelity to our friendship.

An unusual favorite as he was, people wondered at his preference for me. There is a picture of me as I then was—tall and pale, with wild, dark eyes, and heavy, long, black hair; a singular contrast, truly, to "the handsomest man in Heidelberg."

I was poor, though of good birth, and giving up all my time to the study of the more abstruse sciences, I made but few friends. One day Franz came to me, and, throwing his arm over my shoulder, pushed a paper before me. "See, Carl, what the dear little mother says: 'Tell thy friend, my Franz, that we are longing to welcome him to Steinfelz; I trust he will not again refuse us.' You will not deny me, Carl," he pleaded; "I want so much that they should see my friend; they love you now, and my cousin Linda is longing to ask many questions, which poor, stupid Franz is too dull to answer."

In vain I refused. "You have ceased to love me, Carl," he would reply; "I would do more than that for my friend." I could not bear a shadow on his bright face; my heart throbbed when he called me changed. Of course, I yielded; who could ever refuse anything which *he* pleaded for.

Two weeks had not passed, when I felt that at last I had found a real *home* at the castle of Steinfelz. The old Count

and Countess welcomed me more as a son than as a stranger; though the good little mother looked grave when Franz told her that it was generally believed in Heidelberg that I sat up all night holding converse with evil spirits, and singeing my hair in their unholy fires. "Poor boy, he has had no mother," I heard her murmur, as she passed her hand over my hair, on which no caressing touch had ever before fallen.

O! those summer days—can I ever forget them; at once the happiest and the saddest of my life. The old Count dozing in his chair, the Countess knitting beside him, Franz lying on the grass reading, or lazily watching the clouds; and Linda—how can I describe her. You have seen the large velvet pansies, with their innocent, trusting faces, out of which looks a slumbering soul which needs but a touch to waken it?—they always made me think of her, and a waft of their delicate perfume has power to thrill me yet.

She shared my fondness for them, though she did not guess the cause; and I still can see her with their velvet blossoms twined in her gold brown braids, and her eyes, so like their own purple hue, fixed dreamily on the horizon while we talked of those mysterious influences which sway our souls in unison with those we love, and how the presence of absent ones will seem to close around us until we almost hear their voices, and, filled with love and grief, we stretch out our arms and cry to them. She too believed that in our sleep our souls may wander to the side of those we love, and though unseen, and perhaps unfelt, may gather happiness by the sense of nearness.

One evening, Franz, tired of our "goblin talk," as he styled it, had wandered off in search of his violin, calling to Linda to come and sing to him. As they left the room the Countess took my hand in hers, saying tenderly, "Carl, Carl,

you must hide your love; it will bring you naught but sorrow. Nay, I do not blame you," she added, "it is no fault of yours, poor boy—Franz should have told you he and Linda were betrothed."

Seeing the agony in my face, she whispered softly, "Pray, my son, for strength from Heaven, for much I fear all thy strange fancies will never bring thee peace." She kissed my forehead, and then left me.

O! the darkness that fell over me—a hundred voices seemed to whisper, "Fool, fool, to dream that she could love thee." I did not know until then how every feeling of my heart, every thought of my soul was consecrated to her. I rushed out into the darkness; my sorrow followed after, and, settling down upon my heart, shut me in with its heavy wings. The very air seemed choking me—my brain reeled—Death stretched out his hand to me.

What passed then no eye saw, and no ear has ever heard; Linda, was indeed, heartsease to me; her true, pure eyes lured me back from the precipice over which I had well-nigh stumbled.

When the chill night-air had somewhat cooled the fever in my blood, I returned. And, as I gazed into her pansy eyes, I vowed that no act of mine should ever cloud that fair face with sadness.

Now you know why there are always pansies in my room. They speak to me with her voice, they look at me with her eyes—and blessed be the hand that lays them upon my breast when I am dead.

As the day passed on I saw how blind I had been. Linda's love for Franz was visible in every look and tone; and his—well, he thought he loved her; he was proud of her, and a look of triumph often crossed his handsome face when, obedient to his slightest wish, she bowed her will to his; and then, God forgive me, I hated him. He did not know the priceless worth of the jewel he wore so lightly.

One morning Linda met us with the news that the young Baroness L—— had decided upon paying "her dear Countess Von Steinfelz" a visit.

Franz's expression of disgust at the announcement did not escape Linda, who turned to me with an arch smile: "Franz, you must know, has never forgiven this fair lady for marrying the old Baron L—— after once seeing *him*; but the Baron had gold and unbounded love for her, and poor Franz"—

"Had neither," he interrupted. "Franz was not so blind as to stretch after the sunflower when the violet grew at his feet."

Love, love—I thought, as I left them together—shinest thou for all but me? Must my life forever flow among the shadows?

In due time the Baroness came.

A widow, young and wealthy, she had not wanted friends or lovers at the gay capital; but, professing to be tired of a life of pleasure and excitement, she had, as she said, "come for happiness to Steinfelz."

For some time Franz carefully shunned her society; but one day meeting us on our return from a walk, she exclaimed passionately:

"Franz, I leave Steinfelz to-morrow; you make me miserable by your unkindness; you scarcely speak to me when we meet. Franz, Franz, have you quite forgotten the days of our childhood?" And, raising her bewildering blue eyes to his face, she let him see that they were full of tears. Without waiting for a reply, she walked swiftly away.

"Have I been so rude, Carl?" said Franz, looking after the Baroness with a half-contemptuous smile; "what a bear I must be to so frighten timid children like our lovely friend." He spoke lightly, but after that he never avoided her as before. Of course she did not adhere to her hasty resolve to quit Steinfelz.

She was witty, beautiful, and cruelly false. Slowly, but surely, she closed her nets about poor Franz. Weak, and easily influenced, he soon fell a victim to her wiles. With him, music was a passion, and hour after hour she would sit warbling strange wild airs—such songs as Lurline might have sung, when she wooed men to their death.

Day by day Linda's cheek grew paler, and her eyes had the wistful look of a hunted animal. She never uttered a word of complaint or reproach. She was gentle and courteous to the Baroness, but sometimes her eyes would turn to Franz with a look which made the red blood flush to his forehead.

All might yet have been well, had not a summons come for Linda to attend the death-bed of her uncle, the good pastor of X——.

She was to leave in the morning; and on the preceding afternoon we gathered for the last time under the wide-spreading linden.

Franz had been reading a poem, in which the lover proving faithless to his vows, his betrothed consoled herself with the love of his friend, and soon after became his bride. Linda sat with her eyes fixed on the flowers she had gathered, taking no part in the discussion which followed the reading of the poem.

"Well, Linda, and what would you have done?" asked the Baroness, turning to her with a smile.

Franz bit his lip, and, with a flushed face, began nervously plucking up the grass about him. I held my breath for Linda's reply. It came, at length, in her own calm, sweet tones—though she looked at Franz rather than at the Baroness:

"If one I loved proved false, I too would be a bride; but it would be the bride of death."

A silence followed, which was broken by the light, mocking laugh of the Baroness.

"But you might not know that your knight was faithless—what then?"

"I should know," Linda answered simply, with the far-off look so common to her now.

"Linda!" said Franz, leaning over and softly touching her hand.

I saw a look of bitter hate cross the face of the Baroness; but quickly vailing it, she said, gaily, "The element is becoming quite too tragic for me; will some one please take me into the house. I must exorcise these mournful spirits with a song." She looked at Franz, but his eyes were fixed anxiously on Linda; so, rising, I offered my escort. She was too much a woman of the world not to conceal her chagrin; but soon, pleading a headache, she retired to her own rooms, and did not reappear that evening.

Franz was his old self once more, and Linda's face was bright with happiness.

Long, long we three sat together in the old hall of the castle. The night was one of extraordinary beauty; the moonlight poured its radiance through the narrow windows, and flashed its brightness on the old armor on the walls, and, glancing down from shield to spear, fell in shimmering mosaics on the floor.

Franz was sitting gazing thoughtfully into the embers—for the nights were growing cold, and the old Count loved the sparkle of a log upon the hearth.

Linda was sitting at his feet. A steady beam of light shone on her bended head, crowning her as with a halo; and I, in the shadow, sat watching them.

The angel of peace touched my heart that night, and turned away its bitterness.

"Linda, sing something to this," said Franz, taking up his violin, and playing a strange, fitful air, sad and gay by turns.

Linda had the rare gift of an improvisatrice, and often her quick fancy would catch the spirit of Franz's music, and her sweet voice would accompany him, putting into words the exquisite tones of

his violin. For a few minutes she sat in silence listening; then her voice rang out through the silent hall.

This is what she sang:

Life and grim Death were standing

By the river, side by side;

Life scatter'd flowers in the current,

And Death watch'd the ebbing tide.

Behold! the Master call'd them:

"Ye have wander'd by land and sea,

O my faithful and trusty servants!

What gifts have ye brought to me?"

Then Life made haste to answer:

"I bring thee the cup of mirth,

With the sparkles of joy upon it

That welcomed a baby's birth.

I bring a crown of myrtle;

'Twas twined by a fair young bride."

And Life turn'd again to his garlands

That floated out on the tide.

"And I," said Death, "have brought thee

A flower that to earth was given;

But I saw that the cold winds chill'd it,

And I pluck'd that bud for heaven.

I bring a cypress garland—

For the fair young bride is mine;

And the heart that a man hath broken

In the Master's crown shall shine."

I can tell you the words she sang, but I can give you no idea of that wonderful music, now floating quietly on the moonlight, then sparkling into sudden joy, and anon sobbing through the darkness, till, fluttering down from note to note, it ended in a long, sweet cadence.

I drew my breath with a shiver when it ceased. Franz, too, seemed impressed, and, laying down his violin, he clasped Linda's hand in his, as if afraid of losing her.

Franz was to accompany her half way to X—; and, as I stood in the courtyard, waiting to say good-by, he laid his hand on my shoulder: "Tell her, Carl, she must not leave us long—we shall miss our little brown bird sadly."

It was his one pet name for her—referring to her fondness for soft brown shades in dress. As he uttered it, I felt a chill pass over me; and, looking at Linda, I saw that she was deadly pale. Giving me her hand, she said—looking a little sadly at Franz—"When you are

all under the linden, I will often be with you, though you may not see me. Carl believes it possible, do you not?"

I tried to answer with a jest, but the words choked me.

Well, Linda was gone, and Franz was now constantly with the Baroness. They walked, rode, and sang together; and if it had not been for the afternoons spent in the shade of our favorite linden, I would have seldom seen him.

There, day after day, we talked and read—Franz yielding more and more to the fascinations of that heartless woman; and there, day after day, I saw hopping around us a *little brown bird*. It was never far away, but under and around the flowers and trees it was always flitting. It never chirped, and its flight was perfectly noiseless; but while we remained there it was always present.

I used to watch for its coming with a vague fear or dread; and whenever Franz was more devoted than usual to the Baroness, my eyes were irresistibly led to follow it.

I tried to speak of it to Franz, but something always restrained me.

That little brown bird haunted my dreams. It would perch on my pillow, and look at me with Linda's eyes; but when I tried to grasp it, it vanished, and I awoke.

At last I could bear it no longer—I spoke to Franz. Instead of laughing, as

I almost hoped he would, at my "morbid fancies," as he sometimes called them, he grasped my arm, and said, hoarsely, "You have seen it, then?—Carl, I could sometimes swear that bird was listening to our talk. It watches me, I sometimes think. You remember what she said." At that instant the Baroness appeared. "Not a word of this to her?" and, with a warning glance, he shook off my restraining hand, and left me.

They were gone for hours; and when they joined us at our accustomed trysting place, an exultant light gleamed in the blue eyes of the Baroness. Franz was pale and haggard, and his eyes sought the ground as he said, hurriedly, "Father! mother! forgive me! I can not marry Linda—I love the Baroness. She has promised to become my wife."

I heard a faint flutter near me. I looked for the little brown bird—it was there, but its wings were drooping, and a film had gathered over its eyes. I took it in my hand—it was dead. And Linda?—She died that hour in the distant village of X—.

Franz was inconsolable for a few weeks, and then married the Baroness.

We parted at Linda's grave. I never saw him again.

It is getting late. The wind blows cold through these ruined arches—shall we go in?

BREAKERS.

Far out at sea there has been a storm,
 And still, as they roll their liquid acres,
 High-heaped the billows lower and glisten.
 The air is laden, moist, and warm
 With the dying tempest's breath;
 And, as I walk the lonely strand
 With sea-weed strewn, my forehead fanned
 By wet salt-winds, I watch the breakers,
 Furious sporting, tossed and tumbling,
 Shatter here with a dreadful rumbling—
 Watch, and muse, and vainly listen
 To the inarticulate mumbling
 Of the hoary-headed deep;
 For who may tell me what it saith,
 Muttering, moaning as in sleep?

Slowly and heavily
 Comes in the sea,
 With memories of storm o'erfreighted,
 With heaving heart and breath abated,
 Pregnant with some mysterious, endless sorrow,
 And seamed with many a gaping, sighing furrow.

Slowly and heavily
 Grows the green water-mound;
 But drawing ever nigher,
 Towering ever higher,
 Swollen with an inward rage
 Naught but ruin can assuage,
 Swift, now, without sound,
 Creeps stealthily
 Up to the shore—
 Creeps, creeps and undulates;
 As one dissimulates
 Till, swayed by hateful frenzy,
 Through passion grown immense, he
 Bursts forth hostilely;
 And rising, a smooth billow—
 Its swelling, sunlit dome
 Thinned to a tumid ledge
 With keen, curved edge
 Like the scornful curl
 Of lips that snarl—
 O'ertops itself and breaks
 Into a raving foam;

So springs upon the shore
With a hungry roar ;
Its first fierce anger slakes
On the stony shallow ;
And runs upon the land,
Licking the smooth, hard sand,
Till all its gathered wrath
Dies in a savage froth.

Then with its backward swirl
The sands and the stones, how they whirl !
O, fiercely doth it draw
Them to its chasm'd maw,
And against it in vain
They linger and strain,
And as they slip away
Into the seething gray
Fill all the thunderous air
With the horror of their despair,
And their wild terror wreak
In one hoarse, wailing shriek.

But scarce is this done,
When another one
Falls like the bolt from a bellowing gun,
And sucks away the shore
As that did before :
And another shall smother it o'er.

Then there's a lull—a half-hush ;
And forward the little waves rush,
Toppling and hurrying,
Each other worrying,
And in their haste
Run to waste.

Yet again is heard the trample
Of the surges high and ample—
Their dreadful meeting—
The wild and sudden breaking—
The dinting, and battering, and beating,
And swift forsaking.

And ever they burst and boom ;
A numberless host,
Like heralds of doom
To the trembling coast ;
And ever the tangled spray
Is tossed from the fierce affray,
And, as with spectral arms
That taunt, and beckon, and mock,
And scatter vague alarms,

Clasps and unclasps the rock,
Listlessly over it wanders,
Moodily, madly maunders,
And hissing falls
From the glistening walls.

So all day along the shore
Shout the breakers, green and hoar,
Weaving out their weird tune;
Till at night the full moon
Weds the dark with that ring
Of gold that you see her fling
On the misty air.
Then homeward slow returning
To slumbers deep I fare,
Filled with an infinite yearning,
With thoughts that rise and fall
To the sound of the sea's hollow call,
Breathed now from white-lit waves that reach
With fingers rich o'er the damp, dark beach,
To scatter a spray on my dreams;
Till the slow and measured roll
Brings a drowsy ease
To my spirit, and seems
To set it soothingly afloat
On broad and buoyant seas
Of endless rest, lulled by the dirge
Of the melancholy surge.

AN INDIAN RESERVATION.

IT has become a matter of history for the Territory of New Mexico that the many thousand Navajo Indians, who for several years, prior to 1864, kept her north-west boundary in trouble, and nearly all her domain in habitual alarm, were, by the vigorous war policy of General Carleton, the department commander, in the two subsequent years so thoroughly subdued, that they, broken in resources and spirit, agreed to the alternative offered them of a peaceful migration in place of hostility, and were conducted in parties to a far distant reservation, surrounded by a cordon of troops, and forced by an entire change of habits and surroundings to become comparatively a peaceful community. It is not contended by the writer, either that all the Navajoes were ejected by this process from their old haunts, or that all those who went to the reservation adopted the peaceful and industrious habits of a working community. Indeed, it is well known that considerable exceptions existed to both conditions; that many stout spirits scorned submission, refused to take part in the national humiliation, and, retreating into the almost impregnable fastnesses offered by the singularly broken region of country they were born in, kept up an individual, desultory warfare in the solitary pride of unbroken courage. Some, too, who

lived on the reserve, took occasion of its protection, as Indians will, to do a little amateur robbery when permission had been given them to go on hunting excursions. These exceptions, however, were expected, and legislated for as well as occasion allowed, and they form no argument against the wisdom which conceived and the vigor that executed the policy of emigration as the only effectual mode of thoroughly subduing these hereditary thieves and murderers.

It is a curious problem why republics have so little gratitude, so fleeting a remembrance of benefits rendered. Is it that the sense of obligation being, by the political machinery of republicanism, individually distributed, each man's personal share therein is necessarily small, and thus the total is neglected? But that they are wanting in that graceful virtue (except spasmodically), and that it is scarcely held as a reproach to communities to be thus deficient, although no individual will admit his personal share of that want, let the unfinished statues of our great and good be the reproachful evidence. Perhaps New Mexico perceives this, and argues it is better not to offer a beginning, than to commence and not finish a public testimonial to him whose legislation relieved her from the Navajo incubus; and thus, though she may seem to neglect, she has not forgotten, her obligations.

Of the means adopted for the subjugation of the Navajoes, the most effectual was found to be cutting off their supplies—starving them out. It would be difficult to tell what means had not been tried in the process; there were fighting, feeding, coaxing, arguments, presents, and treaties, until money, argument and patience were equally exhausted, and a "Navajo treaty" had passed into the same category of intangibles with "Punic faith"—became a by-word and a joke. They were in all their protestations utterly unreliable, and so thor-

oughly demoralized that they robbed and murdered even before the sun had once set upon the day of their treaties and the hour of friendship cemented by presents. All this they did with an impunity born of the belief that no enemies could successfully follow them into their hiding-places; and experience justified them in so thinking, for they lived in a country where nature seemed to have set the seal of defiance against all ordinary explorations—a country so uninviting, and so easy to defend against an invader, that they laughed with the same scorn at all threats as at all friendships, confiding in the deep, rocky labyrinths of their homes to effect what personal opposition might fail in.

It was by studying their habits and customs that the clue to their subjection was gained. Were they, like Apaches and similar tribes, wholly nomadic, it would have been as useless and tedious to campaign against them in such a country as against wolves or deer; but the mixed character of the tribe, and their habits, pastoral, agricultural and mechanical, derived from much intercommunion with the peonry of New Mexico, formed their vulnerable part; there they were struck, and thus conquered. Accordingly, the plan of the campaign was, to follow them wherever they went, not so much to fight as to destroy their resources; follow them to the corn-field, and lay waste their ripening crops; to the rocky granaries, and burn their stores of dried meat and grain laid in for the winter; to the peach-orchards, and destroy the trees bending beneath their luscious burdens; to their villages, and lay waste the huts well-filled with rich and costly blankets, serviceable saddles and ingenious bridles—all of them, even to the iron bridle-bits, their own manufacture. It was done, and the campaign—kept up without ceasing, and not intermitted even in the bitter winter, when the deep snow was on the ground

and the thermometer 30° below zero—was a complete success, resulting in their submitting to all the terms proposed to them.

Forts Defiance and Wingate, the two posts from which most of the operations of the campaign were directed, witnessed some marvelous scenes at that time. Wingate, situated in a large, circular valley, has as its background a ridge of mountains thickly covered with large cedar and juniper bushes on their slopes, and fine pines on their ridges. Through these woods ran many a well-worn Indian trail, habitually frequented by enterprising Navajoes, who, from behind the large scattered boulders and sheltered tree-trunks, did so much mischief to our wood-parties getting fuel for the garrison, that it became necessary to station sentinels and strong guards to protect the wood-choppers. These paths, visible from the garrison, it was made the duty of the post-sentinels from elevated positions to watch and report anything seen on them, and very few days passed without the sentinel's well-known alarm of Indians in the woods, while at night they would often fire at the patrol, and skulk around the quarters and cook-houses of the garrison, looking everywhere for food. There was little surprise felt by us at their growing hardihood, for we considered it the culminating desperation of a large community, of all sexes and ages, reduced now to their last extremity for food, and venturing, like even wilder animals, to the abodes where food was plenty, braving every danger to obtain it. Never before had they been so pressed; never had hostile operations been prosecuted regardless of season, trouble and expense; there had always been some interval of relaxation for them, during which they could recuperate, generally by devastating the Mexican settlements, and thus be partially prepared for the next campaign. But now no interval of rest was given;

our pursuing troops pressed on, silently, building no fires to indicate their presence, even in the coldest weather; and thus the Navajoes, who had counted on the usual winter suspension of hostilities, must have felt that the day of their downfall had at length arrived, and were doubtless hugely disgusted with the new-fangled energy which had been infused into military matters. So it was our fortune soon to see those trails on the mountain sides crowded, not with belligerent Indians, warlike and defiant, but cowed and submissive, as though willing to obey us in all things. It was, indeed, a strange sight. Our post-guide and interpreter, a Mexican by birth, but several years domiciled with the Navajoes, brought word to the commandant that a large body of Indians, of all sexes and ages, with such of their possessions as war had left them, were encamped a few miles off; and, having met him in the woods, had deputed him to say they were beaten, tired of war, unable to fight us more, and willing to accept the terms offered them of emigration to a distant country. The interpreter was directed to return to them, and say that they were welcome to come in, if they were speaking truth, and would give up all their weapons as they passed into the bounds of the fort, as an assurance of good faith. He was also directed to precede them, and raise a light column of smoke about every half-mile of his return as additional evidence of their faith; and to these signals the whole garrison, assembled under arms, directed their attention. Soon the light, curling column of blue smoke was seen to ascend; then again and again at nearer intervals, until a large moving body of bipeds and quadrupeds, emerging in single file from the narrow paths of the skirting woods, came into view. "Smoke on the hills," the habitual warning of the sentinel, was now unheeded, for the idea of possible danger was no longer associated with it;

and many of us strolled out leisurely to meet the advancing crowd of our late enemies, and bid them welcome to peace and friendship. Standing on a small knoll, near the road by which the Indians came into camp, was the commanding officer, looking on them with a friendly countenance as they approached—the men to shake hands and deposit their weapons on the ground near him, where they were gathered in bundles, to be stored away for the present, but returned after their arrival at the reserve—the women and children to have a pleasant smile and a friendly “*buenas días*,” and then, all being arranged in rows, began the counting of heads preparatory to an issue of rations to them as military prisoners, under which designation alone could the army commissary, according to the *then* regulations of the service, dispense rations to Indians. It was quite fortunate there was a good supply of cattle and flour at the post, for their appetites were marvelous; ordinarily an Indian can eat and well-digest twice as much as most White men, but these Indians were not confined to any mere duplication of rations. A dead ox disappeared as if by magic; children five years old ate two pounds of meat, while six pounds was not an uncommon ration for a man; but it must be remembered there had been great and wide-spread destitution among them, and it needed no tongue to tell us that the emaciated women and children, who stared with wolfish eyes at every bit of food they saw, were brought to that state by long want of food. The male adults were not nearly such pitiable objects. The number of Indians who came into the fort that day was near 3,000, and it was soon found necessary to confine the issue of rations to the authorized amount of twenty ounces of meat and twenty-two of flour for adults, and in proportion to children, to prevent scarcity, and with this they had to be content. But as the

stomach of an Indian is not delicate, they received gladly every portion of the dead beasts, and never hesitated for a moment over the carcass of a mule; indeed, we often thought they preferred it to beef, never asking questions of the cause of its dissolution. These things are of course matters of taste, and apt to disgust the Caucasian stomach; but as the Indian manages to assimilate it very well, and from his corporeal laboratory to produce an unimpeachable digestive and respiratory apparatus, it is as well not to press the question of taste.

Soon after these events, a still larger number of the Navajoes, having heard from those at Wingate how well they were treated, came into Fort Defiance, accepting the same terms; and being brought from thence, *en route* to the contemplated reservation on the banks of the Pecos River, they passed through Wingate, were joined by those already there, and the entire body conducted, under the charge of officers and a small body of troops, to the reserve. It seemed like the exodus of the Israelites, only that the spoiler and not the spoiled were departing, to watch this large body of men, women and children, in very primitive costume, or mere bundles of rags, with such household goods of blankets, pots and kettles as they could carry, and driving all the live-stock of horses, goats and sheep that the campaign had left to a few of them, winding their way through the narrow valleys leading from Wingate to the Rio Grande; and it was interesting to speculate as to the ideas such occurrences would or should naturally originate, not only in the Navajoes, who now for the first time passed through these valleys as a conquered people, but in the Mexican and *pueblo* communities, who had never met them but as feared and hated enemies; and we also speculated as to what impression would be made upon them concerning the power that had been instrumental

in effecting this great relative change of position; whether fear, gratitude, or indifference would predominate. Experience has proved that it was the latter quality. Ultimately, the Navajoes arrived at their destination in safety, and at once proceeded to accustom themselves to the mode of life—principally agriculture—designed for them by General Carleton.

The Fort Sumner Indian Reservation (sometimes known as the "Bosque Redondo," or "Round Wood"), located on the banks of the Pecos River, about 180 miles southeast of Santa Fé, consisted principally of a large, oblong valley, having the river as its immediate western boundary, and some low, rolling hills, terminating the "Llanos Estocados," or "Staked Plains," as its eastern. This was, however, but the nucleus of an area forty miles square, secured for all necessary purposes of the future, including grazing and hunting grounds; and it was argued by experienced persons, that here all the essential conditions of a successful reservation, appropriate to a people with the antecedents of the Navajoes, would be found. These conditions were, plenty of agricultural, grazing, and hunting lands; fuel, water, distance from White settlements, and an absence of mountains, so that they could be under easy surveillance of the military there resident. Fuel was the only element not in abundance; yet it was as abundant as at any town or pueblo in the Territory, and the alleged scarcity would receive its proper estimation by such comparison. And now operations on a large scale were commenced—bounds were defined, fields laid out, *acequias* dug. One of these, the Acequia Madre, skirting all the plowed grounds of the reserve, was over twelve miles long, twenty-five broad, and three feet deep. This, like the ditch system of California, was the *diverticulum* of a river; it received the Pecos through flood-gates, above the

plowed grounds, and fed at required intervals all the growing crops. Four thousand acres were thus put under tillage, and in this work a very considerable amount of assistance was given by the Navajoes, aided and directed by the zeal and intelligence of the officers and soldiers there stationed. The Acequia Madre, its branches, the banking and damming (so necessary to keep these in repair), the plowing, spading, planting and hoeing, were largely shared in by them. I one day counted over thirty plows, all driven and guided by Indians, working at one time. Immense adobe storehouses were erected to receive the large supply of grain bought to feed them during the interval of the growing crops. A large slaughter-house was built over and on the banks of the *acequia*, one mile from the post, where the beef was artistically slaughtered, cut up and distributed, mostly by Indians—the under-running water receiving all the fertilizing *débris* of the slaughter-house. Some of the Navajoes showing inclination to obtain knowledge of carpentering and blacksmithing, they were encouraged to enter the shops and use the tools, and several of them soon acquired fair mechanical knowledge. Their industry was remarkable, exhibiting itself, for a little additional recompense—such as a few pounds of corn—to very great purpose in the operations of the quartermaster's department, in making and laying adobes, unloading freight, etc.; and indeed, they were preferred to all other laborers.

Schools for the young were established, and some excellent and zealous young men of the Catholic priesthood, sent by the Bishop of New Mexico, undertook to instruct them in the rudiments of the language. I do not think the juvenile savages showed either love of or aptitude for the alphabet, nor rightly appreciated the treasure to which it was the key; inasmuch as they often stipu-

lated for additional bread rations as a condition of longer attendance at school. The mothers, too, were equally obtuse, arguing that the long-gowned men ought to pay for the amusement they evidently found in teaching children. In the interval of growing crops, and also in consequence of an almost total destruction of the harvest by worms, it was again found necessary to issue rations to the Indians. The number of Navajoes on the reserve was an uncertain one, rendered so by births, deaths, arrivals, and temporary absence of some. Usually the number present approximated nine thousand; but to obtain a precise estimate for each month, the plan of collecting them together and counting them as they passed through a gate into a large *corral*, was established; and to prevent their strong tendency to duplication, it was found necessary to keep them in there until all were counted, issuing to each single person, or head of a family, as he passed, a ticket indicating the number of rations to which his circumstances entitled him. These tickets, at first made of stout card-board, were so often willfully lost, or the writing on them so skillfully forged, that stamped metal slips were substituted; but in a short time it was found their ingenuity had enabled them to make dies and forge the impressions successfully; and it was ultimately found necessary to send to Washington for tickets with special and intricate designs on them, that proved beyond their skill to imitate. From this it may be inferred that the standard of morality among the Navajoes was not of a very elevated character; but, as their demoralization was attributed, in many particulars, to a chronic state of warfare, it was hoped peace and contentment would gradually bring reversed morals. To aid in all this desirable work, large appropriations were made by the Government; and as there were some honest and zealous men be-

longing to the military stationed there, much good was expected from their co-operation and control of the Government subsidies. And these men did all they could—gave all their thoughts and actions to the successful work before them, and saw, in the supplies voted, confidence in their efforts. But, alas! the shadow of a corrupt, *effête*, but still mischievous diplomacy, came upon all this fair prospect; gradually discontent and gloom crept in, paralyzing the energetic hearts and hands who were there laboring with a will to complete the work so well begun. The workers saw that the old policy of political favoritism was again in control, and that, plant who would, and water who may, politicians alone would get the credit and control of the crop, and, if they could not rule, they would ruin.

Congress gave, as one appropriation for the encouragement and necessities of the reserve, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000). This splendid donation was transferred, by legislative blundering, to the care and tender mercies of distant and unsympathizing commissioners, who bought with it, for the use of the reserve, a large quantity of material, which, after many months' delay, at length reached there. The selection of the goods, it will be observed, had been made without counsel with those who, having been on the reserve from its birth, were thereby so well qualified to judge of what was required in quantity, quality, and suitableness; but as they were to be used there, a board of officers was ordered to convene, at the instance of General Carleton, I believe, to examine and report upon them, just as on military supplies received by officers. This had not been the case before; goods supplied by the Indian Department had always been received by Indian agents, with the same commendable liberality and absence of troublesome investigation into invoices which characterized

their distribution to Indians, who are not in the habit of entering any written protest, or forwarding charges and specifications for malfeasance against their agents. I was present during the examination of these goods, and carefully noted the expressions of astonishment and disgust which permeated the speech and visages of the members of the board during the investigation. No language can do justice to the ingenuity with which some parties had managed to relieve their stores of a large quantity of rusty, old-fashioned, unserviceable, and unsalable plows, soft-iron spades, rakes and hoes, knives and hatchets, coarse, gaudy calicoes and muslin, and thin, flimsy, shoddy cloths and blankets. I particularly recollect the blankets, because I took one pair of them to the scales, and by accurate weight found they weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and as a single government blanket, such as is issued to troops, weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and costs \$4.50, the reader can judge of the honesty of an invoice which charged \$22 per pair for such articles. The labors of the board closed by sending for the post-sutler, a gentleman of acknowledged rectitude, extensive commercial experience, well posted in current market prices, and requesting him to render them an estimate of the probable value of the articles presented. His answer, after a careful survey of the entire lot, was: "Out here, they are worth about \$30,000." So somebody made \$70,000 easily, and also added another link to the long chain of Indian complications, forged by our unwise and unjust Indian policy, and to the traditional distrust of the Indians for the White man's honesty.

There are very few, acquainted with the operations of an Indian reserve under the old system, who can not from personal experience furnish parallel instances to this incident; it is not related as anything unusual, but to show how many causes operated to produce the downfall of this reserve.

These adverse measures were not, however, affecting our *protégés* very seriously; they sang and danced, fed and worked, as usual — no community could be happier; and were so highly contented, that, in a short time, several individual requests were made, and acceded to by those in authority, for permission to pay a visit to their old homes, for the purpose of persuading some of their relatives, who still hid there, to join them on the reserve. In many instances these missions proved successful, and they brought their friends with them; in all of them the missionaries returned, even if they came without their friends. Talking one day with some of them, surprise was expressed by an officer that any of their people should remain up there, and the opinion given that food must be scarce; upon which they remarked, that much fruit was there now, and their friends lived on that. When this information reached Gen. Carleton, he issued an order detailing an officer and a small force of men to proceed at once to the place or places designated, taking with him certain Indians as guides, and destroy all means by which any Indians, now outlawed, were subsisting; and from this officer I obtained the following incidents descriptive of the expedition:

"In the summer of 1864, after bringing to the Bosque Redondo several thousand Indians from the Navajo Mountains, I was ordered to return to that country, explore some of its deep cañons, particularly the Cañon de Chellé, and destroy everything that I could find capable of affording sustenance to the various families of Indians reported to be still hiding in that vicinity, estimated at 2,000 persons, unwilling to join their friends on the reserve. My force consisted of thirty soldiers and four Navajoes, the principal one being an old man, called Tuc-ka-pah, who freely offered to go as guide, and represented himself as familiar with all the places

referred to. We arrived at Fort Defiance, now called Canby, rested there a few days, and then started for the cañon country, sixty miles distant, in the north-west. The formation of these cañons seems to have been effected by a volcanic power, lifting, tearing asunder, and then suddenly cooling, some great side-ridges given off from the Rocky Mountain range. There is a singular uniformity of formation everywhere visible, consisting of a gradual ascent from each end of the ridge, until, at a given point, the general backbone of each lateral ridge, the deepest point of the cañon's depth is found. The grade of the cañons themselves is insignificant. And it was to these deep, half-way points, where, on some fertile spots, agriculture was prosecuted as a means of successful resistance by the malcontents of the Navajoes, that our march was principally directed. We found the mouth of the Cañon de Chellé easily enough, and entered it with due military caution, to guard against surprise, mindful of its old reputation, but were at no time interrupted, and made our march of twenty miles on the first day between its high, narrow walls, to where other smaller cañons' mouths open, producing a space near a mile in width. It was a grand sight at that spot; the volcanic force had there concentrated, lifting and splitting in various directions the lower red-sandstone and capping vitreous rocks—the fissured walls towering to such a height above us that the trees on their summits were scarcely visible. The annual freshets had much widened and deepened the original area of this grand junction, and much fertilizing matter being here deposited, the Navajoes had taken advantage of some elevated tracts, and planted crops of corn, wheat, beans, and peaches, by the simple process of thrusting a hard-pointed stick in the ground, and making a hole into which to put the seed. These crops the Indians

ingeniously irrigated from the streams of the cañons; proving themselves, by their mode of damming and embanking, thorough masters of the art of irrigation, and, by their success in crop-raising, equal to their pretensions in agriculture. I now proceeded to carry out my instructions from the Department Commander, and devoted several days to the destruction of the growing crops, exploring the main and smaller cañons several miles in each, until no trace of a growing sustenent vegetation could be found. It was a hard duty, but it was my orders; and I reflected, too, that these were the places to which the Navajoes retreated after their forays of robbery and murder, to hide and prepare themselves for the next campaign. So I carried out my instructions to the letter, and left not even a stalk of grain, of which there were acres, nor a peach-tree, of which there were many hundreds, to give aid and comfort to the enemy. I had expected that my guide would feel and express some very natural regret at this wholesale destruction, which seemed to carry with it a personal application to his present and former condition, but none was evident; he was good-natured, laughed, talked, and helped in the business, as though he had become naturalized to the new *régime*, and rather enjoyed it; and it occurred to me to ask him, 'Who taught you to plant and cultivate these peach-trees?' 'My father before me planted, and a White man, with long, white hair and beard—not an American, nor was he a Spaniard, though his home was far away beyond the big salt waters—came and taught our people to plant them.' Such was his answer; then I remembered an unverified tale, which I had heard, that once upon a time, a certain French nobleman, named Marquis de Chellé, becoming tired of busy life in crowded cities, had sought refuge in Mexico, wandered into its north-west territory, and

taken up his abode among its wild inhabitants, teaching them many of those things whose knowledge has made the Navajoes to be termed semi-civilized. Whether De Chellé ended his life among them was not known.

"Having completed our destructive operations, I returned to our camp at the meeting of the cañons, and devoted a day to rest previous to commencing the return march; and it was while lying on my blankets gazing at the wonderful heights to which the cañon's walls reached, that I first noticed, from some peculiarity in their sides, there was evidently some mode of ascending them. Calling Tuc-ka-pah to me, I inquired if the Indians ever went up those walls. He at once answered, 'Yes;' and, inviting me to go with him to a tree growing near the foot of the walls, he climbed its trunk, sprang from thence to a projecting rock, and from there to a succession of pine-tree ladders, which I had but imperfectly observed before, but which I now saw were continuous to the cañon's top. Observing more accurately, I found that the ascent was composed of the trunks of pine-trees placed diagonally to each other, wherever the receding or projecting walls allowed them to rest, and that by their means ascent and descent was perfectly practicable to a man of ordinary activity and nerve. I, therefore, accepted the guide's invitation, who said he had often ascended there, and, following his lead, essayed the ascent. We attained the top of the ladders without danger, but not without great fatigue to me; yet I thought myself well repaid, when I stood upon the wide plain of the *mesa*, and gazed around and beneath at the magnificent distances we had achieved, separating us so thoroughly from our comrades that their forms were merged into those of the rocks and bushes around them.

"It was a grand sight to stand near the edge of the *mesa*, and watch the red rays

of the declining sun playing on the small, tortuous, silvery stream, many hundreds of feet below in the cañon's depths, and to note how it flashed and glanced on the bright green of the willows and alders, and lit up with a red gloom the vast, black volcanic rock-cubes, showing where the lava epoch ran its grim course over the red and yellow sandstones; but the fatigue of climbing had not left me inclination to more than glance at these grandeurs, so the guide and I sat down under the shade of a large juniper-bush. After resting awhile, I entered into conversation with him, by asking what those ladders were placed there for, and was informed that they were specially intended for the ascent and descent of his people; had been there before he was born, and were useful in chase or war; that deer were sometimes more plentiful in the mountains than in the cañons: but that they were specially useful for retreat when soldiers came up the cañon, as the ladders had never been seen by any of them, even when they passed close by. And if they had seen them, they could not climb them far up; 'For, look,' said he, rising and inviting me forward to the ladders' top. I looked where he pointed, and saw large boulders, resting on logs and a lever, directly overhanging the course of the ladders, ready to be thrown upon them and any invaders who might dare to ascend in pursuit. Nor were those at the summit the only ones so placed in position; others, lower down, but which had escaped my notice in the toil of ascent, he now pointed out to me, placed on projecting rocks, to be used, if necessary, before the pursued gained the summit.

"Having duly expressed my sincere admiration at the skill and courage of those who had invented and placed these offensive and defensive works where they were, I asked him if no enemy had ever taken advantage of these ladders to de-

scend and attack them unawares. The eyes of the old man glistened at the question, and he began a relation of the downfall of a war-party of the Utes, their northern neighbors, who had attempted it; saying, that upon a certain time, many years since, a large party of his people had ascended these laddered paths to proceed on a hunting excursion; that they had scattered in the chase, most of them going to the west, and a few toward the east, where they thought game was most plentiful. This last party were soon successful, and, with their burdens of game upon their shoulders, hastened back to the ladders, straggling in one by one; those first descending sending others up to help in carrying. Miguel, a young chief, was among the last to arrive, and was in no haste to descend the ladders, as one who had just come up informed him that Maria, a young girl of the tribe, to whom he was shortly to be married, was about to join him, and render any assistance which might be required. Maria soon appeared on the *mesa*, and joining Miguel, gave the tribute of her admiration of his skill and prowess, so acceptable to a young warrior from the fair sex; and the lovers strolled together through the thick and shadowy bushes, talking of themselves and the future, while they waited for the rest of the hunters before descending to their homes in the cañon below. Unconsciously they wandered some distance from the ladders, directing their steps toward a tongue of land in the distance, where the *mesa* lengthened out into a long, forked point, and there they stopped again, and talked without wearying each other, for they talked of their loves and their lives soon to be bound together with all the ceremonies and solemnities of their tribe; and they little heeded the lengthening shadows of the junipers now, for Miguel saw that forms were moving among them; yet he wondered why they should so suddenly

hide, as though objects of the chase or war were in view. Again, those forms darted from tree to tree; and then they hastened toward him. Why did he start? What whisper was that which caused Maria's cheek to blanch, and her eyes to flutter like a frightened fawn? Ah! that yell! never from friendly throat came that dreadful sound of hate and triumph; never from Navajo to Navajo came those gestures of vengeance. He knew them well, and the whisper to his betrothed was the one word 'Ute,' and the word was a volume, that meant despair and death; for, O! woe to them, they had strayed from friends and from safety, and a war-party of their hereditary enemies, the Utes, following the trail of the returning Navajoes, had got between them and the ladders, inclosing them on the two sides of that tongue of *mesa*, and there was no escape from the cruel death in their front, except in the far more cruel death behind. Gradually the Utes closed toward them; no bows were bent, no tomahawks were flung, for were they not sure of their prey? Were they not themselves many well-armed warriors, and those but as one? And was there not a deep cañon with precipitous walls, frowning and forbidding as death's gates, in front? So they would take them alive, would torture them to their heart's content, and then fling them, scalpless, dishonored, scarred and scorched, to their friends in the cañon, and with shouts of triumph hasten back to tell of their vengeance in their Ute homes! Slowly they gathered to the narrowing front; steadily they watched the dull rancor of despair which glistened in the eyes of Miguel and his bride; gleefully they heard the low monotone in which the victims welcomed the approach of the death-spirit; and carefully they watched the sharp tomahawk in the hands of Miguel, which threatened the first comer with certain death. A word passed from Miguel to

Maria; there was a short run forward; the hands of Maria tore the bands from her hair, which, though falling over her face, could not stifle the swelling tones of her death-song; they joined hands; then the face of Miguel, turned to his foes, had a glance of triumph upon it, as, hurling his weapon at the foremost, he jumped with his willing bride into the depths of the cañon, still, in his descent to death, singing the song of victory over his enemies, whose vengeance he thus escaped. A few seconds, and their lifeless and almost shapeless forms were surrounded by their friends, who, quickly comprehending what had transpired, hastened to the *mesa* above for revenge. The Utes had fled, but swift and vengeful feet were on their trail; eyes that never failed and hearts that never faltered hastened to overtake them, incited by personal as much as by tribal animosity; for Navajoes and Utes nourished an undying hate, and Miguel and Maria were much beloved.

"They hastened on, but the Utes were fleet of foot. Though the path was wide and open, and nothing obscured the view even to the distant horizon, no flying enemy gladdened their sight. But the trail turned; it led into the mountains; one hill, detached, rock-crowned and solitary, was near at hand. Why did the Navajoes stop near it and counsel together? It was because, to their great surprise, the Utes were on that mountain, and were fortifying their position by the covering rocks; for they had seen what the pursuers had not—that the larger hunting-party of the Navajoes were returning, and had seen them. Thus the Utes were between two parties of their enemy. And then the Navajoes met from both sides; a few words explained all, and the hill was alive with brave and vengeful warriors, who pressed forward, careless of danger or death, to wreak a bloody end on their foes. It was done—the Utes' scalps were taken; and there

was mourning in Ute homes for those who never returned to boast of success on the war-path against the Navajoes.

"The old man here ceased his narration, and gave a longing look at my flask, which I understood and sympathized with; then rising, we descended the pine-tree staircase to our camp in the cañon, and on the next day began the retrograde march to Fort Sumner, arriving there without further incident than being joined by a score or two of fugitives, who asked leave to go back with me to that place."

The efforts to improve and perfect the workings of the reserve, though carried on with great zeal and wisdom, were necessarily impeded by the persistence with which parties, with whose vested interests the government of the military over the Indians interfered, continued their opposition. It was the old-time custom to call upon the military for their subjection, and this effected, the military were supposed to have no further control of them; the Indian Department officials taking charge of and regulating all their economies; but the evident incapacity of the Indian Bureau, during all the events of the Navajo campaign, and its want of agents, power, or resources, during the national conflict, naturally placed the supervision upon the military, and the result was seen in the operations just described. But the flavor of loaves and fishes are not always forgotten because they may not be attainable at special times; and so with the dawn of peace came the desire to have such pabulum once again, and agitation for that purpose was persistently carried on, until successful. It is not necessary to enumerate the various ways in which discontent was originated and fostered, and the Navajoes taught so strenuously to believe that they had been badly dealt with in bringing them from their homes, that they at last believed it, and made it the subject of habitual complaint; but

the result was the abandonment of this successful reservation in 1868, after five years of labor and \$2,500,000 had been expended upon it, and the re-conducting of the Indians to a new place in the mountains from which they had been brought but five years before at such infinite labor and expense; where, if they are now as industrious, honest, peaceful and contented as is by some claimed, they owe that *status* to the discipline and training forced upon them by the events of the campaign, and the regulations of the Fort Sumner Reservation.

In the narration of facts presented in the foregoing necessarily brief history, I have endeavored to show that wisdom,

justice and honesty dictated the measures originated and executed by General Carleton and his subordinates; that these measures were pre-eminently successful, since they materially changed the habits of the Navajoes, and gave permanent relief from their raids to the distressed Mexican and *pueblo* populations; that the reservation selected was the only one appropriate for a people of their habits and antecedents; and that the people of New Mexico are deeply the debtors of those who, with no other object than duty and a desire to benefit them, devoted unceasingly and untiringly (no other terms can fitly express these labors), their efforts to aid that Territory.

RELICS OF JOHN CLARE.

IF ever there was a born poet, it was poor John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, who rose from the earth like Shelley's lark, singing "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." English literary annals abound with instances of genius emerging from humble life. From Shakspeare, the wool-dealer's son, to Keats, the son of a stable-keeper, the long roll of poetical fame is full of names gemmed by genius amid the shades of a lowly origin. Seldom, however, has genius struggled against poverty so abject, and asserted itself with such slender helps, as in the case of John Clare. His parents were natives of Helpstone, a Northamptonshire village, where they, like their ancestors for generations before them, resided in extreme poverty, the father working as a farm-hand until age and disease made him a crippled charge upon the parish. The poet labored with his father as soon as he was old enough—helping to mitigate the penury which was hard enough at best, and

that seemed to offer no prospect for the decline of his own manhood but that haven in the poor-house which is still the only provision England can make for one-twentieth of her children. Born in 1793, at a period when the bright stars of poetry were coming out which made the first third of this century the most brilliant epoch in English literature since the time of Elizabeth, Clare grew up as ignorant of the great intellectual stir of the time as though it were not. As he wrote in one of his later poems, "the woods and fields were all the books he knew;" but to know these as he knew them, with a poet's instinct, was almost a liberal education in itself. Nature was to this poor ignorant lad what it had been to the fortunate and cultivated bard of Rydal Mere—

"A presence that disturb'd him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts;"

a kindly friend, that led him from pleasure to pleasure—that informed the mind within him, and so impressed it

"with quietness and beauty," that all the hardships and mean surroundings of his life were often forgotten or made tolerable. The same influence inspired him with the ambition that Burns felt—"some useful book or song to write." By extra work at plowing and thrashing, he earned in eight weeks what paid for a month's schooling; and so, in three years, he learned to read, and bought a few books, including *Robinson Crusoe* and Thompson's *Seasons*. The latter work, by its vivid pictures of nature, struck a sympathetic chord in his breast, and fired him to his first poetical compositions before he had learned to write, and when he was only thirteen years old. The following stanza from his autobiographic poem of "The Village Minstrel" happily describes him at this time:

"Nature look'd on him with a witching eye;
Her pleasing scenes were his delightful book,
Where he, while other louts roam'd heedless by,
With wild enthusiasm used to look.
The kingcup vale, the gravel-paved brook,
Were Paradise to him to muse among;
And, haply, sheltering in some lonely nook,
He often sat to see it purl along,
And, fired with what he saw, humm'd o'er his simple song."

Clare's father was kindly and appreciative, and not quite illiterate, for we are told of his reading to his boy from Pomfret's poems, before John had learned to read for himself. No doubt he encouraged the boy in his efforts to learn, especially as the ambition to do so made him not the less diligent at work. A more intelligent neighbor taught him writing and arithmetic; and by his fourteenth year, the age when Pope composed his precocious lines on solitude—he had penned numerous verses, on themes relating to his rural life, and expressing his love of nature. From this time until 1818, he kept on reading in the few books he could borrow or buy, and always writing, but without neglect of the daily work on which his bread

depended, and which never brought him more than eight or nine shillings a week. He wrote as the birds sing—for love of it—for the joy he took in expression, without dreaming of self-display more than the flower that is "born to blush unseen." His manuscripts were stuffed in a hole in the wall of his room, whence pieces were often taken "to hold the kettle with, or light the fire." Thus his "thoughts that breathed" might also be "words that burned" in a more literal sense than luckier bards would like. No words of encouragement, nor hopes of reward or fame, were ever held out to him; yet he wrote as fondly of what he saw that charmed him, as though sure an admiring world were waiting to read it. Transported by a lovely flower, by the gay creatures of field and flood, by the sound of rippling streams or sighing wind, by the solitude of a retired grove, by the pensive aspect of a ruin, by the coming and going of the day, by the varied aspects of the seasons—by all the infinite charms of the outdoor world—he would describe and dilate upon them in simple verse at every hour he could seize from toil, sometimes stopping in the midst of labor, in the plowed field or lime-pit, or by the road-side, to pencil down the sudden promptings of his pure soul.

After thirteen years of such sweet devotion to the muses, an accident—occurring after the failure of a scheme of his own—led to the publication of some of his youthful verse. Edward Drury, bookseller, of Stamford, where Clare bought his *Seasons* for a hard-earned shilling, saw by chance a sonnet of his, addressed to the setting sun, written on the wrapper of a letter. Mr. Drury—honored be his name!—was so struck with this, that he traced out the author by his initials, read more of his poems, and induced Clare to form a collection of seventy or eighty short pieces, which were sent to London, and published by Taylor & Hes-

sey, in a little volume prefaced by a short account of the writer. Two years later, in 1820, a second edition was published. In 1823, the same publishers issued two more small volumes, written under the encouragement afforded by means of the first; and these, also, quickly reached a second edition. Clare's poems, thus introduced to the literary world, were praised in the reviews and papers of the day. Although his vocabulary was limited, his art simple, his grammar and versification defective, he painted nature so truly, and breathed so fresh and sweet a sentiment, that he was hailed as a genuine poet. This kindly recognition was partly due to the surprise excited, that a poor and ignorant peasant boy was able to write poetry at all; but it rested on solid merit. Clare, in his humble way, and without consciously sharing in it, was a helper in that reaction against the conventionality and stiff formalism of the Johnsonian era in English poetry, which was led by such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge and Scott. He was not a mannerist nor an imitator. Perhaps, if he had possessed a wider knowledge of books when he began to write, he might have been less original; as it was, his verses aimed only to describe what a genuine lover of nature saw and felt—not merely her more obvious and general aspects, but many such minute charms as no other poet to this day has thought worthy of embalming. The ant, at its toil; the lady-bug, preening its gay wings on the bending grass-spear; the felled tree, that he would fain have left to "grow old in picturesque decay;" the frog, wetting his speckled sides as he leaped across the dewy meadow; the evening daisies, that "button into buds;" the rain-dripping oaks, that "print crimpling dimples" on the lake; the glow-worm, apostrophized as a

"Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright, scatter'd, twinkling star of spangled earth."

all these, and thousands more of such

minor beauties, employed his muse, and attested his close and loving observation. Nor did he fail to give graphic pictures of rural character, like that of "The Woodman," or those in "The Haymaker's Story." The joys and sorrows, the hardships and sports, the grinding toil and comfortless old age of the peasantry, were drawn with all the realism of a Crabbe; to which was added the genuine feeling of one who had experienced it all. Outside of Wordsworth, there is no English poet who shows so much sympathy with the common people as Clare; but while, with Wordsworth, this was to some extent a part of his art, and was done upon a theory—though nobly and honestly done—with Clare, it was part of his life, the unstudied outpouring of his being. Without Wordsworth's imaginative power and philosophic insight (which make him the grandest poet of nature in any tongue), Clare had wonderful truth in little, with a sweetness and refinement which are doubly admirable considering his rude origin and uncongenial surroundings. In "The Village Minstrel," published in his second volume, he describes faithfully both the circumstances which led his mind to poetry, and the life of his uncouth neighbors. There are strains in it that recall the pathetic complaint in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*; while the study of his own mental development reminds one of Beattie's *Minstrel* and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. A short extract from his "Rural Morning" will give some idea how literally he pictured rural scenes and character:

"And now the blossom of the village view,
With airy hat of straw and apron blue,
And short-sleeved gown, that half to guess reveals
By fine-turned arms what beauty it conceals;
Whose cheeks health flushes with as sweet a red
As that which stripes the woodbine o'er her head.
Deeply she blushes, on her morn's employ,
To prove the fondness of some passing boy,
Who, with a smile that thrills her soul to view,
Holds the gate open till she passes through,
While turning nods beck thanks for kindness done,

And looks—if looks could speak—proclaim her won,
 With well-scour'd buckets, on proceeds the maid,
 And drives her cows to milk beneath the shade,
 Where scarce a sunbeam to molest her steals—
 Sweet as the thyme that blossoms where she kneels;
 And there oft scares the cooing, amorous dove
 With her own favored melodies of love.
 Snugly retired in yet dew-laden bowers,
 This sweetest specimen of rural flowers
 Displays, red-glowing in the morning wind,
 The powers of health and nature when combined.
 Lost on the road, the cowboy careless swings,
 Leading tamed cattle in their tending-strings,
 With shining tin to keep his dinner warm
 Swung at his back, or tuck'd beneath his arm;
 Whose sunburnt skin, and cheeks chuff'd out with fat,
 Are dyed as rusty as his napless hat.
 And others, driving loose their herds at will,
 Are now heard whooping up the pasture hill;
 Peel'd sticks they bear, of hazel or of ash,
 The rib-mark'd hides of restless cows to thrash.
 In sloven garb appears each bawling boy,
 As fit and suiting to his rude employ;
 His shoes, worn down by many blundering treads,
 Oft show the tenants, needing safer sheds;
 The pithy bunch of unripe nuts to seek,
 And crabs, sun-reddened with a tempting cheek,
 From pasture-hedges, daily puts to rack
 His tatter'd clothes, that scarcely screen his back—
 Daub'd all about as if besmear'd with blood:
 Stain'd with the berries of the brambly wood,
 That stud the straggling briars as black as jet,
 Which, when his cattle lair, he runs to get;
 Or smaller kinds, as if begloss'd with dew,
 Shining dim-powdered with a downy blue,
 That on weak tendrils lowly-creeping grow
 Where, choked in flags and sedges, wandering slow,
 The brook purls, simmering its declining tide
 Down the crook'd boundings of the pasture side."

This extract illustrates the extreme simplicity of Clare's early style, when his vocabulary was most limited. It is like a Dutch picture, for realistic force, and gives no idea of the delicate sentiment and fancy of some of his best productions, including some of his perfect little sonnets. His poems and ballads on love are as pure and sweet as his own attachment for "Patty," the good girl whom he married in 1820, when the success of his first literary venture led him to dare such a step. What could be more dainty than this, apparently dedicated to some earlier flame than Patty:

"I love thee, sweet Mary! but love thee in fear;
 Were I but the morning breeze, healthy and airy,
 As thou goest a-walking I'd breathe in thine ear,
 And whisper and sigh how I love thee, my Mary!

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"I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain;
 Wert thou but a streamlet, a-winding so clearly,
 And I little globules of soft-dropping rain, [Mary!
 How fond would I press thy white bosom, my

"I would steal a kiss, but I dare not presume;
 Wert thou but a rose in thy garden, sweet fairy,
 And I a bold bee for to rife its bloom,
 A whole summer's day would I kiss thee, my Mary!

"I long to be with thee, but can not tell how;
 Wert thou but the elder, that grows by thy dairy,
 And I the blest woodbine to twine on the bough,
 I'd embrace thee and cling to thee ever, my
 Mary!"

If these were "a simple laborer's artless dreams," no wonder that all England admired, that wealthy and titled people contributed to secure him a certain income, and that the publishers wanted more. The first effort to help him was a settlement of £15 a year upon him, by Lord Exeter, with the idea that he could earn £15 more by labor (making up what had barely supported him before), and that it was better he should not be entirely withdrawn from toil! This patronizing scheme, however, failed, for Clare's fame made him a public character, and broke up his work in the field. As Miss Mitford says, in her "Recollections," "he became as great a lion as if he had committed two or three murders." He was frequently interrupted during his labors to satisfy the curiosity of admiring visitors. Finally, an annuity of £45 was settled upon him. With this he felt "passing rich." He took his parents back to the native cot, with his Patty, and there, providing most affectionately for their comfort, dreamed his brief dream of happiness, and prepared the materials of a third volume. This was not published until 1839. It showed remarkable improvement in the command of language, in grammatical construction, and in rhythmical finish and force. His poems were more artistic, while his increased power of expression set off his wonderfully close observation to better advantage. What could be more exquisite than these characteristic lines on insects:

"These tiny loiterers on the barley's beard,
 And happy units of a numerous herd
 Of playfellows, the laughing summer brings ;
 Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings,
 How merrily they creep, and run, and fly !
 No kin they bear to labor's drudgery,
 Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge-rose,
 And where they fly for dinner no one knows ;
 The dew - drops feed them not ; they love the shine
 Of noon, whose suns may bring them golden wine.
 All day they're playing in their Sunday dress ;
 When night reposes they can do no less !
 Then to the heath - bell's purple hood they fly,
 And, like to princes in their slumber, lie
 Secure from rain and dropping dews, and all
 On silken beds in roomy painted hall.
 So merrily they spend their summer day,
 Now in the corn - fields, now, the new - mown hay.
 One almost fancies that such happy things,
 With colored hoods and richly burnished wings,
 Are fairy folk in splendid masquerade
 Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid,
 Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
 Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill."

It is worthy of special note that Clare's sudden fame did not spoil him. His habits remained as temperate and blameless as they had ever been. He did not "lose his head." The innate refinement indicated by his portrait (prefixed to the original edition of his second volume), was maintained in his demeanor. Mr. S. C. Hall says his appearance, as he saw him in 1828, was that of a simple rustic, and his manners were remarkably gentle and unassuming. "He was short and thick, yet not ungraceful in person. His countenance was plain, but agreeable ; he had a look and manner so dreamy as to have appeared sullen, but for a peculiarly winning smile ; and his forehead was so broad and high as to have bordered on deformity." As to his character, the same writer says : "In his unknown and uncherished youth, and in his after days, when some portion of fame and honor fell to his share, he maintained a fair character, and subjected himself to no charge more unanswerable than that of indiscretion in applying the very limited funds with which he was furnished after the world heard of his name, and was loud in applause of his genius." When we remember the

dissipation which has stained the lives of more fortunate sons of genius — the wild irregularities of nobly-born Byron, and the less blameful vices of the better-bred Burns, this tribute to the virtue of poor John Clare is the more remarkable. The "indiscretion" alluded to grew out of his desire to own the land he tilled ; laudable enough in itself, but leading to pecuniary embarrassments, which were increased by the growth of his family. The petty income of £45 per annum was only slightly increased from the sale of his books, and his receipts from magazines and journals. As Miss Mitford says, "the popularity diminished as the merit increased." "With the novelty the pleasure vanished." Overwhelmed with poverty, distracted at the spectacle of his aged parents and his children in want, his mind gave way, and for over twenty years he was under restraint as a lunatic, until he died, in 1864 ; the efforts made to relieve him of his embarrassments coming too late. Although so long an inmate of an asylum, the restraint upon him was mild and kindly. He was always gentle and harmless, was permitted to ramble among the scenes of nature, which he still loved, and continued to write verses with some traces of his early merit, but which often showed a curious relapse to his early faults. Some of the penciled scraps which he produced during the time of his long eclipse, have found their way to California, in the hands of J. B. Wandesforde, the artist, who has kindly placed them at our disposal. Mr. Wandesforde was sketching, many years ago, among the hills and dales of Epping Forest, the scene of Clare's confinement, often met him on his rambles, and formed such an intimacy with him, that Clare would often hand him bits of his pencilings. Some of these are now partly illegible, and some are quite fragmentary ; but two or three are perfect, and, our readers will admit, quite beautiful, despite apparent defects,

which the revision we do not feel at liberty to make would remove. The following is very crude, but pathetically suggestive of his malady and separation from his family :

THE PANSY.

It does me good, thou flower of spring,
Thy blossoms to behold ;
Thou bloom'st when birds begin to sing,
In purple and in gold.

Along the garden - beds so neat
Thy flowers their blooms display,
When sparrows chirp and lambkins bleat
And hopes look up for May.

Then Emma thinks the heart's - ease blooms
When she the pansy sees ;
But I see sleep among the tombs,
With heart that's ill at ease,

That asks for what it's lost and loved—
A quiet home and friends,
Where nature's feelings were approved
And peace made life amends ;

Where love was all I had to sing,
And there these pansy flowers
Came shining in the dews of spring
To cheer the sunny hours.

But years may pass, as they have passed,
And I may hope in vain,
With hopes that linger to the last,
To see them bloom again.

The fairest flower that ever bloomed,
Or garden ever blest,
Looks cold to care, and ne'er was doomed
To ease the heart's unrest.

The heart's - ease in her happy hour
Might Emma's fancy please,
But life will often pluck the flower
And feel but ill at ease.

Curiously enough, the same slip of paper on which this unhappy plaint was scrawled, contained the subjoined light-some

SONG ON TOBACCO.

Some sing about love in their season of roses,
But love has in sorrow no blossoms to wear ;
So I'll sing tobacco, that cheers and composes,
And lulls us asleep in our trouble and care.
So here's to tobacco, the Indian weed,
The peaceful companion through trouble and strife ;
May it prove every smoker's best friend in his need,
And be to his heart a restorer through life.

There's the husbandman hourly tormented with care,
By his daily companion, a troublesome wife ;
But a pipe of tobacco will soothe his despair,
And bring him sunshine in the shadows of life.

Then here's to tobacco, the Indian weed,
May it bless honest smokers with peace to the end,
For such a companion is friendship indeed,
Since it proves in the midst of all trouble a friend.

The statesman, the lawyer, the parson will find,
When business oppresses and sorrow grows ripe,
To steer clear of follies and strengthen the mind,
There's nothing like leisure and smoking a pipe.
So here's to that cheering tobacco once more ;
May each honest smoker prove blest with the weed,
May it mend broken hopes and lost pleasures restore,
And always prove dear as a friend in his need.

The following stanza was evidently the beginning of a ballad :

Beautiful woman, visions dwell
Of heaven's joy about thee,
And every step I take is hell
That walks thro' life without thee.

And these fragmentary verses are sadly retrospective :

When with our little ones we spent
Each Sunday after tea,
And up the wood's dark side we went
Or pasture's rushy lea,
To look among the woodland boughs
To find the bird's retreat,
Or crop the cowslip for the cows ;
* * * * *
Then sat to rest the little feet
In many a pleasant place,
And see the lambs, who tried to bleat,
Come first in every race,
Then laugh'd the children's joys to view,
Who ran across the lea
At birds that from the rushes flew,
And many a wandering bee.

Here is a pretty pastoral idyl, imperfect as it is ; and the disconnected stanza that follows it is a perfect gem :

COLIN.

You promised me, a year ago,
When autumn bleach'd the mistletoe,
That you and I should be as one ;
But now another autumn's gone—
Its solemn knell is in the blast,
And love's bright sun is overcast ;
Yet flowers will bloom and birds will sing,
And e'en the winter claim the spring.

LUCY.

The hedges will be green again,
And flowers will come on hill and plain ;
And though we meet a rainy day,
The hawthorn will be white with May.
If love and nature still agree,
Green leaves will clothe the trysting-tree ;
And when these pleasing days you view,
Think Lucy's heart may yet be true.

* * * * *

Sweeter than roses was the face
For whom I pluck'd the flower ;
Sweeter than heaven was the place
In that delightful hour.

There is more of Clare's true quality
in these

LINES ON AUTUMN.

'Tis autumn now, and harvest's reign
Browns swelling hills and hollow vales ;
The sudden shower sweeps o'er the plain,
And health breathes in the shivering gales.
The coveys rise—the sportman joys—
And in the stubble bleeding fall ;
The hunter's face glows in the chase—
He loves to hear the bugle call,
That loud through wood and dingle rings,
As o'er the fence the courser springs.

The songs of home on every field
From merry harvesters are heard ;
The hare, as yet, from harm will shield
Where barley waves its tawny beard.
Some sing and blink o'er kebs of drink,
And love the drunkard's brawls to own ;
I love to dream by valley's stream,
And live with quiet peace alone :
The brook and wood, the vale and tree,
Are the green homes of joy to me.

Some love to drink adieu to care :
I love the solitude of rest.
Some meet with woman false and fair,
And think it joy to be distressed.
The hazel nook, the mossy brook,
I love from feelings of a boy ;
The broad-topped oak, the raven's croak,
And all of nature brings me joy.
There solitude of sun and shade
A paradise on earth hath made.

And yet, the love of woman still
Hath been my sunshine all along ;
Her voice along the upland hill
Was music in my early song ;
Her love confessed is still the best
To comfort every care and thrall ;
In poetry's page, her heritage
Reigns still the empress over all.
There's not a land where life hath been
But looks on woman as its queen.

Poor Clare, like most demented persons, thought himself the victim of a conspiracy, and, under this impression, wrote to his wife this letter :

Northamptonshire : Direction—
NORTHBOROUGH, near Market-Deeping, }
April 18th, 1842. }

My DEAR WIFE PATTY :

If you are my wife (and I am sure you used to be so—aye, ever since I was twenty-five years of

age), write to me here, and acknowledge that you are so now ; or, if your inclination is, best make this long absence a final separation, let it be known, and I can prove that I am sensible, and have been grossly imposed upon by real enemies, which you will do well to shun as enemies to yourself. You can claim me away from this place as your husband, the same as I was when I left you, with honest and good intention to return to my home and family in a day or two. Since then, months have elapsed, and I am still here, away from them, enduring all the miseries of solitude—which every married man must feel, through years of absence and confinement from his own home and family. Take every kind wish from me for your health and happiness, and for a father's love to your children, who ever wishes them well and happy.

Believe me, my dear wife, that I am, as I ever have been,

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN CLARE.

To Martha Turner Clare.

On a blank page of the sheet containing the above, Clare had written the verses that follow, which are faulty, and somewhat incoherent, but very touching as the evidences of a sweet nature, "jangled out of tune :"

I long to forget them—the love of my life—

To forget them, and keep this lorn being my own ;
The honey is cell'd in such changeable strife,

I long to keep sorrow and trouble my own—
To live in myself, and to be what I am,

And to leave earth's delusions and shadows behind,
Where love may not cheat, nor its happiness damn :
The shadows of hope I with nature may find.

O, bear me away from this changeable strife,

To the childhood of nature, the linnet and bee !
Let her flowers be my children, her freedom my wife,
Where God, my Creator, is constant and free.
The flower on the white bush, the nest in the ground,
Which my own happy childhood once shouted to find ;

Let me live in those scenes, with the wind blowing round,

And I shall be happy to bear it in mind,

To think of the joys of that once-happy spot

Where I lived with my children the whole summer long—

The mother, the garden, the books and the cot,

The theme and affection of many a song.

The snowdrop and crocus are first in the year,

And there the tall foxglove its red-freckled bell
To the summer and bee was delicious and dear ;

And down in the homestead, the pond and the dell

Would hide me an hour in its hazel so green,

While the world and its troubles kept far, far away ;
And there silent solitude kept me unseen,

With love-ties around me the whole of the day.
And there was the robin, perch'd on the ash tree,

Would sing me a tune, and then drop for a worm ;
 And there the coy thrush my companion would be,
 While the hazel-bush sheltered my seat from a
 storm.

And there came the linnet, with wool in its bill,
 To build its new nest in the hedge or the thorn ;
 And there I could see the black sails of the mill,
 And the spire in the gray, sleeping light of the
 morn.

And there came the heavy-wing'd kite o'er the lea,
 And the old hens they call'd for their chickens
 aloud ;

And there the black crow came and perch'd on the
 tree,

And the lark hid itself in the black-bosom'd cloud.

O, bear me away from this tumult and strife
 Where woman or falsehood is not to be found—
 To the scenes which I loved in the childhood of life,
 In the fields which the thorn-hedges sheltered
 around ;

Where trees without order in spinney clumps stand,
 And in corners the aged or the whittled sheep pen ;
 O bear me to those dearest spots in the land,
 And the peace of my lowly thatch'd cottage again !

Mr. Wandesforde says that Clare, the gentle, harmless lover of nature, who would avoid stepping on a flower, and carefully replace the bough that hid a bird's nest, fancied himself a prize-fighter, and the champion of all England ! Miss Mitford speaks of a friend who told her that whatever the demented poet read, or whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. Thus he recounted graphically and minutely the execution of Charles I, as a transaction

of which he was an eye-witness, describing even the costumes and manners of the day with marvelous accuracy. Finally, in 1864, aged 71, he died. His last words were, "I want to go home ;" and in keeping with the wish expressed in one of his early poems, he was buried in his native village.

The following verses were published at the time as the last he ever wrote :

"I am ! yet what I am who cares or knows ?
 My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes,
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host ;
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd
 Into the nothingness of scorn and noise—
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod,
 For scenes where woman never smiled nor wept ;
 There to abide with my Creator—God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me lie—
 The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky."

In concluding these sad memorials of poor Clare, one can not but recall the last stanza of his youthful lines "To an insignificant flower, obscurely blooming in a lonely wild :"

"Yet, when I'm dead, let's hope I have
 Some friend in store, as I'm to thee,
 That will find out my lowly grave,
 And heave a sigh to notice me."

A FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

WHEN our Cousin Minnie accepted Captain Ferris we were all delighted, and heartily congratulated her upon her choice—at least, that was what Aunt Ellen called it, and we adopted the expression.

Coming to think of it calmly, however, that was not quite the right word. Captain Ferris had a fine appearance, excellent position, and splendid whiskers; so, of course, there was no reason why Minnie should not be perfectly happy with him, but she was very much surprised when he proposed, and, although John Bruce had been rather attentive, we knew he had never offered himself, so she could scarcely be said to have made a selection.

Be that as it may, they were engaged, and then the serious part of the business began. It is all very easy until the time is named and the *trousseau* is to be thought of, but then comes the struggle.

Everybody said Minnie was lucky, that she had made a grand match, and all sorts of flattering things, and, I suppose, she thought so herself, but she did not appear happy in the way I liked. She was either exhilarated or moody; and, when the Captain was gone, and nobody was about, she would fall into a dull reverie that seemed very like gloom, out of which she would rouse herself with an effort, and assume a gayety that was too hysterical for the real thing.

When the *trousseau* came under consideration she seemed to revive, and seize it as a means of being desperately busy; so for the next fortnight everything was forgotten but dress-makers, and we were whirled into a perfect maelstrom of vexatious disappointments, sol-

emn pledges broken, incapables exposed, confident expectations outraged, and insult piled on aggravation. Everybody knew somebody who had acted like a perfect gem on other occasions, but who, on this, turned out the most fraudulent kind of paste. Old hands lost their cunning, and new hands seemed indefinitely pre-engaged. We were just driven to frenzy, when suddenly relief appeared from a most unexpected quarter.

We were sitting together in the dining-room, after dinner. It was nearly dark, and Aunt Ellen rang for lights, to return to the consideration of patterns and diagrams, with which the lounge and side-tables were strewed; for every room in the house had seen service in this exciting campaign. Kitty had just answered her summons, and was about to leave the room, when the door-bell sounded timidly.

"Not Captain Ferris, I trust," cried Adelaide, snatching up bits of embroidery and linen things, in a terrified hurry.

"O, no. I begged him to stay away until our difficulties grew less maddening," drawled Minnie, listlessly.

Kitty re-appeared at the door, with a face betokening great importance.

"It is a young woman, wanting a place, ma'am," she said, mysteriously.

"A place!" repeated Aunt Ellen. "What kind of place?"

"A place to sew, ma'am—to cut and fit dresses."

Adelaide looked at Minnie; Minnie looked at me; Aunt Ellen looked at all of us.

"Show her in," she said; and presently Annie Radwicke made her first appearance among us.

She was small and very slender in fig-

ure; her eyes were inky black, and her face singularly pale and delicate. Her dress was poor and plain, and had evidently been intended for mourning.

She spoke without hesitation, but there was something very odd and lifeless about her voice, and her face never changed its sad and somewhat frightened expression.

She gave her name, and said she was a stranger in San Francisco, having come to California some time before, to pursue her trade, but, being sick of a fever caught on the steamer, had been obliged to live as she could, until, her health returning, necessity had driven her to seek employment.

"Have you any references?" asked wary Aunt Ellen.

"I have never worked in California, and you could not apply to my patrons in the East."

This was true and reasonable.

Adelaide nervously interfered at this point. She evidently feared her mother would reject this last hope of aid, and determined to secure it at any hazard.

"Can you use a machine?" she asked, persuasively.

"A little."

"Can you cut dresses, and fit them nicely?"

"I think I could, with directions."

Minnie and her mother consulted together.

"Some of the plain things, to try;" "No choice left," and "Such a short time to do everything," were part of the sentences I overheard; and then Aunt Ellen, turning to Annie, after a few questions as to her present quarters and their locality, asked when she could come.

"I can stay now," said she, quietly; and, after an interchange of glances over the suddenness of the announcement, aunt seemed influenced by the exigencies of the case out of her usual cautious method of procedure, for she replied, desperately:

"Very well; I suppose you may as well do so."

Without waiting for another word, Annie took off her sacque and hat, and seated herself beside an immense heap of material piled on the wine-cooler.

She selected some delicate, flowered chintzes.

"These are for morning-dresses, I suppose," she said; "please show me the patterns I am to follow, and I will begin at once."

This looked like business, and Adelaide, who was eminently practical, had no idea of discouraging it. She explained the style they had decided on, and, adjourning to the sewing-room with the scattered dress-patterns, laid out trimmings, and displayed diagrams.

Taking heart of grace, we gathered up the different things which had hitherto been carried hopelessly over the house, and established an orderly system in the sewing apartment, where Annie had already set the machine in brisk motion on the seams of the first wrapper.

Slow in speaking and moving, her celerity at work was really astonishing; the needle clicked like lightning, and the long seams ran out as swiftly as by magic. Our spirits rose, and an emulating energy spread among us. Aunt Ellen began to measure and tear off; Adelaide, to baste; and Minnie and I to fold and arrange; but one thing soon became apparent to us all, though how it was expressed we could not have told. Annie Radwicke desired to work alone, and our society was a painful restraint and impediment to the exercise of her full powers as a seamstress.

I don't know which of us was the first to speak of it, but the next morning we all agreed to sit in Adelaide's room, which was large and light, and just across the hall from where Annie had been at work long before breakfast, making the needle click and the long seams spin out with surprising rapidity.

There was another peculiarity of our new needle-woman, soon to develop. Aunt Ellen discovered it, and communicated it to us in this wise:

"The girl doesn't eat."

"Why not?" said Minnie. "She's real, isn't she?"

"Do you mean flesh and blood?" said aunt. "I suppose she is, though not a very healthy or flourishing quality of it, I'm afraid; but Kitty says she can not induce her to break her fast."

Adelaide had been thinking, and now broke out with a sudden idea.

"Try her alone, mamma," she said. "It must be Kitty and Jane's staring at her that takes away her appetite. It seems scarcely fair to let that poor, delicate-looking creature be left at the mercy of those two great robust Irishwomen, with their high spirits and loud voices."

"I'll try it at lunch-time," said aunt; and we saw a tray go up to the sewing-room, which descended again with a very satisfactory result. After this, our strange seamstress went on swimmingly, only Aunt Ellen used to entreat her to rest a little, and actually forced her to walk in the garden. Out into the street she never went.

It was on the second day of her stay with us, that, passing the room in which she worked, and the door of which was slightly ajar, I heard two distinct voices—her own, and a full, deep-toned one, with a great deal of melody in it.

I could not distinguish the words, but, going back to my room, where the rest sat sewing, I remarked:

"There's a visitor to Annie, it seems."

"What!" said Aunt Ellen, in surprise; "a visitor? Why, the girl assured me that she did not know a soul in this city."

"Then it is a stranger, whose acquaintance she is cultivating," said Minnie. "I heard the voice myself."

Aunt Ellen got up and tiptoed across

the hall. Going to the door, she stopped to listen, seemed quite satisfied, and came back nodding, and saying, in a tone of conviction:

"True, she has undoubtedly found a friend."

She sat still awhile, and we talked about our work until we had forgotten Annie and her guest; when aunt recalled them by saying:

"I really must have a peep at the stranger"—and again glided silently out into the hall.

She paused there a moment, and then addressing Annie in a natural tone about her sewing, went in to give some directions.

When she came back to us, she shut the door behind her, and, looking round on us all with great solemnity, said:

"What do you think, girls? I went into the sewing-room, hearing Annie's voice and a stranger's as plainly as ever I heard my own; and when I got in, and looked around me, there wasn't a living creature in view but Annie herself, silently plying her work."

"Where had the—the other person gone?"

"Up the chimney, or out of the window; but Annie looked as innocent and unconscious as if no one had ever been there."

"I can not understand it," said Minnie—a sentiment which we all repeated, and continued to repeat, for some time to come.

The next day, Minnie went into the sewing-room to have a pretty white muslin tried on. It was exquisitely made, and became her charmingly.

"You look as lovely as a bride," I exclaimed, "and I do not believe your imported bridal dress will make you appear to such advantage as this simple French muslin does."

Annie drew a deep sigh; and, having attracted our attention by the sound, we saw that she was looking with a fixed

and immovable countenance straight before her.

"This will be your bridal dress; you will never wear the lace-and-satin dress, nor will you wed your present lover." She said this in a new and singularly clear, full tone.

Minnie turned very pale, and clutched my arm. "What does she mean?" she gasped.

Before I could answer, if I had had anything to say, the girl shuddered, and gave another sigh; then, as if suddenly awakened, stared around her an instant before resuming her work, which she continued with great vigor and earnestness, as if no interruption whatever had occurred.

We went back and related this to Adelaide and Aunt Ellen, who both turned angry at first, and then grew very grave.

"What sort of trickery is this?" said aunt, very red in the face. "What nonsense about your wedding-dress and husband! Pray do not think of it again, Minnie."

But Minnie did think of it; her face looked unusually serious, and she scarcely spoke again during the day.

That evening, as I crossed the entry, I heard the two voices so distinctly in Annie's room, that my feet became riveted to the spot. I was near enough to have distinguished words, but no words seemed spoken. Sound was all I could catch; and the two were as separate and unlike as any two voices I ever listened to. I was frightened—really frightened. Anything I can not explain is sure to alarm me; and fear always makes me desperate. I determined to discover the secret of those mysterious conversations, at any cost; so I went quietly into the room whence they issued, and found Annie alone, her eyes set in the curious manner I had noticed before, and her hand outstretched toward me.

"Give him this!" she said, in the full,

clear voice of the day before—"give him this!"

There was nothing in her hand, but it pointed directly to a small vase of yellow roses that I had noticed as part of the belongings of the sitting-room of late. I took one of them at a venture.

"Yes, let her wear it in her hair," said the voice. Then, as before, Annie sighed, recovered her usual manner, and went on with her work in a hurry.

A moment's thought decided me. I took the flower, and, keeping it fresh until Minnie was arrayed for the evening, I fastened it in her shining black hair with beautiful effect—for she looked lovely.

There was to be a little party; Adelaide was entertaining some friends, and John Bruce had promised to come, although it was his first visit since Minnie's engagement. She had dressed herself with unusual care, and looked wonderfully bright and vivacious.

"What a difference it makes in Minnie's spirits, to know that the work is going on satisfactorily," said Aunt Ellen.

"It affects me in another way," said Adelaide. "I am as nervous as a witch, and I believe Annie Radwicke is either crazy or a ventriloquist."

"Never mind the girl, as long as the wedding-gear progresses well," said my aunt, with affected cheerfulness; but I saw that she, as well as the rest of us, was rather uncomfortable when she recalled the double-voiced mystery.

I felt very strangely. I could not say that I looked for any important consequences in obeying the odd command of the seamstress. I only waited, with a flutter at my heart, and watchful eyes fixed on the bridegroom-elect.

He came in late, and it really seemed as if Minnie had quite forgotten him, for she stood beside John Bruce, talking earnestly, with a pleased and interested air.

He had been a little reserved at first, had almost faltered and turned away in greeting her, but somehow a word or two had broken the painful spell, and now they stood side by side near a group of musicians, looking as if they needed no greater delight than each other's society.

Captain Ferris lost color as his eye rested on them. He stepped forward with a gathering frown upon his brow, and, saluting Mr. Bruce with a cold bow, led Minnie away, without saying a word.

My eyes followed them. She seemed to remonstrate in surprise at such conduct; then she stood still with quiet dignity, and resisted his angry will. He looked at her, saw the yellow rose in her hair, and turned deadly white. I could not hear what he said, but I saw his gesture and the expression of his face, and knew that he spoke in passion.

She raised her hand to her head, but before she could touch the rose, he allowed his evil temper to triumph, and, catching the flower in his hand, he dragged it rudely from its place, bringing down her beautiful hair in a loose and wavy shower over her scarlet face.

I glanced hurriedly around the room, quite horrified at the result of my little experiment. John Bruce's eyes were upon them; he had seen it all. Minnie was unconscious of everything but this new revelation of her lover's nature, and it brought her's out in a light I had never seen it in before.

Very quietly and deftly she twisted up her loose locks and set them in order, never once glancing toward the offending flower, which the Captain kicked out of sight with contemptuous foot. She showed no emotion whatever in listening to what I supposed was a volume of excuses uttered by him in a penitent reaction of feeling, but preserved an impenetrable quiet of demeanor that was not broken all the evening.

As soon as the last guest departed, she hurried away abruptly, and I heard her lock her chamber-door, which was quite out of the common way, for Adelaide and I used to go in there to talk over whatever had happened during the evening.

"Minnie's tired," said Aunt Ellen.

"Minnie's worried," said Adelaide. "Something is wrong; I don't know what; but her voice was as cold as ice when she bade Captain Ferris good-night, and he seemed flurried and unlike himself all evening."

"It is the result of a hard day's trying-on," said aunt, in a tone of conviction. "Those polonaise skirts are so exhausting, and Minnie's trimming is so elaborate, I do not wonder the poor child's spirits sank under it all."

"O pshaw, mamma!" said Adelaide, impatiently; "the idea of a girl getting dejected over the clothes she means to make an impression in! Why do people wear out their strength in getting up all sorts of patterns and adornments, if it isn't to gratify their vanity? Minnie's trouble is deeper, and I believe that it reaches her heart."

Adelaide said this with such solemnity that it impressed us all. Aunt made no reply, and, feeling guilty and secret on the subject of the flower, I did not know what to say.

After that the two voices seemed to murmur constantly in the sewing-room. Minnie grew pale and distraught, and tried to have some of the family present whenever her lover came; once actually refusing to see him unless Adelaide or I went down with her.

Aunt Ellen had been trying hard to conceal her anxiety, but I could easily see that she was worried and uncomfortable over the strange turn affairs had taken.

When Minnie made the absurd declaration that she would not see her betrothed unless we went down to enter-

tain him, her motherly forbearance gave way, and she broke out sharply :

"I believe you are bewitched, Minnie Lawrence, and I'm afraid the whole family has grown a little queer ever since that spectral dress-maker came here. It certainly is a great relief to have one's things made up without bother, and to unite elegance and economy in trimming as Annie does, but if we are to live this ghostly, charnel-house life in consequence, I do not believe it pays."

"I am not in the least troubled about those mysterious murmurings," said Adelaide, with an assumption of immense carelessness. "I made up my mind from the first that they were ventriloquial, and that settled the matter for me."

Then why did she look worried and restless like the rest of us, and why did I find her leaning over the balustrade after midnight, listening to the sounds as they came faintly from Annie Radwicke's chamber?

I did not ask her. She rose, and, telling Minnie that she would go down and say to Captain Ferris she was coming, she went out of the room gayly humming a tune, that ceased the moment she closed the door.

That evening at twilight we both went up-stairs to dress.

We had been talking in rather a depressed way all the afternoon. Captain Ferris had left early, and Minnie went immediately to her room and had not yet re-appeared. Aunt Ellen looked perturbed; Adelaide had preserved an affected ease of manner, but dropped into gloomy sentences every little while, until at last she had said to me, impatiently:

"What a dull girl you are, Virgie; you haven't said a word for an hour. Come and dress, do!"

There was to be another little party; the brides-maids were coming to be introduced to Captain Ferris' friends, who,

by the way, were gentlemen whom none of us knew, and, of course, it was desirable to make an impression.

Yet we were very depressed and listless about it, and went creeping up-stairs so noiselessly that not a footfall broke the silence of the hall.

Just as we reached the upper landing, and paused a moment for breath, we saw directly within the door-way of Annie Radwicke's room a small, slight figure, dressed in some soft, white material that appeared to fall in fleecy folds around it. The window looking out of the sewing-room into the garden was open just behind this figure, and the pale twilight formed a background against which we saw it clearly revealed. I did not discern the face distinctly—it was turned away—but I thought it was Annie's, and wondered why she was so bride-like in appearance. Two other things struck me as noticeable in connection with this form—first, that, although everything about it was snowy white, on the head was a garland of bright yellow roses; and also that the wind, stirring the curtain lightly, never moved one flowing line of its pure white drapery.

We had both stood still regarding this appearance with amazement for a moment or so, when I felt Adelaide grasp my hand. I turned, and saw that she was white with terror; then I became alarmed, too, and when we both looked again, the figure was gone.

With one accord, we turned and ran down into the dining-room just as fast as we could. It was brightly lighted, but aunt was not there, and Adelaide, recollecting herself, said: "Don't frighten mamma, Virgie. Let us try to find out what it means, before we alarm any one but ourselves."

I agreed, and we grew courageous, and called Kitty to go up and light the gas all the way through the hall. Nothing happened to startle her; she came down a little out of breath with running

up, but otherwise as usual; so we had no hesitation in trying it again.

This time we saw no figure, the sewing-room was empty, and everything within it was put away in excellent order. Gaining more courage, we stepped inside and peeped into the bedroom. There we saw Annie lying across the foot of her little couch, apparently in a deep slumber.

Adelaide spoke to her several times, and finally shook her by the shoulder, before she was able to awaken her; then she rose and stood upon her feet like a dazed person, murmuring some apology about getting very tired when it grew too dark for her to see any longer, and only meaning to rest just a moment.

"It is all right. I only wish you would take far more rest than you do," said Adelaide. "But I want you to answer me truly: how long have you been lying there?"

"I do not know."

"Were you not standing in that door in a white dress a few moments since?"

She looked mechanically down at her black gown, then at us in a bewildered sort of way, and shook her head.

"Think carefully of what you say, please; it is of great importance to us." She did think, apparently, and the result was curious. She grew gradually paler than ever, and asked, in a sinking voice:

"In white, did you say—soft, fleecy white?"

"Yes."

"But not with roses—yellow roses?"

This in a frightened, imploring sort of tone, that was painful to hear.

"Yes, in yellow roses."

"O, then I have not done my mission well. I have neglected something; I must repair the omission!"

She gazed around her in a distressed and anxious way, and Adelaide became perfectly beside herself with nervous impatience.

"Tell us what you mean, Annie; such

mysteries are perfectly distracting," she said. Her words recalled the sewing-girl to herself. In a moment, she resumed her usual manner, and smoothed back her tumbled hair.

"Of course Miss Minnie wants her lilac silk finished for the evening," she said, "and I have yet to cord and put in the sleeves."

She set to work at once, and we could not get out of her a single word of explanation or anything else in reference to the vision; so Adelaide and I, after a half-hour's talk, pledged each other to watching and secrecy, and dressed for the evening.

The last of the wedding dresses were by this time nearly done; there was only the finishing-up to do, and the great occasion was set for that night week. It was to be quite a grand affair, and all Minnie's brides-maids were delighted because their dresses were becoming, and there would be rounds of parties, and all sorts of gay times; but Minnie herself was as cold and still as she had appeared ever since the night when Captain Ferris tore the yellow rose from her hair, and John Bruce had watched them both.

She came down, not in the lilac silk she had proposed wearing, but in a white grenadine, with ivy-leaves on her bosom and in her hair.

Carrie Somers was always a chatter-box, and I really wondered at Minnie selecting her for her first brides-maid; and when she broke out that night, in her thoughtless way, I had no patience with her.

"O, pray do look at Minnie!—how statuesque she looks! Cousin John Bruce should be here, to go into raptures over her; for he said he never saw anything so lovely as she was in the *tableau* of Love and Memory, when she wore ivy-leaves over white—and that very dress, too, wasn't it, Minnie?"

"I do not know—that is, I believe so."

"Why, you have not forgotten my telling you how he raved about it, and called you the gem of the whole affair—"

"Captain Ferris has brought you some moss-buds," said Adelaide, looking secret annihilation at Carrie. "Put a few in your hair, Minnie—they are just what you need."

But Minnie did no such thing; she gave the bouquet back to Adelaide, after a glance or two, and went over and talked with old Mr. Somers, who came with his daughter, nearly all the evening.

It was dull; no one could prevent its being so, for Captain Ferris was determined to monopolize Minnie, and she perversely avoided him. Adelaide and I tried to be unconscious of them; but we found ourselves watching them nearly all the time—and so the spirit of the party flagged.

Somebody played and sang, and we did our best to keep the piano occupied. It was late, when Carrie Somers cried out:

"Why, we have certainly lost sight of the object of the evening. We came to practice attitudes, and we have not done anything of the kind."

Minnie sprang up and hurried to the piano, in haste, to gratify Mr. Somers, who had said something about hearing her sing.

Adelaide began to talk with a little group, apart, about another evening. It was difficult to find one on which all were disengaged; so, at last, the one preceding the wedding was chosen, and then they all went away.

"Now, Minnie! I must say that you were not—"

Adelaide had got so far, on returning from the hall to the drawing-room, when we discovered that Minnie had gone further still, and retired to her room at once.

It was really singular how she avoided us; yet she seemed perfectly fascinated with Annie Radwicke, and would linger

over her by the hour as she made her needle click and her seams reel out, until it seemed, as Aunt Ellen said, that the needle-woman had bewitched her.

The day before the wedding came, every stitch was set, and Annie Radwicke, as she folded the last garment, and began to gather up the threads and shreds, seemed as if she had put her last thrill of vitality into the completed *trousseau*, and was merely a shadow, awaiting a breeze to waft her away.

"You must lie right down, and get a good long sleep, Annie," said Aunt Ellen; "then you must rest a whole week before you begin again. You have really done wonders."

The girl seemed miserable and uneasy. She burst into tears, clasped her hands, and said, in a broken, sobbing way:

"I have tried to act for the best. I have meant to do my duty. Do not blame me until you test the result."

She continued to murmur a great deal more, in a broken, agonized way, that was very uncomfortable to listen to; but she never had seemed like anyone else, and we tried to praise and re-assure her, so that, at last, she quieted down, and seemed to glide out of the room like a spirit.

Minnie was so long dressing, that evening, that both Adelaide and I tapped at her door and begged to know if we could not assist her. She answered, "No, thank you;" and that was all.

Every one was in the drawing-room when she came down. She looked very handsome, but, as usual, pale as marble, and her manner was almost as stiff and cold. Captain Ferris, on the contrary, was almost hysterically gay, and made himself infinitely entertaining and amusing to us all, in a manner peculiarly his own, which few could equal.

It was somewhere in the middle of the evening that I looked up, from an interesting conversation with a fellow-officer of Captain Ferris, and saw that the

guests were beginning to arrange the wedding procession, and "practice attitudes," as Carrie Somers called it.

"So I suppose I must fall into rank," said my companion, Colonel Darley, smiling; at which I was quite sorry, for he was giving me a very interesting account of their life at a frontier post, including a good deal of Captain Ferris' biography, about which I confessed myself rather curious.

The Colonel was an older man than his friend, and seemed like one who had preserved a kind heart and sympathetic feelings, though a great many nice points of his character had got battered out of shape, from hard usage.

He rose to take his place at Carrie Somers' side, when Adelaide, who discovered that there was some mistake in the programme, cried out:

"No, no! wait till I send for Minnie's veil, then we will begin over again, and do it properly."

So the Colonel sat down, and went on with his interrupted narrative:

"As I was telling you, Miss Lawrence, you never can calculate on a woman's courage. The timid ones are sure to astonish you, and sometimes the courageous ones disappoint you sadly. Now, in this affair of the Sioux chase that I was relating, we were riding for pleasure, and there wasn't an officer among us had a weapon but his sword. As soon as we heard the savages yell, we knew they meant war, and remembered their poisoned arrows. The ladies knew it, too, and Ferris' little wife was the only one who did not give way in the most unmanageable terror. She was a slender little thing, pale, and with death-black eyes, and a voice as soft and full as the sweetest note in an organ. She was as shy as a fawn, and every one thought she would have been the first to faint; but no. She rode a little mare she could manage like a bird; and when she saw death looking down on us from the bluffs

where the Indians stood, she snatched out a yellow rose she always wore in her hair (because, as she once told me, her bridal wreath had by mistake been made of yellow roses), and, pressing it to her lips, put it in her husband's bosom, as a memento of her if she should fall; and then rode before or behind him—any way the Indians circled, so that she might take the arrow meant for him—— But here they are, ready for me, I see! Yes, Miss Somers! I'm on parade."

"But, Colonel Darley!" I gasped, trying to control my voice, "you must tell me if she saved him."

"She did—she took an arrow in her arm that was intended for his breast. It did not kill her, though it made a painful wound. No, she lived through it. Poor thing! I almost wished it had, afterward, when the end came—— But the ladies are impatient—and, good heavens! here I am blundering into biography, in my usual heedless way. Please remember, this was confidential, Miss Lawrence."

Carrie Somers drew him forcibly away, and I stood rooted to the spot.

Captain Ferris' little wife, with death-black eyes, and a pale, delicate face! He had never said he was a widower—that is, it had never been mentioned in the family.

I looked around. Adelaide was marshaling the guests in order, and Minnie and the Captain stood side by side; the veil was over her face, but his was flushed and clouded. Suddenly, the lights went down so low, that we were almost in complete darkness; then they flashed up again, and Minnie was not in her place!—some one else stood at Captain Ferris' side. It was a tiny figure in white, with a delicate style of beauty, rendered remarkable by the blackness of her eyes—and a wreath of yellow roses upon her brow.

I never in my life saw anything more

distinctly than I saw this woman. With dilating eyes, I took in every fold of her dress and wave of her hair—and then the lights went down again!

There was great confusion. I heard Adelaide's trembling voice, and Aunt Ellen's stifled scream. Some one seemed to moan and struggle; and, at last, lights were got, and then we discovered Captain Ferris lying in a fit, while Colonel Darley was trying to hold him, and loosen his neck-tie.

Everybody got in the way, and made trouble, till old Mr. Somers, who had practiced medicine when he was young, cleared the room of all but the family, and did his best to help until the doctor arrived, whom Adelaide had the presence of mind to send for.

Then Colonel Darley and Aunt Ellen went into the library together, and Adelaide and I looked around for Minnie, whom we had strangely lost sight of. We found her lying senseless in the niche formed by the bay-window; she had wrapped the curtain over her face, as if to shut out the sight we had all seen, and her hands were clutched in the meshes of lace so that we could scarcely loosen them.

We carried her to her room, and there she lay ill of a fever for many days; but she never uttered a syllable about the cause of her disorder, nor did we dare to recall her sufferings by mentioning it to her.

While we were still hanging over her, aunt's voice summoned us below; and, to our amazement, we heard that Captain Ferris had partially recovered, and was gone.

"He preferred to be removed," said aunt, "and I was quite willing that he should be. Colonel Darley has confided to me facts that alter our relations, which, after what has occurred, I think best to tell you as concisely as possible.

"Captain Ferris and some of his companions became acquainted with twin or-

phan girls, called Amy and Annie Radwicke; and, to gratify a sudden fancy, he proposed that a young ensign should dress as a minister, and unite him to Amy, the night previous to his starting for a western post. The girl believed herself truly married, and was heart-broken at parting from her sister, but promised to send for her; and so they separated, never to meet again.

"Within a year afterward, she met the make-believe priest, and recognized him; then taxed her deceiving lover with the fraud, and, receiving a cruel and mortifying explanation, drowned herself in a little stream near the fort, where her body was found and buried, more than three years ago.

"I will not attempt to explain the appearance of to-night; but a great deal can be understood when we know that Annie, the sewing-girl, is the dead bride's sister."

"What did the villain say for himself?" cried Adelaide, scarlet and white, by turns, with horror and anger.

"He said but little. He is a coward, and very much shaken; and his friend, Colonel Darley, who seems to be a careless, good-natured, and rather reckless man, blamed him, even while attempting his defense, for not (as he called it) 'making a clean breast' to Minnie in the first place. They both endeavored to present the case under the head of youthful folly, and called the mock-marriage a frolic, with a painful ending; but my dull apprehension will not allow me to share their view.

"Poor Minnie!" said aunt Ellen, in conclusion, "it is for her I feel."

"Then, mamma, you may rejoice from the bottom of your heart," said Adelaide, in her downright way; "for the silly thing only meant to punish John Bruce by accepting his rival; and she has discovered that her own heart is in danger of breaking, as well as his."

"Where is the sewing-girl?" asked

I, at this point. Where, indeed! We asked that question many and many a time, and never got an answer. Every trace of her, except the work she had done, had disappeared; and aunt believes firmly that she intended it to be just so, for when she paid Annie for her long and faithful service, she said that the satchel

into which she put the money was carefully packed, and ready for traveling.

Minnie did not seem to mind it; she soon recovered, and fulfilled Annie's prophecy, by wearing the plain white muslin the night she became Mrs. John Bruce—which was not so very long afterward, either.

EARLY JESUIT MISSIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

IN 1845, the writer was in England, when the library of the lately deceased Bishop (Van Middert) of Durham was sold. Among his books was a copy of the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions Étrangères*," in forty-seven volumes—a rare work, of which it is believed there are very few copies in America. It is composed of the letters, in old French, of the Jesuit Fathers to the heads of their Order at home, from the year 1650 to 1750, giving the results of their missionary efforts—a romantic history of self-denial and labor among barbarous tribes in every portion of the globe. It is a picture of suffering, even unto martyrdom, for few of the "Black Robes" (as the Indians called them) "died the common death of all men." The writer purchased these volumes, and, on his return home, selected and translated the letters relating to missions within the bounds of our own country, which were published under the title of "Early Jesuit Missions in North America."

In lately looking over the work, he found a letter describing the efforts of the Jesuits to win to the faith the wild tribes of Lower California. With it is a map of the peninsula and part of Mexico, on the opposite side of the gulf, executed in 1701. It is surprising how accurately it is drawn, and we read on it

names which are even now familiar to us—Sonora, Rio Colorado, Yumas, Apaches, Moqui, Tucsani, Guaimas, etc.

As the only record of that land, as it appeared to the first civilized White men who explored it, and one which has never yet been published in our country, the writer thought it might be interesting, as a part of the early annals of the Pacific Coast. He has, therefore, translated it for the readers of THE OVERLAND.

MEMOIR, with regard to the condition of the Missions lately established in California, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, presented to the Royal Council of Guadalaxara, in Mexico, the tenth day of February, in the year 1702, by Father François Marie Picolo, of the same Society, and one of the original founders of this Mission.

REVEREND FATHERS:—It is in obedience to the orders which you did me the honor to give, some days since, that I undertake to render an exact and faithful account of the discoveries we have made and the establishments we have formed—the Father Jean-Marie de Salvatierra and myself—in California, during the five years that we have been in that vast country.

It was in the month of October of the

year 1697, that we embarked and crossed the sea which separates California from New Mexico, under the auspices and protection of our Lady of Loretto, whose image we carried with us. This "Star of the Sea" conducted us safely to the port, with all the people who accompanied us. As soon as we had placed our feet on land, we set up the image of the Holy Virgin in the most appropriate place we could find, and, after having adorned it as much as our poverty allowed, we offered our prayers to this powerful advocate, to be as favorable to us on the land as she had been upon the sea.

But the devil, whom our coming disturbed in the peaceful possession he had enjoyed for so many ages, made every effort to defeat our enterprise and prevent our success. The people among whom we had landed were not acquainted with our language, and, having no one among us who could understand theirs, we could not inform them of our object, to relieve them from the deep darkness of idolatry in which they were involved, and to labor for their eternal salvation. They imagined, therefore, that we had come into their country to trespass on their pearl-fisheries, as others had attempted, more than once, in times past. With this idea, they took up arms and gathered in crowds about our habitation, where we had then but a very small number of Spaniards. They attacked us with so much violence, and the multitude of arrows and stones they discharged were so great, that we should certainly have suffered, had not the Holy Virgin, who was to us in the place of *an army arrayed for battle*, protected us. The people who were with us, aided by this succor from on high, firmly received the attack, and repulsed the enemy with so much success, that, in a short time, they took to flight.

The Indians, having been rendered more tractable by their defeat, and see-

ing, besides, that they could gain nothing by force, sent some of their number to confer with us. We received them in a friendly way; and, in a short time, acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to make them comprehend our object in coming to their country. These deputies disabused their countrymen of the error under which they had labored, so that, persuaded of our good intentions, they came back to seek us in great numbers, and all showed their joy on learning our strong desire to instruct them in our holy religion, and to show them the way to heaven. This happy disposition animated us to learn thoroughly the Monqui language, which they speak in this country.

The next two years were spent, partly in study and partly in catechising the people. Father de Salvatierra charged himself with the instruction of the adults, and I of the children. The diligence of the young people in coming to hear us speak of God, and their application in learning the Christian doctrine, was so great, that, in a short time, we found them perfectly instructed. Very many begged of me to administer to them holy baptism, and with so many tears and such earnest entreaties, that I was not able to refuse them. Some sick persons and some old people, who we thought were sufficiently instructed, also received that rite, in the fear, that, if delayed, they might die unbaptized. And we had reason to believe, with regard to many of them, that Providence had prolonged their days, to preserve them for this moment of salvation. There were also about fifty infants at the breast, who, from the arms of their mothers, winged their flight to heaven, after having been regenerated in Jesus Christ.

After having thus labored for the instruction of these people, we earnestly desired to discover others to whom we could render ourselves equally useful. To gather in a greater harvest, Father

de Salvatierra and I were willing to separate, and thus deprive ourselves of the satisfaction we had enjoyed of living and laboring together. He, therefore, took the route to the north, and I that through the middle and west. We both received great consolation from following this apostolic example; for, as we were well acquainted with the language, and the Indians placed entire confidence in us, they themselves invited us to enter their villages, and it gave them pleasure to receive us there and to bring their children to us. After instructing those with whom we first met, we went on in search of others, to whom in succession we unfolded the mysteries of our faith. It was in this way that Father de Salvatierra discovered all the settlements which now compose the Mission of Loretto-Concho and that of Saint Jean de Londo; while I became acquainted with all the country which at present is called the Mission of Saint François Xavier de Biaundo, extending to the sea at the south.

In thus going forward, each on his own side, we found that many tribes of different languages were mingled together, some speaking the Monqui tongue, which we knew, and others, the Laymone language, which we had not yet acquired. This rendered it necessary for us to learn the Laymone, which is much more widely extended than the Monqui, and which prepared us for traveling through all this great country. We, therefore, applied ourselves so sedulously to the study of this second language, that we acquired it in a short time, and then commenced preaching with the same readiness, sometimes in the Laymone and sometimes in the Monqui. God has blessed our labors, for we have already baptized more than a thousand children, all well-disposed, and so eager to receive this grace that we were not able to resist their earnest prayers. More than three thousand

adults, equally well instructed, desired and implored the same blessing, but we deemed it proper to postpone it, to give time to prove our converts and strengthen them more in this holy resolution. For, as these people have lived for a long time in idolatry and in entire subjection to their false priests, and as, besides, they are naturally of a light and fickle disposition, we feared, if they were precipitate, they might afterward fall away, or that, having become Christians without fulfilling their duties, they might expose our holy faith to the contempt of the idolaters. For this reason they are content to be numbered with the catechumens. On Saturday and Sunday of each week they come to the church and unite with the children, already baptized, in the instructions which they receive there; and we have the satisfaction of seeing a large number who persevere with fidelity in the resolution they have made of becoming true disciples of Jesus Christ.

Since our second discoveries, we have divided all this country into four missions. The first is that of Concho, or of our Lady of Loretto; the second is that of Biaundo, or of Saint François Xavier; the third, that of Yodivineggè, or of our Lady of Sorrows; and the fourth, which is not yet as well established and founded as the other three, is that of Saint Jean de Londo. Each mission comprises many settlements.

We have built a chapel for the second mission, but, as it has already been found to be too small, we have begun to erect a large church, the walls of which will be of brick and the roof of wood. The garden which belongs to the residence of the missionary furnishes already all kinds of herbs and vegetables, while the Mexican trees we have planted are succeeding so well that in a short time they will be loaded with excellent fruits. The Bachelor Dom Juan Cavallero Scio, Commissary of the Inquisition and of

this missionary crusade—of whom one scarcely knows which to praise most, his zeal or piety—has founded these first two missions, and has been the principal promoter of all this great enterprise.

As it respects the Mission of our Lady of Sorrows, it only comprises Unubbè, which is on the northern side, Niumqui, or Saint Joseph, and Yodivineggè, or our Lady of Sorrows, which gives the name to the whole mission. Niumqui and Yodivineggè are two very populous settlements, quite near each other. The Brethren of the Congregation of Saint Peter and Saint Paul of our Society, formed in the city of Mexico, under the title of the "Sorrows of the Holy Virgin," and composed of the principal nobility of that great city, have founded this mission, and shown, on all occasions, a great ardor for the promotion of the faith and for the conversion of these poor heathen.

To conclude, the Mission of Saint Jean de Londo contains five or six villages. The principal are Tcupnon, or Saint Bruno, within three leagues of the coast at the east; Anchu, at an equal distance from the coast at the north; Tamouqui, which is at four leagues, and Diutro, at six leagues distance, looking toward the west. Father de Salvatierra, who burns with an ardent zeal to extend the kingdom of God, cultivates these two last missions with indefatigable care. I have left with him Father Jean d'Ugarte, who, after having rendered essential services to the missions in Mexico, wished at length to devote himself in person, for one year, to this work. He has made, in a short time, such great progress, that, besides being able to preach perfectly in the two languages I have mentioned, he has discovered, on the southern side, two villages—Trippuè and Lopu—where he has baptized twenty-three children, and has applied himself without intermission to the instruction of the others and of the adults.

Having thus given an account, Reverend Fathers, of the state of religion in this new colony, I will now endeavor to answer, as far as I am able, the other points on which you did me the honor to inquire. I will tell you, first, what we have been able to remark of the customs and disposition of these people, and the productions of the country. California is very correctly placed on our ordinary maps. During the summer, the heat is great along the coast, and it rarely rains; but in the interior, the climate is more mild, and the heat never excessive. There is the same relative difference in winter. In the rainy season, there is a deluge of water; but when it is over, in place of the rain the dew is found so abundantly every morning that one would suppose it had rained, and this renders the earth very fertile. In the months of April, May, and June, a kind of manna falls with the dew, which congeals and hardens on the leaves of the reeds, from which it is gathered. I have tasted it. It is a little darker than sugar, but has all its sweetness.

The climate is healthy, if we can judge by our own experience and that of those who were with us. For during the five years we passed in that country, we were always well, notwithstanding the great fatigues we endured; and among the other Spaniards there occurred the deaths of but two persons, one of whom brought her illness on herself. It was the case of a female, who had the imprudence to bathe when on the eve of her confinement.

There are in California, as in all the fairest countries of the world, wide plains, beautiful valleys, and grounds affording at all times excellent pasture for great and small cattle. Springs of living waters abound, while the banks of the streams and rivers are covered with willows, reeds, and wild vines. The rivers are full of fish, and there are found also plenty of crabs, which are trans-

ported to a kind of reservoir, where they are kept till needed. I have seen three of these reservoirs, very fine and large. They have also plenty of *xicames*, which are of better flavor than those which they eat through all Mexico. We can say, therefore, that California is a very fertile country. They find in the mountains the *mescales*,* during the whole year, and at almost all seasons large *pistachio* nuts of different kinds, and figs of various colors. The trees are very beautiful, and among others those which the Chinos—who are natives of the country—call *palo santo*. It bears abundance of fruit, from which we procure excellent frankincense.

If the country is abounding in fruits, it is equally so in grains. There are four kinds which are used by the people for food. They use, also, the roots of trees and of plants, and among others that of the *yuca*, out of which they make a kind of bread. They have also excellent *chev-iz*,† which is much used for food, and pumpkins and water-melons of an extraordinary size. The country is so fertile, that it is not uncommon for many plants to bear fruit three times a year. This, with the labor they bestow on the cultivation of the earth, and some little skill they have in irrigation, renders all the land extremely productive, and every kind of fruit and grain can be cultivated there in great abundance. We have ourselves proved this; for, having bought from New Spain wheat, maize, pease, and lentils, we have sown them and raised an abundant harvest, although we had not proper instruments for turning up the earth, and had only the assistance, in our labors, of an old mule and a miserable plow.

Besides many species of animals with which we are acquainted, which are

good for food, and are found there in great numbers—such as stags, hares, rabbits, and others—there are two species of fallow-deer with which we had never previously met. We have called them sheep, because they are somewhat of the same shape as our sheep. The first species is of the size of a calf of one or two years of age, the head more resembling that of a stag, while the horns, which are exceedingly large, are like those of a ram. It has a tail, and the hair, which is spotted, is shorter than that of the stag; while the hoof is large, round, and cloven, like that of the ox. I have eaten of these animals, and found their flesh good and very delicate.

The other kind of sheep, some of which are white and some black, differ less from ours. They are larger, and have more wool; it is easily spun, and can be used in work. The other animals, besides those which are good for food, are lions, wild-cats, and many others like the different varieties which are found in New Spain. We have carried into California some cows and a quantity of smaller cattle—as sheep and goats—which would have multiplied very much, had not the extreme want to which we were reduced, at different times, obliged us to kill many of them. We have also taken there some horses and young mares, to stock the country. We had commenced raising hogs, but as these animals are very destructive in the villages, and the women of the country are afraid of them, we have resolved to exterminate them.

As to birds, all those of Mexico, and almost all those of Spain, are found in California. There are pigeons, turtle-doves, larks, partridges of an excellent flavor and in great numbers, geese, ducks, and many other kinds of river and sea birds.

The sea is filled with fish, which are of a fine flavor. They fish for sardines, anchovies, and tunny-fish, which can be

*This is a fruit indigenous to the country.

†The *chevris* is a soup-herb, the root of which is like a turnip, of an excellent flavor, sweet, pleasant, and good for food.

taken by the hand on the borders of the sea. Whales are often seen there, and different kinds of turtles. Quantities of shell-fish abound in the rivers, much larger than those which contain the mother-of-pearl.

They are not dependent on the sea for salt; for there are salt-springs, the salt of which is white and clear as crystal, but at the same time so hard, that it is found necessary to break it with heavy blows of a hammer. It would have a ready sale in New Spain, where salt is so scarce.

During nearly two centuries that California has been known, the coast has been celebrated for its pearl-fisheries, which have rendered it an object of the most earnest desire to Europeans, who have often made enterprises to establish themselves there. It is certain, that if the King would defray the expenses of this fishery, he would receive, in return, great wealth. Neither have I more doubt that mines could be found, in many places, if they were sought for, since this country is under the same climate as Cinaloa and Sonora, which abound in this kind of riches.

Although heaven has been so liberal to the inhabitants of California, and the earth produces spontaneously all that in other places can only be gained by great toil and labor, there is yet no instance of their accumulating the wealth of the country. Content to obtain what is necessary for the support of life, they give themselves little care for anything beyond it. The country is thickly inhabited in the interior and along the northern coast; and, although there are scarcely any settlements but contain twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty families, yet they have no dwellings. The shade of the trees defends them from the heat of the sun during the day, and they construct from the branches and foliage a kind of roof to protect them from unpleasant weather in the night. During the winter, they shut themselves up in caves, which are

hollowed out in the ground; and there they remain, many together, differing but little from the beasts. The men are entirely naked—at least, those whom we have seen. They bind around their heads a band of very delicate workmanship, or a kind of net-work; and they carry around their necks, and sometimes in their hands, for ornament, different figures of mother-of-pearl, equally well executed, and, with much taste, mingled with small berries, somewhat as we do the beads of a rosary. Their arms are the bow-and-arrows and the spear; but these they always carry in their hands, sometimes for the chase and sometimes for defense against their enemies—for the inhabitants of the different villages are almost always at war with each other.

The women are clothed a little more modestly, wearing, from the waist to the knees, a kind of apron woven of reeds, like a very fine mat. They cover their shoulders with the skins of beasts, and have upon their heads, like the men, a very delicate net-work. These nets are so convenient, that our soldiers use them to fasten their hair. They have also, like the men, collars of mother-of-pearl, mingled with the stones of fruits and shells, hanging as low as their belts, and bracelets of the same materials as the collars.

The usual employment of both men and women is spinning. The thread is formed from fibrous herbs, which supply to them the place of linen or hemp; or from stringy substances which they find in the rind of certain fruits. Of the fine thread they make the ornaments we have already mentioned, and of the coarse kind they manufacture bags for different purposes, and nets for fishing. Besides this, the men, with different kinds of herbs, the fibres of which are very close, and which they have great skill in using, make a kind of dish and kitchen utensils, very novel, and of all sizes. The

smallest pieces serve for cups, the medium size for plates and dishes, and sometimes for parasols, with which the women cover their heads; the largest are used as baskets to gather their fruits, and sometimes as pots and basins in which to cook them. But they take the precaution, while these vessels are over the fire, to keep them constantly moving, for fear the flames should touch them, in which case they would be immediately burned.

The Californians are full of vivacity, and have a natural talent for raillery. Of the latter they gave us proofs when we commenced instructing them; for as soon as we made any mistake in their language, they began at once to banter and mock us. After they had held more communication with us, they contented themselves with honestly pointing out the errors which had escaped us. And as to the meaning of a doctrine, when the time came for us to explain the mysteries of our faith, or certain points of morality which were at variance with their prejudices or ancient errors, they waited for the preacher after the sermon, and disputed with him with both power and wit. If he advanced forcible arguments, they listened with docility; and if he was able to convince them, they submitted, and followed the instructions prescribed them. We have not found among them any form of government, and scarcely any of religion, or of religious worship. They offer prayers to the moon; and cut off their hair, which they give to their priests, who use it in different rites of superstition. Each family makes its own laws, according to its taste; and it is this, apparently, which causes them so often to be engaged in conflicts with each other.

Finally, I will satisfy you on the last point which you did me the honor to propose to me, and which seems to me the most important of all. It is with regard to the best way of extending and

strengthening more and more the true faith in California, and maintaining with these people a commerce, permanent and useful, for the glory and interest of the nation. On these points I will speak as I think, and as the information I have been able to gain of the country and the genius of its people leads me to believe.

First, it will be absolutely necessary to make two shipments every year. The largest will be for New Spain, with which a commerce can be maintained very profitable to the two nations; the other will be for the provinces of Cinaloa and Sonora, and by this means we shall be able to bring in new missionaries, and to furnish each year what is necessary for the support of those who are already there. The vessels used for these shipments can easily, between their voyages, be sent to the northern coast for new discoveries; and the expense will be less if we employ the same officers and sailors whom we have hitherto used here, because, living according to the customs of the country, their provisions cost them almost nothing, and being well acquainted with the seas and coasts of California, they can navigate them with more speed and security.

Another important point is, with regard to the defense and support of so many native-born Spaniards who are now here, and of the missionaries who will come out with us and after us. As to the missionaries, since my arrival I have learned, with much gratitude and consolation, that our King Philip V. (whom may God preserve for many years), has already provided for them by his liberality, so truly pious and royal—having assigned to this mission a stipend of six thousand crowns a year, in consequence of what he had learned of the progress of the faith in this new colony. With this we can support a large number of laborers, who will undoubtedly come to our aid.

For the security of the Spaniards who

are there, the fort we have already built will serve in case of need. It is situated in the quarter of St. Denis, in the place called Concho by the Indians, but to which we had given the name of our Lady of Loretto, and established there our first mission. It has four small bastions, and is surrounded by a good moat. We have made a parade-ground, and built barracks for the accommodation of the soldiers. The chapel of the Holy Virgin and the residence of the missionaries are near the fort. The walls of these buildings are of brick, and the roofs of wood. I left in the fort eighteen soldiers, with their officers, two of whom are married and have families, which will keep them more easily in this country. They had with them, for servants, eight Chinos Indians and negroes, and twelve sailors for the two little vessels, *Saint Xavier* and *Rosary*, without counting twelve other sailors whom I have taken with me in the *Saint Joseph*. We have been obliged to send back some soldiers, because, at first, we had not enough to feed and support them; and yet, you see that this garrison is not sufficiently strong to defend our countrymen for any length of time, should the Indians determine to make a disturbance. It is necessary, then, to establish there a post like that at New Biscay, and to place in one spot a force which shall have strength enough to act efficiently, when necessary. This alone, without any violence, will be sufficient to keep the country quiet, as it hitherto has been, thanks be to God! notwithstanding any mistakes we may have made.

The other matters might appear less important, but they are not really so, when examined more closely.

First, it would be proper to bestow some recompense on the soldiers who first came out to the colony. The good success with which we have hitherto met is owing in part to their courage; and the hope of a similar distinction will in-

fluence others, and incite them to imitate the valor and wisdom of these pioneers.

Secondly, it is necessary so to arrange matters that some families of gentlemen and officers should come out to establish themselves here, to be able, by themselves and their children, to fill the different offices as soon as they become vacant.

Thirdly, it is of the last importance that the missionaries, and those who command in California, should always live in the most entire union. This has been the case to the present time, through the wise conduct and the judicious use which the Count de Montezuma, Viceroy of New Spain, has made of the intelligence he received from us. But as the missionaries are entirely occupied with the work of their ministry, it is necessary that they should be freed from the care of the troops, and that the royal treasury of Guadalaxara should furnish them with all that is necessary. It is much to be wished that the King himself should appoint some person of authority and credit, with the title of Intendant or Commissary-General, who would be willing, from his zeal, and for the single object of contributing to the conversion of this country, to take upon himself the payment to each one of what shall be assigned him by the Court, and to attend to the interests of the colonies. In this way, all may be able to apply themselves without distraction to their own peculiar duties, and ambition and interest will not, as often has happened, in a single moment ruin a work which has been established at so great an expense of time and labor and danger.

You have thus, Reverend Fathers, as it seems to me, every point on which you wished me to write you. It rests with your wisdom and judgment to decide how much it is well to make known to the King our master. It will be doubtless a great comfort to him to

learn, that, on his coming to the crown, God had opened to him so noble a career for his zeal. I had come here seeking the aid without which it will be impossible to preserve what we have already accomplished, or to advance much further this work of God. But the liberality of the Prince has anticipated and far surpassed our demands. May the

Lord protect his kingdom so that it shall be the kingdom of God; and may he bestow on you, Reverend Fathers, a blessing equal to your zeal to promote the establishment of the faith in this vast country, which to the present time seems to have been entirely neglected.

*At GUADALAXARA, the 10th day of
February, in the year 1702. }*

ON A PRESSED FLOWER.

A simple, little flower,
Born of the sun and shower,
Unfolded slowly,

Poor blossom! but to lie
So colorless and dry —
Forgotten wholly.

COSTA RICA AND ITS RAILROAD.

THE only port of any importance on the Pacific shore of Costa Rica is Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoya; and through this gateway we enter the famed coffee-fields of the rich coast.

It was on a gloomy afternoon in May, 1872, when the rainy season had set in, that the steamship *Montana*, cautiously groping her way through sheets of rain, which enveloped her in a misty shroud and fell in torrents upon her decks, hove-to in the bay, after a passage of fourteen days from San Francisco, and lowered a boat to land a solitary passenger and his worldly goods.

I found a hospitable resting-place at the house of the railroad agent, from whose spacious balconies I viewed the broad expanse of the bay, and white houses of the town, rising among the spreading branches of the *guanacaste*. A pagoda-

fashioned lighthouse, of wood, stands above them all, and shows its light to strange vessels entering the harbor by night; affording, in addition, a good landmark in daytime.

The elements looked brighter in the evening. Patches of blue sky appeared, and the moon, poised on the verge of a cloud-bank, threw its pale light over the scene. I strolled out with my host. The main street is traversed by a tramway, a mile long, over which the coffee stored in the warehouses along the line is sent to the mole for shipment. Attracted by the sound of strange music and mirthful hootings, we entered a tavern to witness a scene of curious hilarity. Men and women in linen garments encircled a set of dancers going through the motions of the *marimba*, the national dance of Costa Rica. The long counter was filled

with people deep in the occupation of increasing the revenue on native rum, by a corresponding diminution of their week's earnings. Unlike the *huli-huli* of the Sandwich Islands and the *zamba cueca* of South America in obscenity, its movements were of the same general character. For an hour at a time the couples will keep bobbing and shifting positions, like game-chickens in a cockpit—smoking all the while, and maintaining the same impassive expression of the countenance throughout. The pattering of bare feet on the earthen floor, energetic in proportion to the amount of applause, responded to the cries of approval issuing, in anything but musical notes, from the excited bystanders. The dancers neither notice these marks of approval nor the jocularity addressed to them, but move about in the even tenor of their way, without a smile or a nod, as if they were engaged in task-work, from which their attention must not be drawn.

The instrument furnishing the music is called *marimba*, also; I believe the dance takes its name from it. The string-board of a piano laid across the knees, and struck with pieces of reed, would make an excellent *marimba*. Over the way, a party of Colombians were engaged in the rival figures of the *cumbia*, the national glory of their country. They had a more extensive band, and the tinkling sound of the *marimba* was lost in the uproarious noise worked out of a home-made drum, by the vigorous application of a heavy stick in the hands of a muscular darky. A piece of raw-hide, drawn over a vessel resembling a half-cask, completed this imitation of a drum. A miniature guitar, shaped from a single piece of wood, sounding like a Chinese fiddle, and a long tin tube, bearing the euphonious name of *sumbumbia*, filled with beans and rattled about in all the conceivable motions of a man's arms, furnished an execrable addition to the discordant uproar.

The copious use of rum, and the consequent exuberance of spirits, supports the orgies until far into the night. This dance winds up the labors of the week; but many of the hard-working sons of the soil come to grief. From intoxication to broils the step is easily taken, and the police treasury is the gainer. A fine of \$5.75 is imposed on drunkards; and, as my host informed me, a monthly revenue of \$400 is realized from these fines. Four hundred and twenty-five gallons of rum, together with a large quantity of English and German ale, is consumed during the week in this single town of fifteen hundred inhabitants. Transient visitors from the steamers must aid this consumption materially. Rum is made from the sugar-cane, the Government possessing the monopoly. It is of excellent quality, preferred by many to the adulterated spirits of other countries. A contraband liquor is distilled in the mountains, closely resembling the "mountain dew" of Ireland, but manufactured from sugar-cane instead of barley.

Ordinarily, Punta Arenas is a monotonous place, but in the cotton-season it is enlivened by hundreds of ox-carts, bringing in the staple article of Costa Rican commerce, and carting away the imports from foreign countries for consumption throughout the interior. From May to November, trade is stagnant, owing to the heavy rains of that period, and the place enjoys a rest. The Panama Railroad Company's steamers touch here tri-monthly, on their upward and downward passages. As many as fourteen vessels have been in port at one time; but steamships are fast depriving them of freights.

Standing on a sandy plain, Punta Arenas would be an insufferable place of abode but for the fine trees, which throw their grateful shade over the town. Its climate is very warm, and one sighs for the tempering breezes of the mountains looking down upon it from the distance. It was deemed a healthy place until ma-

larious fever appeared here, a few years ago. Patients who sought the mountains for relief seldom failed to die; those who remained fared better, though the mortality was great. The inhabitants are a mixture of Colombians, Jamaicans, and the natives of the country. Their *physique* differs widely. The Jamaican is oppressively black; the Colombian, a dark copper-color; and the Costa Rican, a light yellow. The latter is conscious of his superiority over his Colombian neighbors; while the Jamaican lords it over both, with a vanity inherent in his race.

Accompanied by a guide, with a change of clothing strapped to his saddle, and mounted on an emaciated mule a little worse than my own, the next evening found me jogging along the sea-shore, on my journey to the capital. At the end of seven miles we left the beach, and struck into the woods, where we were soon wending our way through a maze of pathways. Thick clouds, rolling their massive banks together, indicated a gathering storm. It came, in all its tropical fury; during which my guide deserted me.

If I possessed no knowledge of the road, my mule knew all about it, and, in less than an hour, the roar of a rapid stream, tumbling over bowlders and miniature cataracts, broke pleasantly upon my ears, for I knew that I was approaching Barranca, a village by the roadside. Emerging from the forest, I passed through the little hamlet, and crossed the stream on a rustic bridge, which yearly falls before the resistless floods. At a late hour, I reached Esparza, the first station on my journey. My guide appeared in good time to afford me a dry change of clothing, and was profuse in his apologies. I forgave him on his promising to keep up with me the remainder of the trip, but it is not in the constitution of these fellows to keep an agreement. I did not see him again until after I reached San José.

The morning was clear and beautiful, as I always find mornings to be in this country. Rain-clouds seldom obscure the clear blue sky until the afternoon. The village of Esparza is not without its historical interest. In the early period of its existence it was twice overrun by buccaneers, and its life-blood sapped by the torch of the robbers. There is nothing left of its former importance—nothing but the dim memory of its foundation, which was laid with the oldest cities of the American continent. Now it is but a country village, occupied by an inert population, living from hand to mouth in the midst of natural advantages from which a more enterprising people might realize wealth and affluence. Its plaza, upon which the hotel stands, is lined with orange-trees, bearing heavy burdens of luscious fruit. The French proprietor of the best hotel in the republic drew an interesting picture of the future greatness of the country when its projected railroad reached both oceans, and opened up its rich resources to the traffic of the world, as I sat on the piazza, sipping my coffee, preparatory to a four-leagues' ride to breakfast at the village of San Mateo. The intervening country is under cultivation, the fields being divided by hedges of cactus and *erithryna*, which grow up in the rich soil with surprising rapidity, and present impassable barriers to cattle.

The ascent of the Aguacate is tiresome—a succession of sharp windings over the roads, one above another, into the mist which forms a canopy on its crest, is steep and wearisome. The view is grand. The black forest, which I traversed in the dark, lies beneath—a dense jungle, reaching the silvery ocean, which lines the western horizon with a bright streak glistening in the sun. Thomas Francis Meagher, whose pen rivaled even the brilliant achievements of his oratory and his sword, was

here, and has recorded in golden letters the beauty of this scene, and John L. Stephens descanted also on its richness and its glory. San Pablo, a massive pile of volcanic rock, pierces the clouds to a height of 11,500 feet, on the right. The Aguacate itself is a mineral treasury. The Aguacate Mining Company, of San José, is boring its rock-bound sides for the golden treasures with commensurate success. A solemn procession of ox-carts winds round its serpentine curves above. They are singular structures, but well adapted for the traffic in which they are engaged. A box-like body sits on a wooden axle, which rests in wheels of solid cedar, bound with broad, iron bands. A rude tongue is fastened to a yoke secured to the horns of the oxen. The cartmen guide the movements of the animals with the *chuzo*—a long stick mounted with a spike—which is seldom used cruelly, for the *carreteros* love their cattle. The animals are seldom fractious. Culinary utensils hang on the side of the cart, and necessary food is prepared at the government sheds, situated at regular distances along the road. The journey from the capital to the coast occupies a week, and freight ranges from twenty-five cents the quintal (100 pounds) to \$4, according to the season. Sugar-cane and *sacate* for the oxen forms a part of their burden. This is cut up and peeled with the *machete*, which every peasant carries in his sash. These long knives are wonderful auxiliaries. Nobody travels in the woods without them. They are capable of felling a tree and making a tooth-pick. The natives are very expert in their use. There are 10,000 ox-carts in the republic, requiring 20,000 oxen to haul them. Each team is valued at about \$120. Most of these cartmen are in comfortable circumstances. Few of them are without a homestead. They follow the road when it pleases them, as no necessity

compels them to work. Dressed in trousers, a short jacket, and a highly-colored sash girding the loins, in which the ever-present *machete* hangs, they trip over the muddy or dusty road with bare feet, brandishing their *chuzos* with the air of drum-majors, and are always quick to touch their hats in bidding you "*Adios, señor,*" as you pass them.

Through the vapory clouds I crossed the Aguacate, and found rest in the hotel of Atenas, another whitewashed village on the Atlantic slope of the central Andes. My German hostess dispensed the hospitalities with an attentive and kindly spirit. From seven A.M. to seven P.M., with but a short rest for breakfast at San Mateo, I had ridden the weary leagues, under a merciless sun (except while I was in the clouds on the Aguacate ridge). I was aching from fatigue, not so much from the hardships of the ride as from the incessant working of my spurs on my fagged-out mule. But the kindly sympathy of the good soul at the hotel, and the excellent tea she set before me, brought my fancy back to a happier home, to which the wanderer is wont to recur in moments like these, and I felt reconciled in her motherly presence. My room contained five wooden cots, all covered with red blankets. There was no choice among them. They were all alike hard and uninviting. There was no chair, no wardrobe; so I hung my clothes on the damp brick floor, which sent a chill through me as I resigned myself to the mosquitoes above and the fleas beneath me. In my wakeful moments the torture was exquisite, but I slept, nevertheless, and was up with the ever-vigilant heralds of dawn—the cocks—who called me early.

I rode out of Punta Arenas at a gallop; I approached San José at a slow walk. All my exertions failed to arouse the enthusiasm of my beast to a quicker pace. His legs, like my own, seemed to

be loaded with lead. Soon after leaving Atenas, the chasm through which the Rio Grande rolls its black waters opens to view. In the haze of the morning the course of the stream looked deep and sombre. The descent to the stone arch spanning the river is abrupt, and the scene from its battlements wild in the extreme. The frowning cliffs rise out of the water in almost perpendicular walls, and support an enormous weight of timber springing from their sides and rising, one row above another, to the top of the gorge. The *garita*, or old custom-house, stands on a commanding height above—a lonely sentinel over the enchanting scene. The import duties are now collected at the port, and the old fort-like building is fast going to decay. Passing through its arched gateway, I found the road led over an extensive plain, once the bed of a great lake, Meagher tells us.

At the *garita*, an obliging native, pointing to a bend in the road a mile in advance, informed me that a little way beyond stood San Antonio, the village at which I expected to meet a friend with a carriage, in which, he informed me by telegraph before leaving Punta Arenas, I was to complete the last ten miles of the journey. Encouraged by the pleasant prospect of being relieved from my saddle, I rounded the designated corner, and urged my poor animal forward for one, two, three hours by the watch, and yet no San Antonio appeared. In despair, I inquired the distance from the next man I met. "A long way," was the reply. One man told me the distance in time; another, in leagues. No two of them agreed; but they were civil, and surveyed my animal carefully before the answer came, which was generally based on his apparent traveling capacity. I met a well-dressed man, who did not wear a *machete*, in whom I thought I recognized the embodiment of intelligence, and I hoped to find out

from him my position to a certainty. He glanced at my sorry-looking beast, paid him a high-flown compliment, and answered my hackneyed question with an assurance that a half-hour's ride would bring me to San Antonio, not more than half a league distant. My mule looked passably well, standing, but the *hidalgo's* estimation of his speed was as much at fault as was his knowledge of the distance to my designation. With his head bent and ears drooping, the mule was unaffected by my spurs, which my limbs were almost incapable of using, but maintained his snail-like pace, in spite of my exertions to increase his locomotion. In less than two hours more I was within the white walls of San Antonio, five miles from where my intelligent informant told me I had but a mile and a half to ride. If a traveler wants to preserve his patience in Spanish-American countries, he must never inquire the time of the day, or distance between any given points, for the first is judged by the sun, the latter by the appearance of the beast he rides. If the sun happens to be obscured, and you are on foot, men met on the road can not guess within five hours of the correct time, or within twenty miles of the distance inquired for.

I dismounted at the door of a *posada*, which I judged was the stopping-place, and answered a score of questions relative to the Honduras war, darted at me by an excited group of men, who waylaid everybody from the port, for the purpose of being enlightened to the full extent of their knowledge on the subject. I told them that I had no direct news, but my impression was that the victories were all on the side of Honduras, whereat they looked blank and disappointed. Had they seen the San José papers at that moment, they would have discovered that Honduras was under the feet of San Salvador, but I told them all I knew about it just then, and consider-

ed the favor all the same whichever side won. I inquired for my friend, and was told that he must be at Los Moyas—the house where mountain-voyagers, on their way to the capital, were usually met by their friends—a mile further on. I wondered if these miles would ever end. A mile, they said. I saw a mile in every yard of my journey. A carriage, standing in front of a low, red-tiled house, bade me hope. My drooping spirits revived, and my enthusiasm was aroused to a free use of my spurs. The mule seemed to enter into the spirit of my joy by traveling gayly to the door. My impatient friend had waited breakfast for me until noon had passed, but my worn-out mule pleaded the cause of my delay. I forgot my wearisome journey in the enjoyment of a tolerably good breakfast, which was greatly enhanced by meeting an old traveling companion in the person of a captain in the Royal Army of England, now journeying to his home, after a fruitless attempt to negotiate for the railroad contract on the part of a French house in Nicaragua.

From here to the capital there is an excellent road, overhung, for the most part, by leafy hedges, growing in lavish luxuriance. From little sprigs grow wide-spreading trees in the wonderfully productive soil, becoming pretty fences, which divide the bountiful coffee plantations from the richest of fields. The scenery is very attractive. A combination of mountains, valleys, table-land, and rolling ground; rivers coursing in swift volumes to the sea; strange trees, bearing coffee and the tropical fruits in abundance, and a thick carpet of grass spread over the face of the country, forms a picture for natural beauty scarcely surpassed in the world. The peasantry, in the door-ways of neatly-built cottages of adobe, or busy about their ranchos, attract attention by their cleanly appearance, and the bright, cheerful air with which they move about. Many of the

women are remarkably pretty. They are of a light color, and their faces indicate a higher degree of intelligence than the peasantry of any Spanish-American country I have visited, Chile, perhaps, excepted.

Ascending a steep hill, we could see Heredia, lying peacefully in the lap of the San José Valley. Alajuela lies behind the spur of a mountain, seven miles beyond. High mountains flank these cities. San José is near by, and Cartago, the old capital, is twelve miles beyond it. These are the principal cities of the republic, and contain an aggregate population of some 30,000 souls. This region is the centre of the wealth, the growth, the importance of the country. Here, within an area of 800 square miles, two-thirds of the whole population of Costa Rica (computed, in the absence of any census, at something less than 200,000 souls—little more than the population of San Francisco) are settled. The remaining 18,700 square miles of Costa Rican soil supports a scattered population, including the settlement of the Blanco Indians, an independent and secluded tribe, enjoying in their almost inaccessible territory, on the borders of Colombia, freedom from the operation of the laws or government interference of any kind.

The smoke of a locomotive, rising from the trees in the direction of Alajuela, attested the fact that a railroad was in process of construction, and created visions of other lands more advanced, perhaps, in the arts of civilization, but not brighter in their natural aspects or more hopeful for the future. All we live for is to secure and enjoy a competency, and as the progressive people of Costa Rica are succeeding in that aim, it matters not if the sun leaves their little territory in darkness ten hours out of every twenty-four.

In a flood of rain we entered the capital, unseen by the inquisitive eyes that

strangers coming to San José have always to encounter, for the streets were totally deserted and rivers coursed down them knee-deep. The little rain-washed city presents a squatty appearance, the houses seldom rising above one story, covered with corrugated red tiles, which shed the rain from countless spouts over the narrow sidewalks. The streets in the outskirts are rough and dirty. Those in the central portion of the town are macadamized and raised in the centre, an improvement on the Spanish style of an open sewer in the middle sloping downward from the sidewalk. The drainage of the city is good, from its slightly elevated position. The water runs off through open gutters. The most noticeable feature in the construction of the town is the total absence of regularity in the line of the streets. It looks as if some of the buildings, too proud to stand in line with their neighbors, tried to turn their backs upon them and failed in the attempt. The sidewalks are, in consequence, irregular in most places, narrow in all, obliging foot-passengers to turn out into the street to pass the protruding *façades* of houses. Many door-steps occupy half the breadth of them, and one has to mount stilts, if he is curious to see the wares displayed in some of the shop-windows. The blocks fronting the main plaza are well regulated. The cathedral occupies one square; the barrack and some good stores the other three. The plat in front is inclosed by a high iron railing, inside of which fine trees spread their branches, overhanging the sidewalks outside. In the centre a neglected fountain patters into a circular basin, surmounted by cut stone steps, arranged in an octagon. The city is well lighted by oil-lamps fixed on wooden posts.

The climate is well adapted to comfort, aside from the copious afternoon-rains which fall heavily, especially in the months of September, October, and No-

vember. The temperature averages 65° throughout the year. In the rarified atmosphere of this altitude (4,500 feet above the sea), strangers who have always lived on the coast, are apt to suffer many physical disorders in becoming acclimated. Once over these troubles, which are more annoying than dangerous, he finds the climate very salubrious and enjoyable, and thrives much better than the natives themselves, among whom there is a large amount of sickness. The nights are cool; the mornings warm and somewhat enervating; the afternoons cloudy, if it is not raining hard. In the dry season—that is, during the months from December to April, inclusive—a sharp wind blows over the valley, carrying with it clouds of yellow dust, which is abundant in the dry season.

Goitre is common, especially among the poorer classes. The throat swells to an unsightly lump, protruding often beyond the chin, and presenting a loathsome appearance. It sometimes swells on one side of the throat, and causes great inconvenience, though it is not painful to those afflicted. The disease is attributed to the use of impure, unfiltered water. It prevails to a wide extent in Switzerland and Syria, where a man is looked upon as incomplete without it. There has been no remedy discovered for it, and it is even inherited by children from their parents. Shoes being little used by the peasantry, “jiggers” have free play at their feet. They insinuate themselves under the skin, and increase so rapidly that the feet become swollen masses of mortified flesh, breeding myriads of these pests if neglected.

There are many things of interest to be seen in San José. Viewed from the elevated plateau upon which the new railway station is to stand, the valley, lying in the shadow of vine-clad mountains, with orange, mango, and lemon trees peeping over the red-tiled, white-

washed houses; the long, regular rows of coffee-trees, stretching far up on the San Miguel Range; and the green, park-like sward—level in some places, undulating in others—form a landscape beautiful to look upon.

The public buildings of San José are a credit to the town. The presidential palace and government house, containing the public offices, are finely finished two-story buildings, well arranged for the transaction of state business. The *fabrica* is an extensive stone building, for the manufacture of rum. A sentry at the gate denotes that it is a government institution. To gratify the interest I feel in manufactures of all kinds, I visited this monument to monopoly. The process of making rum is simple and profitable. The sugar-cane is first reduced to a solid mass, called *chancaca*, which is brought from the plantations in square blocks. These are reduced by heat to a liquid form and turned into two-thousand gallon vats for fermentation in a temperature of 21° R. The natural fermentation of this *guarapo* causes it to boil as if heated by fire. From these vats it flows into the distillery, where it undergoes the common process of distillation. The daily product amounts to twelve hundred gallons, at a cost of fifty-five cents per gallon. It is sold for \$1.75, affording a net profit to the government of over 200 per cent.

The university is supported by the government, which nourishes a love of knowledge displayed here to a greater extent than in many greater cities, enjoying more advantages for popular education. Costa Ricans, in their fondness for travel, have acquired the English language to a very general extent; and the leading professions have some honored members among the young men of the place. A small frame building affords a place of worship for the Protestant community, numbering thirty mem-

bers, who support a minister on a salary of \$3,000 per annum, and enjoy every freedom in the exercise of their ritual under the protection of the law. The Catholic is the religion of the State. The churches are devoid of ornament, and need the extensive repairs which they are now undergoing. The cathedral, when finished, will be an ornament to the city. The condition of church contribution is a novelty. On certain days, by previous arrangement, a procession of ox-carts is formed, each containing some salable articles. The line, headed by a band of music, files up in front of the cathedral, and the offerings are deposited on its steps, sold at auction, and the proceeds turned over to the church authorities. Ladies frequently divest themselves of jewelry, and place it in the general deposit; they have been known, also, to take the *chuzo*, and guide the oxen through town, on occasions like these, considering it an honor to be so engaged in the holy cause. Bidding grows brisk and liberal. An incident of a single apple fetching one hundred and fifty dollars is recorded. Two men of wealth entered into competition for the fruit, most fatal in the history of the fall of man, and neither would yield the prize until the price reached the sum stated. Sand, lime, and brick, and willing hands to remove the *débris* and rebuild the edifice, are also furnished. The gentleman and the peasant often work side by side, as they fight side by side in war—the *don* and the *peon* being alike subject to military service. Socially, a broad line is drawn between them. The laborer treats the gentleman and the tradesman with deference. The title "*don*" is attached to every man who is not a laborer. It is a mistake to suppose that this title of distinction relates only to men of position or wealth. On the other hand, the peasantry, as I have stated, are a landed proprietary, and consequently an independent arm of the country. The

poorest of them owns some property, and many of them are in easy circumstances, with long bank accounts. Therein lies the great drawback of the country. The peasant is too independent, and labor interests suffer materially. A *peon* will not be ordered about. He expects to be politely requested, as a favor, to perform the duty for which he is hired. Though he remains respectful, and conscious of his inferiority, he is quick to take offense at and resent any undue display of authority on the part of his employer, by quietly withdrawing from his service. This is particularly the case with domestic servants; and the disposition gives rise to difficulties in the construction of the railroad unheard of in other countries, and obliges the introduction of Chinese labor.

Women take the lead in matters of religion; the male portion of the community display little interest in its welfare. In the outpouring of a church on Sunday, not one man to every score of women is to be seen. The parade of saintly images, and the bearing of the host through the streets, is a common sight. The tinkling of a hand-bell announces the approach of the sacred emblems, surrounded by lighted tapers, often by a guard of soldiers. Heads are uncovered, and people kneel down and reverently bow the head while the procession is passing. The sentries at the barracks present arms; the shopkeeper ceases to trade, for the moment; the pedestrian and horseman come to a halt, and a solemn silence pervades the scene. To priests in white robes, seated in a palanquin borne on the shoulders of four men, carrying the sacrament to some expiring Christian, the same ceremonies are extended; and during the administration of the last rites, a party of musicians, with reed instruments, play and chant the most doleful dirges, while everybody within sight kneels in the open streets, adding solemnity to the ceremo-

ny. The absence of members of the better class is a noticeable feature in these religious displays. They are conducted entirely by the lower classes, over whom the clergy exercise unlimited control.

On Saturday, which is market-day, the usual quiet of the town is broken in upon by a lively scene. The plaza is lined with canvas booths, in which highly-colored calico prints, cheap trinkets, and children's toys are displayed to the best advantage. There are two rows of these flimsy shops, facing each other, on every block fronting the square, with a passageway through the middle of the street. The drinking-saloons are crowded. The modest country-girls are arrayed in starched dresses of cheap calico, swelled out with large hoops—cut very low in the neck and very short at the sleeves, exposing their plump shoulders and well-rounded arms to advantage. A thin strip of some highly-colored stuff covers their shoulders, and a man's Panama hat shades their sun-browned faces. Standing at the counters on bare feet, spread to goodly breadth in the absence of the compressing influences of leather, they take from the brawny hands of their barefooted cavaliers, with becoming bashfulness, the strong liquor that is offered them. They sip it, and grin immoderately. They try it again, and the evidences of disgust are not so apparent. They are urged to finish it, and, with a sly glance round them, the draught is swallowed, with a smile that is gratifying to see. Ox-teams and horsemen fill the streets, each individual bent on his own particular business. On Sunday, the broadest contrast is formed, by the oppressive quiet of the town.

The theatre is a moderately spacious one; but the open boxes are confined in their limits, and the view greatly obstructed by the heavy wooden pillars supporting the gallery above. As there are no seats in these boxes, those who occupy them are obliged to furnish chairs before

the curtain rises. Between the acts, the ladies retire to the hall-ways and smoke cigarettes, with which their escorts supply them. There are, doubtless, exceptions to the rule; but I have been informed that ladies of all classes are addicted to the use of tobacco. The drama attracts full houses; the benches are almost empty when an opera-troupe occupies the stage. This must be attributed more to a love of light amusement than to any lack of musical taste, which is a predominant feature of the people. Most young ladies, and many young men, in San José, display a commendable talent for music. Pianos are much in vogue, and musical entertainments are frequently given. Besides, there is a little circle of German gentlemen engaged in business here, who, as worthy disciples of Beethoven, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and Mozart, devote their spare hours to the worship of music. I know of no greater treat, in this quiet town, than to drop into the house of any of these gentlemen, where you are sure to find a gathering in the evening—being bachelors, for most part—and enjoy the musical talents with which Germans seem to be unsparingly favored. This little community represent the business wealth of the place. Easy-going and industrious, they are successful; unassuming and energetic, like Germans elsewhere, they are respected as a valuable adjunct to the development of the country. Modestly enjoying their national glory, their laurels become them.

Cock-fighting is the Sunday amusement of the more fashionable pleasure-seekers. Bull-baits and horse-racing occupy the attention of the laboring classes. The savannah, a level plat planted with trees, is the favorite scene of these occupations. Cruel sport is the beheading of chickens, suspended on a stout line from the tops of two poles firmly fixed in the ground. A horseman dashes at headlong speed between the

poles, and the achievement consists in wrenching the chicken's head from its body while in mad career. If he succeeds, the rider is rewarded with cries of approval; should he fail, he is derided, and another horseman tries the feat, and others, until many a bird attests the gallantry of the sportsmen. These *fêtes* are graced by the presence of the best families, seated in the few carriages of the place, by gold-laced officers on horseback, and by citizens in broadcloth.

The monthly disbanding and reorganization of the army, furnishes occasion for these gatherings. The disbanded soldiers repair to the savannah, where the Government provides rum for distribution among them. The booth is guarded with soldiers, who see that every man gets no more than his allotted share. The incomers divest themselves of their clothing on the plaza, and don the red-faced blue uniform of the army, in which they, in turn, serve for a month. Every citizen between the ages of fifteen and thirty is liable to this monthly draught. No one over or under these ages is considered fit for service. In case of emergency, the Government claims to be able to put thirty thousand men on the field—men who have had more or less training in the use of arms. The military history of Costa Rica is very flattering to the fighting qualities of its soldiers, and the physical hardships that they are capable of enduring. They are allowed fifty cents per day while on garrison duty. The government has four bands, which have reached a high state of proficiency in music. They are composed chiefly of young men who are very illiterate in letters; yet they acquire music with the greatest rapidity and ease. The troops are mustered morning and evening on the plaza.

The wheels of justice revolve very slowly in these countries; but when the civil law issues its fiat, it is all-powerful. A man can be thrown into prison on the

slightest pretext, and he generally remains there a long time before he is blessed with a trial; and then the operation, having to be reduced to writing, "drags its slow length along." Witnesses are not examined in open court, but their testimony is reduced to the form of a declaration, signed and sworn to. In murder cases, no witness who is related in any degree to the murdered man, or to the prisoner, will be allowed to testify. Conviction, therefore, becomes a difficult matter, considering that few natives are not, in one way or another, related to all the rest of their countrymen. A man may be murdered in view of a dozen witnesses who are thus incapacitated, and the murderer escape capital punishment, which is not often inflicted—and, to the credit of Costa Rica be it said, there is comparatively little occasion to resort to this dire necessity. Instances of the commission of high crimes are not frequent. Life and property are safer here than in most countries. The police-force patrol the streets at night, and maintain the best of order. San José, lonely and dull in daylight, is a paragon of quietude at night.

The goddess of fashion is a deity almost unknown by the ladies of Costa Rica, whose dress is simple and old-fashioned—at least, when met in the streets and at their homes; but in ball-rooms, the transformation is wonderful, if not fashionable, in the eyes of a foreigner. If the young ladies of San José could realize the improvement that a little additional care in their dress attaches to them, and the additional attractions it lends to their naturally graceful persons, their self-respect, in the absence of vanity, would suggest a change from the untidy appearance they present on everyday occasions. High colors are much used; green, red, lavender, and blue gaiters, yellow silk shawls, embroidered with pink flowers, and flaming ribbons in the hair, is the costume most common

to well-dressed women; though it is but fair to add, there are many ladies here who exercise better taste in the arrangement of their dress. It is otherwise with the male portion of the community. Fashionable tailors and bootmakers are well patronized.

Marriage ceremonies are performed in the dead of night, very frequently occupying an hour in the celebration of mass. The cause for this proceeding is said to be that marrying at night or very early in the morning removes a great deal of the embarrassment which the young lady is supposed to feel in giving herself away to a husband in the broad light of day. However that may be, she gets over her bashfulness as rapidly in this country as in any other, where the cloak of night is not thrown over this interesting union of hands and hearts.

The government of Costa Rica is composed of a president, vice and second vice presidents, ministers of war, the treasury, foreign affairs, the interior, and justice, elected for six years by the National Congress, consisting of twenty-one deputies, elected by the people for a term of three years. Environed by a network of revolutionary strife—the heritage of Old Spain—and its peace endangered in the fratricidal wars of its neighbors, in whose quarrels it takes no part, but standing firmly in the midst of the carnage which has surrounded it, Costa Rica rises pre-eminently the queen republic of Central America, and carries the standard of peace and progress in the march of civilization. Next to the smallest in extent, it is the greatest in an honest purpose to do right. Numerically the least, it is the champion in advancement—a bright oasis in the desert of destruction. Engaged in peaceful pursuits, its military education is not neglected, for every citizen is a soldier. Often threatened by superior numbers, its people are ever ready to resist attack with desperation, for every soldier is a

freeholder with a fireside to defend. The waves of revolution have broken over its mountains. It has had its trials, its wars. It has its faults and its drawbacks, yet none of its sister republics of the central Andes can show a record as brilliant. Situated in that narrow neck of land which links together the continents of North and South America, and washed on its shores by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, none of them can hope to realize the success of its future. Possessing many natural advantages, its resources are great. Its coffee, excelled only by the celebrated Mocha bean, and its valuable cabinet-woods, are sought after in the great marts of the world. Its rubber, cocoa, sarsaparilla, vanilla, hides, and mother-of-pearl, find ready sale. Its mines and agricultural interests are rich, and only need development. An interoceanic railroad must be built, and steam communication established between the Atlantic port of Limon and the United States, before the wealth of the republic can be realized. With a spirit of enterprise characteristic of the people, the government has inaugurated the removal of these obstacles to its progress. It has borrowed money from English houses, where its credit is good, and invited competition for the great work of its regeneration. The necessity of a railroad has for years occupied the attention of the people. The exportation of its products to California, and to England and Germany, across the isthmus or round Cape Horn, has involved expense and loss of time, and with such facilities for more speedy communication with the world at her disposal, every effort has been made to inaugurate the work. Honduras commenced the building of a railroad. Nicaragua cherishes the idea of an interoceanic canal, but the revolutionary spirit of these countries, and a lack of means and credit, bids fair to forever clog these worthy objects. In this respect, Costa

Rica has the advantage. It sees at no distant future the tide of the California trade turned across its territory, and the route will possess advantages and attractions enough over the isthmus transit to secure for it the decided preference of travelers. Besides the advantage to Costa Rica of a port on the Atlantic, the United States would derive positive benefit in diverting to its markets the entire coffee-crop, of which it now receives but thirty per cent. The additional advantage of the removal of the tax on coffee will be certain to secure this result. The crop this year will reach 300,000 quintals (30,000,000 pounds).

From San José, which lies almost in the centre of the republic, to the Atlantic Coast, the country is a wild jungle, but the difficulties to be overcome in the construction of a railroad are not great. In 1860, General Meagher received concessions to connect these points—a distance of 108 miles—but the civil war breaking out, he returned to the United States. In 1867, General Frémont received the contract for \$12,000,000, but for some reason the work was never commenced by him. A Mr. Riley was the next to undertake it, with a similar result, having expended \$25,000 on explorations and preliminary surveys. Waring Brothers, of London, sent an agent to Costa Rica with \$50,000, as a guarantee that they would do the work for the same price, but the agent arrived after the government had undergone a change, and he received no encouragement from the party in power. It remained for Mr. Henry Meiggs, the "railroad king of South America," to carry out the project. In July, 1871, that gentleman signed the contract with the duly accredited minister of Costa Rica, in the city of Lima, for £1,600,000 sterling, and his nephew, Henry Meiggs Keith, Esq., was appointed to its direction. No one, knowing the executive

abilities and energy with which Mr. Keith pushed the construction of the Peruvian railroads under his superintendence, could doubt that the Costa Rica road would be vigorously prosecuted to completion. Costa Ricans found their dreams of a railroad realized, for none could question the success of any project undertaken by Henry Meiggs. The rejoicing was great.

In October, 1871, Mr. Keith and a corps of officers arrived at San José, and were received by the President and his ministers. Every demonstration of welcome was made for them. He and his party were feasted and entertained in the most lavish manner. No time was lost in organizing. The first ground was broken at Alajuela amidst popular rejoicing, and the first practical step thus taken to connect the capital with the Atlantic. The fifteen miles of road intervening between Alajuela and San José was an addition to the original contract, which provided that San José should be the initial point of the road. The highest bridge on the line is that over the Virilla River. It is an iron-deck structure, resting on piers of solid masonry, 138 feet above the water, and 130 feet between its massive stone abutments. The next obstruction is offered by the Rio Torres, over which a heavy stone culvert is built, upon which 21,000 cubic yards of earth are being piled by 250 men, to bring the road-bed to the proper grade. This was finished in October, 1872, when the first engine ran from Alajuela to the capital.

The surveyed line passes over a region of country heretofore known but to a few daring men, who plunged into the depths of the forest-thickets and through the rugged mountains, inspired by love of adventure, or hope of gain in the undiscovered *dorado*. These immense forests have been seldom disturbed by the echo of a White man's voice, until now. A trail is cut through, and railroad pio-

neers are clearing the path of the obstacles which Nature has thrown in the way. The ride from the Atlantic to the capital is fraught with great hardship, and is accomplished on a mule, the only animal capable of enduring it in the winter season. Improvements in the shape of stations, where rest and food can be obtained, have obviated to a very great extent the difficulties and fatigue of the journey.

The contract provides for the completion of the road in three years from September, 1871. In the meantime, the extension to the Pacific—a distance of seventy-five miles—is under consideration. The road will be narrow-gauge, the bed to be eleven feet wide. Bridges and viaducts are being constructed of iron or stone, as the character of the location requires. The road will pass through the principal cities in the heart of the republic, and the rolling-stock is of American manufacture. All *employés* subject to military service are exempt by law, while working on the line. Goods landed for the use of the railroad are free from import duties, and every possible facility is offered by the government to accomplish the undertaking. Both parties to the compact seem to be earnest in their endeavors to build the road, and lend fresh impetus to the enterprises of the country. At Port Limon a construction-train has been in operation some months, and, in the face of many difficulties, satisfactory progress is made in clearing the woods.

As an item of interest, I will mention the cost of transportation of the boiler of the first engine in operation in the interior, from Punta Arenas to Alajuela. The freight alone amounted to \$3,000. It made the transit of the mountains on wheels in fourteen days, with the aid of a team of forty oxen and twenty-five men. In coming down the mountain-sides, the oxen were backed slowly, the ponderous load being guided by the men.

Having a railroad, the spirit of Costa Rican progress demands the colonization of the province of Talamanca, 2,000 square miles in extent, lying to the southward of Port Limon, and inhabited by several thousand Indians. They hold as little intercourse as possible with anyone speaking the Spanish language, and enjoy, in their own way, the wealth of the mineral and agricultural lands of the province, disturbed by comparatively few intruders. In the palmy days of the Spaniards, rich harvests were reaped from the gold-mines of Talamanca; but with that spirit of tyranny so characteristic of the Latin race, the Indians were so brutally treated when opportunity offered for the vain display of authority, that, in obedience to the promptings of the first law of Nature, they rose and massacred those of their oppressors who had the temerity to remain. The Spaniards fled, and the Indians erased every trace of the richest mines, and effectually sealed their territory against all comers who were not willing to run the

somewhat precarious risk of existence among them.

Of late years, Talamanca is becoming more settled by Costa Ricans, and there is room for thousands of families, and fields for enterprises of incalculable wealth. The government has encouraged the formation of a company, with Mr. Keith as president, for the colonization of this rich province. An agent has been sent to England, the great money market of the Spanish American republics, to effect a loan of £1,000,000 sterling for the object in view, and news has been received that he has succeeded in procuring it. The prospectus promises to furnish colonists with food, shelter, and tools to sustain them in clearing lands and prospecting for the first year, after which it is expected that they will be able to sustain themselves. This can not fail to be an incentive to the emigrants of all countries to court the smiles of Fortune in the balmy atmosphere, and under the bright sun, of this "Switzerland of the Tropics."

ULTRA-WA.—No. V.

THE RELICS.

GABRIEL AMBROSE, whom we have hitherto styled the leader of the Ultrawans, but whose recognized title among them is simply Senior Ambrose, has been lingering at the sea-side, upon affairs of consequence. We left him on the lookout for an approaching ship, from which vessel two odd-looking passengers have come ashore. The new-comers are an aged man and wife, carrying a rusty-looking portmanteau, which they handle with such nervous care, as to suggest that it may contain something more valuable than their plain wardrobe. Instead of plunging, as emigrants are apt to do, into the turbid seethings of the city, this

quaint couple land upon the Bay Coast bank, and halt until Senior Ambrose approaches them—making sure of him, by certain signs of gesture, and the exchange of one or two pass-words, much the same in sound as those which, on a former occasion, fell from the lips of "The Lady Triddles."

There can be no mistaking the hearty greeting which Senior Ambrose bestows upon these strangers. Proceeding, at once, to take from the queer-looking valise a small ebony casket, mounted with gold—the hinges and lock being of some cut stone or crystal—and a canvas roll, they surrender both to him. Am-

brose takes them carefully, and commits the aged couple to the hospitality of his attendants, Ledson and Peter, with instructions to be ready to escort them to Ultrawa on the next day but one; assigning them temporary quarters at the Long-Shore Tavern, which is used to entertaining foreigners of every fashion. Gabriel Ambrose, who by this time has his favorite haunts in the solitudes around Bay Coast, makes his way rapidly to a little clump of thick-set cedars, bending above the water, in a cove, or a point where the shore curves covertly; and, concealed in a nook between the trees, opens the miniature cabinet.

Some clue to these proceedings will be found in the following fragments of letters, which appear to have formed part of a correspondence, covering a space of two years, between Gabriel Ambrose, the senior Ultrawan on this side of the Atlantic, and Victor Arnulf, evidently the patriarch of the society abroad, who is still resident in Switzerland. The fragments, in their detached form, are rendered literally, with the exception of odd words here or there interspersing them, which, as remarked in an earlier chapter, appear to be arbitrary signals, or Ultrawan watch-words, and belong to no known tongue:

LETTERS.—NO. I.

Gabriel Ambrose to Victor Arnulf.

“ULTRAUA, America.

“SENIOR REVERED—The settlement was happily effected. The site selected by our learned Lonbergh has been verified. He who, alone of our philosophers, has traced the actual relations between astronomic and geologic facts, measured the distance over sea and land to the preciseness even of rods and feet. Landing in safety, we passed quickly and at intervals, as straggling peasants, into the adjacent villages; thence, frequently by night, we betook ourselves, a few at a time, to this very

Eden. The settlement occupied us eighteen months. Protected by obscurity, our tools and treasures were mingled with common implements, and readily conveyed in small portable boxes. We have realized all.

“Already our scientific researches have been rewarded. Our lenses penetrate substances previously supposed to be opaque. Our achromats have been able to perceive the billows upon star-beaches. Elixirs have been concocted from the bark of the . . . and the inner cuticle of the leaf of the common maple, which neutralize sundry distempers. The pulverized . . . proves to be a safe antidote against venom poisons. I myself incline to the belief that the same powder will extinguish the rabies in any dumb creature; but there has no case occurred, hitherto, for that experiment.

“All the brotherhood remain vigorous and joyful in the harmony. Blessing to the home mountains!

“Adieu.”

NO. II.

Victor Arnulf to Gabriel Ambrose.

“AUF . . . , Switzerland.

“CHERISHED SON AND HELPER—Go forward! All is well. We wait until the vision reappears, and the voice directs the further march, by detachments from your number, westward round the world. That is to occur, according to instructions handed down to us, ‘when the child shall cease to grow, and when the lost is found.’ Meantime, even the ordinary researches of the outer world have kept pace, after their pattern. Vegetables once dreaded as deadly poisons, are staple of the public markets. Subtile vapors annihilate pain. Electric forces carry words under the sea—over the land.

“Hold ye the advance. The close of creation’s travail is at hand.

“Farewell.”

NO. III.

Gabriel Ambrose to Victor Arnulf.

"ULTRA-WA, America.

"The voice verifies the vision. Viva reveals the voice. Already the lesser creatures recognize and love the returning herald of their rights. Surely Messiah's coming, and the dawn of glory can not be very long postponed. The "earnest expectation of the creature" is apparent.

"We had experienced some suspense, since, notwithstanding the child's spiritual beauty, and the signs that attended her birthday, her childhood did not cease to grow, and we supposed that growth might end only with maturity. Her voice, for a time, was altogether lacking. The event, however, transpired thus:

"A wounded bird, stricken by some chance-shot in the distance, came whirling hitherward, and fell at our feet. The child caught it up in a caress, held it nestling to her bosom until it seemed to recover strength, and then, placing it upon her outspread palm, watched it, with eyes alternately kindling and brimming, until, presently, the birdling plumed its wings, and, flying slowly through the shrubbery, began to sing. Then Viva's voice awoke, rendering the same notes in nobler strain. The tone was sweet and flute-like in our ears; but its power pervaded the entire hamlet, and those who happened to be on the outskirts felt it as clearly as those who were near. From that hour, Viva has ceased to be a child, or to exhibit any bodily growth. Most of her time is spent in the forest, her pathway encircled by living creatures—the shyest and the wildest appearing alike to be fond of her.

"But the remainder of the legendary instruction is by no means clear: 'When the lost shall be found!' Explain it, if you can. Of late, Viva has appeared pensive and absorbed. More than once she has exclaimed: 'Find the lost.' She narrates to us a dream—if it were

a dream—and describing our old Auf. . . landscape accurately, she describes next the Narrows where we landed, and indicates a particular spot, saying, with tearful eyes: 'There find the lost.' I go thither. Nevertheless, we lost nothing there—neither treasure nor any of our number.

"Latterly, in a dream from which she started, or in a somnambulistic vision, she cried out: 'The blood is washed away. The two make one. The lost will be found.' I was about to add that she wept. But she does not weep; only her brow becomes red, like fire. Her eye droops to a deep shade; her lip quivers, and she sits listlessly. Presently, she resumed: 'By those who know it not it shall be found!'—and burst into a caroling so buoyant, that it sounded even as the chimes of Christmas eve.

"Beloved Senior, have you any trace in the archives of our society which may explain what has been lost?

"Farewell."

NO. IV.

Victor Arnulf to Gabriel Ambrose.

AUF. . . , Switzerland.

"I have searched, and communicating what I learn, will afterward send the relics that may explain the rest. This letter goes by the hands of a voyager who visits Sandy Hook, who will post it, as directed, in case of your absence, to 'Mr. Peter Hunter, Morford.'

"Our annals I have explored. Our first founder—Andreas—was born in the tragedy which darkened this town so many years ago. It was this:

"Arthur Monard and Jules Monard were twin-brothers, who from childhood had shared life and love together. When they grew to manhood, at the age of twenty-two, alas! they fell separately in love with Celeste Ranier. Had they together met her, it had been otherwise—they had learned that love is generosity. Or, had there been for her a twin-

sister, their twinhood had remained. As it occurred, however, each met her in a different place. Each chose her as for self, not knowing one another's heart. Celeste chose Arthur as a lover—Jules merely as a brother. Arthur and Celeste were soon married. Jules strove to rule his will, in duty to them both, and might so have done, but that Arthur's happiness was proud, and his overbearing manner, in his ecstasy, wounded Jules at heart. Sudden severance was sharp, in proportion to their previous unity. In hot blood, Jules stabbed his brother—not with murder in his heart, but with ungovernable passion. None the less blood stained his soul. Arthur breathing his last, Celeste soon followed him, after having given birth to a son.

"While Celeste lay dying, Jules knelt by her couch, imploring pardon. This she granted; predicting first the baneful destiny that should divide the household, and the restoration of the two in one, after generations. And upon his bowed head she uttered that mystic malison and benison: 'Blood in the line—a bloody end, and undesigned and undeserved, to each first-born, and all by woman's faithfulness, or woman's faithlessness, until the twinhood shall rejoin, and the child be born and cease to grow. And there shall be no more curse.'

"The attendants, as usual, considered her delirious. Upon her babe, unconscious as he was, she laid a charge: 'Go forth, child, into the forest. Study nature. At length I will meet thee there. Heal thou the feeble creatures. Teach men to shed no more blood of bird or beast. Nature shall then tell thee secrets, before the day of the coming Lord.'

"This babe afterward became the forerunner, our father Andreas. He would take no surname. He became a philosopher in the wilds; a friend of the dumb creatures. His career you know. It was in the rocky gorge that a sybil met him, whom he accredited to be Celeste,

his mother, and who taught him much. His neighbors said it was a magnetic dream. We have not relied upon the mode of derivation, but on the facts derived.

"As I have tracked the career of the other branch, Jules, marrying some years later, fell in a duel. His first-born son, in his twenty-first year, was killed by a soldier of his own command, who, lying in wait for a villain whom he suspected of dishonoring his wife, was misdirected, and fell upon his commander and friend. His son, Pierre Monard, lived to be aged, but late in life was assassinated by a robber, who sought his money, and was introduced into the house by the connivance of a servant-girl, whose lover he was. Meantime, his son, Felix, entered the army of Great Britain, and was supposed to have perished in the war upon the American coast. But the aged Janschill and his wife affirm that it did not so end. They claim, that upon the tidings of the death of his father, Pierre Monard, word was sent to Felix, and that he returned; remaining until the property could be arranged, and leaving in their custody (Janschill was steward of Pierre Monard) a casket, with strict charge to guard it until they should hear from him again, which, it appears, they never did.

"These relics, the aged couple, who were then in life's prime, have retained reverently ever since, unwilling either to part with them or to open them. Long since, however, they became members of our brotherhood; and learning from myself your questions, they come to you, hoping not only to find rest in the fresh groves of Ultrawa, but, at the same time, to serve the ancestral line.

"Amban! Aschremaddelinden! Amban! The light shine always upon Ultrawa. Adieu!"

Here the letters end.

The old DeLissey Place is vacant and dark for the time, of which fact some

parties are aware, to their great gratification. Immediately after the burglary, before described, Miss Jenny Perley had, as she put it, "penned a missive with a homeward plume"—which meant, being translated, that she had written word to her parents in Pennsylvania that she was coming home, and going to bring her own darling Calla with her, to return her visit. Conrad had, thereupon, concluded to make the trip as well, and, taking his servants with him, establish a temporary household in a furnished cottage, on the bank of the Delaware, where they might have a little change of scene and air; the vicinity of Morford being in much esteem as a place for summer-visitors. In truth, this was so well known, and the air was so very invigorating, that Arthur Ranier, known as "father's friend," had felt the value of it, and had written to John Bendleton to join him in an excursion for a week or so, in that immediate vicinity. The housekeeper and Franz being requisite in Conrad's plans, the old DeLissey Place is left once more to brood upon the past. Well is it, that, by this arrangement, the family of Conrad are in blissful ignorance of a harrowing spectacle.

Bay Coast is wrapped in the dead dark of the darkest night. If "the darkest hour is just before day," day should dawn now, at one A.M., for, at midnight, the very glimmer of the landscape has gone out like a feeble lamp in a bed-chamber.

Protuberant hills and jutting trees often take the place of luminaries, and, by adjusting spaces, so make darkness visible as to guide us negatively. And it is much better to be guided negatively than to go utterly without guidance. Landscape outlines serve for tapers, as in the darkest ages certain looming traditions and cumbrous institutions dimly clove the blackness, and helped mankind to feel their way.

This night, however, the whole village of Bay Coast is, as it were, blotted out. The very rain, coming down loiteringly in sullen mist, thickens the gloom, and distorts everything which might assist one's reckoning. Honest villagers have drawn coverlids more snugly, and eyelids more tightly. The drenched and drooping atmosphere, like an opiate, steepens the whole town in deeper slumber. Charger, the timid, is snoring so thunderously, that to hear him would inspire you with the dread thought, If thus violent he be when asleep, what would it be to encounter waking Charger? Caddington has, in his dreams, sold a yoke or so of steers, and confusedly wants them back. Even Farmer Beggs' window, where a late candle often burns, has gone dark to-night.

The only glimmer steals from under the door of the deserted Negro barracks, behind the old DeLissey Place. And that is fitful, for it is the flash of a dark-lantern, when the slide is being adjusted. There is a group of men within that old caboose who know what it is to keep quiet—all but their guide and spy, our former acquaintance, Teun Larkin, whom they give to understand that they can keep him quiet, now, or occasion him to "forever after hold his peace," for the same reason as at the wedding-service—namely, that there will be no more chance to speak, only that his silence would be more appalling.

Teun, however, is not to be crammed through a window-frame, this time. He is to act the humble part of outside sentinel; and, quick to take alarm, he may be relied upon to give it. Porkenbush is not present in this business. He "don't mind crackin' a crib, but he ain't a-goin' to fool with no blarsted bodies. None of your underground wenturs for him. Not afore his time comes; not as he knows on. He ain't no mole, neither ain't he no aingle."

Case is here, stolid and sneerful. He'd

"as lieves dig ground in one place as 'nuther for money. It's nothin' but what them miners does, anyhow." Yet, strange to say, Case is at heart superstitious; while Porkenbush, if he did meet a ghost, would be sure to wink at him, and ask him to take a drink. So little do men know themselves.

The principal actors to-night are three young men, whose shaggy overcoats and heavy boots are evidently employed as a disguise, and their flinging manner and slinging gait bespeak a professional familiarity with the subject. Two of them are medical students from a neighboring college, honestly intent on science. The third claims to be also a student of medicine, in that way engaging them in this enterprise.

To let the reader into the secret, in advance, however, this young gent, by the name of Jarker, is an underling clerk of Whample's, eking out his living by copying some of Whample's legal-cap, and even more extensively by copying some of Whample's illegal ways.

It has been made his business to inform these festive Esculapians that a remarkable subject awaits the dissecting scalpel—a case of singular decease, which, he leads them to suppose, has just occurred, and by no means a body that had been buried eighteen years.

Jarker, however, knows what he is about. His instructions are to secure a parchment, supposed to be there interred, and make the best of his way to head-quarters, leaving his companions to their own discoveries.

At one o'clock, they proceed noiselessly to the little cemetery, which lies at the foot of the hill.

A huge willow-tree occupies the foreground, curtaining, with its long streamers, a number of the graves. In one front corner rises a monumental shaft, while in the other stands an oblong cenotaph of gray marble. These two objects block the rest of the yard from

the roadside, while toward the rear the ground is slightly descending, so that the nook which these invaders seek is almost hidden from observation, even when you enter the front gate.

A light wagon, which had been standing apart under a tree, is now led to the rear of the inclosure, and closely drawn up along the fence, from which a board or two has been wrenched, and through this gap the four men creep noiselessly, leaving Teun crouched on the ground, to watch the horse and report any passers. Unlumbering a bag of tools and ropes, which he had carried on his back, Case begins to dig, with easy muscle; the ground, soft and loamy, yielding readily to his shovel, which he plies almost without interruption; each of the young men taking turn to aid him.

They have dug briskly for two hours, without a sound, except the slight threep of the shovel, and the soft plump of the mold upon the grave-side, and are almost three-fourths of the way down, when Teun gives a rap with his knuckles upon the fence, which is the concerted warning. Immediately all prostrate themselves on the ground, except Case, who takes advantage of this movement to draw his breath, wipe his brow, and drain his flask, in nowise discomposed. It is only a late wagoner, jogging down the road, whose thoughts of church-yard stirs, if he entertain any such, take no shape like this. He passes on and out of sight, and the diggers redouble their efforts.

Silence and darkness! The moon, in its last quarter, glances upon them for a few seconds through the haze, letting its pale ray slant upon the cenotaph, where one could almost read these lines in very admonition of the hour:

"Sleep on thy couch;
The world's night weeps,
The heavens' morning glows;
Take thou thy rest.
Sleep, sleeper, sleep!"

Surplus rain-drops, that had been col-

lecting in plashes on the scantlings, and in grooves of old tombstones defaced by the tooth of time, and in clusters on the willow-leaves, now drop in beads. A single whisper of the wind comes back to give alarm, or shed one more sigh above the dead; and at its kissing breath the willowy armlets stir, as in assent—seeming to say, “We wait for thy return, to wave once more.” Then the church-yard settles down again to gloom, and the blackness drops its pall to hide the scene.

The relentless spade has done its work, at length. “A grave of unusual depth,” whispers one young student to Jarker, who moves uneasily, but offers no reply.

The next touch of the shovel or stroke of the pick should reach the coffin, with its outer box.

There is no box there, however, nor any coffin, nor any trace of one, nor any dead body, nor any fragment of a skeleton. Pure, soft, fresh earth, ready for vegetation, like a garden-bed in spring, and so fine, that one looking at it would feel quite sure that what would come up would be bright flowers. But no coffin, nor trace of any death, or any dead thing. The adventurous students stand at a loss, and, to tell the truth, wonder if they have not mistaken the spot. Jarker, in a dazed way, tries to fulfill instructions, looking about him for some packet, or shred of packet. But Jarker finds nothing. Case, alone, keeps his wits about him, and, in fact, feels all the more emboldened because there is no sign of sepulture, or trace of grim mortality, at hand. His eyes alight on a worn morocco wrapping—looking more like a piece of tattered bark, or brown, dry leafage, such as may have been swept over the brink by the gushes of the rain—lying half-way under his spade. By a dexterous turn of that implement, he covers this completely, and stands holding it there, with bat-

ed breath; for he has seen the gleam of something golden.

Turning his back adroitly, while the others are at a loss, he quickly stoops, and thrusts the little brown roll into his pocket; contriving to open its frayed edges so far with his fingers as to feel that it contains a seal-ring, for one thing, and for another; a flat stone, cut or engraved, and about the size of a silver dollar.

Case can not resist the temptation, when the others are not looking, to slip back the slide of the dark-lantern, which had been closed, and, holding the treasure-trove in the palm of his hand, gaze upon it with satisfaction. But it turns his greedy gaze to a stare of affright. It flashes so in his palm, that it seems to him to quiver as if about to blaze upon them all. It dances like a sunbeam in his eyes. He almost thinks it burns his hand.

Thrusting it into his side-pocket again, he turns to the others, who are lost in irresolute consultation.

At this moment occurs a phenomenon with which observers of Nature’s night-side moods are familiar.

In a trice, the silence gives place to a host of minor sounds, that appear to break out together, although it is not clear why they should.

The stillness, which had been everywhere pervasive, is broken everywhere by a concert of action. Electric pulses throb; the firmament flushes prematurely with a presentiment of light.

A momentary gust gives signal. Rain-drops come in sidelong wash. Leaves quiver and shake. Boughs shudder and creak. Dogs bark at each point of the compass, with contagious fright or frenzy. Fowls fidget upon their perches. On the sea-rocks, waves break hoarsely; and receding, prowl about, sprawling on the marge—marking their way with the froth of their passion. A water-fowl

seizes the instant to flap out to sea, with wild scream. In a hollow tree, on a hill hard by, an owl hoots, morosely, one melancholy note. The elements are disturbed in each department; Nature admonishing her sleeping creatures that earth has no perfect rest—then suffering them to drowse again; but not again to sleep profoundly. The magnetic wave is ruffled at every ripple; and creaturehood, disquieted, rocks languidly to the impulse—like a boat at anchor swung by the swell from a passing keel.

Our culprits deem the earth-forces aroused against them by the earth-spirit. For the first time, they are sensible of the moral hideousness of their attempt. Their animal spirits being spent by sleeplessness and toil, their imaginations are startled the more vividly.

In that way our cool sense can explain such phenomena.

To them, however, it is, as Case afterward described it, incoherently, when he could be brought to speak of it at all: "We heerd sounds away up in the air; then kem flashes, same as somebody was kerryin' of a lantern acrost the hull floor of the berryin' ground. All to oncet the big bell in the church-steeple gev a single toll-stroke—low and long—like there was goin' to be a funeral. D'reckly after, I heerd a child's voice singin'; 'twas either a child's voice or su'thin' or 'nuther; it sounded a leetle like Jim Ward's playin' on the seraphine, in the singin'-seats; but ennyways, it was kin' o' shoutin' and larfin'; callin' out to somebody, as if it sed, 'Got 'em now; got 'em!' I stood all that 'ere fus' rate. I stuck it out best of the lot—the others was a-shakin' like the agur, and a-gogglin' their eyes out of their blame heads. I say, I stuck it out ontill there kem a voice a-whisperin' my own name right into my ear. It was that 'ere knocked me flat, an' keeled me over."

And "flat" he most certainly had been knocked. Case, the sturdy bully, was seen to give one bound, heard to utter one gurgling groan, and then lay on his face in a swoon.

Thereupon ensues a scene which would baffle description by the pen of a more graphic chronicler than the present.

Teun screeches, as none but Teun can screech. Up to the last moment, Teun had been too much in awe of Case and his threats to fear much else, besides being comfortably stationed near the road. But, at sight of Case's burly body lying prone, he sets up a yell, which it may be hoped has never been surpassed, and shall never again be equaled. Reckless of detection now, he fairly courts it, bawling out "murder!" and "help!" without distinctly specifying whether he wants somebody to murder him, or merely somebody to help him to commit murder. He screams as he runs, scampering to the sound, and escapes danger by flying into it and through it. For, before any one has time to stop him, he passes out of sight, with his unearthly noise, and plunges, head-foremost, under the bed-clothes of the garret at home.

The dapper devotees of science also disappear—horse, wagon, and human forms fairly melting out in the fog.

Jarker, as it turns out, has had a smart nag for his own use, tethered in readiness. Exit Jarker.

By this time, it is nearly four o'clock. Early risers are astir. The first to pass the grave-yard is a teamster, taking his horses from the pasture to the plow. He catches a glimpse of the ground disturbed, and what appears to be a dead man, lying there; and, without stopping to investigate, hurries to alarm the village.

Bay Coasters, wild with excitement, make for the scene of the catastrophe.

Job Toll, first; he having already "sot

out to do the milkin'." Mr. Toll is in a quandary, and protests to Aunt Rojanna, who thrusts her head out of the window, clad still in a most remarkable nightcap: "This here business is wot comes of bringin' that there hussy of a brindle cow onto the place, and havin' to do the milkin' on her at such a skeary time. But there's one thing I say, that no one shan't blame it onto me."

To all of which, Rojanna, gazing fixedly into space, replies, with a single expetive, by no means familiar to our ears, "Ter-ry fir-my! ter-ry fir-my!"—an exclamation not quite applicable to the facts.

The news arriving suddenly at Mrs. Charger's, Harriet Amanda flings up the window-sash, and, in piercing notes, announces, "Fire!"

Then, upon her mother's demanding "Where's the fire, Hattie? Hattie Mandie! I say, what's a-fire?" that young person, catching the street din indistinctly, declares, "It's the grave-yard—and it's 'most burned down!"

Failing to gratify her mother's natural curiosity, as to "Who could have gone and sot *that* a-fire?" she proceeds to make a flurried toilet; while Charger himself remarks—very fitly, as one might suppose, under the circumstances—"Bodder to it! Don't bodder!"—so rushing out of the house.

Little Miss Plimley, living on the opposite corner—with her hair aggravated to very torture, by curl-papers which can find no curls, but still clamp it like skewers stuck in a trussed fowl—goes about the house, "on hospitable thoughts intent," declaring to the maid-of-all-work that "all they want is strong coffee, bilin' hot." (It might be good for some of them, in case she were more definite as to who "*they*" are, or how this coffee shall be applied). "Grandmother always said, 'Plenty of strong coffee, bilin' hot;' and she kep' the coffee-pot on the stove, grandmother did,

and always give it to them with milk, but sweeten to your likin'; and rashers—grandmother always said, 'Have rashers ready,' ever since the time when the soldiers were here; but mostly—strong coffee, bilin' hot, and plenty, they want!" Miss Plimley evidently supposes, in her confusion, that this is a case of exhausted soldiers. "But for my part," she adds, grandly, "I'm not going into any conniption fits, and I'm only too thankful that I'm not given to them *panegyrics*, like that Georgiana Perk!" Which fling Miss Georgiana is even then deserving, for she has just gone off into hysterics.

Caddington is roused. His wrath is up. In point of fact, Caddington is dangerous to somebody or something, if not to everything and everybody. Caddington demands of Mrs. Caddington, "What in thunder is this, then?—how long is this kind of thing going to last, then, eh?" Getting no answer, he vows that these proceedings are a disgrace to our country. "This must stop, Mrs. Caddington, I will let you know *that*!" He betakes himself to the road, slamming the door behind him.

There is a group of men now at the gate, but they seem to find some difficulty in passing through it. Whether from excess of politeness, or from some other cause, they are inclined to make way for one another.

Charger steps aside to let Caddington go in before him. But Caddington thinks better of it, and slips back, putting Charger once more before him. "I ought, well, once, to have brought my gun. I'll go back for it!"—to what intent, nobody can perceive. Charger thinks that it would be "best not to bodder," but to go and get the constable.

In the very midst of the confusion, the tramp of Cham is heard. Now, it appears to be a peculiarity of some per-

sons, that while they make anarchy when everything is mild and quiet, by sheer contrast they crush everything to quiet when there is disorder.

Cham bursts through the gate, pushing Charger before him, and drags Job Toll after him; interlinking his arm in a style of irresistible friendship. He is joined by the broad form of Farmer Begg, who holds a *quasi* magistracy. The rest readily follow.

What is that lying on the ground before them? A dead body, to be buried? or a felon to be captured?

It is none but Case—poor, stricken Case! who will henceforth be dazed, and subject to occasional spells and spasms.

Cham lifts him tenderly. Something of the corpse there is, unquestionably, in his look; something, also, of the criminal. He totters to his feet by help, and a little brandy revives him. But he can give them no connected account of himself at present.

Here is the grave profaned; but in the sudden scramble of the fright and flight, much of the piled earth has fallen in; so that what with the spade lying there, and the ropes unused, and what with the smooth appearance of the ground, that had replaced itself halfway to the surface, the general impression is conveyed, that the body-snatchers had been terrified before they had got half through their work, and had fled incontinently even before they had gone far enough actually to profane the sleeper's couch of death. Acting on this conviction, Cham and his assistants rapidly but reverently shovel in the dislodged dust, readjust the mound, close the broken fence, and then retire by the front gate.

Case accompanies them—partly as a patient, and partly as a prisoner—and has quarters assigned him at the Long-Shore Tavern, till he shall fully come to himself.

Some insist that he must have appeared there to resist the robbers, "or why should they have knocked him down?" Others wonder if he be not some victim whom the robbers meant to murder and then bury; while others, still, shrewdly suspect the facts to be as they are.

But when the villagers have retired for their breakfast, and the like, Peter—that is—Hunter, who, with Ledson, is preparing to start homeward on the morrow, comes into the room where Case reclines heavily, looks at him searchingly, and stands amazed.

He has recognized his early playmate, his old antagonist—Case Veck, the husband of Sally Veck; who, ever since her repudiation of him, has been a fugitive and vagabond—now a sailor, now a loafer, now a rogue—of late years, only a tool of criminals.

"Why it is—that is—Case!" says Peter. "Floored—that is—once! Floored—that is—now agin! This business beats—that is—my cocoa-nut! Case—that is—Vick! Out—that is—here! Well, I never—that is—did!"

The knot of men, in conclave, agree upon a town-meeting, since they can not have a coroner's inquest conveniently; the report of which town-meeting, as it appeared in the *Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, together with all and sundry, the comments of that paper upon local matters and upon the universe generally, are unavoidably delayed.

Case, aroused from his lethargy, sees Peter bending over him, and, faintly recognizing him, either fancies himself back in his childhood's home, or else supposes himself to be near his end, for, without previous salutation, or exhibiting any surprise, he suddenly murmurs: "Pete—here, Pete—give that to my old Sal, and tell her to find out them as it belongs to, and give it back. I say, Pete! it come to me from that child that whispered my own name right into my ear.

Here! Give it to Sel Vick, I tell you."

Peter, deeming the brown relic, wrapped and enveloped as it was, some trumpery purse, perhaps containing a trifle of money, and respecting the delirium of his old neighbor, takes it, and, with that

delicacy which is very apt to mark rude, primitive natures such as his, neither looks at it, nor suffers it to see the light, but puts it carefully away, murmuring to himself, "No one must touch this 'ere, but Sal—that is—Elten."

AFTER THE WINTER RAIN.

After the winter rain,
Sing, robin!—sing, swallow!
Grasses are in the lane,
Buds and flowers will follow.

Woods shall ring, blithe and gay,
With bird-trill and twitter,
Though the sky weep to-day,
And the winds are bitter.

Though deep call unto deep
As calls the thunder,
And white the billows leap
The tempest under;

Softly the waves shall come
Up the long, bright beaches,
With dainty flowers of foam
And tenderest speeches.

* * * * *

After the wintry pain,
And the long, long sorrow,
Sing, heart!—for thee again
Joy comes with the morrow.

THE JAPANESE INDEMNITY FUND.

A PETITION was recently sent to the University of California for the signatures of the professors, and of other persons interested in the promotion of public education, requesting of Congress that the fund now held by the Government of the United States, under the name of the Japanese Indemnity Fund, be returned to the Japanese Government, either without any condition, or with a specific appropriation to some educational object.

Copies of the same petition have been distributed among the presidents of colleges and the State superintendents of schools throughout the country; and it is confidently believed that their signatures and influence will arrest the attention of Congress to a proposal which has certainly strong claims to the approbation of the national legislature.

The language of the petition is as follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

"The undersigned would respectfully represent, that there is a large sum of money subject to your disposition, and not yet appropriated, derived from Japan, under such circumstances that it would be unbecoming the character of the United States, as a just and generous people, to make use of it for the ordinary purposes of the Government. While there may be difficulties in the way of returning it directly to that government, there are strong reasons why a due regard should be had, in its expenditure, to the interests of the people of Japan, extending to them the means of

a better education, and the benefits of our higher civilization.

"For these and other obvious reasons, the undersigned would urge upon the attention of Congress the justice, as well as the manifest propriety, of making provision by which this money should be wisely and efficiently applied for the purposes of education among the people of Japan, under such rules and limitations as Congress may think proper to prescribe, or by which it should be returned without conditions to the Japanese government.

"And to that end they respectfully pray, that Congress would appropriate this sum to be expended in such a manner as, by a commission or otherwise, they shall be advised is most for the honor of the United States, and the highest interests of the people of Japan."

The question thus opened is one in which the Pacific States of the Union, and especially California, are very deeply interested. Aside from the love of justice, and from humanitarian considerations, by which others of our countrymen will be equally moved, Californians, by their geographical position and commercial relations, are intimately concerned in everything which looks toward the opening of Japan, and its free entrance into the confidence and trade of the civilized world. Particularly the liberal encouragement of instruction in all that pertains to American resources, usages, laws, wants, trade, transportation, and in all that pertains to our civilization and social science, will have a marked influence on Japan; for our experience will show them some very bad things to

be avoided in their experimental mood, as well as some very good things to be copied or imported. We need offer no other reasons for bringing this subject before the readers of the *OVERLAND*.

The amount of the fund now held by the United States Government, including the accrued interest, exceeds eight hundred thousand dollars (\$800,000). This statement is made by Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, the able Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State, who has been invited by the Japanese Government to go to Japan and assist in the organization of the school system there; and he bases his statement upon the authority of Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, March 12, 1872. This enormous sum is largely in excess of the injury received by the United States, and the authorities at Washington have shown a wise hesitation in respect to its appropriation. The drift of public sentiment in respect to the use of the fund may be indicated by a few citations, which will, perhaps, assist the reader in forming an opinion as to what is just and wise in these unprecedented circumstances.

The Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Joseph Henry, under the date of Jan. 10, 1872, addressed a letter to the Library Committee of Congress, suggesting that the Indemnity Fund be appropriated to a national institution, to be established in Yedo, for educational purposes. This institution, it was supposed, would have a library and scientific collections, and would serve as a great central university, and also as a normal school. Mr. Lanman assures us, that the committee were favorably impressed with the proposition, and referred it to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which was equally favorable.

The wishes of Mr. Mori, the present representative of Japan in Washington, are also given in the following terms by

Mr. Lanman, in his recent volume on "The Japanese in America:" "He would take about one-third of the amount, and erect, in Japan, a number of appropriate buildings in the leading cities, and furnish them with all the necessities, including libraries and scientific apparatus, for a complete course of education. He would have them supplied with professors and subordinate teachers, taken from the United States; and would then have the balance of five hundred thousand dollars invested in United States securities, and kept in Washington, the interest of which should be used to support the institutions in Japan."

Other persons, deeply interested in the advancement of Japan, have been very desirous that the fund, if returned, should be given back on condition of its being devoted to the promotion of female education. Their views were made known to Professor Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst College, now traveling around the globe; and he, on a recent visit to Yedo, "sounded" Mr. Oki, the Minister of Education, on this progressive proposition. Professor Seelye, in a letter to an American lady, resident in Auburn, N. Y., dated September 5, 1872, reports his impressions in these words:

"I have just returned from a visit to Yedo, where on Saturday last I had an interview with Oki, Minister of Education, and laid before him the matter in which you are so deeply interested, respecting the return by our Government to the Japanese of the indemnity fund, to be used for purposes of female education here. He was exceedingly pleased with the proposal, and assured me that it would, if accomplished, be most acceptable here. The Japanese are doing much in the education of young men, and are feeling the need of, but are not yet taking many steps toward, female education. If Congress could be induced to appropriate the indemnity fund

to this purpose, it would be eminently just and wise. It would be just, because the amount originally paid was disproportionately large to the offense; and it would be wise, not only as inaugurating a work among this people, which, I can see plainly, needs such an impulse just now, but also as serving powerfully for the increase of American influence in Japan.

"The bill meets with the warm approval of Mr. DeLong, and other parties of influence here. The Prime Minister, Sanjo, whom I met at a dinner in Yedo, assured me of the pleasure and gratitude which such an act would excite among all this people. I can not exaggerate my sense of its importance and propriety."

Superintendent Northrop (previously quoted), who has had unusual opportunities to become acquainted with all the bearings of this subject, and whose character and position are such as to give great consideration to his opinion, writes thus, under date of December 18, 1872:

"My own opinion is, that this money should be returned to the Japanese Government *without conditions*, especially as they are now making extraordinary expenditures for general education; and as Mr. Mori has given me a written assurance, sustained by the Embassy, that every dollar of it would be devoted to educational purposes."

Mr. Northrop's argument for the return of the fund to Japan is this:

"This movement would give timely encouragement in the inauguration of the new system of education in Japan. Both as an act of justice, and an expression of national sympathy and goodwill, its moral influence would be of greater value than the money refunded.

. . . The present time is specially opportune for this movement. Japan is sending large numbers of students here for a thorough course of study, that they may carry home the blessings of

our science and civilization, and now is maturing comprehensive educational plans. But the new schemes meet obstacles. Conservatives deprecate foreign influence, and recount the many wrongs already suffered from Europe and America. They glorify the past, and denounce the ills unknown in the good old days of isolation. It is not strange that they deem the indemnity an extortion, as the total amount of our pecuniary damage, according to the official statement of Secretary Robeson, March 20, 1872, was only \$19,929. But, in the face of manifold spoliation from abroad and difficulties at home, a new era has been opened for Japan—the noblest in all her long history. The government is liberal and progressive, and is wisely considering plans which will bless and benefit the empire through all coming ages.

"Such an appropriation of these funds would remove existing prejudice, increase American intercourse, influence and commerce, and introduce Western science and civilization. Though the educational service in Japan proposed to me is indefinitely postponed, my interest in the progress of that most remarkable and progressive people, especially in their present embarrassments, is unabated."

These various expressions are not only important in themselves, but they are a sort of thermometer of public opinion, as it has been developed during the past twelve months. In various ways, and especially by private correspondence and interviews, a great deal of interest has been awakened in the matter, and public sentiment clearly tends to the giving up of the fund by our Government, and its consecration to the promotion of education among the Japanese. This is the prayer of the petition already quoted, and signed by many influential people.

The points on which a difference of opinion is manifested are these: Shall the fund be returned to the Japanese

without conditions, as urged by Mr. Northrop; or shall it be held by the United States, and devoted to Japanese education. The question, as we view it, can only be answered by a fuller statement of the facts involved than any which we have met with. If the United States yields the fund in justice to Japan, then we can not see any justice in still endeavoring to control it; it belongs to Japan, and Japan should have the responsibility of its disposition. On the other hand, if Japan declines to take back the fund, as the Chinese Government is said to decline a like indemnity fund, "out of considerations of Asiatic propriety and dignity," then, of course, it is fit for our Government to use the money as it pleases. Or, again, if Japan has no claim upon the fund, and Congress parts with it simply as a matter of public policy and international good-will, then again its disposition may be rightfully determined here. We have seen no authentic statement from the Government indicating the view with which it regards the fund; but we presume that Japan has neither legal nor moral claim upon it.

Assuming this to be the case, then it is very important to ascertain whether the good of Japan will be best secured by "an unconditional surrender" of the fund, or by restricting it to an educational object. Upon the importance of devoting this money to education, the Japanese and the Americans appear to be agreed; but there is difference of opinion as to whether the education, of whatever grade it may be, shall be provided under American or Japanese auspices, here or there. The writer is strongly inclined to favor the perpetual control of American influences, and more than that, to regard it as highly probable that one or more institutions in this country would do far more service to Japan than an American institution of any sort established in Japan.

A gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to quote, but who has had excellent opportunities to form a good opinion on this question, has thus expressed himself, under date of October 30th, 1872:

"I say to you, very frankly, I think this Japanese money should not be returned to Japan, even for educational purposes. It would be frittered away, or diverted from such purpose. That country has embarked on a career of improvement which will require vast expenditures, and inevitably lead to heavy debt and great embarrassment in the very near future. Nor do I think it will be best to found an institution there. Do you not see, the Japanese and Chinese are wiser than we are? The first steps and the greatest toward enlightenment and Christianity must and will be on our continent. What do the students do when they come here? They scatter as much as possible, not because they are unsocial, but because they study more and learn faster. For the same reason, they will always prefer education here. This is the present missionary ground for China and Japan. It is not necessary for me to urge that nothing should be done there, but more here."

Few persons are aware how many Japanese young men have already visited this country for study. The number is estimated by Mr. Lanman, the Secretary of the Japanese Legation, at five hundred, of whom two hundred are now here. Many have also gone to Europe, but they report that much more friendly interest in the welfare of the Japanese is evinced in this country. These young gentlemen (for most of them are gently born and gently bred) are remarkable for their courtesy and good morals, and still more for their success as students. Side by side with bright American boys, the Japanese often excel. Some have been admitted to the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, where they

have won the esteem of Commodore Worden, who augurs "the best results to American interests in Japan from their admission." Several of these students have been taught in Rutgers and Princeton colleges; two were recently admitted to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College; one stood at the head of his class in the Brooklyn Polytechnic School; a great many are distributed in colleges, schools, and families in New England. From many of these places we have had personal reports of like tenor—all commendatory. The examples of their good sense, and good attainments in English, as indicated by the letters Mr. Lanman has brought together, are certainly extraordinary. So well known are the qualities of these young foreigners, that a shrewd writer at the East thus holds them up to the Yankee boys as models for their consideration:

"It is well known that Japan and China have been sending boys to this country to reside for a term of years. It is reported that they came here to be educated. We have a fancy, however, that their governments, with a delicacy which we might well imitate, have allowed this impression to go abroad, but that these youths are really juvenile missionaries, sent to us to teach our own children good manners, and notions of obedience, patience, industry, and docility. We are certainly grateful for their advent. We do not see that they are at all lacking in fire, spirit, and ambition, but they are, as a rule, gentle, tractable, and bear evidences of being bred in gentle homes, where obedience is the first law. Some one says that they live according to the code of Confucius. It would be well, then, to mix a little of this code in our social life; or, if that will not do, to live up to our own, since we have a better one."*

The Chinese boys are coming with the

Japanese. Yung Wing—an early pupil of Mr. Charles Hammond, of Munson, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Yale College in 1854—arrived in San Francisco, in September last, the pioneer friend of a company of thirty young men, who followed a fortnight later, to seek under his guidance for American instruction. These thirty boys are soon to be followed by ninety more. They are on an average about twelve years of age. They are to stay here at the public expense for several years—fifteen, it is proposed—and are now domiciled, through the co-operation of Secretary Northrop, in various American families, and he assures us that "they are bright and studious, and, so far, contented, exemplary, and happy."*

There is a Chinese indemnity fund, likewise (as we have already intimated), the appropriation of which has not yet been determined. This amounts to nearly the sum of half a million dollars, and there are the same sentiments respecting its disposition as respects the Japanese fund. Its consecration to Chinese education has been urgently recommended for a long time past, without as yet any definite action about it.

It is a very interesting and remarkable fact, that Hon. William H. Seward, not long before his death, and after his return from a visit in the East, wrote a letter, declaring that, in his opinion, the Chinese fund should be appropriated to an institution *on the Pacific Coast*. The attention of the writer was called to this letter by a near friend and neighbor of Mr. Seward's, through whose kind agency a copy of it has been procured, with some difficulty, since the death of Mr. Seward, and forwarded to San Francisco. It relates chiefly to the Chinese fund, and concludes with these significant words:

"If my recent visit to China and the

* *Hartford Courant*, Dec. 21, 1872.

* See his letter in the *Chicago Advance*.

East has modified the opinion which I have heretofore entertained of the specific form for using the indemnity fund, it is only to this extent, namely, *a doubt whether an institution for the education of Chinese youth in the languages and the sciences of the West, might not be more effective in its influences upon China if established on our own Pacific Coast.*

"Regarding Chinese intercourse and emigration into the United States as a fixed element in our own national progress, as well as in that of China, to me it seems probable that pupils in sufficient numbers could be attracted here, as many are already attracted from Japan—that their education would be more easily imparted, and might be given a wider range—that *their influence, when they should have returned home, having received such an education with all the surroundings of western civilization and society, would be more effective.* I regard it as certain, moreover, that Chinese young men, in numbers adequate to the conduct of business and politics, will in some way obtain an American education, either at home or by emigration to the United States. But I do not think it by any means certain that the Chinese women can be so educated in China; while they could be attracted here. The great social want of China, as well as of Japan and of all the East, is the substitution of the *family*, as it exists among us, for the harem. It seems to me unreasonable to expect that this great reform can be effected without providing educated Chinese women to be the wives and mothers of Chinese men."

And now we come to the conclusion of the whole matter. We urge upon the readers of the OVERLAND, and upon the friends of human progress, to exert their influence everywhere in favor of the con-

secration both of the Japanese and Chinese funds to the promotion of education of Chinese and Japanese students in the languages, arts, sciences and laws of the western nations; and to favor, also, the just consideration of the question whether this education can not best be given by an institution established, as suggested by Mr. Seward, "on the Pacific Coast."

The reasons to be considered are:

1. California is to be the medium through which the people of the United States and those of China and Japan are to become acquainted with one another, and are to maintain the most intimate commercial relations.

2. If prejudices are to be removed, and good international sentiments are to be promoted, by the promotion of education and by bringing to this country intelligent and cultivated Asiatics, California is the place to begin.

3. The distance of Eastern colleges, added to the distance across the ocean, imposes heavy expenses upon the scholars from Japan and China, and increases the difficulty of communicating with their friends at home.

4. The climate of the Atlantic States is much more severe to the Japanese and Chinese than the climate of this western sea-board. Already (we are told by the Japanese consular representative in San Francisco), several young men have gone home, because the temperature of the East was too trying for them to bear.

5. The spirit with which such an educational movement would be met in California may be inferred from the recent gift of \$50,000, in land, by a citizen of Oakland (Mr. Tompkins), for the encouragement of studies in Chinese and Japanese; and by the cordial manner in which his gift has been accepted.

ETC.

"Our Boys."

The rising generation, about which so much has been preached and written, and which has been anathematized by those who could see no good in a superabundance of physical force, calls for some sympathy from men who consider the causes of this chaotic condition of things.

A recent lecturer in this city suggested that a school of trades might graduate the young men to advantage; there would be fewer idle hands, if the hands had any cunning. When boys have learned to help themselves, it will be only necessary to give them something to do—and, heaven knows, there is enough to be done. It is the uneasy and unemployed hands that work mischief. In a well-regulated nursery, the olive-branch is doubtless a blessing, and the happy man who hath his quiver full probably feels that his mission is nearly completed; but the robust progeny of California call for a special revelation of wisdom, and the problem of the hour is, How shall we govern our boys?

When the olive-branch, sent as a peace-offering from the All-giver, begins bearing crude fruit at an untimely season, it argues no blemish in the branch. There is vitality in the stock, and, with judicious pruning, there would be no failure in the harvest. This exuberance of life is certainly better than sterility. Is it the fault of the young Californian that he runs wild—that he partakes strongly of the characteristics of the maternal grizzly? Is it wiser to cage the cub, when he begins to unsheathe his claws, or to train him—to coin his strength into domestic capital? We do not believe in the total depravity of our legitimate offspring. We cherish the thought, that in the new race that is growling and snapping under foot, there are evidences of that physical strength necessary to the complete development of a compara-

tively new country. We rejoice in the brawn, though it be hard to govern; for without it we should have no foundation for culture of any sort. As for these Ishmaels, out upon the man who would build asylums for their captivity! What is their crime? They live natural, though unlicensed lives. If they burst the bonds of propriety, it is because those bonds have shrunk within the compass of their rich and expansive natures. Their demands exhaust the resources of our present code; they require new laws, for they are a step beyond us in the progression of the world. Open to them free lyceums, where their souls may take courage, and rise out of their fleshly sloth. Build them gymnasiums, wherein their monstrous physical vitality may tone itself down. Provide them with bathing-schools, where they may wash themselves clean of the unwholesome atmospheres of the town; and open sanitariums, where they may enjoy that sort of life-giving repose they are so much in need of.

We send martyrs into the corners of the earth, that they may sacrifice their lives in the overthrowing of creeds more ancient than Christianity; but we overlook the heathen that are swarming at our very thresholds, who have no creed at all, yet who may become powerful agencies in the propagation of all that is healthful and manly. Let us look to it that these elements of strength are not wasted or crippled; let us see that they are directed in the right channels—broad and deep ones, covering the whole needs of the case. We shall then see how good a thing Nazareth is capable of giving forth, and learn, at last, that the horrid "hoodlum," bluntly asserting his rights, has been misunderstood, for it was only his untutored and ungracious way of crying for suffrage. It may be that a race of prodigies, capable of teaching in the temples, would be more apt to fill us with pride, and they would certainly require

of us less patience; but the results might not be as practical nor as permanent, and the advent of such phenomena hangs upon the hopeless prospect of an immaculate conception.

To Querists.

The numerous questions addressed to us in regard to the authorship and precise interpretation of "Ultrawa"—pronounced "*Ultrawa*," not "*Ultrawa*"—can be answered in part only. Eugene Authwise is not "*a nom de plume*" assumed by Eugenia Weishart, the authoress of *Voida Vode*," whatever resemblances may strike our correspondents' fancy to the style of that lady, whom we have not the honor to know; nor is Arthur Reese the writer—whose works have occasioned some dispute, and whose treatises another pronounces, somewhat oracularly, to be "destructive." The story is from the pen of an author, who is by no means a novice in print. His fancy for an *incognito* may arise from the somewhat advanced theories at which the present story hints, in their relation to the public mind; or, more probably, from a mere whim to which writers of fiction are subject. To us, it is of less consequence who the author is, than what his story means. Our correspondents will find some openings of the plot in No. 5, published in the present issue.

The philosophical speculations, or psychological phenomena, which run through the MSS., begin also to appear. The drift or burden of them, thus far, seems to be the ideal emancipation of the animal creation, as the next conception of the age. But the book is not, on that account, to be "ascribed to Mr. Bergh;" though, according to somebody's guess, we agree with the notion that, in this particular, it might be properly inscribed to him. We are not aware that that philanthropic, or philozoic gentleman has ever written a book. The author of "Ultrawa" appears to hold, also, to the idea of a physical or psychological consciousness on the part of objects or organisms usually regarded as inanimate. He clearly believes that there is to be a disclosure of laws hitherto supposed to be occult in Nature, and that these are to come under the study and control of mankind. At the same time, with all his almost reckless radicalism, he appears to be an absolute be-

liever, or makes his leading characters absolute expectants, of the personal coming of a King from Heaven, who shall reign visibly over a regenerate creaturehood. The child, Viva, about whom so many contradictions or curious opinions are awakened, appears, thus far, to be an impersonation of the spirit of this philosophy—a vision, or voice, heralding the coming jubilee, and endowed with the faculty to read the alphabet of Nature, and communicate with the animal creation, who recognize in her the songstress, or poetess, of their destiny. Viva, judging from the present number, had been preceded by a seeress or sybil, at the formation of the society of Ultrawans, which is a school or community devoted to the pursuit of science, and the development of these ideas. It is implied that there is another stage of research, or epoch of development, to occur at the formation of a new colony, further westward, and that so the Ultrawans are to belt the globe with their anthem of announcement; when the consummation shall occur, similar to that Palingenesia on which the old religious writers and earlier poets love to linger, as the real golden age.

With all these hints we have nothing to do. They brood and break in the midst of a romance sufficiently poetical and practical, in its subsequent narratives, if we may judge from the local scenes depicted, which are laid mainly in Pennsylvania and on the Atlantic coast, and the constant recurrence of outlandish, comical characters, of which there were no less than twelve distinct appearances in the last number—some of whom re-appear in this—and the strangest of which, and least likely to be considered natural, are said to have been drawn from real life.

The foundation of the story, and the origin of the society, are alike laid in a Swiss valley, nestling among the Alps. A tragedy occurring there in the shape of a fratricide—the brothers being twins—the two lines divide, the one passing under the ban of a bloody genealogy, the other under the benison of a philosophy that proposes to abolish bloodshed, even of animals. This state of things lasts until the twinhood is re-united. We fancy that reference is made here to the story of Cain and Abel, and the final reunion of all mankind under one fraternity.

But how the twinhood is to be restored, or what the mystic words mean, or what part Calla Conrad, Arthur Ranier, and the other prominent characters, are to have, is not by any means developed hitherto; and it is, therefore, too early to pronounce on this curious legend.

My Little Wife.

Our table is spread for two, to-night—

No guests our bounty share;

The damask cloth is snowy white,

The service elegant and bright,

Our china quaint and rare;

My little wife presides,

And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,

The muffins nice and hot.

What though the winds without blow cold!

The walls a little world enfold,

And the storm is soon forgot.

In the fire-light's cheerful glow

Beams a paradise below.

A fairer picture who hath seen?

Soft lights and shadows blent;

The central figure of the scene,

She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—

Her head a little bent;

And in her eyes of blue

I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,

With quiet, gentle grace;

With fingers deft, and movements free,

She mixes in the cream for me,

A bright smile on her face;

And, as she sends it up,

I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?

I secretly reflect.

The passing thought she must have guessed,

For now dear lips on mine are pressed,

An arm is round my neck.

Dear treasure of my life—

God bless her—little wife! H. S. T.

Are You Writing Your Oration?

We were a school-boy once, and a small one at that—slightly loquacious, given to gesticulate. The dire destiny became ours to “speak a piece.” We had already learned to speak a piece belonging to another person, “trippingly upon the tongue”—flinging out one arm east, and one west, and bawling in shrill cadence, “M’name is No’val on the Grampian Hills!” But now, for the first time, we were to speak “a piece of our own compo-

sition.” Is it not a species of cannibalism, to extort from a sensitive lad a piece of his own composition—compelling him, in that way, to throw himself into his subject? We had attempted to compose “How Beautiful is Night,” but every time we plunged into it the subject grew darker, until it looked like this:

“How beautiful is Night Charles Timmins Night is the most beautiful ~~time of the year~~ time Charlie & Charles.”

We had then announced as distinctly as the pen could put it, “The great Napoleon is fallen,” but he lay there flat. His prostrate form was more than we could carry. Not to mince the case, it became too tough for us, and we paused over him thus:

“Yes, truly, the great Napoleon has—C. T.—has at length—Mr. C. T.—Charles Timmins, Esq.”

Reader, we had an elder sister. She was lovely, alike in face and character; but she was a trifle lovelier than we deserved, or then desired her to be. That placid brow—that serene, gray eye—that voice, tender but inflexible—allowed us no rest. This refrain was ever running through our lives like a brawling stream through a small grove: “Are you writing your oration?” Sometimes, when we were enjoying a hasty snack—a mere snack—a trifle of a few cakes or so, or a single double-handful of sugar, into the “time, and chance, and way, and space” of procuring which, it would not repay the reader to inquire—even while we stood there, with both cheeks distended, and lips in process of patent self-adjustment, the calm, uncompromising appeal confronted us, “Do you call *this* writing your oration?” We could only answer, in dumb show, that we were trying to digest it, and that we found the process rather relishing. On occasion, when we had sauntered to the barn-yard, and our attention was riveted upon the approaching downfall of the Dominique rooster, and the sudden usurpation of the little Bantam dynasty, lo! the flutter of a dress in the doorway, and a form arose with one hand on a broom, and the other curved into a screen to shade the face, while keen eyes pierced the distance, and quiet accents made their way across the yard: “Charles, are you writing your oration, or *what* are you doing?” We

certainly knew we were tracing an erration of some kind, but we feared that it was a decided aberration. On a balmy morning, when we deemed it a sinful waste of time not to be chasing neglected butterflies, who, like other beauties, acted as if they felt slighted when we were not cruel to them, and persecuted when we were, and every room in the house appeared to us to say, "It would do you good to go out awhile," that motherly presence, with a loving voice, would coax us, "Now, Charles, dear, is not this a charming morning? and you will have such a nice time, all by yourself, to be writing your oration."

But it was when the lamps were lit, and the supper-table cleared, and the cozy fire crackled—winking fun at us; just as father took up his evening paper, and mother's room became the centre, where, round her easy-chair, the girls gossiped of the day, and laid plans for the morrow; especially was it when neighbor Beaver came and talked about the other neighbors; and most of all, when young Bodger called, to make it lively for the girls—a soft accent said, caressingly, "Now, then, Charlie, it will be such a lovely time for you to go by yourself—all alone by yourself, you know, as all the great scholars and distinguished speakers do—and shut yourself up—they all shut themselves up—to be inspired and eloquent, you know, Charlie; and you can have such a good chance—for writing your oration." "How about Bodger, then, Sis," we sometimes ventured. "Is Bodger a great man? Why don't Bodger go and be inspired?" "Charles, you must not talk about Mr. Bodger; go right away now, and go on—writing your oration." But as the time of our delivery (it is the very word they use about speakers) drew nearer, that sweet voice waxed shriller in appeal, more rapid in alarm, more faint in despondency. "Charlie, Charlie, Charlie!—are you writing your oration, or what are you doing?" Our venerable father appeared on his threshold, weary with the professional work of the day, shaking off the sleet like a water-dog, to find himself button-holed in the hall: "Papa, don't you think you had better speak to our Charlie? Ought he not to be busy with his oration?" "Eh! What? Oration? Of course he ought. Charles, you young scamp, why don't you go about that

writing?" Presently, oblivious, with an air of gruffness, to disguise his tenderness: "Charlie, if you are going to ride, go, before Sam takes the saddle off. Along with you—run." On occasion, when he has started out in his buggy, and our gentle monitress found us fractious, her sharpest chiding has consisted in straining her tender voice after him, keyed to a scream: "Father, father!" "Well, what is it? What is the matter now?" "Father, do you wish to leave any word for Charles—about his writing his oration?" But her throat gets husky with the effort, and the old gig creaks, as if it were a little sulky. Hence, supposing it to be a household matter, he shouts back, "In a hurry; can't stop. Send and order it at Crawford's." Crawford's was the grocery and general furnishing store. But we have no recollection of its ever furnishing an oration. "Now, Charlie, there's your poor father out day and night, working for his family; it is too bad to have him disturbed—about your oration. And there's your dear sick mother, too. Now, Charles (very solemnly) "don't you have any love for your dear mother?" We get mad, wax impudent, and retort: "Just as much as Bodger has for hisen—a-staying here all the time." Whereupon, the cheeks are scarlet, and the tender voice bristles: "Charley, if you keep on saying 'hisen,' and such words, and speak in that way of Mr. Bodger, you will come to some bad end. Go along, and finish your oration."

It is not at all surprising that the very sound of an oration became painful to our ears, especially of an oration that had been carefully written. We have not been able to write anything approaching an oration. The thought of it has so far stupefied us, that the attempting it, on rare occasions, has stupefied several audiences. Frequently, when walking in the street, we are brought to a sudden halt, or when seated at the table, our knife and fork are lowered from our lips at the dread thought. While chatting in the social group, our speech falters, and the smile wanes from our eyes, as we think we hear the rustle of robes descending the stairs, and a voice, mild but very grave, floats everywhere about us: "Do you call *this* doing it? Is this—writing your oration?"

Grave counselor—fair guardian—here is a hint for you. No one is ever nerved to duty by being gently nagged, or softly jagged, about it. Neither the administration political nor the administration domestic is thereby furthered. Neither the ministry of a kingdom, the ministry of a church, nor the ministry of a household. Let the very servants alone a little at their work, that it may be their work, and not your worry. Let up a little on the very boys. Do not chase them round about their play-room with your good advices. Do not make their very toys historical lessons, and their very games sums in arithmetic. Do not force them to wipe their tears, or perform kindred functions, with what are known as "moral pocket-handkerchiefs." Do not be so fearful lest your friends go to one extreme, as in advance to pull them to the other. There are moments when a man forgets that he has a stomach. Let such moments pass, without crowding him with medical advices or lessons in anatomy. There are circumstances when he is not conscious of an immortal soul.

Do not select just these to poke a pen in his hand to sign a creed, or call upon him to draw a good map of the universe. Take the fitting moment—whether for suggestion, admonition, or entreaty.

Some persons are always stirring up the fire when the room is hot, and opening the window when the room is cold. Some give so many gentle nudges in your side, out of pure kindness, that your ribs are sore. If you want an erring one to change his course, give him room to turn round, before you urge his speed—just as a wagoner must take a wide part of the road, and turn slowly round, before he whips up his team. There has been many a good purpose smothered with blankets of protection. There has been many a feeble infant of new-born undertaking, overlaid by the over-fondness of its nursing mother. Do good daintily, delicately, deftly. And always bear in mind, that when one is eating his supper, putting on his clothes, or mounting his hobby-horse, he can not very well be—writing his oration.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GARETH AND LYNETTE. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The laureate has been building up his epic at a disadvantage to himself, in that he has been showing to two certain classes, in both of which the present literary generation may be put, half-finished work. To the public of the year of grace 1900, and not to any younger day, must Mr. Tennyson look—in certain regards, at least—for a broad opinion. The fragmentary manner of publication (a publisher's trick, we suspect, to cram as many incomplete editions as possible on the poet's admirers) requires a degree of synthetical force on the part of the public which the careless general reader can hardly be supposed to possess. It is intended that the epic giant should stride before us with gradations as definite as the tread of the Commander's Statue. At each change of position, or, more properly, upon each idyllic grouping, the

mind must dwell for a moment, recalling the preceding, and collecting its prophetic imaginations for those to follow. But as the matter is actually managed, however, the whole poem practically comes forward like a patchy rehearsal; and the inexperienced public has heard the end with the idea that there is to be no beginning, and has listened to the beginning with the idea that it comes in somewhere after the end. And now comes Mr. Tennyson with a beautiful little chance-scene—by-play, if you will—and the good-natured but simple-minded listener says, "This is delightful, but lacking, as compared with this, or this, or what not, pet beauty of former idyls;" and so the stranger gets but a cold reception; and then the brute critic—he of the thick skull, into whose brain the propriety of some degree of admiration for past work has been gradually chiseled in all these back years—says his say about the new-com-

er; and this say is a crude parcel of odious comparisons of the idyllic bantling with his elder brothers and sisters, and not a consideration of the entire group as a united family, standing or falling together with each other's support.

The ten idyls now published may, perhaps inaccurately, be termed as constituting a tragic epic; not one of those Grecian tragedies that *end* with the punishment of the crime, but such a story as consorts with modern reason and creeds. The "bright dishonor" of Uther's love to Ygerne, and its avenging by the sullen Modred, constitute the dark thread of the poem. The crime is told in "The coming of Arthur." Uther has become criminally attached to Ygerne, the wife of Gorlois. Gorlois is removed by violence, and Uther takes Ygerne to wife. She dies, however, of shame for her position, leaving Arthur, an infant, who is kindly cared for by his step-sister, Bellicent, the daughter of Gorlois and wife of Lot, king of Orkney. Lot and Bellicent have two sons—Modred, the ugly and sullen avenger, and Gareth, bright, high-spirited, and noble, whose love is told in the present idyl. Thus far, we have the crime of passion recited and the instrument of retribution pointed to. In "Gareth and Lynette" we are incidentally told of the punishment visited upon Lot for tamely yielding to his weaker nature and abandoning the hopeless cause of Gorlois. In "Geraint and Enid" the cloud arises: the muffled suspicions as to Guinevere and Lancelot are whispered, and, though the shadow finally lifts from Geraint and Enid, it darkens permanently over the royal personages of the drama. In "Vivien," malice comes to add force to the ugly utterances; and when the artful woman leaves Merlin in his swoon, and the forest echoes "fool" behind her, the merely human wisdom that has hitherto supported the wrong-doers is annihilated. In "Lancelot and Elaine," the noble knight is punished by his own remorse, aroused by the storm of passion on the part of his jealous queen. The "Holy Grail" is but the failure of those whom we know already to be weak in their own faults. In "Pelleas and Ettarre," the shame is openly proclaimed; and the reptile Modred feels "the time is hard at hand." The "Last Tournament" shows the dismal harsh lines of guilt

in every face that had hitherto been serene; and when the fool tells the king, "I am thy fool, and I shall never make thee smile again," we know that the ancient wickedness of Uther has met at last its punishment in the destruction of his son's moral happiness. Then comes the repentance of Guinevere, her forgiveness, and the passage of Arthur to where

"The deep-wounded child of Pendragon,
Mid misty woods on sloping greens,
Dozes in the valley of Avilion,
Tended by crowned queens."

Mr. Tennyson's efforts with his great poem are somewhat like a skillful florist's treatment of some beautiful but doomed flower. He takes it deftly up in its budding state, and shows how at its birth a foul worm has its abode therein, growing with its growth, "each as each, not to be plucked asunder," ready in the futurity for its destruction. Again, he exhibits lovingly the fresh color of this petal; now tears it off, and notes the canker underneath: now it is the beauty of the glossy sepal, ready to drop because of the death that is coiled up in the cup; and so the leaves and petals are pulled away; and so the worm fattens, and the plant withers, and the ground is strewn with its lovely fragments; and at last, when the lesson is over, and victorious corruption is crawling into obscurity, it is crushed under heel; and the florist turns sadly away to look elsewhere for imperishable beauty.

Gareth and Lynette are but the exquisite petals—complete, perhaps, as petals, but with no claim as a flower. One admires the rosy tint here, the waxy purity there, the quaint notching of the edge, the tender beauty that sits like a drop of dew upon the fragile leaflet, and feels an admiration akin to pain in noting the juxtaposition of all physical loveliness with all the material disgust hidden underneath. The story is the old chronicle, of course, softened here and there, to suit the modern expression.

Gareth is a mother's boy, such as mothers' boys are and have been from the earliest, tied to his home by his mother's fears, "lingering with vacillating obedience," and longing to be a man and "knight of Arthur, working out his will, to cleanse the world." His mother, urged by constant entreaty, finally

permits him to go to Court; but, hoping that a close view of the life there will drive away the boyish ambition, and that, tired of the annoyance and buffets of the trial, he will come back again to loiter about her, exacts a promise that though he, a king's son, might, if he chose, be received in Arthur's hall with the welcome due to his princeliness, he shall appear there unknown, and serve a year in "villain kitchen vassalage" in the king's household. He makes the promise, enters upon the rude service, wins respect therein; but, while biding his time, a lady sues the king for a champion (Sir Lancelot), to free her from certain wild, outlandish knights, who threaten her and her sister with violence, and who already hold the latter prisoner. The king, entreated by the boy, sends Gareth instead of Lancelot. The substitution angers the lady; the more so, that she finds his hitherto daily duty in the hall has been so lowly. There is no shrewish insult which she does not put upon the unwelcome volunteer as he accompanies her; and no effort that she does not make to get rid of him, but to no purpose. The first of the caitiff knights is overthrown; the lady softens, though not admitting her change; the second is overthrown, and the indignant beauty warms ever so slightly; and so on—a mass of patient love, of whimsical coquetry, and feminine waywardness—until the boy Gareth has conquered the last of his antagonists, who, though wearing the guise of Death, turns out to be a beautiful boy; and the way is won to knighthood, and the lady's heart.

There is one phase of sentiment that the Anglo-Saxon is peculiarly fond of contemplating; it tickles his fancy. It is that chivalrous state of hen-pecked submission, which illustrates itself in the Irishman's excuse for tamely bearing his wife's beatings in silence, though himself big and brawny, and she small and weak: "It don't hurt me, and it plazes hur!" or when Lynette says:

"I gloried in my knave,
Who, being still rebuked, would answer still
Courteous as any knight."

Our favorite authors seem to like to depict such men, abused by such half cat, half canary women. Reade, as a novelist, is very fond of sketching like incidents. Tennyson has done it elsewhere, but never with so

much loving completeness of penciling as when Gareth returns the buffetings of his mistress with good-natured homage. The song—Tennyson is wonderful in counterfeiting the simplicity of a folk-song—is a delicate bit of metre floating on the top of the idyllic wave.

There is one thing that marks the temper of Mr. Tennyson's muse more strongly, possibly, than any other feature. Is it a vice? We do not know; it may be. There is a hazy, melancholy obscurity that gathers over the page, that wraps the reader in its folds, and that drives one almost to impatience before an hour's reading is done. Homer sometimes weeps; but the Homeric deity is in the main a cheerful lady, who wipes her eyes on her robe after each hero's funeral, and turns to encourage the remaining. Milton's Satan is not wholly without cheerfulness. The epic spirit of neither Greek nor Puritan descends to that dead level of sadness whereon are built all of Mr. Tennyson's poetic and shadowy structures. It is not, probably, the laureate's fault; it belongs to his generation; and, if he is wrong in the key-note he has struck, we too err with him.

SCRAMBLES AMONG THE ALPS. By Edward Whymper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The mysterious impulses which impel men to incur risk and danger, by scaling the heights of apparently inaccessible mountains, appear to have had their full force in the tourist who gives us the result of his experiences in this volume of Alpine scrambling.

The topographical features of the Alpine range are less familiar to the general reader than those of the country which lies below and around it. Whymper has, however, contrived to make glacier, moraine, and crevasse as interesting as are his studies of scenery. That of the Alps has been so often described, that even the untraveled are acquainted with many of its local points of interest. Yet, the impressions made by nature on individuals are so dissimilar, that the most minute descriptions written by different hands fail to convey the same ideas to the mind; and thus, notwithstanding the innumerable sketch-

es of tourists and travelers, the weird and awful mystery of the high Alps has stimulated, for years, the curiosity of every new explorer who has had the daring to enter their limitless fields of grandeur and sublimity.

It is with peculiar pleasure we follow an author who does not tread in the beaten track. Whympfer tells us, in his preface, that it is impossible to give a true idea of the grandeur of the Alps; yet the fidelity with which he has transferred outlines of color, space, form, and distance, enables us to appreciate his arduous ascent of Mont Pelvoux and the Matterhorn, and to enjoy the unsurpassed pictures of jagged cliffs, torrents, and wonderful gorges, which he gives us from the former, as he goes zigzagging up its slope; and from its high altitudes, looking down the perpendicular cliffs, shows us "a more frightful and desolate valley than it is possible to imagine, containing miles of boulders, *débris*, stones, sand, and mud; yew-trees, and they placed so high as to be almost out of sight. Not a soul inhabits it; no birds are in the air, no fish in the waters. The mountain is too steep for the chamois, its slopes too inhospitable for the marmot—the whole too repulsive for the eagle. Not a living thing did we see in this savage and sterile valley, except some few poor goats, which had been driven there against their will."

In vivid contrast with this desolation are sun-pictures of pleasant little *châteaux* in the lower and warmer valleys, sharp outline sketches of glacier formations, a few remarkable character studies, the condensed histories of several guides and bold mountaineers, who have ascended, at various times, to surprising altitudes of the Matterhorn; and many records of personal adventure, which have a certain fascination from their daring, yet seemingly useless heroism. The wonderful leaps, somersaults, and scrambles Whympfer and his companions in peril achieved, in their progress from summit to summit, become somewhat tedious after a time, from their minuteness of detail and sameness of exploit; although they border on the sensational too frequently to produce satiety in the reader who thrills over hair-breadth escapes and questionable poses on ice-cliffs. Hanging by the toes to an avalanche, or peering over the

edge of an unfathomable chasm thousands of feet below, is a mode of travel ordinary mortals can scarcely comprehend the delights of; but ambition displays itself in so many ways, that it is scarcely marvelous. That of Whympfer was crowned by standing on the snowy crusts of the topmost heights of Mont Pelvoux, where Nature revealed to him her infinite gradations of light and shade—one rosy ripple of sunlight producing, each moment, phantasmagorical changes as it touched the heights of glittering pinnacles, or illuminated the depths of sombre crags, where night and silence have ruled for ages.

The guide, Croz, must have been a Hercules: "Never able to see fifty feet ahead, he still went on, with the utmost certainty—cut steps down one side of a *sérac*, went with a dash at the other, and hauled us up after him; then cut a way along a ridge till a point was gained from which we could jump on to another; then, doubling back, found a snow-bridge, across which he crawled on his hands and knees, towed us across by the legs, ridiculing our apprehensions, mimicking our awkwardness, declining all help—bidding us only follow him." Whympfer dared the jump. His sensations were not enviable: "The world seemed to revolve at a frightful pace, and my stomach to fly away; the next moment I found myself sprawling in the snow, and prepared to encourage my friend Reynaud."

The artistic portions of the work surpass, in many instances, the text; and the explanatory engravings, from sketches taken on the spot by the author, some of them especially unique and original in conception, greatly enhance the value of the book. A few bear evidence of exaggeration. On page 95 is a fearful suspension of an unlucky individual in mid-air, who, if we were not told was "Reynaud—a flying body," we should imagine to be the angel Gabriel, making desperate effort to recover his lost horn. Where all the illustrations are so admirable, it is almost impossible to make selection. In endeavoring to do so, we linger over the "Crags of the Matterhorn," turn reluctantly from the "Summit of the Morning Pass," and wonder as we view the "Descent of the Western Arête of the Point des Écrins." What strange infatu-

ation tempted this indefatigable climber to look down upon the world from the "summit of the Matterhorn?"

The sad accident which, by the breaking of a rope, precipitated the guide Croz, Lord F. Douglass, and Hudow, down the awful cliffs into the abysses below, is dwelt upon at length, and feelingly, by the tourist; and although the accidents connected with this terrible event have been before published, they assume new interest in this thrilling detail: "From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them. They disappeared one by one, and fell from our sight, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height, from precipice to precipice. So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour, we remained on the spot, without moving a single step. . . . We left them where they fell, buried in snow, at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps." And thus the volume closes with something like a dirge.

TEXT - BOOKS.

A PROGRESSIVE GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE. By Professor William Swinton, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A celebrated writer, who has also given the closest practical attention to the study and teaching of rhetoric, justly observes, that the attempt to acquire the power to speak or to write well by the mere study of the rules of grammar, is futile, as has been demonstrated by most abundant and unhappy experience. To put logical thought into grammatical word-form; to embody idea in the most beautiful shape, is the great art of the writer or speaker; and just here is exhibited his peculiar, characteristic, power and skill.

The main object of any text-book, and the principal business of the teacher, should be to make a child think for himself. Heretofore, the aim of text-books seems largely to have been, to cram the memory with the results of other people's thinking; and the intelligent, conscientious teacher has oftentimes been compelled to let oral instruction stand as atonement for the deficiency of text-books. There is some ground for the captious, ill-tempered remark: "We are shut up in schools, and

colleges, and recitation-rooms ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing." The world jogs on sluggishly. The forcing system is slowly giving place to the unfolding plan. The superiority of principles to mere rules, is coming to be understood. The *things* themselves are taking precedence of mere *signs*. Once, to be able to repeat page after page was everything, whether the meaning was comprehended or not. But we are coming to understand the full significance of what Montaigne said long ago: "*Sçavoir par cœur n'est pas sçavoir.*" To make any child a mere, passive recipient of second-hand facts, is to dwarf his faculties of perception, and unfit him for the work of self-instruction. A philosopher of ancient Greece, upon being asked what boys ought to learn, replied, "What they will have occasion to use when they become men." In view of this fact, we ask: Is not too much time devoted to the useless intricacies of arithmetic, the tedious minutiae of geography, and the senseless mummery of grammatical nomenclature?

We believe there is; and believing this, we hail with pleasure any system of text-books that recognizes the fact that the function of all such aids is, at best, but supplementary. As is hinted in the prospectus of the work under review, there is, at the present time, a wide-spread desire for a clearer, simpler, more objective method of teaching English than with the old-style technical grammars—which fail to realize their professed design of teaching children to speak and write their mother tongue. This compels thinking teachers to do their work largely outside of text-books. The design of the present compilation is to embody this kind of practical work, to which live teachers have come spontaneously in their class instruction. Unintelligible abstractions and needless technicalities are dispensed with. There is a graduated method of unfolding the parts of speech, with brief, simple and practical definitions of the same. The historical treatment of English inflections is then taken up, and the forms and idioms of the English tongue are intelligently treated and explained, by an ingenious introduction of the more illustrative points of

English philology, stripped of their scientific dress. This, in brief, is the author's treatment of the etymological portion of the work. The syntactical division of the work is still more original in its treatment, and will challenge attention. It contemplates syntax in its true nature and design, viz., the due arrangement of words in sentences in their necessary relations, according to established usage. It concedes the object of practical syntax to be, to give the student a fair mastery of the *use* of English in speaking and in writing.

Side by side with a clear system of sentential analysis, is to be found the application of those principles to synthesis, or sentence-building. This is treating the two methods as they should be treated, if properly understood—as two necessary parts of the same method—each as the relative and correlative of the other. The last division of the book comprises exercises in composition.

It will be observed, that in this text-book, of the four mediæval branches of grammar, two—orthography and prosody—have been lopped off. As these do not properly belong to the study in question, it is a wise omission. We are glad to note, that the fact is coming to be realized, that these abstract subjects, heretofore so prematurely forced upon uninterested childhood, are taking their place in a more sensible order of sequence; that as grammar was the after-growth of language, so should the study of language ante-date that of grammar.

The simplicity, clearness and conciseness of the author's method, the freshness and originality of his style, combined with the practical and skillful treatment of the whole subject, can scarcely fail to make this a favorite text-book with experienced and appreciative teachers, whose judgment and reason revolt at imparting a mere empirical knowledge, and who recognize in grammar "not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument."

QUESTIONS FOR WRITTEN EXAMINATIONS.

By John Swett. New York: Ivison, Blake-man, Taylor & Co.

This carefully - compiled work is designed as an aid to candidates for teachers' certificates, as well as a hand - book for examiners

and teachers. The sets of questions have all been used in actual examinations, and present a fair average of the general test to which teachers and pupils are subjected. A careful study of the work by candidates for examination would serve to refresh the memory on the main points in the more important studies; and to examiners it would be suggestive of principles. To inexperienced teachers, or to those who can not find time to prepare varied sets of questions for monthly or annual examinations, it would prove an invaluable aid. Another feature that greatly enhances the value of the work, is the fact, that the compilation is made up from various sets of questions used in the large cities of the East, interspersed and supplemented by those prepared for this State by the author, whose reputation for thorough scholarship, indomitable patience and painstaking, scrupulous accuracy and conscientious fidelity to educational work, is not local merely, but national. At the late National Educational Association, held in Boston, the Commissioner of the Educational Bureau introduced Mr. Swett as "the Horace Mann of the Pacific coast;" and from a published report of an address which he there delivered, upon "The Examination of Teachers," we clipped, at the time, the following, as being freighted with good sense and wisdom. The quotation will best elucidate the author's views on the subject in question, and present the most clear and satisfactory exegesis of the work under review:

After suggesting that the hobby of written examinations was liable to be ridden to death, and that the leading object of many examinations would seem to be, to give the examiners a chance to show off their own attainments, he proceeded, in his own quaint, forcible, and peculiar style, to remark:

"I have seen many sets of questions that seemed to be fossil curiosities, picked up during a life-long search after abnormal things; 'tough sums' in arithmetic and algebra, the product of some mathematician run to seed; gleanings of the tag-ends of the countless rules, and notes, and exceptions, and annotations, and explanations, and illustrations, and idioms of Lindley Murray—that great grammarian who wrote bad English, and made sad the hearts of unnumbered generations of school - boys and school - girls; twisted and elliptical sentences to parse according to Smith, or Brown, or Green, or Wells, or Weld, or Sanborn, or Kerl, or Hart, or Clark, or Quackenbos, or Bullion, or Pinneo, or Nokes, or Stokes, or Niles, or Stiles, or

Thompson, or Pickwick; unheard-of words of crooked orthography, the gnarled growth of centuries of changes in the English tongue, strung together like onions, in a way that would have brought tears to the eyes of old Webster himself—that dear old philological bush-ranger, who fought orthography on his own hook, in defiance of all usage and of all laws of linguistic warfare; questions in geography, on zigzag boundaries, on the length of all rivers of all the world, from the Amazon down to the trout-brooks that we fished in when boys; on the distance from the classic towns of 'You Bet' and 'Red Dog,' in California, to Nijni Novogorod and the sources of the Nile; on the direction of Brandy Gulch and Whiskey Cañon from Ujiiji or Fow-Chow; questions in history, requiring the year and the day of the month of the settlement of every State in the Union, supplemented by senseless interrogations on historical myths, known only in our school text-books; impracticable questions on theory and practice of teaching, about what ought to be done under impossible conditions; questions about elements of penmanship, that even such accomplished penmen as Greeley, or Choate, or Napoleon Bonaparte could not answer; questions on Sanskrit roots, that no Brahmin ever heard of; questions on the Constitution that would have flooded the Great Expounder; questions on physiology that would 'stick' Huxley or Tyndall; questions that showed the examiners to be stick-stark staring mad; questions so ridiculous, that no sane man could answer them. But a practical system of examinations presupposes a common-sense style of conducting examinations."

From such plain-spoken views as these, the nature of the author's work may be easily conjectured. It is a valuable repertory of suggestive questionings on almost every subject incident to scholastic education, containing a surprising amount of matter condensed into the smallest compass. It is a skillfully constructed, comprehensive, and scholarly hand-book, invaluable to teachers and students generally.

ENGLISH LITERATURE, CONSIDERED AS AN INTERPRETER OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By Henry Coppée, LL. D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

To the careful student of M. Taine, the application of the scientific method to literature, is a familiar and pleasing feature of literary criticism. The fact that science contemplates a broader field than the mere philosophy of inorganic matter, is coming to be recognized more thoroughly and extensively in every department of scholastic study. Heretofore, a manual for class instruction in historical literature was expected to be nothing more than a chronological list of authors, with appro-

priate comments—in short, an abridged dictionary of names and dates.

The author of the present compilation avows the object of his work to be of far broader scope. It is his aim to present prominently the historic connections and teachings of English literature; to place celebrated authors in immediate relations with celebrated events in history; and by so doing, to show that literature and history are reciprocal; that they combine to make eras. In addition to the establishment of this historic principle, another peculiar value which the work possesses, is, its suggestive import in showing students how and what to read for themselves. As a syllabus for fuller courses of lectures, it would prove valuable to teachers.

Starting upon the principle, that to understand a nation's literature, it is necessary, not only to study the history of the people and the geography of the countries from which they came and in which they live, but, also, the concurrent historic causes which have conspired to form and influence the literature, the author goes back to the history of the Celts and Cymry—the first inhabitants of the British Islands of whom we have any record. He follows closely the route traversed by Taine, through the Anglo-Saxon literature and history, the Norman Conquest, the morning twilight of English literature, which ushered in the dawn of a new era when the tentative, the experimental, and the disconnected was to give place to an established order, under that great leader and master, the father of English poetry—Chaucer.

With great fidelity and continuity, he pursues his historical studies—with creditable adherence to his method—through the various periods and schools, taking note of the rise and progress of reforms, the reactionary stages, the later historians, novelists, social reformers and writers; and closing the work with a brief history of English journalism.

Although it is doubtless true, as the author hints, that the remoter periods of literature are those in which the historic teachings are the most distinctly visible, and that the true philosophic history can only be written when distance and elevation give scope to the vision, yet we hope the half-fledged promise in regard to American literature will find its speedy fulfillment.

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A VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO IN 1816.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE.

[Adelbert von Chamisso, a descendant of a family of the ancient French nobility, was born at Castle Boncourt, in Champagne, in 1781. The family were of the emigration in 1790. The young noble started in life as page to the Queen of Frederick William II., and in 1798 entered the Prussian military service under Frederick William III., in an infantry regiment stationed at Berlin. The parents of Chamisso returned to France during the Consulate, leaving Chamisso behind. At this time, the exile began to write verses, both French and German, though in his stormy youth deprived of means of education of any systematic character. His aspirations as an author attracted him to Varnhagen von Ense, like himself a soldier with literary tastes. Chamisso commenced a series of poetical, philological, and scientific studies and writings, which gave the color to the remainder of his life, and afforded occupation and diversion to him under circumstances that made political consistency otherwise almost impossible. A Frenchman by birth and patriotism, he, with Madame de Stael, whose companion he was, had fallen under the enmity of Napoleon. He could not but be a lover of Germany, where he had been hospitably treated during his infancy; and yet he was a stranger there, and of a hostile race. As a shift to avoid all these troubles, temporarily, at least, the exile accepted, in June, 1815, the position of naturalist upon an expedition of discovery to the North Pole, sent out partly by Count Romanzoff, and partly by the Russian Government, in charge of Lieut. Kotzebue, son of the author and diplomat slain by Karl Sand. The expedition extended over several years. Chamisso assisted in the official report made; but subsequently published separately his contributions to the volumes first issued under the name of the commanding officer. To those who have read Chamisso's poems, and his strange novel, "Peter Schlemihl," the fact of his having visited San Francisco in 1816, and his lively account of the sojourn, can not but be interesting.—TRANSLATOR.]

EARLY in the morning of the 14th of September, 1816, we sailed, with a favorable wind, from the harbor of Unalaska.

We made for San Francisco, in New California. Herr Von Kotzebue had become well informed by the ship-captains of the American Company, in regard to the Sandwich Islands, whither, accord-

ing to his instructions, he should have sailed direct from Unalaska. In preference to these islands, where the frequent arrival of ships increased the price of all necessities—to be paid for only with Spanish piastres, or with copper sheathing, arms, and the like—he selected San Francisco as a resting-place for his crew and the reprovisioning of the *Rurik*.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by JOHN H. CARMANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

On the afternoon of the 2d of October, 1816, at four o'clock, we sailed into the harbor of San Francisco. A great deal of movement in the fort at the southern entrance of the channel was apparent. They hoisted their flag; we hoisted ours, which did not seem to be recognized, and saluted the Spanish by firing seven times. This salutation was returned by the same number of shots, less two, according to the Spanish custom. We anchored before the Presidio, but no boat started from the shore to us, since the Spaniards possess not a single boat in this glorious water-basin. I was immediately commanded to accompany Lieut. Schischmareff to the Presidio. Lieut. Don Luis de Arguello, Commandant *ad interim*, since the death of the Captain, received us in an exceptionally friendly manner, and cared for the most pressing needs of the *Rurik*, by sending fruit and vegetables on board. On the same evening, he dispatched a courier to Monterey to apprise the Governor of New California of our arrival.

The next day, the 3d, I met the artillery-officer, Don Miguel de la Luz Gomez, and a padre of the Mission here, who came on board the ship just as I was going to the Presidio on a commission for the Captain. I accompanied them on board; they brought with them the most friendly offers of aid from the Commandant, and from the wealthier Mission. The reverend father invited us for the next day, which was a feast-day, to the Mission of San Francisco, and promised horses in readiness to carry us thither. According to the expressed wish of the Captain, we were promptly furnished in the greatest abundance with beef and vegetables. In the afternoon, the tent, observatory, and Russian bath were erected on the shore. In the evening, we paid a visit to the Commandant, and eight cannon-shot were fired from the Presidio, by way of reception to the Captain.

Not, however, on these superfluous salutes was the heart of the Captain set, but upon two still lacking to the courtesy due to the Russian flag; and he insisted, with firmness, on these being supplied. This started a long negotiation, and only forced and unwillingly (I do not know if not, first, by express command of the Governor) did Don Luis de Arguello finally condescend to give us the two missing supplementary salutes. One of our sailors had to be detailed to the fort, to put in order the halyards by which the flag was hoisted, since they had been broken when last used, and there was no one among the natives capable of climbing the flag-staff.

The festival of St. Francis gave us the opportunity of observing the missionaries in their ministry, and the people, to whom they were sent, in their more tractable condition. I have nothing, however, to add to my former remarks and opinions. One can examine the tribe of the native-born Choris, who, in his "Voyage Pittoresque," has given us a valuable collection of portraits; only the supplementary plates, drawn in Paris, are to be omitted. Everybody knows that the bow is not used as there represented. Choris even gives California music in his text. I do not know who has undertaken, here and there in the course of this work, to set Choris' songs to music. I will yield the preference to this friend, in that he can sing better than I; but he is not permitted to struggle for the supremacy which my song has over his—namely, that of never being heard.

The Captain here, as in Chile, succeeded in making the Commandant and his officers familiar guests at our table. We ate on shore, in the tent, and our friends from the Presidio were always promptly on hand. This condition of things arose spontaneously. The misery in which they languished, forgotten and deserted

for six or seven years by Mexico, their mother-land, did not permit them to be hosts; and the need felt to pour out their hearts to some one, drove them to us, with whom they could live so easily and comfortably. They spoke with bitterness of the missionaries, who, with all the lack of provision, yet lived, having abundance of the produce of the earth. Now that their money was spent, the missionaries would deliver to them nothing without a requisition, and even then only that which was absolutely indispensable to their sustenance, this not including bread or meal; so that for years, without seeing bread, they had lived on maize. Even the garrisons, which were in all the missions, for their protection, were provided with necessaries only upon requisition. "*Los Señores* are too good," exclaimed Don Miguel (meaning the commandants); "they should insist on supplies." A soldier went further, and complained to us that the Commandant would not permit them to press men of the vicinity, in order to force them to work for the soldiers, as they did in the missions. Discontents arose, also, because the new Governor of Monterey, Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, had, since his entry upon the duties of his office, set himself in opposition to smuggling, which alone had provided them with the most indispensable necessaries.

On the 8th of October, the courier came back from Monterey. He brought with him a letter from the Governor, informing the Captain of his (the Governor's) speedy arrival in San Francisco. Don Luis de Arguello had been empowered, at the instance of Herr Von Kotzebue, to send off a courier to Port Bodega with a message for Herr Kuskoff. The Captain desired to draw from that active and flourishing settlement the stores which began to fail on the *Rurik*. "Herr Kuskoff," says Herr von Kotzebue, "agent of the Russian-American Company, has settled himself in Bodega

by command of Herr Baranoff, who is at the head of all these possessions in America, in order from thence to supply the settlements of the company with the means of living." But Bodega lying about thirty miles north of San Francisco, a half-day's journey, was considered by Spain, and not without some show of justice, as her own soil and territory. Nevertheless, Herr von Kuskoff, on Spanish soil and territory, had, in the midst of peace, with twenty Russians and fifty Kodiakers, built a handsome fort, defended by a dozen cannon, and there carried on farming, owning horses, oxen, sheep, a windmill, etc. There he had his storehouses, for the smuggling trade with the Spanish forts; and there he captured, by means of his Kodiakers, about 2,000 sea-otters (?) yearly, on the California coast. Their skins, according to Choris, who is an expert, are salable in the market at Canton, the worst at thirty-five piastres, the better at seventy-five—on the average, at sixty piastres. It was truly pitiable that the harbor of Bodega could not receive ships that drew more than nine feet of water.

It did not seem to me incomprehensible that the Governor of California should have been very angry when he received a late notice of this settlement. Various measures were taken to induce Herr Kuskoff to evacuate the place, but he referred all the Spanish emissaries to Herr Baranoff, who had ordered him here, and at whose command he would willingly leave the place, in case the order was given. So stood matters when we came to San Francisco, and the Governor placed all his hopes on us. I shall also have to speak of conferences and negotiations, and exhibit the minutes of my diplomatic career; but we have not yet come quite so far.

On the 9th of October, some Spaniards were sent to the northern shore, to catch horses with a *riata*, for the courier who was to be dispatched to Kuskoff,

and I seized the opportunity, also, to look about me on that side. The red-brown rocks there, as has been stated in my remarks and views, and as may be seen in the mineralogical museum at Berlin, are silicious schist—not, however, conglomerate, as might be supposed from Moritz Von Englehardt (“Travels of Kotzebue”), in order to build his theory further upon the facts so admitted.

The year was already old, and the country, which in the spring months (as Langsdorf has seen it) blooms like a flower-garden, presented now to the botanist only a dry, arid field. In a swamp, near by our tent, a water-plant had grown, which Eschscholtz asked me about after our departure. I had not observed it; he, however, had reckoned that a water-plant, my especial love, would not have escaped me, and did not wish to get his feet wet. So much may one expect by relying on one’s friends!

On the naked plain, which lies at the foot of the Presidio, stands a solitary oak, further eastward, between low bushes. My young friend, Adolph Erman, has recently seen this tree. If he had more closely examined it, he might have observed my name cut on the bark.*

On the 15th of October, the courier from Kuskoff came back; and on the evening of the 16th, artillery salvos from the Presidio announced the arrival of the Governor from Monterey. At the same time, a messenger came to us from the Presidio, announcing that two men had been dangerously injured by the firing of a cannon, and desiring the help of our surgeon. Eschscholtz responded immediately to the call.

On the morning of the 17th, Herr von Kotzebue waited on board for the first visit from the Governor of the province;

* Will not some officer at the Presidio make an examination to see if this oak has escaped the woodman’s axe? Chamisso’s autograph, carved on an oak within the reservation, should be an object of consideration to the service in which the poet once had place.—*Translator.*

while, on the other hand, the Governor, an old man, and of higher official rank, waited at the Presidio for the first visit from Lieut. von Kotzebue. The Captain was, by chance, informed that he was expected at the Presidio; whereupon he sent me there with a difficult commission, which I was as gently as possible to impart to the Governor—namely: the Captain had been informed that the Governor would visit him on board ship early in the morning; he therefore awaited the Governor’s visit. I found the little man in full regimentals, up to a night-cap, which he still wore on his head, though ready to take it off *a tempo*. I delivered myself, as well as I could, of my message, and saw that his face lengthened itself to three times its natural extent. He bit his lips, and said that he regretted he could not endure the sea before eating, and he was truly sorry that he must renounce the pleasure, for the present, of becoming acquainted with the Captain. I saw it would turn out, that the old man, with matters all unarranged, would mount his horse, and set out on his courier journey across the desert to Monterey; for I did not allow myself to conceive that Herr von Kotzebue could give way when once the issue was raised.

Reflecting on this, I went slowly down to the beach, just as a good genius placed itself between us, and sealed anew the bond of peace by the tie of friendship, before we had come to a decided difference. The morning was already consumed, and the hour had come when Herr von Kotzebue took the mid-day sun, and when, in order to regulate the chronometer, he must go on shore. The lookout, therefore, at the Presidio announced that the Captain was coming; and as he stepped on shore, the Governor strode down the slope to meet him. The Captain, on his part, ascended the slope in order to receive the Governor; and so Spain and Russia, each going

half-way, fell into one another's open arms!

They next dined together, under the tent; and as to the subject of Port Bodega, which came up in the course of conversation, the Captain took occasion to regret that he was without instructions to remedy the injustice of which the Spaniards complained. From that port arrived to-day a large scow, and brought from Herr Kuskoff everything the Captain had desired. By the same scow, which on the next day, the 18th, returned to Bodega, Herr von Kotzebue endeavored, in behalf of the Governor, to arrange a conference with Herr Kuskoff in San Francisco.

We did not see the Governor on the 18th; perhaps he was waiting for a visit of ceremony from us at the Presidio. On the 19th, we were feasted at the Presidio, and salvos of artillery accompanied the toast to the alliance of the sovereigns, and the friendship of the nations. On the 20th, we were, on our side, the hosts, and in the evening danced at the Presidio. As the clock struck eight, the music ceased for awhile, and in the quiet that ensued, arose the tones of the evening prayer. Herr von Kotzebue was, in conversation, of the most prepossessing amiability, and Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, who thought a great deal of formalities (of which enough had been dispensed with to get along), was consoled in the matter by giving himself up to us entirely. The famous spectacle of a combat between a bear and a bull had been promised to us. On the 21st, ten or twelve soldiers went over to the northern shore, in the shallop of the Mission, in order to capture bears with the lasso. Late in the evening, one could distinct-hear loud cries, which came from the bear-hunt on the opposite shore; no bivouac-fires, however, could be seen. The Indians must have had remarkably shrill voices.

On the evening of the 22d, the hunt-

ers brought in a small bear. They had also caught a larger one, but so far in the interior, they were unable to bring him to the shore. As for the bear which was to fight on the following day, he remained all night in the shallop, having his head and mouth free, according to custom, that he might be fresher for the combat. The Governor remained the whole day, afternoon and evening, in our tent. All night, great fires burned on the land at the back of the harbor; the natives were accustomed to burn the grass, to further its growth.

On the 23d, the bear-baiting took place, on the beach. Unwilling and bound as the animals were, the spectacle had in it nothing great or praiseworthy. One pitied only the poor beasts, who were so shamefully handled. In the evening I was at the Presidio, with Gleb Simonowitch. The Governor had just received information that the ship from Acapulco, several years out, had once again arrived at Monterey, for the provisioning of California. He had, with this information, the latest news from Mexico; and he shared with me the newspapers, since at every opportunity he showed me the utmost kindness and courtesy. As the papers were edited only by royal authority, they contained but short notices "*de la pacificacion de las provincias*," and a long leading article, the story of Johanna Kruger, subaltern in the Kolberg regiment—which story was not new to me, as I had already had the opportunity of learning about the brave soldier, through an officer of his regiment.

Don Pablo Vicente, as he came to our tent from the Presidio, brought a present *à su amigo Don Adelberto*—a flower which he had picked on the way, and which he gave me ceremoniously. It happened to be our wild tansy, or silver leaf (*Potentilla anserina*), and could not bloom more beautifully, even in Berlin.

At this time, in Monterey, were many

prisoners, of different nations, whom the smuggling trade and the capture of sea-otters had allured here, that they might seek adventures on this coast, and among them a few individuals suffered for the rest. Here, in Monterey, were two Aleutians, or Kodiakers, with whom an American had carried on the business of sea-otter catching, for seven years, in the Spanish harbors of this coast. The Russians do not alone use these northern people—they hire them to others for their use, in consideration of half profits. I have even met Kodiakers scattered about in the Sandwich Islands. Among the prisoners in Monterey, was a Señor John Elliot de Castro, of whom we will speak further, by and by. After many adventures, as a supercargo of a ship of the Russian-American Company, sent out by Herr Baranoff, of Sitka, for the smuggling trade on this coast, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, with a part of the crew. There were also three Russians, besides these; old servants of the Russian-American Company, who had left the settlement at Port Bodega, and now, missing the language and customs of their home, regretted the step they had taken.

Don Pablo Vicente de Sola permitted the Captain to ransom these Russian prisoners—Aleutians and Kodiakers being classed as Russians. It does not appear that the Spaniards had desired any service, or taken any advantage of these men, whom the strange greed of their native land had robbed of their home, that it might flourish by their strength. The King of Spain indemnified, or should indemnify, every prisoner of war by the payment of one and a half reals a day. The Captain, limited by his circumstances, was able to take only the three Russians on board, and offer to Mr. Elliot a passage to the Sandwich Islands, from whence he could easily go to Sitka when he pleased. The Governor sent after these Russians, and

when they arrived delivered them to Herr von Kotzebue, from whom he exacted his solemn word of honor, that they, in that they had sought and found protection in Spain, should receive no kind of punishment. I found his conduct in this respect very noble.

Among these Russians was an old man, Iwan Strogonoff, who was overjoyed that he should once more go to his own people. As he was of no use as a sailor, the Captain ordered him to serve us passengers in the gun-room, and notified us of the order. The last day that we remained in the harbor, he was sent out on a hunting expedition. The unfortunate fellow! On the evening before our departure, his powder-horn exploded, and he was brought back mortally wounded. He wished to die only among Russians, so the Captain received him on board out of pity; on the third day of our voyage out he expired. He was buried at sea, and with him vanished our last hope that our boots would ever be blacked again on this journey. Peace be to Iwan Strogonoff!

But I have hurried forward too much; I will return to my starting-point. On the 25th of October, Herr Kuskoff, with seven shallops, arrived from Bodega—a clever, and, with regard to his business, an experienced man. On the 26th, during the morning, the diplomatic conference took place at the Presidio. Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, Governor of California, set forth, in glowing colors, the indisputable right of Spain to the territory of the Russian settlement seized by Herr Kuskoff, and demanded that Kuskoff should evacuate the settlement, as he possessed it only in opposition to international law. Herr Kuskoff, agent of the Russian-American Company, and superintendent of the settlement at Port Bodega, without troubling himself about the question of right, which did not concern him, showed the greatest willing-

ness to evacuate Port Bodega as soon as he was authorized to do so by his superior, Herr Baranoff, who had ordered him thither. Thereupon, the Governor demanded of Herr von Kotzebue, in the name of the Emperor, to use his authority, and effect the evacuation of Bodega. The Lieutenant of the Imperial Russian Navy, Captain of the *Rurik*, Otto von Kotzebue, explained that he was incompetent to act in the matter, though, otherwise, the right appeared so clear to him, that its bare announcement only was necessary to be at once conceded. And so we were just as far advanced as before.

Thereupon, it was resolved to draft a protocol of the day's transactions, and the condition of things; the same, in duplicate, to be signed and sealed by all the participants in the said transactions, that it might reach the hands of both their sovereign majesties—the Emperor of Russia, through the Captain of the *Rurik*; the King of Spain, through the Governor of New California.

The drafting of this document, which was written in Spanish, I, as interpreter, had to inspect. I rejected the first plan, in which something was missing. Then I said to Don Pablo Vicente: "Since you must bring this matter before the thrones of their gracious majesties, and from the Emperor of Russia himself must expect the remedy for this injustice, and the punishment of his responsible servants, resign your right of interfering in this matter, otherwise so incontestable, and do not forestall the gracious decisions of their majesties."

Don Pablo Vicente de Sola had no objections to raise; he praised my judgment, allowed the record to be signed (it was signed on the evening of the 28th at the Presidio) and gave his solemn word of honor to undertake no violent measures against Kuskoff and his settlement at Bodega, and to allow the matter, until the decision of the two courts, to

remain in *statu quo*. I signed also, *en clase de interprete*.

I will not, however, too much praise this stroke of policy; for even if the valiant Don Pablo Vicente had not given his solemn promise, he would scarcely have begun hostilities, and undertaken an expedition against the Russian settlement at Bodega.

I have heard that the record mentioned has not failed in its particular design at St. Petersburg; and, without further report required, has been placed *ad acta* in the proper department; and to Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, *Gobernador de la Nueva California*, is to be sent a Russian decoration. I received from Herr Kuskoff, as a gift of respect, a beautiful sea-otter skin, which may be seen in the Zoölogical Museum at Berlin, to which I presented it.

The immediate results of the 26th of October conference were of no benefit whatever to the *Rurik*. The conference was prolonged beyond the midday hour, and some one else wound up the chronometer, in place of the Captain. He confided to me the fact, that, since then, the great chronometer had in such a manner altered its course that he considered it completely ruined.

The claims of Spain to the territories on this coast were not more highly respected by the Americans and English than by the Russians. Spain considered, also, the mouth of the Columbia as her own property. The Spaniards and Mr. Elliot have given us very much the same accounts relative to the history of the colony there. The Americans had gone there, partly by land, partly by water, and founded a settlement. During the war between England and America, the frigate *Raccoon*, Captain Black, had been sent to take possession of this port. The English merchants from Canada came over to this colony, and, as the war-vessel which threatened the settlement came in sight of the harbor, they

negotiated for the possession of the colony for the cash price of £50,000 sterling, and at once hoisted the English flag. A business communication by land is to bind Columbia with Canada. *Relata refero.*

The time for our sojourn in California had ended. On the 26th day of October, on Sunday, after a ride to the Mission, a feast and a parting-dinner were given under our tent. The artillery of the *Rurik* accompanied the toast to the union of the monarchs and the nations, and the health of the Governor. A good missionary dipped his mantle too deep in the juice of the grape, and reeled visibly under the burden. On the 28th, the camp was broken up, and we again embarked. While we sealed the protocol at the Presidio, Herr Kuskoff, with the knowledge of Herr von Kotzebue, sent out two shallops in the rear of the bay, for catching otters!

On the 29th, started, early in the morning, Herr Kuskoff with his shallops to Bodega, and, on the other hand, the good Don Pablo Vicente de Sola for Monterey. This latter gentleman took our letters with him to send them to Europe, the last our friends would receive from us during the journey. With them vanished all traces of us; for, since we did not return to Kamtschatka in the year 1817, our friends must have given us up as lost.

On the 30th, the necessary live stock was shipped, and vegetables in the greatest abundance; at this time, the air was thick with an endless swarm of flies which came on board. We had taken fresh water on board, which at other ports in summer is a difficult business,

and we had to thank the Governor for a cask of wine from Monterey. Our friends from the Presidio dined with us at noon on the *Rurik*, and now we were ready to sail. On the 31st, we took a last leave of our friends; and some of us rode in the afternoon to the Mission. Late in the evening, John Elliot de Castro arrived, doubtful whether he should make use of the Captain's offers or not. He decided finally that he would. On the first of November, 1816, All Saints' Day, at nine o'clock in the morning, we weighed anchor, while our friends were yet in church. We saw them arrive at the fort, as we sailed away. They hoisted the Spanish flag, and fired a gun; we raised our flag, and did the same. They then saluted us by firing seven times; and we returned the salutation, shot for shot.

The water of the harbor of San Francisco was phosphorescent, through its whole extent, with luminous points of light. The waves rolled up on the beach of the shore beyond the boat, perceptibly shimmering with fire. I examined the water of the harbor under a microscope, and found nothing abundant therein, except certain infusoria, to which I can ascribe no particular connection with the phosphorescence.

We looked daily here upon the play of the fog, which, blown eastward by the strong sea-breeze over the bright, sunshiny land, dissolved and scattered itself everywhere. Singularly beautiful was the spectacle displayed for us at our departure, when the mist would sometimes hide and sometimes unveil the different peaks and valleys of the coast.

THE GOSSIP OF GOLD HILL.

THE Pioneer stage-coach that had rumbled its way along from Sacramento, attended by a pillar of cloud—more alkaline, doubtless, but none the less faithful than that of Israelitish renown—suddenly projected itself upon the Silver City vision, according to its daily wont, one languid July afternoon. Of course, it was a remote July, when stage companies flourished and fattened, and railroad monopolies existed only in the covetous visions of greedy speculators. The passengers, twelve in number—ten, including a little child, inside, and two on the box—had passed through the experience common to travelers on that route. They had sweltered uncomfortably through the day, and had shivered in the coolness of the mountain night-air. From serenest altitudes of ribbon-like smoothness, they had gazed upon the rugged picture of the pine-clad heights beneath them, calmly sleeping in the moonlight, and had instinctively drawn toward the inside of the grade, as the sharp-faced man on the middle seat designated the precise locality of the last stage disaster, when horses, coach, and passengers were precipitated into a heterogeneous compound, two hundred feet below. They had fallen into fitful dozes, and proved, by severe cranial experiences, the equality of action and reaction, until their powers of philosophizing on the subject were quite benumbed; and, with the general exhaustion and the democratic level of beauty to which they had been reduced by alluvial deposits, they had almost lost their individuality, and had quite forgotten the intensity of interest with which they had looked forward to the wonderful new mining towns which had sprung

up almost in a night, when, "Passing through Devil's Gate," pronounced with appropriate solemnity by the sharp-faced man, startled the torpid life into a momentary spasm of rebellion. Then a brutal voice outside was heard, saying, "D—n you, let go, or I'll make a corpse of you," adding a catalogue of expletives impossible of repetition; and the little lady on the back-seat looked out of the window and saw the veritable Devil's Gate, in all its wild beauty, closing behind her, and felt a sudden oppression, as if she had been unexpectedly thrust into Satanic regions, with no hope of reprieve.

Up the long, irregular cañon, bristling with quartz-mills, and lined with queer, little houses, hastily improvised of wood, and cloth, and paper; through the narrow main street, blocked with a tangle of teams and men, the verdureless mountains rising bleakly on either side, covered to a certain height with a medley of buildings, trestles, and dumps of blue earth; bewildered by the thunder of the mills and the jargon of blasphemous tongues, they rattled on into what seemed to be a very pandemonium. They passed a few saloons, a store or two, then suddenly drew up, and the driver shouted, "Vesey House." The coach-door opened from without, there was a stir inside, an uncomfortable compression of dry-goods and humanity, a folding together of the middle-seat, and a gentleman with the child alighted, and handed out the little lady from the back-seat. As they passed into the hotel, a group of loungers on the steps took careful observations, and one exclaimed, "What the devil's Bliss up to now?" "D—d if she don't look like a lady, any-

how," came the quick response. "Not one of his kind, I reckon." As the lady was passing to her room, Bliss, as he had been dubbed at the door, with quick instinct, divined her look of sudden hopelessness, and, with charming courtesy and kindness, spoke a few cheerful words, adding, "So, hasten your toilet, or he'll be here before you are ready."

Twenty years before, this same little lady had made her embryonic appearance in a quiet New England village. She had met her mother on the threshold of eternity, received her first, last kiss, and, passing into time, had unconsciously taken up the broken threads of affection that had once encircled the departed. She crept quietly into her father's vacant heart and warmed it with her soft nestling. She became the Little Amy of the village, whose claim to love was neither questioned nor limited. With a certain royalty of birthright, she had made childish appropriation of the most promising boy of the village, and had grown up in the enjoyment of his tacit proprietorship; so that when, with characteristic precipitation, he had declared his purpose to seek a quick fortune in the new *dorados* of the West, the good old deacon conceded to him the first right to his little Amy, and the village pronounced a quiet amen. The honey-moon passed in a subdued pathos begotten of the impending separation, and then he was gone. At nineteen, little Amy became a mother, and, with the development of maternity, received a full supplement of character—a strength born of weakness—for an all-potent motherhood, in its infinite necessities, laid strong hold of an Almighty arm, and was exalted in the two best possibilities of love—the love of God and that of little children.

Another year passed, redolent of baby bloom, and then the old man died. It was Amy's first grief, and, in her sore extremity, she naturally turned to her

distant husband for sympathy and shelter. With an energy born of intense loneliness, she heralded her approach by telegram, then set out in the care of friends to San Francisco, and pushed on to the Washoe mines alone. By accident of conversation, she had heard her fellow-traveler, Mr. Bliss, mention Gold Hill, and then speak in a familiar way of the mine in which she knew her husband to be most interested, and, in response to some proffered courtesy at one of the stations, she had timidly made herself known, and found in him an old comrade of Harry's, and thenceforth her own kind friend and escort.

The dust and stain of travel removed, and baby dressed in dainty white muslin and fresh blue ribbons, she sat in tremulous expectation of she scarce knew what, so strangely had her spirits sunk. She even betrayed no surprise when Mr. Bliss returned alone, and, with forced cheerfulness, told her that Harry was out of town, he did not know exactly where; had gone on a sort of exploring expedition to the Reese River country, and possibly to San Francisco; had missed her telegram, starting the day before it arrived, but would doubtless return soon, and in the meantime no effort should be spared to find and hasten him.

When she went to dinner that afternoon, there was the usual stare at the new-comer, with a reaction of excessive masculine deference, which quite disconcerted poor Amy, and made her feel very much out of place. She had begun to entertain a conscious longing for companionship with her own sex, but a generous specimen of female corpulency at the end of the table, talking incessantly with a most gratuitous prodigality of voice, to a select coterie of admirers, and two elaborately-dressed young ladies, with a dash of bold prettiness and an extravagance of white powder on their faces, bandying jokes and slang

phrases with their *vis-a-vis* across the table, robbed isolation of its sense of loss. Her convictions on this point were somewhat confirmed, when, an hour later, Mr. Bliss, at her request, guided her to the little cabin on the side-hill where Harry had been "bach-ing it," whence she discovered what seemed to her a singular phenomenon in the person of a richly-dressed lady sitting in a remote doorway, smoking a cigar, with all the *nonchalance* of one well accustomed to that innocent diversion.

Harry's cabin was a rude one, like its fellows, which seemed to have perched like so many crows in the most precarious situations on the barren hill-side; but Harry was proverbially nice in his tastes, and so the legendary dishes, cleaned by turning on the other side, were put away in all the dull neatness of the most orthodox propriety, and the bunk on which Harry had enjoyed his Bohemian slumbers, shut off from the main room by the ordinary cloth partition, was cleanly draped; while, in spite of the thick covering of dust which had sifted through the inevitable cracks, the floor gave evidence of intimacy with the broom, doing inverted penance behind the door. On the table lay a scrap of paper full of penciled figures, and, over all, "Amy" was scribbled in two or three places, as if the writer's mind had involuntarily wandered from his mathematical computations to the dearer thoughts of home; and, in one corner, "Harry" was carefully executed in large hand, then, within the parallels of the H, "Amy" was written in small characters, and within the A was the tiny word, "Baby." This papery circumstance, through the subtle kinship of mind and matter, threw Amy into a lachrymose condition, alike distressing to Mr. Bliss and baby; and, after a little, the three returned.

Next day, Amy learned the fabulous

cost of living at the hotel, counted her money twice over, calculated just how long it would give her a right to stay there, looked greatly perplexed for half an hour, then paid her bill, and with baby made her way to Harry's cabin on the hill. When Mr. Bliss found her there, he remonstrated, as he would have done to any independent mind, on the ground of unsafety, with a hint that it was not best, for some other reason wholly unintelligible to Amy; but she, with child-like innocence, trusted all humanity, and was not afraid. Dependent all her life upon the wisdom of others, she would have readily obeyed a command, but none came, and so her own judgment prevailed.

Her appearance at the hotel as the *protégée* of a notoriously "fast man," had inspired some unhallowed conjectures, in spite of the contradiction in her face and demeanor, and now, from her sudden disappearance, had sprung up a whole crop of wicked inferences. Nevada society never has adjusted itself to the stereotyped grooves of social teas and neighborly gossip, and it never will. Two unsophisticated ladies from the East once conceived the benevolent device of both leavening the community and benefiting the poor, by means of a sewing society. It began well, with the moral support of the best female influence in town; but a discouraging deficiency of that mild type of gossip which is the natural pabulum of such institutions, and a series of social shocks which caused everybody to regard everybody else with that distant deference which one might naturally accord to an electric eel, caused it soon to degenerate into an uproarious evening sociable, which few ladies found time to attend, and where gentlemen, to whom the attractions of the saloons had become monotonous, made free contributions, ranging from "four bits" to five dollars, until the treasury was overburdened. Everybody was

then living in the enjoyment of prospective opulence, since the fat washerwoman down the cañon had "struck it rich," and two or three illiterate miners had suddenly found themselves transformed to wealthy speculators, while several Irish ladies had risen, by means of wild-cat stock, from despised biddies to a high state of matrimonial eligibility, not to mention those of more pretentious quality who had taken fortune "at the flood;" so, in sheer lack of more legitimate beneficiaries, the money was donated to the minister's wife, and the society abandoned to a quiet death.

Physical barrenness and moral rankness and excess is the law of life there. The same climatic influences which dry up the springs of a sanitary vegetation, seem to foster a tropical luxuriance of evil in the moral soil. There are a few souls whose unsoiled spotlessness has proved their utter lack of chemical affinity with the surrounding elements, or rather the steadfastness of that mystic anchor within the vail; but the great multitude of men and women are intent on "making their pile" and their escape as speedily as possible, and meanwhile they are willing to free themselves of the hampering amenities of a more decorous life. Timid natures do not seek such fields of enterprise; and so, where hundreds of buildings go up in a day, and fortunes are made and lost in intoxicating succession, slander bursts full-blown into existence, without the ordinary germ and bud of gossip. The women—be it said to their praise—being vastly in the minority, and their services much in demand, generally attended to their own business, and found little time to form original conclusions concerning their neighbors. The rigidly conservative among them seemed inclined to consign new-comers of their own sex, who lacked the flourish of an indorsement, to an eternal quarantine, fearing doubtless some deadly contagion; but, with femi-

nine inconsistency, they welcomed newly-arrived gentlemen as if their manhood was mail-proof against infection.

Amy's lonely life and the unvitalizing air of that great altitude were well calculated to induce an unhealthy state of depression, both physical and mental. For prudential reasons known to that gentleman, Mr. Bliss had not called for two or three days; and so, one stifling afternoon, when baby's feverish state filled her with anxiety, she resolved upon an effort at friendship with the woman whom she had seen in a cabin near. Approaching timidly, she essayed a propitiatory form of speech, but was rudely interrupted with, "I am a dacent woman, mum, and wuddent wish to associate with the likes of you; so ye may as well take yerself off." Amy did not comprehend this rebuff, but she went home and wept bitterly. The next day, when she went down the hill for water, and a miner took the pail, filled, and carried it back for her, then said, awkwardly, "I'm always at your service, miss, if I can do anything for you—errands, or the like o' that; you don't look like you were used to roughing it much," her voice failed her to make answer, and the miner, looking back, saw her weeping just as bitterly as she had wept the day before. This was apparently unreasonable; but she was learning the value of kindness by contrast—a miserable lesson that must come, sooner or later, to all. Two or three more days passed, and baby pined and grew worse, until Amy, who could not leave it, took it in her arms and went down the hill, then up the main street toward the divide, looking wistfully for doctors' signs. Seeing one at length, she turned into the office. The doctor was not there, and, after waiting some time, she left an urgent order, describing as well as she could on the slate, the situation of her cabin, and went home. The day was hot, and the trip did not benefit the child. At even-

ing, it was so much worse that she left it, and ran quickly to a house where she had seen children playing, and so hoped to touch a mother's sympathy. Fearing she should again be repulsed before her errand was told, she precipitately cried out, "O won't you come and stay with me to-night? my baby is sick." A kindly glance overspread the woman's face for an instant, but she was the unwilling mother of a numerous offspring, which had persisted intact through all the minor details of childhood, from colic to scarlet fever, so that she did not regard a sick child as a very appalling circumstance. Moreover, she was a good Methodist sister, who had given the small entirety of her being to her Lord, but had not yet burst the chrysalis-shell of her narrow limitations, and, thinking thus to please her Master, she was always making the gate straiter and the way narrower than did He who built them. To her, falling from grace seemed like an ever-impending calamity, ready to surprise her at any instant, and since her residence at Gold Hill, its Protean form most often assumed the shape of the "world's people," especially those of reputed laxity of virtue. So when she asked Amy where she lived, and what friends she had, an unfortunate memory of something she had overheard "the men folks" saying prompted a frigid excuse. Amy turned away with a chill at her heart. The world that had hitherto been her nursing-mother, had suddenly cast her off. The air was stifling, and the blue concavity of sky above seemed like the cover of an exhausted receiver closing down upon her.

All that night she carried her little one to and fro, and sang tender lullabies, until her own voice frightened her into silence. The whirl of the mills never ceased, and a confused sound of bacchanal revelry mingled with it from the saloons below. The night previous, in her wakefulness, Amy had heard vague-

ly a short altercation, a scuffling sound, and then two quick reports of a pistol near her dwelling, and, while in the doctor's office, she had read an item in the paper which made her blood run cold. The paragraph was quite unique in its way, being couched in an emotionless brevity worthy of a Euclid. It is, however, but justice to the editorial heart of that period and locality to say, that the frequency of such occurrences necessitated either an unobtrusive terseness or an attractive facetiousness of statement, in order to add to the popularity and financial success of the paper. Yet it did not have a good effect upon Amy, who had imbibed certain antiquated notions concerning the sacredness of human life. Still, she was not afraid now. A certain pallor and blueness about the eyes, and a pinched contraction of baby's dimpled chin, lifted her above fear, into the regions of awe. She heard an approaching footstep, and ran out and asked a man, who was passing, to go for a doctor quick. The man consented, and turned back, as if to go at once, but he was drunk, and never reached his destination.

Some hours later, the miner who had compassionated Amy at the spring, passed along on his way to his "morning shift." He had a tin lunch-pail in his hand, and a hard, prosaic expression on his grimy face. He was not apparently a favorable medium through which a subtle spiritual influence might scent out trouble and send relief. But as he neared the little cabin, he remembered its occupant, and fell to wondering who she was, and how such a little timid creature came to be there alone. Perhaps it was the peaceful hush of earth, and air, and sky, that sent a rush of gentle thoughts through his mind; perhaps it was the sudden uprising of a far-off memory that made him turn when he had passed, with a look of protection at the cabin. All was quiet, and he wondered

to see the flickering of a lamp within, dimmed by the morning sun. The door was ajar, and he felt a strange impulse to enter. There was no response to his light knock, and he pushed the door a trifle further open. There sat Amy—tearless, and rigid almost as the lifeless baby in her arms. The horror that had rested in the child's eyes during the last convulsive agony, had transferred itself now to the amazed mother's, and there was only peace and beauty on the baby face.

O! ye whose tender buds of promise have been plucked from fairest gardens, which lacked neither dew nor rain, thank God that you were spared the sharper anguish of those patient mourners who have watched the light of life go out, for lack of the abundance just beyond their grasp—forever haunted by the memory of childish eyes full of unreasoning appeals for simplest comforts which they could not give.

The miner dropped his lunch-pail and his awkwardness together, and gently disengaging the child, laid Amy on her bed, and ran for brandy and female assistance. Entertaining a vague conviction that a minister would constitute an appropriate feature of the scene, he afterwards left the Methodist sister, devoutly hoping that the Lord's dealings might not be in vain, and giving the hapless mother many pious exhortations, walked to Virginia, in quest of a recent ecclesiastical importation which that city possessed in the person of a young Episcopal rector. There was a funeral that afternoon, at the expense of the miner and his friends, for sympathy in that climate generally takes a circuitous route through the pocket. Amy was quiet and tearless again; and the Methodist sister despairingly remarked, as she was enjoying her first drive in Washoe at the vicarious expense already mentioned, "that it was mighty strange how hard-

hearted some folks were; for if Mollie should die now, in one of her croupy spells, she should take on awfully, she was sure; but, then, there was no accountin' for the difference in people, and for her part, she could never be too thankful that the Lord had made her to differ; and she hoped it would be a lesson to them all." Probably it was a lesson, for they all seemed disinclined to talk, and so she gradually subsided into silence. A decent colored woman, who dropped in to the service at the house, took Amy's hand as she went out, and said: "Bress you, honey; I'se sure de Lord hisself is wid you, or you couldn't be so quiet-like, an' de dear baby gone." A kind lady from Virginia came down with the rector, and insisted on taking the stricken mother home with her; but Amy, docile in all else, refused to go.

They did not leave her again; and after a few days of delirium, in which Harry was painfully absent, while baby seemed ever before her—now a child of earth, with wants unsatisfied; then an angel child, treading with charmed feet the courts of Paradise; and, again, a happy babe, pressing with soft clasp the mother's aching breast—she gathered herself up, one early twilight, and with the mother-love flashing from her eyes, put out both her arms, saying softly, "Mamma is coming," and was gone.

In a different community, this martyrdom of innocent life might at least have borne a harvest of love and charity for other starving souls to reap; but in that strange land, whose silver-hoards benumb the heart, the sacrifice was lost, like a bubble in the sea. I do not even know that there was any record of it in the *Daily News*, for the next day there was a "development in the mines" which made every one wild with excitement, and editors and readers alike were absorbed in their own sordid possibilities.

INTELLECTUAL BASIS OF CIVILIZED PEACE.

IT is probable that thoughtful men in England and in America are agreed, that in the settlement of the dispute between the two nations by the Geneva Conference there is cause for thankfulness, and some hope. Whatever the crazy tongues of political partisans, on either side of the Atlantic, may rave, the best mind of the two nations is satisfied. A great experiment has been tried, and has succeeded. At this moment, more than at any former period in the history of her relations with this country, England commands the respect of America, in having consented to abide by the decision of arbitration in a dispute of such magnitude, and in submitting with dignity when the case was given against her. She will rise in her own estimation, and in that of the nations of the world, as this act takes its place on the calm pages of history.

The success of this experiment must be regarded with satisfaction, chiefly as showing the advance of opinion along the line which it will be the endeavor of the writer in this paper to indicate. Had the result of the Geneva arbitration proved otherwise than it has, opinion in this respect would not go back. In the face of many failures, the broad fact would still remain, that the intellect and heart of the two peoples has outgrown the theory that national disputes can be alone settled by the sword. The result of the Geneva arbitration has shown that they *can* be otherwise settled. That such an experiment should have satisfied every party, either in England or this country, was not to be expected. It has at least stopped the outbreak of war, and so saved the world from the misery and destruction wrought by war.

It is not the object of the writer in this paper to speak of the sufferings and horrors of war—about which there are no two opinions—but to endeavor to establish the positions,

1. That war, as an institution, and as at present carried on, is simply irrational, resting on no true intellectual basis; and to suggest,

2. What may be the legitimate application of a military force in a remodeled system.

In doing which, I shall seek to show,

First. That nations can and do outgrow their false ideas of the relations of life.

Second. The intellect and heart of the world has outgrown the theory that national disputes are best settled by armed conflict.

Third. No lasting repose to the world can be looked for until the establishment of a peace resting on a truer intellectual basis than any at present existing in Europe.

The first of these positions may be enforced by a reference to one of the most remarkable changes of opinion in history, the accomplishment of which has taken place within the memory of living men—the abolition of slavery as a domestic and national institution. This movement may be said to have been the direct result of the growth of intelligence and of goodness in the minds and hearts of men in Europe and America. Yet the time is not long gone by when the institution of slavery was held to be almost a necessary condition of every high form of civilization. Even good men, who saw its evils, and mourned over the sufferings it inflicted upon the weak, were prepared to defend it as the

best way of adjusting the relations between class and class, and establishing the rights of intellect and intelligence to the position of power in the world. Its overthrow in the various states where it had grown up, and where commercial and other relations were inwound with its existence in their midst, threatened such destruction to the classes affected as might well have appalled the boldest statesman in attacking it. Yet its foundations were mined—mined everywhere, by the growing intelligence of the people in regard to the true relations of man to man. Men felt that the classes who would suffer by its destruction were but a handful, and that the whole world would gain. As a matter of fact, its cruelty and wanton destruction of human life were too expensive. It has fallen by the consent of the civilized world. The predictions of the most tender compassions of the heart have been realized in the political wisdom of states. In this, as so often happens in life, the course of mercy has shown itself to be the only wisdom which the world could bear, and live.

This position may be illustrated further, by a reference to the way in which the practice of dueling has in like manner disappeared. Its disappearance is to be traced to the working in society of precisely the same causes as those to which we owe the abolition of the slave-trade. It became insufferable to the mind and heart of Europe. The insane folly that allowed and sanctioned the existence of a custom which wasted the best blood of the bravest, for the sake of a false idea of honor, was seen to be suicidal. It could no longer hold its ground even among the military classes, although its existence was resting upon the very principle upon which all war is based. But in its disappearance may be traced the working of the two principles to which we desire especially to call attention. They are these:

The existence—first, of a settled con-

viction, among the *best minds*, of the evil of the thing complained of; and, second, the establishment of an armed central authority for its suppression. The history of the working of these principles is the history of all modern progress in Europe and America. The best mind of Europe was convinced of the evil of slavery; therefore it was possible for the English pennants to whip the seas clear of all ships that carried slaves. In later times, the best mind of America was in like manner convinced of the evil of its continued existence in the Southern States; therefore, when the hour had struck, were the people able to rise as one man for its destruction. The people of the United States of America, being convinced of the evil of slavery, have constituted themselves an armed central authority for its suppression. Any attempt to re-establish the institution would bring down the whole weight of the nation's arm upon it. In like manner, at the present moment, the best mind of the whole world being convinced of the evil of the thing complained of, it will be found possible and easy for the English Government to suppress the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa, which in a few months will, without doubt, be accomplished. Piracy and brigandage have disappeared from civilized communities in the same manner, and by the working of the same laws. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting, and the thousand follies of the stage, go down in the same way before them. But none of these evils vanish from society simply because society, in its best representatives, is tired of them. They vanish before the armed authority which forbids their continuance. The intellectual basis of civilized peace in our cities, on our seas, in our commerce and social relations, is to be seen in the triumph of the highest convictions of the nation, and in the establishment of armed law.

All great national institutions may be

said to draw their strength from two sources: on the one hand, from the conditions of actual life which have forced them into existence; and, on the other, from the ideal, of which they are the actual representatives to the entire world. This is especially so with the institution of war. It is nourished from two sources: from the ideal life of the soldier, and from the false conceptions of national relations, which make it appear that the destruction by one nation of the life and property of another (when their interests appear to be at variance) will be for the advantage of the destroying nation.

With regard to the first of these, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Franco-German war did more for its destruction than any event within the memory of living men. If any one doubts the correctness of this assertion, let him remember that the very idea of the life of a soldier—as an ideal of noble life—is based upon the frequent opportunities supposed to be offered by such a life for the cultivation and display of personal daring in the accomplishment of great ends. Now, if there is one fact which the history of warfare has established above all others, it is, that these qualities are becoming of less and less importance as the art of war advances. Stubborn courage, indeed, the soldier must still possess, and a stolid power to obey his orders, in the face of known danger. But these do not at all represent the brilliant and fascinating qualities of the soldier, the opportunities for the display of which are far less frequent now than ever before in war. If we wade through the pages of the newspaper correspondence, it is wonderful how little there is in them of the sort of adventure which nailed our eyes to the book in boyhood, and made the life of a soldier to us the ideal of all that was grand in manhood. These stories of modern warfare will never be hidden in

the desk, or surreptitiously read by forbidden candle-light in the bedroom, by our school-boys. Where is the Bridge of Lodi, which made the greatest soldier of modern history seem half-divine before the eyes of astonished Europe? A few double-files of Prussian rifles, or a battery of *mitrailleuses*, would have settled that charmed life, with the hosts that rushed after it on the bridge—and altered a page or two of history. Napoleon used himself to date the birth of a really vast ambition in his own heart from the passage of that bridge. Would he dare now to brag about it in the presence of an ordinary newspaper correspondent? The truth is, the thing is dead. The tempting chances for daring display and heroic self-devotion do not any longer exist in the world of the ideal; and it is impossible not to see in this destruction of the ideal, a fact of more importance than any of the gigantic wars which have done so much in modern times to destroy it. The hour when the ideal of the life of a soldier shall have altogether ceased to hold its power over the highest minds of the world, will be that in which the abolition of war will become inevitable. There are those who believe that that hour is not now far distant. There are others who believe that it has already struck.

In endeavoring to place in its true light the theory of national relations from which the institution of war may be said to derive its strength, we may, perhaps, be allowed to state it baldly in the following way: The material interests of one nation are believed sometimes to be best served by the destruction of the life and property of another. That is the theory from which war draws its life.

Among the most prominent ideas which modern science has developed, is that of the practical limitlessness of the resources of the world. It is surprising, when we think what a short

time (in the life of nations and of the world) has elapsed since the Spaniards made their first frightened voyage westward. That voyage, which opened the world, has opened, too, in its results—but more slowly—another world of possible national relations of which the wisest never before dreamed. It has revealed to us the truth that the nations of mankind constitute “one body.” The history of the growth of modern trade and manufacture has been the history of the growth of this idea. Every year makes it more apparent among the nations that the best interests of all will be served, not by mutual antagonism, but by mutual service. Every year opens up to the workers of the world new and vast fields, where they may enrich the lives of others with the results of their toil, and double their own possessions. It is not merely a one-sided game, offering advantages to one man above another. There was a philosophy—of the far-reaching results of which it is probable that he who penned it knew but little—in the sentence, “The foot can not say to the hand, ‘I have no need of thee,’” etc. The history of modern commerce has written this sentence in letters of light. At this moment all Europe and America is clothed with the cotton grown and reaped by the race whom pride had pronounced to be so degraded as to have no right to the liberties and to the name of man. Everywhere it is the same. The working of this law of mutual service has produced results which have baffled all calculation. There is no loss anywhere in the world, so long as its high commands are obeyed. The store-houses of individual wealth become the banks of nations. Whoever accumulates labor stores up the corn, and wine, and oil for all men; for civilization is the accumulated labor of the world.

It is this principle of mutual service which now claims to be recognized as

the only safe guide for the establishment of true national relations. It affirms that the conduct of one nation toward another should be governed by the same rules—as it will certainly be followed by the same results—as those which govern the lives of individual men. It does not begin by assuming that the peoples whose territory is lying adjacent to each other are necessarily enemies. It assumes that they are friends; that their mutual interests will be best served by a relation of good-will. If the guilt of a hostile intention or act is proved by one of them against the other, it declares that the punishment should be intrusted to the law. But they are both of them supposed to be innocent of such hostile intentions or acts until they are proved to be guilty. As in the lives of individual men, so in the life of nations, the results of the working of this principle of civil life (whenever in history it has been allowed time to work) have been unmixed good to all. It would weary the reader, if we were to attempt, by any statement in figures, to show how the nations who are supposed to be rivals in trade and manufacture, and who, according to the old code, ought therefore to be watching each other with jealous eyes, can not choose, in the long run, but play into each other's hands. All modern life is an illustration of this truth. Germany and England are rivals in manufacture. Yet they are not afraid. The German youth—the sons of German manufacturers—go to England to learn the nicest secrets of the trade, and return to compete with the men from whom they have learned them. They are not afraid. And yet a third of the wealth of the city of Manchester is in the hands of German merchants who have settled there.

It is in the face of such facts as these, with which every traveler is familiar, that the war-spirit is again lifting itself up in the world. The fact of the thousands of prosperous Germans who had to be

expelled from France when the late war broke out, told its own tale. It would be told in a rather more astounding fashion, if the same thing were to happen in this country or in England. The principle of mutual trust, mutual service, mutual respect for each other's rights, begins to work in all the deepest relations of life directly the sword is sheathed, and the fact that men speak a different language, or inhabit a different country, can not prevent its working. Half the cities of Europe are peopled in some manner by men and women who do not belong to them, or speak the same tongue, but who have nevertheless found shelter and home among their population.

The conclusion from all this is so firmly established among the best minds of the world, that its very statement by us seems to need an apology. War is adverse, not alone to the conquered nation, but to the conqueror. Its existence as an institution in Europe has no foundation in right reason, nor any hope of good in the future, while its frightful waste of the accumulated labor of the world holds back the advance of civilization to an extent that is entirely beyond the power of calculation.

The nations of Europe at the present day may be said to be in a position very similar to that of England, or any other European country, before the establishment of a central authority for the suppression of disorder and private war. As the distances between each city or country become less by the establishment of rapid and easy communication, the people inhabiting them are brought into new relations with each other, and the chances of war breaking out between them should, in the nature of things, be lessened by this intercourse. And it *is* lessened every year. The animosities between the nations themselves will die out, as surely as the animosities which existed at an earlier period of history between the various races in England

have died out. Europe will, and *must*, become in this respect one country. But the one cause which, above all others, retards this movement, and is ever driving her back into barbarism again, is the existence among the nations of that which for so many centuries existed in England and elsewhere—the *right of private war*. Europe is becoming one; but she can never have lasting repose until she shall herself put an end to the power by which individual princes (acting as the representatives of particular nations), are able to destroy her peace.

This position may be illustrated by a reference to any period of history in which the right of private war has been sanctioned, and before the establishment of an armed authority for its suppression. If we take the British Isles, we find that there were scattered over them, at various distances from each other, the castles of the feudal lords, who divided among themselves the authority of the realm—the crown as yet possessing no real power to suppress private war between them. These had large bodies of armed retainers, who were prepared to follow them in war and peace; and who, in going with them into battle, were only submitting themselves to the authority of the representatives of established law. The inhabitants of the towns and villages, and the whole rural population, were more or less subject to the mercy of these rulers. But this was a state of things which could not last. The land groaned under it, and it passed away. It passed away, because such a divided authority was no longer suited to the conditions of the tribes, who were rapidly becoming one people—among whom relations of commerce and social life were strengthening the bonds of friendship and good-will. The continuance of the state of perpetual war which was fostered by the old system, was seen to be so evidently destructive to the interests of all, that its perpetuation became impos-

sible. The new wine of national life burst the old bottles of the feudal system—and it passed away. But it did not pass away as the result of the growth of a sentiment. Nothing ever does so pass whose roots are deep in the government and institutions of nations. It was finally destroyed—not by the growth alone of the conviction of its wrongness, but by the establishment of a central armed authority, whose power was such that the resistance of individual princes to it was made hopeless. It was by the establishment of an army for the suppression of war. The intellectual basis of the peace which reigns in the British Islands at the present time, may be said to rest upon the will of the people that private war should not be waged by any section of the nation against another section, and upon the establishment of a strong central police to see that their will is respected.

It would be easy to direct the reader's attention to the numerous instances in history where peace has been established in compliance with these two conditions. It would be easy to show, that in every instance where one or both conditions have been neglected, the fabric of society has fallen to pieces. The Government of the United States was, in the attack which lately threatened them—and has always been—the armed force through which the will of the people has declared that there shall be no private war between States. The standing army of the republic is the established police over the States which constitute the Union. The people of this country are safe from the dangers of civil war so long, and so long only, as these two conditions are complied with; so long, that is, as the people will that there shall be no private war, and so long as they take care that their will is represented by the support of a central authority to enforce obedience. On the other hand, the failure of nations to comply with these two con-

ditions are the records of the most tragic pages of history. Greece never willed to become one—never willed the destruction of anarchy—never established a central authority for the suppression of war; and on the day in which it was finally settled that she had not and would not so determine and act, her doom was sealed. The history of the Italian republics offers another page of the same fatal folly—the attempt of bordering states to live side by side, with no authority above them with power to suppress their individual animosities.

I will now only direct the reader's attention to the one period in history which, above all others, affords an illustration of the truth of the positions assumed—that period, namely, in which the Romans held power over the civilized world. The affirmation of Gibbon, that during this period mankind enjoyed a larger amount of the blessings of peace than at any former period in history, may well make us ponder its most prominent facts with earnestness. These point distinctly to the existence and triumph of the principles we are endeavoring to establish in this paper. The empire grew, and was strong, because it was everywhere an armed force to put down war; because it refused to acknowledge the private rights of the nations which it gathered into itself to fight for their own private ends; because it established a central police, with irresistible power, against which none dare lift himself up. It became weak, because this established power did not represent the will of the nations which constituted the empire; it perished, because no spiritual unity lay underneath it all—because no will of the people had declared that it should live.

It will be objected, that Europe is peopled by various nations, possessing different degrees of civilization, speaking different languages, and therefore presenting enormous difficulties to any at-

tempt to ascertain what the universal will on the subject of war may be, or to the establishment of an armed authority to put down war. These difficulties are not so enormous as they at first sight appear to be. Of the more advanced and intelligent races it may be fairly asserted, that the glamour and false delusion in respect to war has been, in some measure at least, removed. This feeling has held its ground longest in France. The results of the late war have been a terrible waking-up to the falsehood and folly of war. Of the northern races, among whom education is only just now in its beginnings, it may be said generally, that they are not in themselves warlike, although they have been so often led to war. They are not now composed, as they once were, of mere bands of armed brigands. They are awakening to the arts and the blessings of peace. The different degrees of civilization at which the various nations of Europe have arrived, offer no insurmountable barrier to their becoming united in this one particular—that they will abolish the institution of war. The fact that they speak different languages is ceasing, as education and the development of common interests advance, to constitute any real separation between them. The very jealousy which such a proposal would arouse among the princes of Europe would meet with no small compensations, in consideration of the enormous burdens which would be lifted from them. The proposal for a general disarmament offers no advantages to the princes of Europe, in this respect, to be compared to the proposal for a united effort among them for the total abolition of war. It would deliver, for their immediate use, resources of almost boundless wealth, now locked up in immense military establishments. The position of the weak would be made identical with that of the most powerful; while the throne of the strongest would be

supported by the armed will of Europe. Such a federation would have nothing to do with the settlement of the internal affairs of the nations which composed it, and would possess no power for the suppression of internal disorder. Liberty would be in no danger from the decisions of a council whose very existence would depend upon the will of the people.

The time is fast approaching when the world will see that it is not possible for armed nations to live together, side by side, with no other bond of union between them than that possessed by the most savage tribes. These declare war or make peace as circumstances may dictate, or as interest may command. When they are strong, they act toward each other with defiance, and seek occasion of quarrel. When they are weak, they cringe and fly, or yield that which the strong take from them. They give promises to each other, and make treaties of peace, which, so long as circumstances are favorable, are preserved, and may be said to represent public law. These treaties do not hold, for they can not bind the strong, nor protect the weak. When they are exhausted by war, they wait until their strength is again renovated, that they may war again. They watch for the moment when their enemy is weakest, and assault him unprepared.

This is a picture of the real state of things in Europe at the present time. The very existence of public law has been more than once threatened. Good men may console themselves in the hope that the spread of education will go far to lessen the causes which have tended to bring nations into armed conflict with each other, and to mitigate the sufferings of war. We are asked to believe that Europe is safe from war, now that the peace-loving Germans are the masters everywhere. But there is no real hope in all this. The Germans are peace-

loving; yet in history there is no record of a war carried on with more merciless severity against a beaten nation than that which lately closed. It is hardly brightened by the presence of one generous or noble deed on the part of the conquerors toward the conquered. That France is beaten, and humbled too, there is no doubt; but she is not beaten nor humbled as she was when her ragged and starved soldiers hurled back Europe from her boundaries, like a broken wave.

Little hope, indeed, is to be found in any of the theories in regard to the future with which the air is full. England, and every nation in Europe, knows that there is no hope. They are turning, all of them, away from looking at the mortal strife of two of the noblest nations of the world; from the sights of desolation and the sounds of woe; from reeking battle-fields and the reign of ghastly death! To the cultivation of the arts of peace are they turning? They are turning to brighten their arms, and to cram their magazines with powder.

It must and it will be so. So long as the nations of Europe try to live together without law; so long as there exists no council where the voice of the peoples may be heard; so long as they are satisfied with the transient repose of barbarous races, who must needs rest amid the toils of war, in order that they may renew their strength to war again; so long

as no effort is made for the establishment of an armed central authority for the suppression of war—so long it must be affirmed that there does not exist in Europe any real basis for lasting peace.

The length of this paper will not permit us to examine any of the questions which would necessarily arise in the further discussion of what may be the legitimate application of a military force in a remodeled system. If the principles we have advocated were established and recognized by the various courts of Europe, all minor difficulties could be easily overcome. The disarmament of the millions who are now held to military service would be followed by the establishment of one central force, in which every nation would be suitably represented, and the control of which would be in the sole hands of the council of Europe, which had called it into existence. Half a million of men, chosen in the various proportions from each nation, would probably constitute a police of sufficient strength to prevent the outbreak of private war between any two or more nations in the great commonwealth of Europe. The existence of such a force would be a perpetual check to the restlessness and ambition by which the spirit of war is fanned, and would force a calm discussion by the council of every question which threatened to disturb the peace of the world.

SOMETHING SWEET.

It is but little I can tell,
 And naught but what was told before ;
 Yet, in the silence of my heart
 Dwells something sweet—and something more.

Upon the land the sunlight falls,
 And by the wind the leaves are stirr'd,
 And in the hollow near the hill
 I hear the song of some wild bird.

The sunlight shining o'er the land,
 And on each simple meadow-flower,
 Has made them golden to my sight
 With more than earthly prince's dower.

The wind, that stirs the leaves of trees
 To tender rustlings soft and low,
 Recalls, in whispers to my soul,
 The rustling leaves of long ago ;

The leaves that came with days of spring,
 And o'er the summer cast their shade,
 And dropped upon the autumn grass,
 Where, later, winter snows were laid.

And with the bird-notes from the glen,
 A whistle I have heard before
 Rings through the silence of my heart—
 Wakes something sweet—and something more.

TWENTY YEARS FROM HOME.

YOU came to California in 1852. You could not realize it. There was You return home, for the first time, in 1872. Your home, in an eastern State, is Dozeville. for you but one Dozeville—young Dozeville—always young, because you saw it last in youth.

For the last twenty years, you have persisted in regarding Dozeville as still possessed of all the attractiveness it had for you in youth. Reflection told you it must have changed. People who had visited Dozeville, and returned, bore back gloomy stories of its dullness and monotony. But you had not seen this. In day-dreams in river and bank claims, picking and shoveling up to the middle in mud, slum, and water; by your cabin-door, smoking the evening pipe; on the sterile ridges of Nevada, prospecting for "ledge," you have, in imagination, many times visited Dozeville. You have shaken hands with all

its old citizens; you have been, for a time, the newly-returned lion of the place. No matter that letter after letter told you how sires, and grandsires, and matrons, and blooming, bright-eyed school-mates, had dropped off; you would see yourself, on the first Sunday home at Dozeville, standing in the village church; and with what congregation could you fill it, save the one you had left?

The dream is realized; the continent is crossed; you stand bodily in Dozeville. None knows of your coming. It is night; the train has stopped at the depot. The railroad has been extended to Dozeville since you left; Dozevillians were talking of building this road when you were a boy. The "branch" is thirty miles in length. They were thirty years talking it over. Old Dozevillians had lived and died talking of it. At last a brisk New York speculator came along, and in a few months the road was built.

There is a feeble effervescence about the Dozeville depot when the train stops. Compared with the roaring, hustling, crowding bustle of a wide-awake town, it is as the languid pop of a stale champagne-bottle to the roar of a forty-two-pounder. You get in a coach, and are driven toward the family residence. It is a cold, clear winter's night. You look out; the wind is roaring through the leafless sycamores; every street has its old curve; every house is in its old place. You recognize them all, as though you had left but yesterday; yet a gloom seems to hang about them, for you realize, *now*, that you are not to meet this or that old neighbor, whose daily coming and going from those gates seemed as unchangeable as the rising and setting of yonder moon. You have met your mother and sisters; you have almost been obliged to prove to them your identity. It was a surprise, but not exactly of the quality you had hoped for. They were hardly prepared to see a middle-aged

man, worn by toil and exposure. The last photograph you sent home, ten years ago, implied still some appearance of youth. And after a few days, sometimes after a few hours, you make a discovery: you are not acquainted with your own mother and sisters. Twenty years is too long an absence; there is a great gap, a whole life-time of incident and event, between you and them. You are bound to a thousand California sympathies and associations of which they know nothing. You betray them every hour. You are continually proving, now that you are back at the old home, seated in the old arm-chair, and on the very carpet over which you tumbled in your babyhood, that three-fourths of your heart is back in the land of geysers, grizzlies, and gold. The mother involuntarily sighs. This is not the boy's heart which left her twenty years ago; it is a strange man's heart, full of hopes, fears, plans, and remembrances, unknown to her. It is a heart recast, remolded. It was a beardless boy who left her—from the cradle to that last parting, she had known his whole life; but this is a bearded man, who has returned with dashes of gray in his hair, with a different manner and a different voice. He brings with him the volume of twenty years of life, but she can not read it all at once. He shows, carelessly, a page here and there; but it is broken and fragmentary to her. Her eye brightens when he speaks concerning some event of his childhood; there she is upon familiar ground—that seems a piece of her own son. Hers, during your entire absence, has been the quiet life of Dozeville, not making half-a-dozen new acquaintances; you have made hundreds in the same time, and you bring them all home with you.

There is a younger sister in the house. She has held a dim recollection of you; all her life has she longed to see the mysterious brother in California, who is

always writing home that he is on the eve of making a fortune. She has painted an ideal of him in mind, and often touched up the picture with many perfections. And this—you, are the reality! She will not, to herself, own any disappointment; but she did suppose him a differently-appearing man. In a crowd, he is not the very last man she would have singled out for her brother; but he would not have been the first.

The morning after your arrival, you behold Dozeville by daylight. It is very much the same as when you left; the woods, fences, and corner-posts are all in their old places; the vacant lots, fenced in and not built upon when you left, are still fenced in and vacant. A few veteran trees upon the main street have disappeared. Six new houses in twenty years! One church has been moved from its former location. Consequent on the change, there was great dissatisfaction among the congregation; a part seceded, and joined another denomination. It was all the work of a new minister, who had a mania for moving churches, wherever he was settled. This occurred seven years ago; you hear all about it before being in Dozeville three days. The unpleasantness has not lost its first lustre; they pickle old contentions in Dozeville, and so keep them ready for use in winter, when things are dull, and the branch road snowed up.

Dozeville and its surrounding territory seems to have shrunk. The day-journeys of your youth to Long Beach and Big Pond have dwindled to mere morning strolls. For years, in the mines, did you tramp two and three miles over mountain and valley to the nearest store for your flour, beans, coffee, and pork—sometimes after a hard day's work. Dozeville miles are mere parlor-promenades compared to the rolling, rugged, steep miles from Mexican Flat to the Long Gulch store.

There are three hundred old acquaint-

ances in Dozeville to be met and shaken hands with. All, after the first greetings, make the remark, "Growing old, I see, like the rest of us." This, to one of thirty-five, from sexagenarians, septuagenarians, and octogenarians, is hard to bear. The next inquiry is, "How have you been all this time?" This is a difficult question, also, to find an appropriate and applicable answer for fifteen or twenty times a day. The long-wished-for welcome back to Dozeville proves a tedious operation. The apples wither in your grasp. Finally, you deem it advisable to restrict the number of these greetings to three per day. You court retirement, and avoid more the locality of the dozen stores constituting the pulsating centre of Dozeville.

Let us read the Dozeville signs:

"William Barnes, Books and Stationery." This is your first youthful playmate. Twenty years ago you left him, just launched in the Dozeville bookstore; he keeps it still. Then he was a ruddy-faced, lively young man, just married; now, he has a shop-worn look of age. For twenty years he has stood behind that counter, selling primers, slates, slate-pencils, worsted, and dolls, to little boys and girls. For twenty years he has trudged four times a day—breakfast, dinner, supper and bedtime—to his dwelling-house, three hundred yards up the street. This, and a yearly trip to the city for replenishing the stock of dolls, slates, pencils and primers, has been his voyaging. What changes and hurry-scurrys have been yours during these twenty years! Up to Cariboo; down to Arizona; over the mountains to Nevada; looking on the rise and bustle of new mining towns—looking on them decayed, quiet, and deserted years afterward; living now in this community, now in that, composed of keen, sharp, clever men, gathered from the ends of the earth; witnessing their gradual dispersion and dropping away—some to new fields, some

to the grave; forming associations and collecting remembrances never to be forgotten; and through all this, William Barnes has clung to Dozeville, and Dozeville has clung to him, and he has kept stationary.

"Samuel Scoy, Attorney-at-Law;" another old playmate. Samuel Scoy was a very troublesome boy in the neighborhood. He does well to practice law now, for he was always breaking it in his youth. He was your partner in ringing door-bells, changing signs, and robbing melon-patches. He is now a sober man of family. You are seated in his parlor. Your conversation with Samuel Scoy partakes not of the easy, hilarious nature of former days; somehow, you can not find the scapegrace of old. The satan in him seems to have entirely died out. But the door opens, and an elegant young woman enters. Sam Scoy—no, Samuel Scoy, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, introduces you to his eldest daughter. Why are you surprised? You might have known this. Sam Scoy was married before you left home. This is Samuel Scoy, Attorney-at-Law, with whiskers inclining to gray, and a manner rather stern and severe; and this is his daughter. You are old enough to be the father of that self-possessed, elegant young woman. You never thought of that before; yet, were she to visit Coyote Camp, you and half a dozen other middle-aged bachelors would be ordering new suits from the "Bay." What a steady old worker is Time! Tadpoles will grow to frogs; infants will develop into elegant young women. And this is Miss Scoy, the daughter of Sam Scoy, whom old Tom Bangs once gathered up by the coat-collar and the baggy portion of his pantaloons, and chucked off the end of Little Neck Wharf, for tampering with his eel-pots; and you are nearly old enough to be a grandfather. Now, you begin to feel your years.

You are invited to a Dozeville evening

party. Being a single man, you are deemed eligible for this sort of thing. There are present a score of old school-mates' daughters, just like Miss Scoy. But Bill Barnes and Sam Scoy are not there. They renounced such parties years and years ago—they are old family men. They would as soon be caught playing marbles on the sidewalk. You prepare to go, and attire yourself with all the scrupulousness, the care, and the anxiety of youth. You go, and find yourself a worn, out-of-place, aged bovine, amid a crowd of calves. The young ladies—the Misses Scoy and Barnes—charming olive-branches of your school-fellows, survey you curiously. They have often heard their parents speak of you. You were young and gay along with their sires. That period, by the glass in which they survey life, was ages and ages ago—coeval with the American Revolution, or the Discovery of America, or the Flood. You are an "old fellow." You are introduced to one after another; but there is no affiliation as in days of yore. The gap of years, crows-feet, and straggling gray hairs, lies between you and them. They listen for a period consistent with civility to the cracked old love-song of this their father's friend, and then fly away to young Mr. Cock Sparrow, just returned from his first collegiate term. Cock Sparrow was not even an infant when you left. Now, you feel older. More apples have withered.

It is your first Sunday at Dozeville, and you sit once more in the family pew at the old church. But the congregation seems thin. You miss many a stately gray head. The elders are the young men of 1852. Still, the edifice is for you thickly peopled, but not with the living. When last you sat here, another and an older minister preached a farewell and admonitory sermon to that company of young men bound for California. They sat together in that pew yonder. They

were to return in five years, at least, with much gold. All had sweethearts, and those sweethearts expected at the expiration of those five years to become wives. Most of them sat in the choir. Some of their daughters sing in the choir to-day. But the fathers of those young songsters never went to California, and forgot the pastor's admonitory sermon, while they mined, and traded, and drank, and gambled, and fought, and talked a language half Mexican, half English, and ran for office, and died violent deaths, and were elected to magnificent shrivelties worth \$20,000 per annum, and learned to bake their own bread, and cook their own beans, and wash their own clothes. They never "made their piles" in the dry diggings, and lost them in turning the bed of the river, or were "broke," "strapped," or "panned out" at faro; then more piles, to be "broke," "strapped," or "panned out" at monte. They never went to Kern River, Gold Bluffs, Frazer, Colorado, Montana, or Nevada. They remained at home; and when those five years were up, they married the girls wearied of waiting for the California adventurers, but few of whom ever returned; and those who did brought back sad tales of many who remained. Thomas Spring was a bartender; William Dimple, a mule-driver; Jeremiah Goodboy a confirmed gambler; and it was whispered that Isaiah Sweetbriar, the Deacon's son, had been hung in the southern mines for stealing a mule. So the girls became Mrs. Barnes and Scoy, instead of Goodboy and Sweetbriar. All these memories come crowding thickly upon you, as you look on the pew where the young men bound for California sat twenty years ago. Are not Dozevillians impressed also by these remembrances, on coming here every Sunday? No; the change has been gradual for them. They are not looking now over the wide and freshly-cut gap of twenty years. They are thinking of

their dinners—of Monday's washing—of the forthcoming festival for raising funds to repaint the steeple! What a lofty steeple that was once. Now, the vane reaches up to the first limb of the right hand "Sentinel" at the Big Tree Grove.

Some of the Dozevillians hold but a dim remembrance of California's grand opening day—the rush and gold-fever of 1849; yet vessels, twenty-three years ago, carrying away the pick of their young men, sailed directly from Dozeville to San Francisco. But other and greater events have since transpired. California, to many of these Dozevillians, is almost the California of thirty years ago—a land remote and unknown. Some of them scarcely know the existence of the Yo-Semite Valley, or the Big Trees. You are disgusted. Worse than this; some of them have quite forgotten certain of the young men born and bred in Dozeville, long resident in California. You speak of Tom Travers, who was a "Dozeville boy." Half of California knows Tom Travers. He is political in his proclivities, and has filled many offices. Every California Legislature knows Tom Travers. Here are men in Dozeville who shake their heads feebly at mention of Tom Travers. "Why, Uncle Abraham Travers' son, next to the oldest, say you? Well, yes, 'pears as if they do remember something of him." And then they stop, for they are hardly certain whether they do or not. It is not strange. Year after year in Dozeville have they trotted around a little circus-ring of life; sitting about the same grocery-stove in winter, sitting in the same chairs in front of that grocery in summer, droning over the weight of the last murdered hog, or the last strange face seen in the village; reviewing all the Dozeville tattle, until all other recollection is beaten and stamped out. The mental horizon of these Dozevillians has settled thickly just outside their little circus-ring of thought. No

wonder that they should forget the well known Thomas Travers.

You call on old Mr. Scott. He was old to you when a boy. He lives in and on books. He has traveled all over the world in books. He knows California well by book. He speaks of the *Yosemite* Valley, the *Calaveras* Grove of Big Trees, and the San *Joaquin* River. You venture to correct his pronunciation, but he has his own laws for pronouncing California proper names, and will not stay corrected by a snip of thirty-five.

There is another trial for you. Dick Harvey, the pioneer resident of Whisky Flat, named by and for himself, has done little in California for the last twenty years, save dig, drink, dance, and play poker. Dick's parents reside in Dozeville. Dick was one of that peful of young men, westward bound, who listened to the admonitory sermon. Old Mr. Harvey, Dick's father, calls on you that he may learn something of his son; he has not heard directly from him for fifteen years. Dick long since renounced writing home, and with it all idea of ever coming home. Unfortunately, you know too much of Dick. "What is he doing?" asks old Mr. Harvey. You believe he is mining and doing tolerably well. (Dick has been "doing" every one he could "make a raise" from for years and years. His best suit is a gray shirt and a pair of blue jean overalls. He never comes to camp without making a disturbance. He was once offered \$50 to quit the neighborhood and betake himself to other parts, but refused to leave under \$100.) With all this fresh in your mind, you sit before old Mr. Harvey, who longs to hear something comforting from his lost and never-to-be-found son. You wish that he would go; because it is hard work, in answering his inquiries, to equivocate, and squirm, and sneak, and dodge about the truth, which is not to be told at all times about Dick.

One certain opinion possesses all Dozeville. It is, that any man in good health, who has spent years in the land of gold, ought to have a fortune. Vainly you reason and attempt some explanation on this point. Vainly you talk concerning the risks of mining; of the months idly spent on Pacific Flat, waiting for water; of the years employed in baring the river's-bed at Grizzly Cañon; of the race so expensively cut through a solid granite ledge; of the flume at Split Rock Bar, costing thousands, only to be swept down stream by the fall freshets; of the gravel which did not prospect a cent to the cart-load when you did get into the bed of the river; of the tunnel it took years to bore through the rim-rock of Table Mountain; of the high prices paid for water, which took all the life out of your profits in the hydraulic claim at Coyote Creek; of the capital you put into the Columbia quartz-lead, whose rock assayed a cent per pound, and whose actual returns fell a little short of a cent per ton; of the fruitless scrambles to Frazer River, to Colorado; of the unsuccessful hunt for the Comstock extension in Nevada. All this is useless. Dozevillians have it firmly rooted in their brains, that when a man goes to California it is his duty to get rich. That he does not is an indication of a loose screw in his moral machinery. You can not alter their minds. They have locked in this conviction for twenty years, and the wards now are too old and rusty to be turned back, without danger of breaking to pieces.

You remain in dear old Dozeville a couple of months. Would you stay there for life? Will you call it your home now?

No, no, no! There is another land, nearer the setting sun, which claims you for its own. You are longing now for San Francisco, with its afternoon gales and mosaic of nationality; for the sight of the Contra Costa hills, flecked in the

spring-time with their thousand shades of green, and cloud, and sunshine; for Tamalpais at eve, with avalanches of white fog rolling down its sides; for the great inland plains, walled westward by the dimly-blue Coast Range, eastward by the far-away snow-tipped Sierras; for the dark-green *chaparral* and the scent of pine and balsam in the foothills, with their rich fruitage and heavy-laden vines. Dozeville is dear, but it is not galvanic enough for you. You require earthquakes, grizzlies, and peri-

odical gold-fevers. Dozeville is pleasant, calm, and quiet, but it seems the calm and quiet of a well-kept churchyard. It abounds overmuch with widows, carefully husbanding the property of deceased partners. It is outflanked by too many rheumatic aunts with lame backs and Dutch clocks. Dozeville is dear because it was your boyhood's home. But the lively Dozeville of your youth no longer exists. The realized Dozeville of 1872 has swept it away forever.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE.

THERE is ground for the belief that we have seen, in the late Mr. Greeley, the last of the great editors. If Greeley, Bennett or Raymond were to recommence life, it may be doubted whether they would be able to achieve a like success. When they entered upon their editorial careers, it required but very little capital to start a newspaper. Bennett, writing his own editorials, doing his own reporting, mailing his own papers in an obscure cellar, transacting his own business over an extemporized counter, consisting of a rough plank supported by two empty barrels, would be an impossible figure in these times. The newspaper has become a great and expensive manufacturing business, requiring a large capital for its proper management. Forty years ago, there was some rivalry between the New York journals as to which should secure the earliest intelligence from an incoming packet; and that called for no higher expenditure than the purchase and manning of a swift yacht. There were no telegraph lines running in all directions over the country, inviting enterprise in the collection of news—no submarine cables, ready to furnish information from the

four quarters of the globe at five dollars a throb. Correspondents located at the principal centres did all the work, and the slow stage-coach and the uncertain packet furnished the transportation. If there was real competition in anything, it was in the dexterity with which news could be *scissors-ed* out, on the arrival of a mail. Bennett was, unquestionably, the best newspaper man of the three, when viewed from the financial standpoint. If making money be the chief aim in the publishing of newspapers, as it is in the making of shoes or the selling of old clothes, then he was a head and shoulders over his great rivals, Greeley and Raymond, morally, as he was physically. He never parted with an interest in his journal. It was, with him, an absorbing thought. He did not hesitate to exhibit his own private and domestic life for its benefit, and bared his back to the lash to get up a temporary sensation. He had no time to bestow upon any of the other concerns of life. His marriage was the result of a few spasmodic attentions paid to the lady who subsequently became his wife, during a couple of weeks. "Bill!" said he, one morning, to Bill Atree, one

of his first reporters, "would you like to make a trip on Sunday to Coney Island?" "Yes, sir," responded the astonished Atree. "And Bill!" pursued Bennett, "you can bring your wife along, also." "Yes, sir," replied again the perplexed subordinate. "And Bill!" continued Bennett, in the same monotone, "you can get a carriage to take us to the boat." "Yes, sir," was the only answer which Atree still ventured to return to his chief." He was about to retire to his desk, when he was still further amazed by the remark, "And Bill! you can bring with you that young woman whom I met at your house the other night." That young woman was Miss Crean, the future Mrs. James Gordon Bennett.

The *Herald*, from the commencement, was conducted upon the autocratic principle. So successful was it, that for many years it stood the strain of an heir-apparent without any financial complication. The founder of that journal, though infinitely inferior to Greeley or Raymond in culture and ability, was superior to both in tact and financial skill. While they yearned for political advancement, he applied himself to his business exclusively. The offer of the French mission, during the administration of Mr. Lincoln, was not sufficient to lure him from the editorial tripod. He had but one rule in the conduct of the *Herald*—the obtaining of the latest and fullest news, without regard to the expense. His editorial columns never exhibited any higher talent than that of a coarse, and often brutal cynicism. It was, for a long time, his custom to dictate nearly all that appeared editorially to shorthand reporters, who subsequently dressed up these outgivings. In this way, he succeeded in imparting a turn to the minds of many of his assistants similar to his own. No writing was ever published in the editorial columns of the *Herald* which could in any way be regarded as a model. If the most com-

mon canons of the English language were not violated, Bennett was entirely satisfied. No journal was ever published, of equal circulation, which made so little impression upon the history of the country. If it ever effected a temporary purpose, it was only by a grotesque repetition of the idea advocated. It set the country on a broad grin, when, in twenty-seven editorials in the same issue, it importuned Mr. Lincoln, on the occasion of his progress toward Washington, immediately after his election, to adopt some line of impossible conservatism for his future guidance. But Bennett's devotion to the news department carried him successfully through all his difficulties, and condoned his editorial course, which always appeared to be a bad reproduction of the management of the great English newspaper—the London *Times*. That journal has never made any pretension to consistency. It professes to be no more than the organ of British sentiment. British sentiment, as well as every other national sentiment, sometimes changes, and without explanation or apparent cause—so does the London *Times*. That journal once came out with an article, during the corn-law excitement, directly opposite to all the lessons in political economy which it had been inculcating for years; but without one word of explanation or excuse. It is true, that the great English daily does not execute these somersaults very frequently; it may do so once in a *decennium*, but that is all. Bennett, on the contrary, took pride in exhibiting to the country how often he could change in the course of a week. It was his humor to get on every side of a question, until its definite settlement was at hand, when he moved steadily forward with the air of a man who had not faltered for a moment. The great danger to a newspaper, in a country like this, where public sentiment is so aggressive as well as capricious, is that of getting into the wrong

groove. If, in that case, it has not tact enough to change its course, grave disaster, if not absolute shipwreck, is inevitable. But Bennett, by his eccentricity, won the right to be as absurd and illogical as he pleased. It was nothing for him to change front; in fact, it was always expected that he should do so at least once a week. Therefore, these sudden gusts of popular passion, which so often bring ruin upon dozing newspapers, had no terrors for him at all. He was too nimble to be caught in a storm, at any time. For any other journal but the *Herald*, it would have been a serious crisis to have an angry but patriotic mob howling around its building, demanding that the national colors should at once be displayed; but to Bennett it was nothing but a demand for the simple unfurling of a piece of bunting. He accordingly gave orders to have it flung to the breeze forthwith; and next morning, in his editorial columns, he manifested a patriotism almost frantic in its violence, when compared with that of his contemporaries.

But if the *Herald* exercised no influence in the destinies of the country, and in its political course generally was unworthy of notice, it was always ahead in obtaining the latest and most reliable intelligence. Nor has it in this respect fallen off since it came into the hands of the fast young gentleman who is now its editor and proprietor, though at the outset he manifested a greater desire for yachting and foreign travel than for journalism. The fact that he dispatched Stanley to hunt up Doctor Livingstone, though the project was to be attributed to the remorse consequent upon a more than ordinarily heavy debauch in the city of Paris than to any enlightened enthusiasm in the cause of science, showed at least that he was not unmindful of the traditions of his journal; and the enterprise won for him and it, no matter what may have been the mo-

tive, a celebrity which can not fail to be of advantage for a long time to come. By pursuing this system, Bennett, Sr., made five millions of dollars, and left to his son a newspaper which it is currently reported yields an annual revenue of \$700,000.

Greeley, on the contrary, died comparatively a poor man. His estate has not realized more than a couple of hundred thousand dollars; yet he was immeasurably the greater man of the two; had a great, noble heart in him; felt that he was called upon to do something in this world besides making money, and he did it. But it was long in his journalistic career before he appreciated the importance of news. For many years, the *Tribune* published news paragraphs rather as a matter of necessity than as a legitimate function, and, to all appearance, under protest. Greeley believed that what the people most wanted was able editorial articles, pointing out how the condition of humanity might be bettered, or denouncing wrong and indicating the way in which it should be extirpated. It was only when he became satisfied that it was not the daily outpourings of a philosopher that the public exclusively craved, that he began to compete with his great rival in the collection of news. Greeley was as autocratic in his office as ever Bennett was. No man could demand with shriller treble, when reviewing in the morning the work of the day before, "Who is the d—d fool who has been writing this nonsense in my paper?" but he carried his personality too far. He stamped it upon every column of the *Tribune*, and the consequence was it had to suffer for his personal weaknesses or whims. Like the elder Mirabeau, he loved mankind in the abstract, while he managed to ride over, if he did not quarrel, with every individual member of the race with whom he was associated. But then it must be borne in mind that the ideal man is a

most tractable person, very easily reformed, and transformed, and ameliorated. His life was a struggle for the elevation of the Negro, but only because he was enslaved. It may be questioned, however, whether his heart ever went out in love to any individual mumbo-jumbo. No black *fidus Achates* anywhere appears in the records of his life. Greeley was more of a tribune of the people than a newspaper man. In that regard his journal was well and appropriately named. He aimed at something higher than mere money-grabbing. But it is to be noted, in connection with tribunes of the newspaper variety, that success in obtaining office rarely waits upon them. Greeley, with all his labors in behalf of the masses, never got elected to office but once, to fill an unexpired term in the lower house of Congress. He did not obtain from Mr. Lincoln the Postmaster-Generalship, which he coveted. He threw the New York Senatorship out of his hand by going on the bail-bond of Jeff Davis.

The tragedy of his candidacy for the presidency is too recent and too fully understood to need comment; yet it is undoubted that if Greeley had done his work in official station instead of at his desk, he would have achieved his ambition. There appears to be a law in operation that the newspaper tribune shall be content with his tribuneship. To what this singular fact is to be attributed can not easily be determined. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the circumstance that the editor is obliged, by the necessity which is upon him of daily addressing the people, of doing his thinking aloud and before the public; while the statesman works in the privacy of his library, and only gives utterance to his conclusions when he has reached them. Perhaps, also, the masses are so exacting that they will turn their backs upon their tribunes the moment they admit, by the development

of personal schemes, that they are not first and last in the affections of these useful functionaries. But Greeley won more than money or office. It may be that it was kind fate that hurried him away before his fame had been sullied by the intrigues of the White House. His name will ever be associated with the most heroic period in American history. He has been the great teacher and reformer, if he was not the great newspaper man or the successful politician. He was, in every sense of the term, a many-sided man. There were depths of passion in him which few would have suspected, in viewing that calm, placid, and essentially amiable face. There was also always a certain degree of practicability mixed up with his most fine-spun theories. If he devoted much of his time to the extension of the area of freedom, he also found leisure to talk with the farmer in an easy and confidential manner upon what he knew about agriculture. He was, withal, a wit of the most refined character. There was in him a vein of humor as genial as it was delightful. Who would have dreamed that he would himself have become amenable to the pleasant satire which he pronounced at Montreal upon that peculiarly American disease, called aspiration for the presidency, which was so apt to take hold of well-preserved old gentlemen in this country? There was wit of purest ray in his remark to the Democratic committee which waited upon him for the purpose of officially advising him that he had been nominated at Baltimore. After having given utterance to a few of the commonplaces usual on such occasions, he stopped suddenly, and, as a genial smile lit up his broad, comely face, said, "But, gentlemen, I am not used to receiving nominations for the presidency."

The fundamental mistake in his newspaper career, viewed from the financial stand-point, was first his neglect of the

news department, and secondly his personal ambition. The first he remedied by calling in the joint-stock principle to aid him in his struggle with the *Herald*. It must be said, however, that the counting-room was never allowed any great influence in the editorial-room of the *Tribune*. No suggestions were asked or expected of it. Greeley chained his stockholders to his rushing chariot, and hurried them along regardless of their sufferings. They were his henchmen, or his captives, according to the point from which they were considered, and not his masters. But it must not be inferred from this that the *Tribune* was not a success financially, after he had entered into a real competition in news with the *Herald*. Previous to Mr. Greeley's nomination for the presidency, it was paying fifteen per cent. per annum upon a capital of a million; but of this million Mr. Greeley owned only a tenth, whereas Bennett remained to his death sole editor and proprietor of the *Herald*.

Raymond was the last of the great newspaper triumvirate of New York, but the first to die. He was a compound of Greeley and Bennett, and, of course, less original than either. He was less of a tribune of the people than Greeley, though more of a newspaper man, possibly. His primary idea was to run in the *Times* between the *Herald* and the *Tribune*. His aim was to be less erratic than Greeley, and more respectable than Bennett. Raymond, too, like Greeley, was filled with political ambition, but he expected success rather from management than the fearless assertion of principle. His course consequently took the shape of a perennial dodge. He found, too, that he had to have stockholders; but they were more powerful than those which belonged to Greeley. It was always a lively time, therefore, for that fallow, restless, but energetic little man, with the *Tribune* on one side, leading to dan-

gerous extremes; the *Herald* on the other, dwarfing all other newspapers in its magnificent enterprise in the collection of news; refractory stockholders, with their eyes firmly set on the ledger, here; personal schemers and political intriguers there. There was nothing, therefore very striking or original in Raymond's editorial career. His notorious trimming had earned for him the *soubriquet* among his contemporaries of the "Little Villain." The incompatibility of tribuneship seeking political rewards for itself and editorship was also manifested in his case. With all his management, Raymond only succeeded in achieving for himself the Lieutenant-Governorship of New York for one term, and a seat in the lower house of Congress. Like Greeley, he died a poor man, as compared with Bennett, though the paper which he founded became, as a whole, an exceedingly valuable property. It may be remarked, too, *par parenthese*, that this journal had to go through the same experience as the *Tribune*, on the death of Mr. Raymond. That is the disadvantage of purely personal journalism, which capital is not likely hereafter to incur with its eyes open. The *Times*, being in an orphan state, came to the conclusion that it would have to go into the figure-head business, tried it in all its phases, set up an ex-minister and plenipotentiary extraordinary, but failed most lamentably. It found in time that if it was to live, it would have to live on its own internal ability. In this period of doubt and uncertainty, James O'Brien, ex-Sheriff of the County of New York, appeared opportunely in its editorial-room with a budget of the most startling figures that were ever laid before the world. He had been thwarted by Tweed in some of his own schemes, and sought revenge and \$5,000 by his revelations. That proposition called forth the latent energies of the *Times*, and at length released it from the asylum for orphaned

newspapers. Tried by the standard of pecuniary success and stability in the event of a change of management, the *Herald* system would seem to be the best, but it is only once in an age that a man of such versatility and at the same time such devotion to a single idea as Bennett possessed, turns up; besides, owing to the altered condition of things, if a new Bennett should anywhere arise, he would require one hundred thousand dollars to commence operations, instead of the forty dollars which formed the sole capital of his great predecessor. It may be questioned, likewise, whether any man of the necessary experience and worth that sum of money would be willing to risk it all in a newspaper venture. Newspapers do not always flourish, no matter how great may be their resources, or how careful their management. Bennett had started a half-dozen papers before the *Herald*, and not one of them survived. He was accustomed often to say, in his broad Scotch dialect, when he found himself in the tide of a totally unexpected success, "By G—, I believe the devil helps us."

The newspaper business naturally divides itself into two branches: the financial and the literary. To insure the highest measure of success, there must be the greatest possible accord between these two antagonistic principles. Considerations of profit must often yield to convictions of duty, and the literary spirit must occasionally defer to the revelations of the ledger. So long as the newspaper business was confined to individual ventures, there was but very little chance of dislocation. The editor and proprietor was always able to make his public course and his private bank-account square to a nicety. But the editor and proprietor is getting to be as much out of date as the stage-coach driver. The publication of a first-class newspaper has grown to be a great business, requiring a large capital for its opera-

tions at the start. It is too vast for individual enterprise—almost too vast nowadays for any other form of associated capital than the joint-stock. No matter how daring the projector of a new journal may be, or how successful his initial efforts, he will soon find that he will have to admit capitalists into his business, in order to place himself in a secure position. It would, therefore, seem to follow that if there be anything settled in this connection, it is that the newspaper of the future will have to be published on the joint-stock plan. There will, however, always have to be this difference between the newspaper corporation and other corporations for manufacturing purposes—it must have a "soul." If it should devote all its efforts and energy to dividends, it will surely be a failure. It must always be ready to sacrifice its own immediate interests to the public good. This change is to be attributed not so much to moral causes as to the increased expense of the publication of newspapers. Once, a few hundred dollars' worth of type, a hand-press, and an office were all that were required for a journalistic venture. Now, there is a necessity for expensive steam-presses and other costly machinery. Large sums have likewise to be paid out weekly for telegraphic dispatches. In addition to this, a larger corps of editors, reporters, and correspondents has to be maintained.

Individual proprietorship, while it can secure a greater harmony between the editorial and the counting rooms, yet never fails to stamp upon the pages of the journal its own foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities. It often becomes connected with other interests, and grows less efficient in proportion to the number of them. The newspaper proprietorship that has a share in any other enterprise can not exhibit a judicial equipoise toward it when the rights of the public are involved. In many respects,

therefore, the joint-stock system is an improvement upon the old method of doing things. Stockholders in various walks of life are not likely to become interested in the same projects. No ten or a dozen men can view life so rigidly from the same stand-point as to follow each other in every undertaking. The joint-stock plan promises a more sincere devotion to the public interests, always provided that in this particular branch of corporate effort the existence of a "soul" is fully acknowledged. Both Greeley and Raymond had to avail themselves of this principle to enable them to keep on. Bennetts, as we have seen, are as likely to be exceptional for the future, at least in large cities, where none but costly journals can live, as they have been in the past. If these views be correct—if newspapers of the future are to be published by joint-stock companies, organized on the principle that every stockholder wishing to retire shall give the association the privilege of buying his interest, so that the enterprise shall be fortified against outside intrigues—it becomes an interesting question to determine what is to be the *status* of the men who write them and supply the brains. Shall the journalists of the future remain mere shadows, and badly-defined shadows at that, behind a sheet of printed paper, or shall this newspaper business finally take a shape in which each writer will secure the precise amount of merit and public honor which is his due?

The impersonal system finds its highest development in England to-day. There was a time, of course, in that country, when it was dangerous to acknowledge authorship, especially of political articles; but no such repression now exists. It was noticed at one time on board a British mail-steamer that the passengers had every day to wait for a long time for the chief steward to place the dessert on the table. The dishes of

fruit, raisins and nuts were always systematically arranged on the buffet—the waiters were all in their places, but not one dish could be removed to the dining-tables till the chief steward came along to perform that service himself. The most diligent inquiry of the management failed to elicit any information of this curious practice, except that it was customary to do so. No doubt, in some previous period there was some point or grace in this ceremony, but all knowledge of that fact was lost on board that staunch Cunarder; and the only effect of its continuance was to keep the passengers longer in the dining-saloon than was necessary, and much longer than they desired. Probably the impersonal system of journalism in England is kept up now for no better reason. Be this as it may, it is certain that the name of no man who has risen to distinction in England as an editorial writer can now be recalled. There is a suspicion in the public mind that a great many persons of high official station engage anonymously in that kind of literary labor. It is often convenient for a great political leader to foil or demolish his rival in that quiet and mysterious way. It is said that Mr. Robert E. Low, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, laid the foundation of all his greatness by a single brilliant editorial on the Eastern Question in the columns of the London *Times*. The chances at one time were, that correspondents were the only class of public writers who could secure personal fame. Mr. W. H. Russell, in 1855, made a name for himself by his letters to the *Times* from the Crimea; but the circumstances under which he rose were exceptional. There was a loud demand for the name of the individual who was making such startling revelations of army mismanagement in the long and disastrous siege of Sebastopol. At all events, whatever possibility there was of personal distinction in that particular branch of journal-

ism has long since been destroyed by the extension of the telegraph. No man of literary aspirations will ever consent to compose at one end of a telegraphic wire, for the reason that the graces of composition which go to make up his individuality in the republic of letters are sure to be obliterated by the bungling of relays of operators, to say nothing of the proverbial leaning of the printer to error. The tendency, therefore, is to remand whatever there is of talent and ability in the newspaper business to the editorial columns. Is it forever to remain unsegregated there? In England, probably no change for a long time is likely to take place, for custom is on the side of a rigid impersonality; besides, there is a class of sufficient leisure and culture to supply all the editorial literature that may be needed. But with us the case is entirely different. There has grown up among us a new profession—that of the journalist—badly defined as yet, but working its way toward form and shape. It is narrated that a western farmer once reproved his son for maltreating a poor man who was passing by his house. "But," responded the youth, in mitigation of his offense, "he was only an editor, father!" "No matter," retorted the parent, "you do not know what you may come to one day yourself, my son."

It is of this personage that the writer speaks, and he for one does not propose to pelt him with any mud. Exaggeration apart, there is not a class of professional men in the United States of finer culture, superior attainments, or a broader philanthropy and patriotism—but they are still only in an embryonic condition. It is not the suggestion of mere personal vanity, that a man who has anything to say which can either instruct or amuse the public, ought to have the credit of it. These children of the brain are often as dear to us as our physical descendants. To sell one's off-

spring is degrading enough; but to sell them in advance—to sever all relations with them before they are born—that is harrowing, indeed. Worse still, to have one's own ethereal cherub, in that association which is a necessary quality of impersonality, ascribed by outside gossip to a co-worker, while his wretched bantling is laid at our door! There are assistant-editors who have made the fortunes of *pseudo* tribunes of the people. Instances are plenty, where these unknown and mysterious workers have contributed the entire stock of brains to one of these beatific beings; yet when from any cause the figure-heads were removed, a critical public was always of the opinion that the paper had no further real value; while, as a matter of fact, no change whatever had taken place. Even such men as Greeley, Raymond, and Bennett were indebted in no small degree to their assistants. All the bright things which appeared in the *Tribune* were not the production of Mr. Greeley. The most exquisite trimming which has graced the columns of the *Times* was often traced by an undiscovered hand. That terrible invective which has made the fame of the *New York World* and of Mr. Manton Marble, its editor, was written by a gentleman who is known only to a small circle of friends. Of course, that aggressive egotism, forced on the French press by the Empire, and not entirely inconsistent with the French character, by which each writer subscribes his name, would be as much out of place in American journalism as the impenetrable impersonality of our English contemporaries.

There will have to be some intermediate ground discovered—a happy combination of individuality in subordination to the traditions and interests of the publication upon which the writing is done—to suit our case. There is no doubt but that the commercial principle, when it fully asserts itself, will be able to

evolve these conditions. The commercial principle is always eminently just in its dealings, or it is no commercial principle at all. It will, at least, insist upon that division of labor which is favorable to individuality. The cyclopedic function will disappear, not so much from the lack of principle which it involves, as from its illogical and inefficient character. In the latter days of Bennett, Sr., a sort of republic of letters grew up in the *Herald* office. The editors met once a day in conclave, discussed the subjects to be treated, and each selected for himself the topic which he preferred. Natural bent or inclination determined the labors of each. The overshadowing personal editorship for a long time was, therefore, merely nominal. But the grim old editorial triumvir retained the financial autocracy of his establishment to the last. Bennett would have made millions in any other walk of life capable of yielding them, as well as in the newspaper business. When he found himself able to set up a country-house, he did not select a spot solely because of its natural beauty. He combined prospective increase of value with the privacy which he coveted. Greeley, the reverse of him in nearly all matters, maintained his intellectual autocracy to the last. In his editorial-room he was supreme up to the moment of his retiracy. It was the financial management alone that he relegated to republicanism. When he, too, found that he could afford the fresh country-air, he purchased a farm in a distant place, and, as he created everything, sought to make it valuable by a losing

and exhausting struggle with Nature itself. As he constructed the *Tribune* out of nothing, why also could not stony Chappaqua be made to bloom like the garden of the Hesperides?

The lives and labors of the great editorial triumvirs of New York have only been analyzed in the preceding pages, because of the conviction that in them are to be found the laws by which the great business with which they were connected is hereafter to be governed. It is not pretended that there shall be no more great teachers who shall seek audiences by the means of type and the printing-press. The tribune of these our days is a man of great thoughts and powerful lungs, but the vocal chords of modern society are operated by steam. A Gracchus without a Hoe press could not make himself heard a foot from the point where he had taken his station. Either at the start, or subsequently in his career, he will be compelled to call capital to his assistance, likewise other brains. Small papers will also grow into large ones insensibly with their localities; but the general rule will be that of commercial associations, employing in their service the best talent that can anywhere be found, and according to all their agents their just merits. Nor should this change in any manner shock our sense of propriety, or weaken our faith in the great lever of civilization. What is a church organization, after all, but a commercial association, primarily? It buys a lot, builds a sacred edifice, and then invites a pastor to furnish it weekly with the bread of life.

KAHÉLE.

FROM a bluff, whose bald forehead jutted a thousand feet into the air, and under whose chin the sea shrugged its great shoulders, Kahéle, my boy—that delightful contradiction, who was always plausible, yet never right—Kahéle and I looked timidly over into the sunset valley of Méha. The “Valley of Solitude” it was called; albeit, at that moment, and with half an eye, we counted the thirty grass-lodges of the village, and heard the liquid tongues of a trio of water-falls, that dived head-first into the groves at the further end of the valley, where the mountain seemed to have opened its heart wide enough to let a rivulet escape into the sea. But the spot was a palpable and living dream, and no fond rivulet would go too hastily through it; so there was a glittering sort of monogram writ in water, and about it the village lodges were clustered in a very pleasing disorder.

The trail dropped down the cliff below us in long, swinging zigzags, and wound lazily through the village; crossed the stream at the ford; dipped off toward the sea, as though the beach, shining like coarse gold, were a trifle too lovely to be passed without recognition, and then it climbed laboriously up the opposite cliff, and struck off into space. In ten seconds a bird might have spanned the deep ravine, and caught as much of its loveliness as we; but we weren't birds, and, moreover, we had six legs apiece to look after, so we tipped off from the dizzy ridge that overhung the valley of Méha to the north, and gradually descended into the heat and silence of the place, that seemed to make a picture of itself, when we first looked down upon it from our eyrie.

We found the floor of the valley very solemn and very lovely, when we at last got down into it. Three youngsters, as brown as berries, and without any leaves upon them, broke loose from a banana-orchard and leaped into a low *hou*-tree as we approached. They were a little shy of my color, pale-faces being rare in that vicinity. Two women, who were washing at the ford—and washing the very garments they should have had upon their backs—discovered us, and plunged into the stream with a refreshing splash, and a laugh apiece that was worth hearing, it was so genuine and hearty. Another youngster hurried off from a stone wall like a startled lizard, and struck on his head, but didn't cry much, for he was too frightened. A large woman lay at full length on a broad mat, spread under a *pandanus*, and slept like a turtle. I began to think there were nothing but women and children in the solitary valley, but Kahéle had kept an eye on the reef, and, with an air of superior intelligence, he assured me that there were many men living about there, and they, with most of the women and children, were then out in the surf, fishing.

“To the beach, by all means!” cried I; and to the beach we hastened, where, indeed, we found heaps of cast-off raiment, and a hundred foot-prints in the sand. What would Mr. Robinson Crusoe have said to that, I wonder? Across the level water, heads, hands, and shoulders, and sometimes half-bodies, were floating about, like the *amphibia*. We were at once greeted with a shout of welcome, which came faintly to us above the roar of the surf, as it broke heavily on the reef, a half-mile out from

shore. It was drawing toward the hour when the fishers came to land, and we had not long to wait, before, one after another, they came out of the sea like so many mermen and mermaids. They were refreshingly innocent of etiquette—at least, of our translation of it; and, with a freedom that was amusing as well as a little embarrassing, I was deliberately fingered, fondled, and fussed with by nearly every dusky soul in turn. “At last,” thought I, “fate has led me beyond the pale of civilization; for this begins to look like the genuine article.”

With uncommon slowness, the mermaids donned more or less of their apparel, a few preferring to carry their robes over their arms, for the air was delicious, and ropes of sea-weed are accounted full dress in that delectable latitude. Down on the sand the mermen heaped their scaly spoils—fish of all shapes and sizes, fish of every color; some of them throwing somersaults in the sand, like young athletes; some of them making wry faces, in their last agony; some of them lying still and clammy, with big, round eyes like smoked-pearl vest-buttons set in the middle of their cheeks—all of them smelling fish-like, and none of them looking very tempting. Small boys laid hold on small fry, bit their heads off, and held the silver-coated morsels between their teeth, like animated sticks of candy. There was a Fridayish and Lent-like atmosphere hovering over the spot, and I turned away to watch some youths who were riding surf-boards not far distant—agile, narrow-hipped youths, with tremendous biceps and proud, impudent heads set on broad shoulders, like young gods. These were the flower and chivalry of the Méha blood, and they swam like young porpoises, every one of them.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it, and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand,

savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of material matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in the flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to his coffin, and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller which was then about to break on his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that, with ease; at the sound of his “open sesame,” its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some triton, playing with the elements, and dreadfully “at home” in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived and reappeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length on his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions—in fact, soaring for a moment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed to the top of it, and there, in the midst of foam seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet, and swam in the air, another Mercury, tip-toeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him—Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost

incredible, but I saw it with my own eyes, and I wanted to double his salary on the spot.

Sunset in the valley of Méha. The air full of floating particles, that twinkled like diamond-dust; the great green chasm at the head of the valley illuminated by one broad bar of light shot obliquely through it, tipped at the end with a shower of white rockets that fringed a water-fall, and a fragment of rainbow like a torn banner. That deep, shadowy ravine seemed, for a moment, some mystery about to be divulged; but the light faded too soon, and I never learned the truth of it. The sea quieter than usual; very little sound save the rhythmical vibration of the air, that suggested flowing waters and quivering leaves; the lights shifted along the upper cliffs; a silver-white tropic-bird sailed from cloud to cloud, swiftly and noiselessly, like a shooting-star. A delicious moment, but a brief one; soon the sun was down, and the deepening shadows and gathering coolness set all the valley astir.

Camp-fires were kindled throughout the village; column after column of thin blue smoke ascended in waving spirals, separating at the top in leaf-shaped clouds. It was like the spiritual resurrection of some ancient palm-grove; and when the moon rose, a little later, flooding the Vale of Solitude with her vague light, the illusion was perfected; and a group of savages, scenting the savory progress of their supper, sat, hungry and talkative, under every ghostly palm. Clear voices ascended in monotonous and weird recitative; they chanted a monody on the death of some loved one, prompted, perhaps, by the funereal solemnity of the hour; or sang an ode to the moon-rise, the still-flowing river, or the valley of Méha, so solitary in one sense, though by no means alone in its loneliness.

Kahéle patronized me extensively. I was introduced to camp after camp, and

in rapid succession repeated the experiences of a traveler who has much to answer for in the way of color, and the peculiar cut of his garments. I felt as though I was some natural curiosity, in charge of the robustuous Kahéle, who waxed more and more officious every hour of his engagement; and his tongue ran riot as he descanted upon my characteristics, to the joy of the curious audiences we attracted.

Some hours must have passed before we thought of sleep. How could we think of it, when every soul was wide awake, and time alone seemed to pass us by unconsciously? But Kahéle finally led me to a chief's house, where, under coverlets of *kapa*, spiced with herbs, and in the midst of numerous members of the household, I was advised to compose my soul in peace, and patiently await daylight. I did so, for the drowsy sense that best illustrates the tail-end of a day's journey possessed me, and I was finally overcome by the low, monotonous drone of a language that I found about as intelligible as the cooing of the multitudinous pigeon. The boy sat near me, still descanting upon our late experiences, our possible future, and the thousand trivial occurrences that make the recollections of travel forever charming. The familiar pipe, smoked at about the rate of three whiffs apiece, circulated freely, and kept the air mildly flavored with tobacco; and night, with all that pertains to it, bowed over me, as, in an unguarded moment, I surrendered to its narcotizing touch.

There was another valley in my sleep, like unto the one I had closed my eyes upon, and I saw it thronged with ancients. No white face had yet filled those savage and sensuous hearts with a sense of disgust, which, I believe, all dark races feel when they first behold a bleached skin. Again the breathless heralds announced the approach of a king, and the multitudes gathered to receive him. I

heard the beating of the tom-toms, and saw the dancers ambling and posing before his august majesty, who reclined in the midst of a retinue of obsequious retainers. The spearsmen hurled their spears, and the strong men swung their clubs; the stone-throwers threw skillfully, and the sweetest singers sang long *mêles* in praise of their royal guest. A cry of fear rent the air as a stricken one fled toward the city of refuge; the priests passed by me in solemn procession, their robes spotted with sacrificial blood. War-canoes drew in from the sea, and death fell upon the valley. I heard the wail for the slaughtered, and saw the grim idols borne forth in the arms of the triumphant; then I awoke in the midst of that dream-pageant of savage and barbaric splendor.

It was still night; the sea was again moaning; the cool air of the mountain rustled in the long thatch at the doorway; a ripe bread-fruit fell to the earth with a low thud. I arose from my mat and looked about me. The room was nearly deserted; some one lay swathed like a mummy in a dark corner of the lodge, but of what sex I knew not—probably one who had outlived all sensations, and perhaps all desires. A rush, strung full of oily *kukui* nuts, flamed in the centre of the room, and a thread of black smoke climbed almost to the peak of the roof, but falling in with a current of fresh air, it was spirited away in a moment.

I looked out of the low door; the hour was such a one as tinges the stoutest heart with superstition; the landscape was complete in two colors—a moist, transparent gray, and a thin, feathery silver, that seemed almost palpable to the touch. Out on the slopes near the stream reclined groups of natives, chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon. I passed them unnoticed; dim paths led me through guava jungles, under orange-groves, and be-

side clusters of jasmine, overpowering in their fragrance. Against the low eaves of the several lodges sat singers, players upon the rude instruments of the land, and glib talkers, who waxed eloquent and gesticulated with exceeding grace. Footsteps rustled before and behind me; I stole into the thicket, and saw lovers wandering together, locked in each other's embrace, and saw friends go hand-in-hand conversing in low tones, or perhaps mute, with an impressive air of the most complete tranquillity. The night-blooming cereus laid its ivory urn open to the moonlight, and a myriad of crickets chirped in one continuous jubilee. Voices of merriment were wafted down to me; and, stealing onward toward the great meadow by the stream, where the sleepless inhabitants of the valley held high carnival, I saw the most dignified chiefs of Méha sporting like children, while the children capered like imps, and the whole community seemed bewitched with the glorious atmosphere of that particular night.

Who was the gayest of the gay, and the most lawless of the unlawful? My boy, Kahéle, in whom I had placed my trust, and whom, until this hour at least, I had regarded as a most promising specimen of the re-organized barbarians.

Perhaps it was all right; perhaps I had been counting his steps with too much confidence; they might have been simply a creditable performance, the result of careful training on the part of his tutors. I am inclined to think they were! At any rate, Kahéle went clean back to barbarism that night, and seemed to take to it amazingly. I said nothing; I thought it wiser to seem to hold the reins, though I held them loosely, than to try to check the career of my half-tamed domestic, and to find him beyond my control; therefore I sat on one side taking notes, and found it rather jolly on the whole.

The river looked like an inky flood

with a broken silver crust; canoes floated upon its sluggish tide like long feathers; swimmers plied up and down it, now and then "blowing," whale-fashion, but slipping through the water as noiselessly as trout. I could scarcely tell which was the more attractive—Nature, so fragrant and so voluptuous, or man, who had become a part of Nature for the hour, and was very unlike man as I had been taught to accept him.

Not till dawn did the dance or the song cease; not till everybody was gray and fagged; and tongues had stopped wagging from sheer exhaustion. I returned to my mats long ere that, to revolve in my mind plans for the following day.

It was evident that Kahéle must at once quit the place, or go back to barbarism and stick there. I didn't care to take the responsibility of his return to first principles, and so ordered the animals saddled by sunrise. At that delicious moment, the youngster lay like one of the Seven Sleepers, whom nothing could awaken. Everybody in the village seemed to be making up his lost sleep, and I was forced to await the return of life before pressing my claims any further.

The scorching noon drew on; a few of the sleepers awoke, bathed, ate of their cold repast, and slept again. Kahéle followed suit; in the midst of his refreshment, I suggested the advisability of instant departure; he hesitated; I enlarged upon the topic, and drew an enticing picture of the home-stretch, with all the endearing associations clustering about its further end. He agreed to everything, with a sweet and passive grace that seemed to compensate me for the vexations of the morning.

I went to the river to bathe while the beasts were being saddled, and returned anon to find Kahéle sound asleep, and as persistent in his slumbers as ever. The afternoon waned; I began to see the fitness of the name that had at first seem-

ed to me inappropriate to the valley—everybody slept or lazed during the hot hours of the day, and a census-taker might easily have imagined the place a solitude. At sunset, there was more fishing and more surf-swimming. It seemed to me the fish smelt stronger, and the swimmers swam less skillfully than on the evening previous; possibly it was quite as pretty a spectacle as the one that first charmed me, but blessings are bores when they come out of season.

Night drew on apace; the moon rose, and the inhabitants pretended to rest, but were shortly magnetized out of their houses, where they danced till day-break. The sweets of that sort of thing began to cloy, and I resolved upon immediate action. Kahéle was taken by the ears at the very next sunrise, and ordered to get up the mules at once. He was gone nearly all day, and came in at last with a pitiful air of disappointment that quite unmanned me; his voice, too, was sympathetic, and there was something like a tear in his eye when he assured me that the creatures had gone astray, but might be found shortly—perhaps even then they were approaching; and the young scamp rose to reconnoitre, glad, no doubt, of an excuse for escaping from my natural but ludicrous discomfiture. It is likely that my boy Kahéle would have danced till doomsday, had I not shown spleen. It is as likely, also, that the chief and all his people would have helped him out in it, had I not offered such reward as I thought sufficient to tempt their greed; but, thank Heaven, there is an end to everything!

On the morning of the fourth day, two travelers might have been seen struggling up the face of the great cliff that walls in the valley of Méha to the south. The one a pale-face, paler than usual, urging on the other, a dark-face, darker than was its wont. Never did animals so puzzle their wits to know whether they were indeed desired to hasten for-

ward, or to turn back at the very next crook in the trail. We were at big odds, Kahéle and I; for another idol of mine had suddenly turned to clay, and, though I am used to that sort of thing, I am never able to bear it with decent composure. On we journeyed, working at cross-purposes, and getting nearer to the sky all the while, and finally losing sight of the bewitching valley that had demoralized and so nearly divorced us; getting wet in the damp grasses on the highlands, and sometimes losing ourselves for a moment in the clouds that lie late on the mountains; seeing lovely, narrow, and profound vales, wherein the rain fell with a roar like hail; where the streams swelled suddenly like veins, and where often there was no living creature discernible, not even a bird—where silence brooded, and the world seemed empty.

A very long day's journey brought us out of the green and fertile land that lies with its face to the trade-wind; there the clouds gather and shed their rains; but all of the earth lying in the lee of the great central peak of the island, is as dust and ashes—unwatered, unfruitful, and uninteresting, save as a picture of deep and dreadful desolation. No wonder that Kahéle longed to tarry in the small Eden of Méha, knowing that we were about to journey into the deserts that lie beyond it. No wonder that the shining shores of the valley beguiled him, when he knew that henceforth the sea would break upon long reaches of black lava, as unpicturesque as a coal-heap, the path along which was pain, and the waysides anguish of spirit; where fruit was scarce, and water brackish, and every edible dried and deceitful.

Having slept the sleep of the just, for I felt that I had done what I could to reclaim my backsliding Kahéle, I awoke on a Sabbath morning that presented a singular spectacle. Its chief features were a glittering, metallic-tinted sea,

and a smoking plain backed by naked sand-hills. The low brush, scattered thinly over the earth, tried hard to look green, but seldom got nearer to it than a dusty gray. Evidently there was no sap in those charred twigs, for they snapped like coral when you tested their pliancy. A few huts, dust-colored and ragged, were scattered along the trail; they had apparently lost all hope, and paused by the wayside, to end their days in despair.

The *halé-pulé*, or prayer-house, chief of the forlorn huts, by virtue of extraordinary hollowness and a ventilation that was only exceeded by all out-of-doors—this prayer-house, or church, was thrown open to the public, and, to my amazement, Kahéle suggested the propriety of our attending worship, even before the first conch had been blown from the rude door by the deacon himself.

We went along the chalky path that led to the front of the house, and sat in the shelter of the eaves for an hour or more. Seven times that conch was blown, and on each occasion the neighborhood responded, though stingily; a few worshippers would issue out of the wilderness and draw slowly toward us. One or two men came on horseback, and were happy in their mood, exhibiting the qualities of their animals on the flats before us. Some came on foot, with their shoes in hand; the shoes were carefully put on at the church-door, but put off again a few moments after entering the rustic pews. Dogs came, about one for every human; these lay all over the floor, or mounted the seats, or were held in the arms of the congregation, as the case might be. Children came and played a savage version of leap-frog in the lee of the church, but they were bleak-looking youngsters, not at all like the little human vegetables that flourished in the genial atmosphere of the valley of Méha.

The conch was blown again; the most melancholy sound that ever issued from

windy cavity, floated up and down that disconsolate land, and seemed to be saying, in pathetic gusts, "Come to meeting! Come to meeting!" Probably every one that could come had come; at any rate no one else followed; and, after a decent pause, the services of the morning were begun. The brief interval of ominous silence that preceded the opening was enlivened by the caprices of a fractious horse, and at least two stampedes of the canine persuasion, at which time the dogs seemed possessed of devils, and were running down in a body toward the sea; but thought better of it, and stole noiselessly back again, one after the other, just in season for the opening prayer, to which they entered with a low-comedy cast of countenance, and a depressed tail.

That prayer bubbled out of the savage throat like a clear fountain of vowels. The dignity of the man was impressive, and his face the picture of devotion; his deportment, likewise, was all that could be desired in any one, under the circumstances. Either he was a rare specimen of the very desirable convert from barbarism, or he was a consummate actor; I dare not guess which of the two beguiled me with his grave and euphonious prayer.

I regret to state that, during the energetic expounding of the Scriptures, a few of the congregation forgot themselves and slept audibly; a few arose and went under the eaves to smoke; children went down on all-fours, and crawled under the pews, in chase of pups as restless and incorrigible as themselves. At a later period, some one announced an approaching schooner, and the body of the house was unceremoniously cleared, for a schooner was as rare a visitor to that part of the island as an angel to any quarter of the globe. Further ceremony was out of the question, at least until the excitement had subsided; the parson, with philosophical

composure, precipitated his doxology, and we all walked out into the dreary afternoon to watch the schooner blowing in toward shore.

The wind was rising; white clouds scudded over us; transparent shadows slid under us; the whole earth seemed unstable, and life scarcely worth the living. Along the dead shore leaped the sea, in a careless, dare-devil fashion; hollow rocks spouted great mouthfuls of spray contemptuously into the air; columns of red dust climbed into the sky, reeling to and fro as they passed over the bleak desert toward the sea on the opposite side of the island. These dust-chimneys were continually moving over the land so long as the wind prevailed, which was for the rest of that afternoon, to my certain knowledge. In fact, the gale increased every hour; sheets of spray leaped over the rocky barriers of the shore, and matted the dry grass, that hissed like straw whenever a fresh gust struck it.

One tattered cocoa-palm, steadfast in its mission, though the living emblem of a forlorn hope, wrestled with the tempest that threw all its crisp and rattling leaves over its head like a pompon, and fretted it till its slender neck twisted as though it were being throttled. The thatched house seemed about to go to pieces, and every timber creaked in agony; yet we gathered in its lee, and awaited the slow approach of the schooner. Near shore she put about, and seemed upon the point of scudding off to sea again. For a moment our hearts were in our throats; we were in danger of missing the sensation of the season: new faces, new topics of conversation, and, perhaps, something good to eat, sent thither by Providence, who seldom forgets His children in the waste places, though I wonder that He lets them lose themselves so often.

The schooner rocked on the big rollers for half an hour; a small boat put off

from her, with some dark objects seated in it; out on the great rollers the little shallow rocked, sometimes hidden from view by an intervening wave, sometimes thrown partly out of the water as it balanced for a moment on the crest of a breaker, but gradually drawing in toward a bit of beach, where there was a possible chance of landing, in some shape or other. A few rods from shore, three dusky creatures deliberately plunged overboard and swam toward us. We rushed in a body to welcome them—two women, old residents of the place, who came out of the sea wailing for joy at their safe return to a home no more inviting than the one whose prominent features I have sought to reproduce. Down they sat, not three feet from the water, that bubbled and hissed along the coarse sand, and lifted up their voices in pitiful and impressive monotones, as they recounted in a savagely poetic chant, their various adventures since they last looked upon the beloved picture of desolation that lay about them.

The third passenger—a youngster—came to land when he had got tired of swimming for the fun of it, and, once more upon his native heath, he seemed at a loss to know what to do next, but suffered himself to be vigorously embraced by nearly everybody in sight, after which he joined his companions with placid satisfaction, and capered about as naturally as though nothing unusual had happened.

Off into the windy sea sped the small schooner, bending to the breeze as though it were a perpetual miracle that brought her right-side up every once in awhile. Back to the deserted prayer-house our straggling community wended its way; everything that had been said before was said again, with some embellishments. It was beginning to grow tiresome. I longed to plunge into the desert that stretched around, seeking some possible oasis, where the faint-

ing spirit might reassure itself that earth was beautiful and life a boon.

Kahéle agreed with me that this sort of thing was growing tiresome. He knew of a good place not many miles away; we could go there and sleep. It presented a church and a good priest, and other inducements of an exceedingly proper and unexceptionable character. The prospect, though uninviting, was sufficient to revive me for the moment, and during that moment we mounted, and were blown away on horseback. The wind howled in our ears; sand-clouds peppered us heavily; small pebbles and grit cut our faces; heavier gusts than usual changed earth, sea, and sky into temporary chaos. The day waned, so did our spirits, so did the life of our poor beasts. In the distance, the church of Kahéle's prophecy stood out like a small rock in a land than which no land I wot of can be wearier. The sun fell toward the sea; the wind subsided, though it was still lusty and disagreeable.

We entered the church, having turned our disheartened beasts into paddock, and found a meagre and late afternoon session, seated upon mats that covered the earthen floor. A priest strove to kindle a flame of religious enthusiasm in our unnatural hearts, but I fear he sought in vain. The truth was, we were tired to death; we needed wholesome soup, savory meats, and steaming vegetables, to humanize us. I didn't want to be a Christian on an empty stomach. The wind began to sigh, after its passion was somewhat spent; sand sifted over the matting with a low hiss; and the dull-red curtains, that stretched across the lower half of the windows, flapped dolefully. Overhead, the wasps had hung their mud-baskets, and the gray atmosphere of everything was depressing in the extreme. Service was soon over; the people departed across the windy moors, with much fluttering of gay gar-

ments. A horse stood at pasture, with his head down, his back to the wind, and his tail glued to his side—a picture of sublime resignation. A high mound, with a sandstone sepulchre built in the face of it, cut off half of the very red sunset, while a cactus-hedge, starred with pale-pink blossoms, ran up a low hill, and made silhouette pictures against the sky.

I turned to watch a large butterfly, blown over in the late gale—stranded, as it were—at the church-porch, and too far gone to set sail again; a white sea-bird wheeled over me in big circles, and screamed faintly; something fell in the church with a loud echo—a prayer-book, probably—and then the priest came out, fastened the door of the deserted sanctuary, and the day's duties were done. We had nothing to do but follow him to his small frame dwelling, where the one little window to the west seemed to be set with four panes of burnished gold, and some homely household shrubs in his garden-plot shivered, and blossomed while they shivered, but looked like so many widows and orphans, the whole of them.

At the hospitable board life began afresh. Another day, and we should again approach the borders of the earthly paradise that glorified the opposite side of the island. Kahéle's eyes sparkled; my heart leaped within me; I felt that there was a charm in living, after all, and the moment was a critical one, for had the lad begged me to return with him to the beguilements of barbarism, I think it possible that I might have consented. But he didn't! He was the pink of propriety and an honor to his progenitors. He said a brief grace before eating, prayed audibly before retiring, was patient to the pitch of stupidity, and amiable to the verge of idiocy.

At last, I began to see through him. Another four-and-twenty hours, and he

would be restored to the arms of his guardians; the sweet lanes of Lahaina would again blossom before him, and all that he thought to be excellent in life would know him as it had known him only a few weeks before. It was time that he had again begun to walk the strait path, and to know it. He was Kahéle, the two-sided; Kahéle, the chameleon, whose character and disposition partook of the color of his surroundings; who was pious to the tune of the church-bell, yet agile as any dancer of the lascivious *hula* at the thump of the tom-tom. He was a representative worthy of some consideration; a typical Hawaiian, whose versatility was only excelled by the plausibility with which he developed new phases of his kaleidoscopic character. He was very charming, and as diverting in one *role* as another. He was, moreover, worthy of much praise for his skill in playing each part so perfectly, that to this hour I am not sure which of his dispositions he excelled in, nor in which he was most at home.

Kahéle, adieu! I might have upbraided thee for thy inconstancy, had I not been accused of that same myself. I might have felt some modicum of contempt for thee, had thy skin been white; but, under the cover of thy darkness, sin hid her ugliness, and thy rich blood leaped to many generous actions that a white-livered sycophant might not aspire to. I can but forgive all, and sometimes long a little to live over the two sides of you—extremes that met in your precious corporosity, and made me contented with a changeful and sometimes cheerless pilgrimage; for I knew, boy, that if I went astray you would meet me upon the highest moral grounds; and, though I could not rely upon you, somehow you came to time when least expected, and filled me with admiration and surprise—a sentiment which time and absence only threaten to perpetuate.

TWO.

One sang all day, more merry than the lark
 That mounts the morning skies:
 One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.

One heart kept happy time, from dawn to dark,
 With all glad things that be:
 One, listless, throbbed alone to memory.

To one all blessed knowledge was revealed,
 And love made clear the way:
 One thirsted, asked, and was denied away.

To one a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
 And kept inviolate:
 To one, long years, that only knew to wait.

NAPOLEON III.

TWO PERIODS.—FIRST PERIOD, 1848 TO 1865.

NAPOLÉON III. is dead. He did not die in the purple, but in exile. Not wholly unfortunate in this, for the events which made him an exile, and those which immediately followed, have illustrated what he accomplished, and also what he failed to prevent. The Commune has shown what a wolf he held down by the ears for more than twenty years.* The present usurped despotism in France makes men's memories tolerant of a personal government which was founded upon universal suffrage.

The Bonapartes have often appealed to the popular vote of France, and they are the only family which has done so. Their appeal has always been answered

by triumphant majorities. No Bourbon ever made such an appeal. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. held their thrones by the grace of God and of foreign bayonets. No member of the Orléans family ever asked the throne from the people. Louis Philippe accepted the crown as a gift from 200 deputies, who were elected for wholly other purposes. In May, 1870, the dynasty of Napoléon III. was confirmed by a popular vote of unprecedented unanimity. In July of the same year, the legislature sent him, most unwilling, to the Prussian war. In September, he was a prisoner at Sedan. In the same month, a Parisian mob assumed to overturn his government, and to nominate one of their own. This mob-begotten government afterward convoked a National Assembly, for the sole purpose of concluding a peace with the Prussians. By a decree of this mob-constituted govern-

*This did not exclude a horror of the social wrongs of the laboring classes. One great object of his public works in Paris was to give them employment, although he confessed that this expedient was only temporary and empirical.

ment, the imperialists were not permitted to be candidates for election to this National Assembly, and this decree was not withdrawn until it was too late to present themselves to the electors. This so-called National Assembly, when assembled, usurped the government of the country. It has not framed a constitution, but assumes to be itself a constitution. It has not consulted the people upon any question, nor does it propose to consult them. It assumes the elements of perpetuity; to possess absolute power; to be competent to establish any form of government it pleases; to be able to call back the Bourbons, and to restore France to them as their private property. The Bourbons, the direct line, represented by the Comte de Chambord, and the collateral Orléans branch, are settling between themselves whether the flag of France shall be white or tricolor, never doubting that they may seize the government as their patrimony so soon as that small matter is adjusted. Even as we write, the telegraph announces that the two have agreed between themselves that the crown of France belongs "of right" to the Comte de Chambord. Meanwhile, the receipts for taxes are all headed with the falsehood, "Levied on account of the war declared by Napoléon III." The speeches against his dynasty are ordered to be posted in all the communes; but if its friends attempt to publish a pamphlet, it is flashed all over the world as a "Bonapartist conspiracy." The Orléans family is permitted, in Paris and in the Assembly, to intrigue for the throne; but Prince Napoléon is escorted out of the republic by the police. Citizens who cry "*Vive l'Empire*" are banished from France by the mere *fiat* of President Thiers; and a few soldiers who sent a birthday bouquet to the Empress Eugénie are exiled to Algeria as military convicts. The press is dealt with more expeditiously than under the old *régime*; no

previous warnings nor convictions now; suppression in the first instance; first the blow; the word, never. Meanwhile, the world is awaiting a *coup d'état* of force, not of election by universal suffrage, which shall seat the Bourbons upon the throne.

Thus, a reactive opinion favorable to Napoléon III. has come at once from most respectable quarters in Europe. The old monarchies, looking at the seething lava which underlies the social state of France, respect the memory of the man whose rule, although, in their estimation, illegitimate, was that of order. The friends of liberal institutions would gladly have seen restored to the throne a monarch who was not afraid to make frequent appeals to the people for their sanction of his acts, and whose fundamental maxim was that the ruler who does not march at the head of the people will be crushed by their progress. And republicans, everywhere, are sickened, even to nausea, with a miserable usurpation in France, which cloaks the most hateful acts of despotism, meanness, and hypocrisy, under the name of republic.

We propose, not to sketch the life, but to criticise the history of Napoléon III. The incidents of his life are sufficiently well known. Its historical facts are generally undisputed. But there is much that is current as fact, which we utterly reject. The anecdotal history of France is almost wholly fabulous. As President Lincoln has been credited with all the jokes, decent and obscene, that have been current in any and all literature from the time of the Vedas to the present, so we find the smart old "Joes" of French literature attributed to Talleyrand. Everybody knows the cynicism with which he used to boast that inventions of his own had gone into history as remarkable utterances of celebrated men. All the scandals of all time have been heaped upon their suc-

cessive rulers by the scandal-loving descendants of the Gauls. We do not believe that Louis XIV. was the son of Cardinal Richelieu; nor that that Dauphin, who was starved in the Temple, was the son of Marie Antoinette and Comte Fersen; nor that Louis Philippe was the supposititious child of the Duke of Orléans' gardener. We once went through the daily task, for several mortal months, of reading seven or eight of the daily journals of Paris, and our deliberate conclusion was, that, with the exception of the *Journal des Débats*, and one or two others, any and every personal anecdote respecting a political celebrity might be safely assumed to be a willful falsehood. We meet every day current anecdotes of this kind which are absurd on their face, and which we are sorry to find in journals and periodicals of standard and decent reputation. One is very current, just now, representing Victor Emmanuel, some three years ago, as in a fit of anger denouncing Napoléon III. as a bastard and upstart to the Emperor's ambassador at Florence; bragging of his own high descent; and then, the next day, apologizing in the humblest manner—retracting the offensive expressions, and begging the ambassador not to repeat them. The story is absurd on its face. No ambassador who had listened to such offensive words would dishonor himself by repeating them to the world; no truthful gentleman who had promised to suppress them would forfeit his word. Moreover, since the defeat of the Sardinians at Custozza, when Victor Emmanuel exclaimed, "There shall yet be an Italy for all that," that prince has never been known to be guilty of any emotion arising from politics. When he undertook the part in the play of Constitutional King, he gave up all to his ministers, and became a real *roi fainéant*. Give him his horses, his dogs, his mistresses, and his plain fare, and he will do whatever is asked of him,

and fulfill his word most royally. He will take a new oath every time that a new kingdom is added to the old one; he will preside at state banquets where he does not eat a morsel nor drink a drop; he will even ride into Rome to take possession of "the capital of united Italy;" but he must depart the next morning; he can not possibly remain two days; they are waiting for him in his native Piedmont, and he can not be "bothered" any further. The scandals which Rochefort, when in his glory, uttered against Napoléon III., lost much of their point a few weeks ago, when that writer was permitted, as a convict under guard, to visit his dying concubine, to be married to her, and thus legitimate their children. Who credits the pretended amatory correspondence of the ex-Emperor, said to have been found at the Tuileries, and published by Jules Favre, who has since appeared in the French courts, convicted, by his own confession, of living for twenty years with another man's runaway wife, and, by perjury and forgery, causing their adulterine offspring to be officially registered as the legitimate children of fictitious persons, invented for the purpose of this imputed parentage? Even if these scandals uttered against Napoléon III. were true, how many European potentates could be found—after Queen Victoria, the kings of Belgium and Spain—whose purity of lives would qualify them to sit in judgment upon him?

He was more extensively and more thoroughly educated than any other prince who ever ascended a throne. He spoke French, German, English, Spanish, and Italian, like a native. He was a good classical scholar; profound in mathematics and physics; and in mechanics both skilled and inventive. It was he who perfected the rifled cannon; the *chassepot* was our best American arm, improved by him; and the deadly *mitrailleuse* was his own invention. When

at liberty, both during youth and manhood, he was a diligent and systematic student; and he might well, with a grim humor, have applied what Broderick said in the Senate of the United States of his youthful apprenticeship as a stone-cutter, to his own imprisonment six years at Ham: "It was an occupation which devoted him to thought, while it debarred him from conversation." His work on artillery, published in 1831, is considered a valuable contribution to that science. His "Life of Cæsar," ridiculed by his enemies, is held by the critics to be a most scholarly history of the Augustan epoch; his merit being none the less because his position as Emperor enabled him to command researches which otherwise would never have been made. His style is curt, condensed, and forcible; in its Doric simplicity more English than French, and abounding in sudden logical conclusions, which, like wit, produce a kind of electric thrill.

Partisan hatred has even falsified the description of his person. We went to the opening of the races at Longchamps, in April, 1870, for the express purpose of looking at the murderous perjurer, whose "awkward, shambling gait, dull, fishy eye, and guilty, furtive look," had been so often described. We were always within fifty feet of him—often within ten—and studied his features a full hour through a good glass. He was long-bodied and short-legged, like the rest of the Bonapartes. That peculiarity, with his painful infirmities of ill-health, rendered his movements curt and constrained. His eyelids had a habitual trick of drooping, which is a marked feature in a bust of his father, Louis, which has remained in the Empress Josephine's apartments at Malmaison since his marriage with Queen Hortense in 1802, where we saw it. This peculiarity also appears in a miniature of King Louis, at Malmaison, painted by Queen Hortense at that time; and in

all the engravings of him published sixty years ago. It suggested Byron's

—— "drooping of the lid,
As if 'twere charged with unshed tears."

But when the racers came in at the end of the course, the lids raised themselves, the pupils dilated, the mouth opened wide, and one could see

"The laugh of a delighted child,
Like music on the lips."

This boyish glee savored little of treasons, stratagems, and spoils. One could easily believe, what is always asserted, that no one ever saw him angry, and that his nature was extremely kind and placable.

It is unfortunate for the cause of truth, that Kinglake's account of the *coup d'état* of 1851 has received currency in the United States. Most of his facts are pure inventions; and from a careful perusal of his work, and a full examination of the writers upon that epoch, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a willful falsification, from beginning to end. History vindicates herself, and Kinglake's book has no general credit in England, even as an account of the Crimean war.

We propose to judge Napoléon III., the real man, and by his own standard. The real man, not the fabulous Napoléon III., the chimera of the Commune, or the perjured monster of those who call themselves republicans; but the real man, who wrote, spoke, acted, and ruled. And by his own standard, so far as this: to see what he proposed, what he asserted, what he attempted, what he did, what he failed to do. The materials for such a judgment are abundant. It is not creditable to our literature, particularly to our daily literature, that the facts bearing upon the history of Napoléon III. have never been made familiar or readily accessible to the large class of readers in the United States. The current judgments passed upon his imputed

follies, perjuries, crimes, and failures, have been mostly dogmatic, and without any concurrent presentation of clearly ascertained and pertinent facts.

We do not count among the follies of Napoléon III. his invasions of France at Strasbourg and Boulogne. At Strasbourg he had already gained the soldiery, but was defeated by the strategy of Col. Taillandier, who denounced him as an impostor. At Boulogne, he was arrested before he could reach and appeal to the soldiery. But, if he could have put himself at the head of a regiment marching on Paris, who can say what would have been the result? When Napoléon I. landed at Cannes, on his escape from Elba, in 1815, how near to nothing was the chance that not one musket out of the 100,000 sent out to intercept him would have put an end to his career? When the news of his escape reached Vienna, where the coalesced kings were in session, they received it with a unanimous burst of laughter. "A frightful affair," ejaculated Louis XVIII. "*Ce qu'il y a de plus affreux dans tout cela, c'est que ça est superbe*" (the most frightful thing about it is, that it is splendid), was the reply of one of his courtiers. Murat tried the same exploit at Naples, and lost his life. Napoléon I. tried it at Cannes, and succeeded. Napoléon III. tried it at Strasbourg and Boulogne, and we may well say of these attempts, with Sir Henry Holland in his late memoirs, "Ill-fated, but not ill-advised, as subsequent events have shown."

The crimes chiefly imputed to Napoléon III. are his alleged perjury in overturning the Republican Constitution of 1848, and his slaughter of innocent people in the streets of Paris, on occasion of his *coup d'état*, in December, 1851. But many of our readers will be surprised to learn that Napoléon III. did not overturn the Constitution of 1848; and that most of those who were killed

in the streets of Paris, in December, 1851, were at the moment engaged in the laudable occupation of killing other people.

What was the Republican Constitution of 1848? We doubt if any of our readers have any real knowledge or distinct conception of it. We have heard very many people say that Napoléon III. swore to maintain the Constitution of 1848, and then perjured himself by overthrowing it; but what this Constitution was, how he overthrew it, and how he perjured himself, nobody could say. Nay, more. It is with the utmost difficulty that we ourselves have been able to procure this Constitution for our own private use, after the quest of years. We could not find a copy in California four years ago; we did not succeed in finding one in New York at that time. We cite now from the official folio *editio princeps* published at Paris in 1848,* and we give the original French first, so that our translation may be readily verified:

ART. 1. La souveraineté réside dans l'universalité des citoyens français. Elle est inaliénable et imprescriptible. Aucun individu, aucune fraction du peuple ne peut s'en attribuer l'exercice.

ART. 24. Le suffrage est direct et universel. Le scrutin est secret.

ART. 25. Sont électeurs, sans condition de cens, tous les Français âgés de vingt-et-un ans, et jouissant de leurs droits civils et politiques.

ART. 26. Le Président est nommé au scrutin secret et à la majorité absolue des votants, par le suffrage direct de tous les électeurs des départements français et de l'Algérie.

ART. 30. L'élection des représentants se fera par département, et au scrutin de liste.

* Constitution de la République Française, précédée des Rapports et Décrets qui y sont relatifs. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1848.

ART. 79. Les conseils généraux et les conseils municipaux sont élus par le suffrage direct de tous les citoyens domiciliés dans le département ou dans la commune.

ART. 48. Avant d'entrer en fonctions, le Président de la République prête, au sein de l'Assemblée nationale, le serment dont la teneur suit:

"En présence de Dieu, et devant le Peuple français, représenté par l'Assemblée nationale, je jure de rester fidèle à la République démocratique, une et indivisible, et de remplir tous les devoirs que m'impose la constitution."

ART. 50. Il (le Président) dispose de la force armée, sans pouvoir jamais la commander en personne.

(Translation.)

ART. 1. Sovereignty resides in the whole body of French citizens. It is inalienable, and can not be lost by prescription. No individual, *nor any fraction of the people*, can exercise it.

ART. 24. *Suffrage is direct and universal.* The ballot is secret.

ART. 25. All French citizens, aged twenty-one years, enjoying their civil and political rights, are voters, without any property qualification.

ART. 26. The President is elected, by secret ballot, and by an absolute majority of voters, by the direct suffrage of all the electors in the departments of France and Algiers.

ART. 30. The election of representatives shall be had by departments, and by ballot according to the poll-list.

ART. 79. The councils-general, and the municipal councils, are elected by direct vote of all the citizens domiciled in the department or municipality.

ART. 48. Before entering upon his office, the President of the Republic shall take the following oath, in the presence of the National Assembly:

"In presence of God, and before the

French people, represented in the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfill all the duties which the Constitution imposes upon me."

ART. 50. The President controls the army, but can never command it in person.

All over this Constitution was thus indelibly stamped the sovereignty of the people, and of the *whole* people, and *universal suffrage*. No fraction of the people could exercise sovereignty. The President was to be elected by universal suffrage; the deputies to the National Assembly by universal suffrage; every elective officer, by universal suffrage. Every Frenchman, who had not forfeited his political rights by crime, was a voter. These were all constitutional provisions—the base, body, life, and soul of the Constitution itself. And these were parts of the Constitution which Louis Napoléon, in his presidential oath, swore to maintain.

But on May 31st, 1850, the National Assembly assumed to pass a law annulling universal suffrage, and striking from the lists three million out of ten million voters. The President had no veto; he could only suspend the publication of a law, and ask for its reconsideration; but if reconsidered, and repassed by a bare majority, it became a law, absolutely. This law was passed by such a large majority, that it was deemed wholly useless to exercise this suspensive power.

Where, now, was the Republican Constitution of 1848—the Constitution which declared that sovereignty resided in the whole people, and could not be exercised by a *fraction* of them, but which sovereignty, the National Assembly, the *Legislature*, declared should thereafter be exercised by a *fractional seven-tenths* of the people? Where was the Consti-

tution which declared that the President and the deputies to the National Assembly should be elected by universal suffrage, but who the National Assembly, *the canvasser and judge of those elections*, declared should be elected by a vote three-fourths short of universal suffrage?

The Constitution was gone—it had ceased to exist. *It was overthrown by the vote of the National Assembly of May 31st, 1850*—the only power which could enforce this unconstitutional law, because it was the canvasser of votes and judge of elections under the Constitution.

These are not new views; they have been current among the genuine republicans of France ever since this law of May 31st, 1850, was proposed; at the time of its passage, and ever since. They have, therefore, existed as part of public history and public opinion for more than twenty-two years.

Eugène Ténor, a distinguished republican, editor of the *Siècle* (Paris), and author of "Paris in December, 1851, or the Coup d'État of Napoléon III," says:

"The conservatives of the Legislative Assembly, so great was their terror of a legal triumph of the republicans in 1852, did not recoil before the idea of *laying violent hands on the basis of the Constitution itself—on universal suffrage*. Then was prepared the too-famous law of the 31st of May, 1850, which, by a stroke of the pen, *struck out three million electors*.

"This evident violation of the Constitution in one of its fundamental features, radically changed the situation. It introduced into the country an element of deep perturbation, *left everything in doubt again, and challenged a civil war, which awaited only a question of time*.

"In passing the law of the 31st of May, the reactionary majority thought they had guaranteed social order against

the anarchists; and had simply purified universal suffrage by excluding therefrom what M. Thiers called the 'vile multitude.' It had destroyed itself."

It is thus clear that it was a factious, conservative majority in the Assembly that overturned the Constitution of 1848, and who had in their own hands the power to enforce that perversion of the Constitution. But this fact, conceded by the leading republicans of the day, is not thought worthy of record by Messrs. Victor Hugo, Schœcher and Kinglake in their partisan publications. Nor do our American writers, who glibly denounce Napoléon III. for his perjury in overthrowing the Constitution of 1848, state the fact that it had been already overthrown by this law of May 31st, 1850. Possibly they do not even yet know the fact.

But, in truth, this Constitution of 1848 was merely a written truce between the Bourbon and Orléans factions—a device by which each hoped to gain time, until it should be able by a *coup d'état* of its own to outwit the other, and restore its own dynasty. It was, however, no truce with the Bonapartes. The President was to be elected for four years, but he could not be re-elected at the end of his term, nor could any one of his family, to the sixth degree of relationship, be elected to succeed him. No oath of office was required of any one except the President. Thus it happened that Berryer, the leader of the Bourbonists, was heard talking in his place in the Assembly of "his King, Henry V., at Chambord," and was chairman at Paris of a central committee, which had ramifications in all the provinces, through which he notified that faction to be on the alert for "extraordinary measures, which might be expected at any moment." And Thiers was oscillating between his place in the Assembly and his King, Louis Philippe, at Claremont, in England.

Meanwhile, the autumn of 1851 had arrived. The elections for President and deputies to the National Assembly were in a few months to be had, under the law of 1850, which had overturned the constitutional base of universal suffrage, and left the sovereignty and the right to vote in a fraction of the citizens. The National Assembly, which had thus overturned the Constitution, were to be the canvassers and judges of the elections about to be had. Louis Napoléon, the President, called the attention of the Assembly to this unconstitutional law of May 31st, 1850, and asked them to repeal it. The message was sent to a committee, which smothered it by judicious nursing. But other projects were entertained by the reactionary majority. It was proposed to seize the control of the army, which the Constitution left in the hands of the President. Others prepared, and were about to present in the Assembly, a law declaring the President deposed, and sending him to prison at Vincennes, without trial. How far these conspiracies extended, it is impossible now to determine; but that they were conceived and fostered by many of the ablest leaders in the National Assembly there is no doubt whatsoever. The written text of these projects still exists in their handwriting. It is enough for our present purpose that the National Assembly, the highest legislative power in France, declared that it had changed the Constitution of 1848 by its own act; that it would no longer recognize nor enforce it; in other words, that the Constitution of 1848 had ceased to exist, and that there was no Constitution in France, except the will of a majority of that Assembly. Was this fluctuating will of that majority the Constitution, "imposing duties," which the President had sworn "to fulfill?"

But, first and foremost, he had sworn "to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic." Where was the Democratic

Republic, when three-tenths of the voters were stricken from the poll-list? We, in the United States, know very well what a Democratic Republic is. Most of our States are Democratic Republics, for they elect their chief executive officers and their legislators by direct and universal suffrage. But, we know, also, that our National Government is not democratic, because the Senate is constituted by an equal representation of States, and the President is not elected directly, but by secondary election, qualified by senatorial electoral votes, and in such a manner that a minority of the voters may, and sometimes does, elect the President. But the French Constitution of 1848 declared that the President was to be elected directly by all citizens of France twenty-one years of age, and by an absolute majority of votes. The National Assembly of 1850 declared that three million voters should not vote at all, and that one vote more than half of seven millions might elect.

What was the duty of the President in this crisis? Certainly, if he had allowed himself to be overwhelmed by this factious majority, had permitted the control of the army to be wrested from him, and himself to be deposed from the presidency and sent to prison, he would have been denounced as the imbecile which his enemies pronounced him to be.

What was his duty? Was he, the only person in France who had sworn to "fulfill the duties which that Constitution had imposed upon him," bound to maintain a Constitution which the sovereign legislative power solemnly declared no longer had any existence? How could he maintain it, except by restoring universal suffrage? How could he fulfill his oath to remain faithful to the "Democratic Republic," except by restoring universal suffrage? And how could he restore it, when the legislative power refused to allow elections to

be held by universal suffrage, or to count three million votes of French citizens if cast at the elections? How could he do this, in any way, except to send back to their betrayed constituents the factious representatives who had overturned the Constitution of 1848, and appeal to the people to decide between himself and them?

This is precisely what he did; and this is what is called the *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851.

In France, one can not be born, marry, take his degree at college, die, be buried, change his grave, or even pawn his goods at the *mont de piété*, without having some formal act in memory of the fact reduced to writing, formally attested, signed, sealed, and delivered, or deposited among the archives. The *coup d'état* forms no exception. On the evening of December 1st, 1851, Louis Napoléon, President of the Republic, caused the various documents stating the reasons for the proposed *coup d'état* of the following day, and the measures he had taken for it, to be attested and attached together in a documentary form, indorsed upon it in his own handwriting the ominous word, "Rubicon," and handed it to the proper official, to be deposited in the archives of state, where it now remains. The next morning, the following proclamation appeared:

"In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic decrees:
"Art. 1. The National Assembly is dissolved.

"Art. 2. *Universal suffrage is re-established; the law of the 31st May is annulled.*

"Art. 3. The French people are convoked for voting from the 14th to the 21st December."

There were three other articles of a merely executive character. A plan of a new constitution was also proposed to the suffrages of the electors, by *universal suffrage* and secret ballot, notably

embodying a presidency for ten years, and two legislative chambers. The address of the President contained the following passage:

"If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages, then I shall call a new Assembly, and restore to it the command I received from you."

Meanwhile, the President caused proclamations to be everywhere displayed and dispersed, announcing that order would be maintained until the elections had been peacefully and quietly held; that all revolt would be put down; that public assemblages would be dispersed; and that those who wished to be safe should not frequent places of danger. Some of the members of the National Assembly who had assisted in overturning the Constitution, about eighteen in number, were arrested and subjected to gentle restraint for some time, generally not of long duration.

It would be beneath the dignity of any but a sensational newspaper narrative, to gather up the brains that are scattered, to collect the blood that is shed, or to count the victims, on such occasions. That properly belongs to those French and English partisan writers who can not slake their vampire thirst for the blood of the living without at the same time preying like ghouls upon the cold remains of the dead. The only question for the historian is, whether the necessities of the case were those of a just and vigorous statesmanship. History does not count the corpses with which Friedrich Wilhelm strewed the streets of Berlin in 1848, nor the dead which the *Commune* of 1872 charges over to Adolphe Thiers. The fact remains undoubted and undisputed that the insurgents commenced the firing and the fight, and that if they had remained quiet until the people had decided the elections, not a shot would have been fired, nor a drop of blood shed.

At the election, Louis Napoléon was

sustained by 7,444,954 out of 8,092,212 votes. Many are prone to depreciate the character of these expressions of the French people, and to assert that the government manipulates them. But these are merely partisan assertions, made with the same blindness, or the same willful perverseness, as many other assertions respecting French politics. The fact that Louis Napoléon carried the presidential election of 1848, by 5,434,226 out of 7,349,000 votes, against General Cavaignac, actual President and head of the army, and the other fact that the elections in Paris in 1869 were all against Napoléon III., seems to demonstrate that voters in France have always voted as they pleased. Indeed, no one who has witnessed elections there under the imperial *régime* can doubt that fact. The French electoral law has precautions against intimidation, undue influence, false personation, and repeating, which we would do well to adopt; and any President of the United States has as much power to control an election as Napoléon III. ever had. The people of France thus sustained Napoléon III. in the *coup d'état*, and "absolved" him, not of perjury or the crime of overturning the Constitution of 1848, but only of the lesser political offense of assuming to maintain order by the national power in the interim between the overthrow of the Constitution of 1848 by the National Assembly, and the adoption of a new form of government by the vote following the *coup d'état*.

IT WAS FOR THE FRENCH PEOPLE TO ACCUSE NAPOLEON III. OF PERJURY AND TREASON. THEY HAVE DONE NEITHER.

It is needless to do more than merely allude to the subsequent re-establishment of the Empire. It was done by the vote of the people, and by universal suffrage. So far it was democratic; and a government may be democratic, even if it elects its ruler for life, instead of a

term of years. Napoléon I. was for a long time Emperor of the French Republic. We have before us now one of his first coins: "*Napoléon, Empereur des Français; République Française.*"

The judicious historian considers himself fortunate when he has before him the declarations of great men, made contemporaneously with their actions, which serve as their explanation. One would deserve small meed but contempt who should write the history of the great civil war in England without deep study of the speeches and public papers of the actors in that struggle; or that of the British revolution of 1688, without careful analysis of the political documents, the newspapers, the private journals, and personal letters of the period. Our own government, which we vauntingly and somewhat obtrusively proclaim the best in the world, is an obscure enigma to those who are unacquainted with our colonial history; and even to this day receives its best elucidation and illustration from the writings of the two Adamses, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Madison. It is fortunate for us that these great statesmen, at the very time they were performing their great actions, made distinct, articulate utterances of their purpose, and of the means by which they sought to accomplish it. Napoléon III., long before he entered upon the great task of his life, published the principles by which he intended to be guided when he should come to the conduct of affairs; and they are not the less valuable because the whole world conceived that his confidence in that destiny was an insane delusion. During his six years imprisonment at Ham, after his failure at Strasbourg, he devoted himself to study, for which his previous thorough education had well qualified him. Before this imprisonment, and afterward as in part the result of these studies, he gave to the world several publications: "Ideas of a New Consti-

tution," in 1832; "Switzerland, Political and Military," in 1833; "Historical Fragments—The Revolutions of 1688 and 1830"—in 1841; "Opinions on Various Political and Administrative Questions," in 1843; "Napoléonic Ideas," in 1833; and various other publications on social and economical questions. The most recent of these publications was made many years before he became ruler of France. The following is a very condensed summary of his political principles thus announced in the "Napoléonic Ideas," in 1833:

"All political power emanates from the people. *Suffrage should be universal.* The people confide the power of the deliberative enactment of the laws to the legislature. The executive should be chosen by the people, *by direct and universal suffrage.* If the executive is made hereditary in the person of an emperor, *the new emperor should be confirmed by the vote of the people by universal suffrage,* before he enters upon his office. If rejected by the people, the legislature should propose new candidates, until a choice is made by the people, *by direct and universal suffrage.* There should be no caste. Titles of nobility may exist, but without political rank or power. There should be perfect equality before the law. Education should be universal and compulsory. Agriculture and industry, the basis of all prosperity and sound finance, should be fostered. Commerce, both domestic and foreign, should be encouraged. Wars should be discouraged, and not entered into except to repress dangerous aggregations of military power, to prevent oppression, or to resist injuries. France should seek alliances with those powers having the same purposes as her own. The barbarous, unsocial, repressive commercial notions of the middle ages should be discarded. *Liberty can not be established until social disorder is completely repressed.* This is the work of time. Mere

words do not consolidate governments. Constitutions must be the result of time and use. Revolutions will never cease *until the habit of order and respect for law have become the custom of years.*

"Let us repeat, in conclusion: the Napoléonic idea is not an idea of war, but a social, industrial, commercial idea—an idea of humanity. If to some men it seems ever surrounded with struggles, the reason simply is, that it was, indeed, too long enveloped in the smoke of cannon and the dust of battles. But now the clouds have dispersed, and men discern, through the effulgent glory of arms, a civil glory, greater and more enduring."

Such was the theory of Louis Napoléon, published to the world in 1833.

When he came to power, after the revolution of 1848, he took an early occasion to announce, that the humiliating restrictions placed upon France by the various treaties generally referred to, in gross, as the Treaty of Vienna of 1815, ought to be removed. These restraints were briefly these:

I. No Bonaparte shall rule in France.

II. The boundaries of France are forever and unalterably fixed, as we now prescribe them.

III. Italy shall, hereafter, be only a geographical expression. The Austrians and Bourbons shall rule there, and home-rule shall be unknown.

IV. A large police force of 60,000,000 people, composed of all the Germanic bodies, called the Germanic Confederation, under the perpetual presidency of the Emperor of Austria, shall always stand at the eastern gate of France.

These published principles and public declarations constituted a sufficiently complete and systematic programme for the future ruler of France. It remains to be seen how far, and how successfully, he followed it.

When he compelled himself to be acknowledged, even as the elected Presi-

dent of France, the restriction that no Bonaparte should rule there was abolished.

When Italy ceded Nice and Savoy to the French empire, the limits of France transcended the prescribed and unalterable boundary fixed in 1815.

When he compelled Austria to yield Lombardy to the King of Sardinia, he restored home rule to a portion of Italy, gave promise to the rest, and thus nullified the Treaty of Vienna in that respect.

When he consented to lie quiet during the war of secession waged by Prussia upon Austria, in 1866, he removed the police force of 60,000,000 people which coalesced Europe had stationed at the eastern gate of France. Thus the humiliating restraints imposed upon France by the Treaty of Vienna were all removed, in every particular.

And while thus pursuing this foreign policy, he studiously followed his political programme within the empire. He has always recognized the people as the source of political power. He has always stood firmly by universal suffrage. The maintenance of universal suffrage was the cause, pretext, and justification of the *coup d'état* of 1851. He submitted every change of the form of government under his administration to the direct vote of the people by universal suffrage. True to his declarations while in exile, he submitted the choice of his son as his successor to the direct universal suffrage of the people in May, 1870. There was no political caste in France under his *régime*. There was perfect equality before the law. Plans for universal and compulsory education were in process of formation and execution. Agriculture, industry, and commerce were developed in a wonderful degree. Vast lines of

railway were inaugurated and completed, the canal system of France carried to its consummation, forests planted, immense marshes drained, and large tracts of sandy wastes reclaimed. Free trade was introduced as the economic basis of development. The very readiness with which France now responds to the exactions of Prussia, shows to what a point of material prosperity she attained under the government of Napoléon III. And for France he sought the alliance of England, her old enemy, the soul of the coalition which overthrew Napoléon I.; but who, too late for her own glory, but not too late for recuperation, had renounced the principles which impelled her into that contest, and had entered upon the career which the prisoner of Ham had already prefigured for France. In conjunction with her, and at a single blow, he emancipated the commerce of half of Europe from the barbarous maxims of the middle ages. If England afterward failed him at the crisis in the recent history of Europe, it was only because the prescient sagacity of her rulers was not equal to his own. Of this hereafter.

And while performing all this civil work, and preparing for the consolidation of liberal institutions, he most undoubtedly maintained order—seemingly without effort; but the events of the last two years have shown that his patience, vigilance, and sagacity must have been constant, omnipresent, laborious, and always strained.

In all this we find the Emperor following the pattern traced out for himself twenty years before, and never varying from it in the least particular. If he had been a machine, designed for that work, he could not have executed it more faithfully.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

A COUNTRY without grandmothers and old houses needs a great many balancing compensations. Everywhere one is confronted with staring new houses, which require an external ripening in the wind and sun for half a century. If the motherly wisdom of seventy-five years is lodged therein, it is something of recent importation. I have walked two miles to see an old lady, who not only bears this transplanting well, but is as fresh and winsome in thought as a girl of sixteen. If only there had been an old house, a stone fire-place—wide at the jams—and a low, receding roof in the rear, with a bulging second story and oaken beams, nothing more would have been wanting.

When, therefore, it was whispered, one day, that there was an old house in the middle of a large lot on a hill, overlooking the Golden Gate, there was a strong and unaccountable desire to take possession of it immediately. But when the fact was stated that the house was ten years old—that there was moss upon the shingles, low ceilings within, and a low roof without—the destiny of that house was well-nigh settled. The owner wanted money much more than old houses. In fact, a Californian who refuses to sell anything, except his wife, is only found after long intervals. The transfer of ownership was natural enough. It followed that one evening there was a dreamy consciousness that we were the owner of a small, rusty-looking cottage, set down in the middle of an acre-lot, defined by dilapidated fences, and further ornamented by such stumps of trees as had been left after all the stray cattle of the neighborhood had browsed them at will. As incidents of the transfer,

there was the Golden Gate, with the sun dropping into the ocean beyond; the purple hills; the sweep of the bay for fifteen miles, on which a white sail could be seen, here and there; and, later, the long rows of flickering street-lamps, revealing the cleft avenues of the great city dipping toward the water on the opposite side of the bay.

Consider what an investment accompanies these muniments of title. It is not an acre-lot and an old house merely, with several last year's birds'-nests and a vagrant cat, but the ownership extends ninety-five millions of miles toward the zenith, and indefinitely toward the nadir. No one can, in miners' parlance, get an extension above or below. It is a square acre, bounded by heaven and hades.

If my neighbor builds an ugly house, why should I find fault with it, since it is the expression of his wants, and not of mine. If these are honestly expressed, he has compassed the main end of house-building. He may have produced something that nobody in the wide world will be suited with, or will ever want but himself. But if it is adapted to *his* wants, it is only in some remote and æsthetic way that his neighbors have anything to do with the matter. They may wish that he had not made it externally as ugly as original sin; that he had laid a heavy hand on the antics of architect and carpenter; that lightning would some day strike the "pilot-house" or other excrescence which has been glued on to the top; and that a certain smart obtrusiveness were toned down a little to harmonize with a more correct taste. But one could not formulate these defects and send them to his neighbor, without run-

ning a risk quite unwarranted by any good that might be effected.

Taking possession of an old house, its ugliness is to be redeemed, not rashly, but considerately, and in the spirit of gentleness. Its homeliness has been consecrated; its doors may have been the portals both of life and death. Possibly, some one has gone out whose memory of it in the ends of the earth will transform it into something of comeliness and beauty.

Investing an old house, the first process is to become thoroughly acquainted with it, and then, if it is to be enlarged, push it out from the centre with such angles as will catch the sun, and will bring the best view within range from the windows. It will grow by expansions and accretions. You want a bedroom on the eastern side, because of the morning sun. By all means, put it there. The morning benediction which comes in at the window may temper one to better ways all the day.

No man will build a house to suit his inmost necessities, unless he proceeds independently of all modern rules of construction. Some of these are good enough, but they nearly all culminate in an ambitious externalism. The better class of dwellings erected seventy-five years ago, contained broad stair-cases, spacious sleeping-rooms, and a living-room, where the whole family and the guests, withal, might gather at the fire-side. The house was an expression of hospitality. The host had room for friendships in his heart, and room at his hearthstone. The modern house, with its stiff angularities, narrow halls, and smart reception-rooms, expresses no idea of hospitality. It warns the stranger to deliver his message quickly, and be off. It is well adapted to small conventional hypocrisies, but you will never count the stars there by looking up the chimney.

One may search long to find the man

who has not missed his aim in the matter of house-building. It is generally needful that two houses should be built as a sacrifice to sentiment, and then the third experiment may be reasonably successful. The owner will probably wander through the first two, seeking rest and finding none. His ideal dwelling is more remote than ever. There may be a wealth of gilt and stucco, and an excess of marble, which ought to be piled up in the cemetery for future use. But the house which receives one as into the very heaven—which is, from the beginning, invested with the ministries of rest, of hospitality, of peace—of that indefinable comfort which seems to converge all the goodness of the life that now is with the converging sunbeams—such a dwelling does not grow out of the first crude experiment. It will never be secured until one knows better what he really wants than an architect or a carpenter can tell him.

“Did you bring the old house up to this ideal standard?” Just about as near as that pear-tree, at the lower end of the garden, has been brought up to a perfect standard of fruiting. You perceive that where half of the top was cut away, and new scions inserted, the pears hung in groups and blushed in the autumnal sun. As you let one of them melt on your palate, turn to the other side of the tree, and note that if ever a premium were offered for puckering, acrid fruit, these pears from the original stock ought to take it.

Now, if you graft your ideas on to another's, premising that his views were crude and primitive, the result will be somewhat mixed. We should say that the grafts put into that old house were tolerably satisfactory. But we counsel no friend to build over an old house, unless he owns a productive gold-mine, and the bill of particulars at the end of his exploit is more interesting and gratifying to him than any modern novel.

There was, however, a shade of regret when it was announced that nothing more remained to be done. For three months there had been a series of gentle transitions, and an under-current of pleasurable excitement as a door appeared in a new place, a window opened here or there, stairways were cut, and old pieces pushed off and new took their places. It seemed as if these transitions ought to be always going on, and, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that the carpenters should be always cutting or hammering that house. They might grow old and another set take their places, but there would always be some room to enlarge, or some want growing out of the exigencies of a new day. Moreover, the part first taken in hand would in time decay or become antiquated, and why not associate builders and house together, since all the jars, wrenching of timbers, sawing, and hammering had become musical, and seemed to be incorporated as the law of the house? Nothing but financial considerations prevented a contract for life with the builders, and the life-long luxury of changing an old house into a new one. There came a day at last of oppressive silence. Painters came down from their ladders; the carpenters packed up their tools and walked thoughtfully around, taking an honest view on all sides of a structure which had grown under their hands until outwardly there was not the slightest semblance of the old house which they took in hand some months before. There was a shade akin to sadness on the face of the master-workman. Evidently the idea of ever leaving that house had overtaken him for the first time that day. He had grown with the house; or, at any rate, his children had been growing. Why should he not come back on the morrow, and plumb, hammer and saw; creeping up the ladder with every new day, and sliding down with every descending sun?

The loftiest house, and the most perfect in the matter of architecture I have ever seen, was that which a wood-chopper occupied with his family one winter in the forests of Santa Cruz County. It was the cavity of a redwood-tree, two hundred and forty feet in height. Fire had eaten away the trunk at the base, until a circular room had been formed, sixteen feet in diameter. At twenty feet or more from the ground was a knot-hole, which afforded egress for the smoke. With hammocks hung from pegs, and a few cooking utensils hung upon other pegs, that house lacked no essential thing. This woodman was in possession of a house which had been a thousand years in process of building. Perhaps on the very day it was finished he came along and entered in. How did all jack-knife and hand-saw architecture sink into insignificance in contrast with this house in the solitudes of the great forest! Moreover, the tenant fared like a prince. Within thirty yards of his coniferous house a mountain stream went rushing past to the sea. In the swirls and eddies under the shelving rocks, if one could not land half-a-dozen trout within an hour, he deserved to go hungry as a penalty for his awkwardness. Now and then a deer came out into the openings, and, at no great distance, quail, rabbits, and pigeons could be found. What did this man want more than Nature furnished him? He had a house with a "cupola" two hundred and forty feet high, and game at the cost of taking it. This Arcadian simplicity would have made a lasting impression, but for a volunteer remark, that nothing could be added to give life a more perfect zest. "Well, yes," said he, "I reckon if you are going back to town, you might tell Jim to send me up a gallon of whisky, and some plug tobacco." It will not do to invest a hollow tree with too much of sentiment and poetry. If that message had not been suggested,

we should have been under the delusion to this day that the lives of those people, dwelling in a house fashioned a thousand years ago, were rounded to a perfect fullness, without one artificial want.

It was a good omen, that the chimneys of the house on the hill had not been topped-out more than a week, before two white doves alighted on them, glancing curiously down into the flues, and then toward the heavens. Nothing but the peace which they brought could have insured the serenity of that house against an untoward event which occurred a week afterward. Late one evening, the expressman delivered a sack at the rear door, with a note from a friend in the city, stating that the writer, well knowing our liking for thorough-bred stock, had sent over one of the choicest game-chickens in San Francisco. The qualities of that bird were not overstated. Such a clean and delicately shaped head ! The long feathers on his neck shaded from black to green and gold. His spurs were as slender and as sharp as lances ; and his carriage was that of a prince, treading daintily the earth, as if it were not quite good enough for him. There was a world of poetry about that chicken, and he could also be made to serve some important uses. It is essential that everyone dwelling on a hill, in the suburbs, should be notified of the dawn of a new day. Three Government fortifications in the bay let off as many heavy guns at day-break ; and, as the sound comes rolling in from seaward, the window-casements rattle responsively. But these guns do not explode concurrently ; frequently, more than ten minutes intervene from the first report to the last one. There is ever a lingering uncertainty as to which is making a truthful report, or whether they are not all shooting wide of the mark. Then, there is a military school close by, which stirs up the youngsters with a *reveille*, a gong, and a bell, at short intervals. With so many

announcements, and none of them concurrent, there would still remain a painful uncertainty as to whether the day had dawned ; but when that game-bird lifted up his voice, and sounded his clarion notes high over the hill, above the guns of Alcatraz and the roll of the drums over the way, there could be no doubt that the day was at the dawn.

For a week did this mettlesome bird lift up his voice above all the meaner roosters on the hill ; but one morning there was an ominous silence about the precincts where he was quartered. The Alcatraz gun had been let off ; but the more certain assurance of the new day had failed. Something had surely happened, for a neighbor was seen hurrying up the walk in the gray of the morning, red, puffy, and short of wind, at that unseasonable hour.

"Come with me, and take a look in my yard . . . There, is that your blasted game-chicken?"

"Why, yes—no—he was sent over as a present from a friend."

Just then, the whole mischief was apparent : a great Cochin rooster was sneaking off toward the hedge, bloody and blind ; two Houdans lay on their backs, jerking their feet convulsively—in short, that hen-yard had been swept as with the besom of destruction.

"Do you call that a poetical or sentimental bird, such as a Christian man ought to worship?"

"No, not exactly."

Just then, that game-chicken arched his beautiful neck, and sent his clear notes high over the hill and into the very heavens. We hinted, in a mollifying way, that he had escaped over a fence fifteen feet high ; but that blood would tell.

"Yes, I think it has told this morning. Never mind the damages ; but I think you had better cut his wings," said our neighbor, already placated.

That bird was given away before the

next sunset. But O, friend! by the guns of Alcatraz, and the white doves that alighted on the chimney-tops, emblems of war and peace! send us no more game-chickens, to disturb the peace of the hill, or to finish the work of destruction begun on that unlucky morning.

From the hill one may look out of the Golden Gate as through the tube of a telescope, and see all the watery waste and eternal scene-shifting beyond. When the dull, undulating hummocks look like a drove of camels in the desert, you may be sure that the newly-married couple just embarking on the outward-bound steamer, on a bridal-tour to Los Angeles or the Hawaiian Islands, will cease their caroling and chirping within an hour. Half an hour after sunset, if the atmosphere is clear, one may see the wide-off light of the Farallones; the nearer lights of Point Bonita and Alcatraz, almost in line—dwarfed to mere fire-flies, now; but when the Gate has lost the glow of its burnished gold, these great sea-lamps, hung over this royal avenue, tell an honest home story for the battered ships low down on the horizon.

The little tugs which round under the quarters of the great wheat-ships and rush them out to sea, know how to overcome the inertia of the great hulks. They tug spitefully, but the ship has to move, and you see the white sails already beginning to fall down from the yards, for the work where the blue water begins. It may be a grotesque association, but have you never seen a small woman, with a wonderful concentration of energy, tug her great, lazy hulk of a husband out into the broad field of earnest endeavor in much the same way? Once there, his inertia overcome, the feminine tow-line cast off, he did brave and honest work, making the race quite abreast of average men. But the woman, who tugged him from his lazy anchorage out into a good offing, did as much for that man as he ever did for himself. Noth-

ing more fortunate can happen to a great many men than that they be towed out to sea early. And in not a few instances, nothing more unfortunate could happen than that they should ever return. This last remark would have been softened a little, had it not been repeated with emphasis by a tender-hearted woman.

Just after a winter-rain, there are occasionally realistic views of the great city in the foreground, which are so ugly that one never forgets them. The hills are brought nigh, all the houses seem to rise out of the desert, and, along the water-front, the spars of shipping look like a forest which has been blasted by some devouring flame. It is certain that these forests will never sprout again; and there is such a dead look, that were it not for the little tugs going back and forth, one might imagine that all men had hastened away, and left the city to silence and the desert. But, after nightfall, the thousand lamps glorify the city; the blackened forest along the water-front has faded out, and a mild sort of charity steals over one, suggesting that, after all, it is a goodly city, set upon a hill, and that its peculiar beauty is not alone in appearing to the best advantage by gaslight. The background of hills is more angular and jerky than ever before, because all the softening effect has been taken out of the atmosphere. There is no distance, no dreamy haze to spread like a gossamer vail over these hard outlines. Nature is wonderfully honest and self-revealing. Evidently, these hills were never finished. They lack all the rounded beauty, all the gentle curves and slopes, and all the fine touches of a perfected work. They look as if, when in a plastic state, they had been set by the jerk of an earthquake. Who knows but another jerk might take these kinks out and tone down all these stiff angles, and otherwise put on the finishing touches? If

it must be done in this way, let the softening undulations be as gentle as possible. It is very inconvenient to get up in the morning and find that the chimney-top is either on the garden-walk, or that it has been turned three-quarters round, in the very wantonness and devilment of Nature.

Some day there will be a closer-recognized relation between landscape-gardening and landscape-painting. If the work is done badly in either department, it will make little difference whether an acre of canvas is hung upon the wall, or whether lines have been badly drawn and colors crudely laid on to an acre of earth. The style of trimming trees so that they are a libel on Nature, and the geometrical diagrams worked up in a garden, can hardly be referred to any very high standard of art. But if my neighbor is delighted with trees representing spindles, ramrods, paint-brushes, cylinders, cones, and what not, I would no more quarrel with him than with the man who is under the pleasing delusion that he is an artist, because, in a more remote way, he has been traducing Nature with certain grotesque figures laid on to canvas.

A hedge will bear cutting into line, because it is to be treated as nothing more than the frame of the landscape to be worked up. The former may be as stiff and artificial in its way as a gilt or mahogany frame, and do no violence to good taste; if it hides an ugly fence, a point has been gained. One can not expect much diversity of surface on a single acre. A large lawn will give the effect of greater flatness. If you find the hired gardener, bred in some noted school in Europe, setting out trees in straight lines, exhort him to penitence at once. If he remain obdurate, cut the trees down with your little hatchet, and pitch them over the fence; but keep your temper as sweet as a June morning. He will see by that time that you

have ideas to be respected. Grouping the trees, on the lawn and elsewhere, neutralizes, in part, the effect of a flat surface; it is better than the poor apology of a little hillock, which suggests an ant's-nest, or that a coyote may be burrowing in that vicinity. Something may be done in the way of massing colors with annuals to produce good effects. But ribbon-gardening, according to the patterns laid down by florists, has no nearer relation to art in landscape-gardening than crotchet work has to landscape-painting. It is a fantastic trick, which may very well please rural clowns, but is in some sort an offense to good taste.

Neither is it necessary that all the trees and shrubs which a florist has for sale should be admitted to the private garden. More than one-half of them have no merit; they neither set off the grounds nor have any peculiarity worth a moment's attention. They figure in the florists' lists under very attractive names, but if taken home, they will probably prove but scrubby little bushes, fit only to be dedicated to the rubbish-heap and the annual bonfire in the spring. A plant or a shrub which gives no pleasure either in its form or the color of its flower, and has no suggestive associations, may do well enough for a botanical garden. Many of us may like occasionally to look at a hippopotamus or an elephant in the menagerie or at the zoölogical gardens, but we don't want these specimens brought home to our private grounds. Some of the *sequoia gigantea* family do very well in the forest. Once in a lifetime we can afford to make a journey to look at them. But why undertake to bring home one of these vegetable elephants as a specimen, when we know that it will require a thousand years for its growth, and that most of us will come a little short of that measure of time? Some trees may be planted for posterity, and others may be safely left

to take their chances. If anyone wishes to contemplate upon his grounds a shrub of the future dimensions of one of the Calaveras group, let him plant it at once. Most of the vegetable monsters went out with the ichthyosaurus, and as for the few that remain, they will yet be an affront to the pigmies which are swarming on the earth.

"Why did we plant cherry-trees along the rear fence?" To make friends with the birds and the children. You can get more songs from the birds, and more of song and glee from the children, on a small investment in cherry-trees, than in any other way. Those last-year's birds'-nests tell the story. The robin, thrush, oriole, and linnet, will come early and stay late. Groups of children will come in the front way, and will never be so happy as when invited to go down the rear-garden walk, unless in the supremest moments when they step from your shoulders into the trees, and never come back until they have closed their fingers on the last cherry. The man who is not satisfied to divide all his cherries with the birds and the children, is a curmudgeon; notably so is he who plants cherry-trees in front of his lot, and gets into a white-heat of rage because boys of average Sunday-school antecedents could not resist the temptation to borrow the fruit. Besides, the eclectic judgment of children, the sparrow, the yellow-jacket, and the honey-bee, will always tell you where the best nectarines and plums may be found.

It is well to reserve a nook for little experiments in horticulture or floriculture which one wishes to make. A great many theories may be brought home and decently buried, or be made to sprout, in such a corner. The larger the spaces, the more one will be tempted to use the spade at odd hours; and none of us has yet found out all the remedial qualities of dry earth freshly turned over, day after day. A hard day's work, taxing brain more than hands, brings on a degree of nervous irritability. There is a dry, electrical atmosphere; the attrition of trade winds and sand half the year; and the rushing to and fro of busy and excited men, charged as full of electricity as they can hold, and bent upon charging everybody else, so that at night-fall the sparks will snap at the finger-ends, and the hair will crackle like a brush-heap just set on fire. Now, the earth is a very good conductor. It is better to let this surplus electricity run down the fingers on to the spade, and along its shining steel blade into the ground, than to blow up your best friend. An hour of honest battle with the weeds is better than any domestic thunder-storm. By that time the sun will have dropped down into the ocean, just beyond the Golden Gate, glorifying garden and hill-top, and setting, for a moment, its lamp of flame in the western window. Every plant and shrub will have some part in a subtle and soothing ministry; and then, if ever, it will occur to you, that this is a mellow old world, after all.

ULTRA-WA.—No. VI.

VILLAGE PRESS, AND PUBLIC.

LEDSON and Peter have started for Morford, *en route* for Ultrawa; convoying thither the quaint but venerable couple, Janschill and his wife, much after the fashion of a puffing steam-tug towing into port an antique and silent bark; their leader tarrying behind them but for a few days.

Case Veck also has disappeared, no one knows where or how; the mind of Bay Coast being too much perplexed in reference to him, and otherwise too much engrossed, to hold him in custody.

Miss Harriet Amanda Charger, seated at the work-table, reads the weekly newspaper to her parents by the lamp-light; reads it very much as she would read a chapter in the Bible—straight on and straight through, without omitting anything, and without indulging in any foolish pauses. If there occur what she is pleased to call a “jumble-jamble,” a mix, and a “mess”—not the less she reads right on. That state of things which she denominates “mess,” and “mix,” and “jumble-jamble,” may be due in part to the monotony of her tones, for she never varies her accent.

Miss Harriet Amanda has been strictly trained not to skip words—but always to “keep on at what you are about, and never take hold of one thing before you have finished another;” and, that to leave anything out is as fatal in reading, as in dining it is improper to leave anything on your plate uneaten—which is a fault she seldom commits.

She now reads, thus conscientiously. The sheet perused, announces itself, with much dignity:

The Bay Coast Enterprise

AND HERALD OF HUMANITY.

A Weekly Journal, devoted to the Interests of Bay Coast, and the Elevation of Mankind.

BARKER PRATTLES,.....EDITOR.

There is variety in this journal, and its contrasts of style flash so sharply, as to light the entire page to a brilliant flashiness. Side by side, stand village locals and village personals, with easy-going explorations of this universe—to which the *Enterprise*, feeling the necessity of some concentration, has hitherto limited its cares. The noble columns of the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity* can not, of course, be transferred to our meagre page. Nevertheless, we insert a few extracts from the present issue in the order of the items:

—The present issue of our magnificent journal will have a cordial greeting from the literati of Bay Coast. It is, however, pre-eminently the paper of the masses, and the pet and pride of the sturdy yeomanry in this influential community. We anticipate a tremendous rush. N. B.—We can not take pay in potatoes from new subscribers, having more of that commodity now than of any other.

—That estimable citizen of our neighborhood, and eligible bachelor, Job Toll, Esq., drove through the main streets of our enterprising town yesterday (a town which the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity* has done its utmost to advance), with a new hind-board, otherwise denominated tail-board, to his well known green wagon. The vehicle was drawn or propelled by the usual gray and sorrel team. If we were not mistaken, the sides or body of the equipage were clad in an entirely new coat of green paint. We are informed that our towns-people can find this description of paint at the elegant store of the Messrs. Brantly Bros. Mr. Toll was look-

ing in usual health and spirits. Wag on! friend Job, in thy *job* wagon. Mayst thou find it no hard job to pay thy toll; and may no bell have cause to toll for thee; but, rather, for thee may some belle graciously and speedily ring.

LATER.—We were in error! We understand now that it was a new *dash-board*, and not *hind-board*, which our citizens beheld—the old one having been fractured some time since.

—The volcanic condition of the masses in Europe is already prepared to deluge the continent with an eruption of blood. Private advices to the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity* assures us that the European world is sick at soul, and that nothing keeps down the surging tides of populous commotion but the fierce satrapies and myrmidons of hireling tyrannies, the hoary-headed Poperies, and, we will say, the hydra-heeled infidelities of antiquated traditions. Let oligarchies listen to the warning cry of a free and untrammelled press like the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity*! We have always done our duty by Europe.

—The following sweet lay is from the pen of our lovely village songstress, whose extreme modesty forbids us to publish her name. It bears, however, her initials, G——a P——k, and alights on our desk like a swallow, or other bird of paradise:

ALONE!

Lines inscribed to the absent C——m.

"Ah, why, alas! hath fondness fled,
And joys that dwell henceward flown?
I sit and shake my weary head,
For now, perchance, I am—*alone*!
"Time broodeth, while the skies are bright,
And still I muse upon the gone;
But saddest am I when comes night,
For then, indeed, I am—*alone*!"

For exquisite pathos, we scarcely think the above surpassed by anything in Tennyson.

—The subjoined lines, however, betray the nervous style of our Bay Coastian Byron. Some have gone so far as to pronounce him the Shakspeare of Bay Coast. Others name him "The Village Ossian." We predict that his soaring genius, limited now to a tutorship of the Boys' Academy, will become even more difficult to follow in its flight. It is entitled,

EFFORTLESS EFFORT.

By Algernon Alexander Stock.

"Avaunt! Apace! Afar!
Callest thou this life—to breathe?
Bare breath is rather death!
O! thou inert, inane, intact!
Be independent of the grosser thought—
Transfuse it! Ha! Apart!
Say! deemest thyself so wise?
Fool! fondest fool!! Away! *Aback*!
Drain brimming beakers to the goblet's brim!
Clasp beauty's widest zone! Then die!
Aha! die? said I. Die! Aha!!!"

—Onions look promising.

—Mr. Jacob Pole yesterday sold a yearling heifer. He has two fine shoats.

—Farmer Begg's speckled hen has hatched out seven chickens, five of which are *white*. A pleasing token of the prosperity of this thriving metropolis. Go thou and do likewise.

—Bodley is about to have his brick house masticated.

—Little Minnie Merrill had a birthday party yesterday. There were five little girls. Custard was served in cups. And afterwards they played in the lane. All went well.

—Our readers must not understand the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity* as committed to favor the nebulous theory. We hold it under advisement, and shall determine soon whether we can consistently support the same. We are strongly of the opinion that the equipoise between questions of opacity and refrangibility has not yet been treated by our scientists as it should be. Universal knowledge is still in the infancy of its chronological eras. One of our own native townsmen has recently made the discovery, that through a piece of smoked glass the naked eye can look upon the blazing sun. The process has been tried before, but never with the precision and finish which this *savant* has applied to the same. A committee of the Bay Coast Lyceum has been appointed to investigate the process, which is peculiar.

—Believing that the people of our village would prefer to patronize domestic institutions, we beg to remind the numerous readers of the *Bay Coast Enterprise* and *Herald of Humanity*, that neighbor Pelton keeps on hand all sorts of cutlery and dry goods, and has recently added to his spacious premises a mammoth bakery. Being, as we understand, in constant communication with the marts of luxury, both in this and distant lands, he has always on hand a choice variety of cakes, pies and confectionery; all candy personifications, including sticks, lumps, and representatives of animals; besides ice-cream, oysters and other edibles. It is the only institution of its kind in our town, and therefore safely defies competition. Third door from the post-office.

—Mr. and Mrs. Melby entertained several of their neighbors to a sumptuous repast yesterday. There was a large round of roast beef, besides chickens—followed by every variety of pie that heart could wish. Immediately afterwards the ladies adjourned to the sitting-room, while the gentlemen enjoyed a perfect gorge "of reason" and deluge "of soul."

—It is whispered that the great lawyer, and yet to be popular statesman, William Whample, is to visit this beauteous village once again, and thrill our citizens with the patriotism of his voice. The occasion which elicits this graceful and gigantic thinkist to leave his office is the public meeting which it is understood has been agreed upon to consider the recent prodigies and outrages. Our citizens will be on hand. Evoked by the magic name of Whample, *they*

will also be awakened by the crisis which has come upon the interests of this town. The living have been robbed; the dead have been waylaid in their graves, and exposed to the chilling, unpleasant rains of a dark and foggy night! Bay Coast must assert itself. "Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!"

Squire Whample will draw a full house. He has seen public life. It is stated that he once visited Washington, and was introduced to the President of the United States, whom he assured that he approved many things in his last presidential message. Whereupon, the President is related to have smiled with a peculiar smile, and stated that the fact gave him pleasure. We predict a return to Washington for the Hon. Mr. Whample. Go in season.

Bay Coast has come to the conclusion that it is either haunted by ghosts, or hunted by robbers; it knows not which. In either case, it feels insulted. Practical people accept the latter theory, and pay little heed to the shrugs and sighs of the superstitious. There are stories afloat about flying phantoms and unearthly noises. There is no less authority than that of Si, the colored lad, for the startling intelligence that "Dem wite spooks is roun' agin. Dere ain't neber no cullud spooks." Asked why, he answers: "Dun'no. 'Specks dey hab to stay home and clar up arter de wite ghostes; ennyways, de wite ones always does de trabblin' all dere own selves. Ain't no cullud spooks—not, nebber—dere ain't. De wite spooks don't want 'em cumin' roun'." Teased once more upon the subject, he gives the higher philosophy of the matter: "Sho! if dey done cum'd oncet, nobody cuddent neber see dem; dey'd be too brack!" Which settles it.

In Bay Coast, as in all villages, one or two sages are found, having little rooms, called "The library," in their abodes, with well-filled book-shelves. Through the monthlies and the quarterlies they contrive to get a glimmer of the last inventions, and the latest theories of science. Mr. Parner is one of these, and is really an intelligent person, turning his partial education to the best account. The famous one, however, is Plunk, the village doctor, who

walks in creaky boots, and speaks in lordly bass, especially in sick-rooms; always eyeing an invalid sternly, not to say fiercely, like a medical jailor, and dealing sharply with him, as with one who is either guiltily shamming sickness, or requiring treatment merely as a monomaniac. Indeed, the Doctor seems to regard his patients as constituting a general asylum. The creak of his inflexible boots inspire awe on every staircase, and there are few patients who can stand before his spleeny pooh-pooh-ing. Some of the sufferers coming under his care actually owe their recovery to this manner on his part, needing only, in the first place, to be roused; and, as for those who can not bear to be roused, of course they sink, for lack of stamina. At all events, their number is diminishing.

Doctor Plunk has a way of bursting into a sick-room with the effect of an electric shock. He squares off to the sensitiveness of the invalid, and makes him feel that he has no business to be lying there at all, and defrauding some other patient of the Doctor's notice. "You sick? What's the matter with you?—eh, eh?" Or, again, "Well, sir, what *now*?"—assuming to be exhausted with repeated visits to the same patient, whom probably he never saw before.

If the victim be tempted to go into particulars, when thus challenged, the Doctor sits looking at him with a grim smile of incredulity, and suddenly interrupts him: "You know your *own* case, do you? That's not your case at *all*—nothing like your case." "But, Doctor, I thought you wanted me to tell you—" "Now, look here, are you managing this case, or am I? You tell me you have got a pain in your *head*. There is *no* pain in your head; that's your imagination. Trouble with your *side*, eh? Preposterous! I don't believe you know which your side is. *Where* is your side—show me your side. *That* your side?

That's your diaphragm. Hoot—toot! with your sides, and your heads, and your notions. You have got too much *imagination*—that's what's the matter with *you*!”

Or, “So you have gone and made your child sick again, eh, madam? What's that for? What have you been giving this child, madam?” “Doctor, I declare I gave it nothing—” “Nothing? You gave this child *nothing*? Do you women calculate that I am going to keep your children well, while you *starve* them to death? This child is evidently suffering, madam, for want of a little natural nutriment. And you give it nothing?” “O, Doctor, I did not say that. I was only going to say that I had given baby nothing *but* a little broth—barley-broth, such as we had at table. You remember, you told us to give it broth that other time when it was sick.” “Broth? —*broth*?” “Yes, Doctor”—timidly. “Now, look here, madam, I wish to ask you one question: is it, or is it not, your desire and wish—I say, your desire and wish—to destroy that infant, madam?” “O, Doctor!” bursting into tears. “Because, if it is, just continue to dose it with peppery broths. That's all I have to say, madam. Just continue to stuff and suffocate your unconscious offspring with boiling barley-broths. Mind, I say, if you so wish and so desire; otherwise, let it alone. If I tell you to murder your child, madam, I am amenable to the laws of my country. What I said before, does not affect the diagnosis now. Did you consider the present diagnosis, madam?” “No, Doctor,” very earnestly. “I knew baby had the snuffles in his little nose, and seemed to have a cold in his little head, and I thought a little broth might warm his darling little stomach; but I never knew it could bring on the dige-noses!”

The Doctor, having no rival for miles, holds the community under strict control, and his opinion upon most matters car-

ries great weight. He keeps his opinions creaking, like his boots. He sits in his library on Sundays, and posts himself in the suggestions of the magazines, always revering them as laws of the Medes and Persians. But all mysteries he pooh-poohs as “bosh.” Mental phenomena he “tut-tuts.”

“That's your imagination. I'll tell you what's the matter with *you*, sir. Your stomach is out of order, for the want of calomel and jalap.”

For any passion of sorrow: “Gentian—and if that don't do, a hot foot-bath.”

With respect to prayers and tears, and pieties, church-goings, and the like: “If men and women will let their imaginations run away with them, why, they've got to do so. The parson has to have his salary. I like to have the church stand on the corner. It is quite an ornament to our town. But what's all this fuss about your soul? Now, look here! you talk about your mind; now, what is it like, eh? Where do you locate it, eh? Medical men, sir—scientific men, sir—don't bother with what they can't find. You believe you have got a soul; very well, it's your imagination: *that's* what you've got. We have all got that, and too much of it, sir; yes, madam, altogether too much.”

“But, Doctor,” once ventured a keen lady, innocently, “Where *is* my imagination? What is my imagination?” “Pooh, pooh! madam!—madam, tut-tut!”

The recent adventure of Case Veck, this sage declares, as vaguely as oracularly, to have been due to electric phenomena, taking a biological form, aggravated by an overloaded stomach, and exposure to the night-air. At all events, it is magnetic. To this view he partially converts Mr. Parner, who has heard of such things, and has a native love of science, as pursued under shield and banner of high-sounding terms.

The matter has been so much discussed, and the agitation thereby so increased, that it is unanimously agreed to hold a public meeting in the school-house, with a view to air the different versions of it. In addition to the editorial notice, which has already met our eye in the columns of the *Bay Coast Enterprise and Herald of Humanity*, the following poster is literally posted, being fastened with tacks on mile-posts and posts of fences all along the turnpike, as well as on door-posts:

"The citizens of Bay Coast, without distinction of party, are requested to meet in the district school-house, on Friday evening next, at early candle-light, to take measures for the protection of this town. Eminent speakers will attend. That eloquent orator and popular favorite, William Whample, has been invited to be present."

So the original placard read. On the grocery-store, a little out of town, the volunteer copy thus ran:

"The Sitsins of ba Cost, without distinction or Parity, will Meet, on Fryday at schule House, by Airly canle Light."

The school-house is lit for the occasion by candles bending from the rows of tin that hold them, until several of them have thieves in their wicks, or wicked thieves, that try to run away with the light and the tallow, while others sputter angrily, in vindictive justice against such a crime. The room is easily crowded, one Bay Coaster being compelled to take his seat on the stove, in the centre of the room, which, however, receives him coldly in this summer season. Other Bay Coasters plant themselves on the desks—shaggy men in rough coats, or coatless in shirt-sleeves. Innumerable small boys, wrongfully out of bed, are wedged in between, appearing to esteem the occasion one demanding more than usual fidelity to pea-nuts. Front seats are allotted to the fair sex, under the announcement: "Let them

ladies go forrid, but. Ladies, will you, well, once, go forrid, then?"

Farmer Begg, as usual, is elected to the "Cheer," making his customary and formulary speech—compounded, apparently, of grace said at table and legal document—"For this honor herein bestowed, we give our hearty thanks, and now hereby do testify and say that this here meeting aforesaid come to order."

It clearly does. The order is such at first that all sit motionless and gaze on the "Cheer," whose looks wax still more lofty on them all. Is the popular heart too full for utterance? Not by any means. But the real village orator likes to keep in the background, while the villagers delight to wait for the orator. Sundry clamorous debaters and impetuous Demostheneses, panting to speak, hold back in a coquettish way, like young girls from the piano, and older ones from the more mystic melodies of courtship.

The silence lengthening, the candles do their sputtering more spitefully, and not without reason, for the wicked thieves in other candles are fast making way with spoils of light and tallow. It becomes awkward. Small boys can't stand it. They attempt to "skylark," which, in such close quarters, may be difficult. Some of them succeed to cleave the air with flying pea-nut shells, and, if no "lark" notes are distinct, one lad does accomplish a shrill whistle, whereat President Begg becomes almost unbecomingly personal: "Let's have no more of them there interruptions. Bob Snyder, you do that agin, will you?"—a request which Bob understands he is respectfully to decline.

"What is the business before this here respective meetin', then?" asks the "Cheer."

Caddington nudges Charger; Charger scowls, and murmurs grimly, "Speak yer own self." But Mrs. Caddington nudges her husband, to more purpose, and he rises to his feet, the chairman announc-

ing him as follows, "Mr. Caddington, supposin' you talk to us a spell?"

Mr. Caddington proceeds: "I move, sir, that a watch be sot to foller them fellers. There's ben enough of these goings-on. Honest men can't rest onto their beds. First it was the bugglers, with their tricks. And now these here restruction-ists have been a-cutting up into our burying-ground. Mr. Cheerman: Sir, our fathers bled for free institutions, sir; and one of which, sir, is the right of every place to its own grave-yard—and its own deaths, sir. Sir, America's free eagle flies over us, holding the Stars and Stripes into their talents; and, sir, hes it come to this here, sir? I say, hes it come to this here? Ef it *hes* come to this here, the time may come when the diffusion of blood into the French Reformation was no more to this here Bay Coast than a mill-pond to the oceans! Ef sitsins of this glorious *republic* ain't to be allowed to sleep in peace into their own graves, sir, then, sir, I would like to ask where they shell sleep? That's all, sir—I say, that's *all!*" looking fiercely at Charger, who meekly remonstrates: "Bodder to it! I ain't sed nothing agin it, hev I?" Whereupon a voice in the rear calls out, severely, "I rule that 'ere out of order, and I move that them there politics be discontinued. You that are in favor, say 'aye;' contrary minded!"

Mr. Parner, in a gentlemanly way, thinks "that it would be a great gratification to this audience to hear from Dr. Plunk, who has given much attention to scientific subjects, and has, it is understood, some views of his own, in regard to biological and electrical phenomena."

The Doctor's boots creak pompously, and he "does not know that he has anything which the audience would care to consider." But he proceeds, without pausing for a reply, to unroll a manuscript, in which he traces the course of the globe from its nebulous condition,

and is supposed to be slaughtering, without mercy, several theories, whose authors are unknown to the assembly; and intimates, that life is electricity, and electricity is life; that life and electricity are what he calls subsistence; and that, as to anything else, it is "priestcraft and imagination;" that imagination is priestcraft, and priestcraft is imagination; and that the progress of this age demands the prompt extermination of both from the citadel of liberty, and the arsenal of thought, and the general society of Bay Coast.

He is glancing, with some contempt, at the disorder of the universe, when there is a stir at the door, and the smooth shape of William Whample glides within. Calls awaken for "Whamplly!" "Whamper!" "Whimble!" "Whompwell!" and one small boy innocently sets up his pipes for "Whopper!" but he is glared down. The "Cheer" announces, with dignity, that "This burglary and grave-yard meetin' will now be addressed by their eloquent friend from the city, who is well acquainted with them things, and will have the goodness to come forrid."

Whample bows nattily, takes aim at his audience with his eye, and, poising an invisible fishing-rod among them, from an outstretched arm, proceeds—perhaps it would be better to say that he pirouettes, or performs; for there is nothing direct in Whample's ways. He boxes the compass. Now, Mr. Whample quotes from "Gray's Elegy" and "The Burial of Sir John Moore." He alludes to the presence of "lovely woman," and asks, in what age of the world it has not been the case that lovely woman has been by the side of man, in his movements of reform; whether, in fact, she might not be fairly entitled to be called his guardian angel. But should not man guard, carefully guard, the portals of this bower of beauty, and the shrine of such a divinity—home? Gentlemen! your

homes! It has been insinuated, that strangers have been seen lurking about Bay Coast just prior to the late robbery. One of them had worn the dress of a gentleman; but he appealed to the highly-intelligent farmers, and solid men of Bay Coast, with several of whom he had had pleasant intercourse in other scenes, whether it is dress that makes the man? "No, fellow-citizens! I can see, by the gleam of thought in the eyes of this most intelligent audience, it is not the coat that makes the man; it is the heart, and not the coat. I repeat it—not the coat!"

Here Mr. Job Toll is seen to rise half-way erect, and look toward the platform, as though he would be heard, and Mr. Whample makes a partial pause, for an inquiry or confirmation. The "Cheer" inclines his head favorably toward the fresh orator; but Mr. Toll simply announces—"I hain't nothin' to do with it, but I seen their pants, and they was corduroys." He resumes his seat.

Mr. Whample proceeds with his plea for justice, mingled with mercy; though in what, or to whom, he does not specify. His plea, however, brings a handkerchief to Hattie Mandy's eyes, and causes little Miss Plimley to remark to her next neighbor, in a gushing whisper, that "Grandmother always used to love to hear good speaking." But Mrs. Caddington remarks to her next neighbor, "That there is one of Mandy Charger's new han'kerchiefs, that she has just, well, once, hemmed, then, for all."

The assembly is much impressed by the speech of Whample, and the "Cheer" feels it his duty to lead some response or result; hence he says, solemnly—"You have heerd our friend Whample. You that are in favor, say 'aye.' Any that are contrary minded!"

The pompous Doctor rises alone, to confess that he is contrary minded. Not that he particularly gainsays Whample; but that he always votes that way, as more radical, and expressive of his indi-

vidualism and hostility to all imagination. He prefers invariably to vote alone.

Cham has been sitting, throughout the exercises, ostensibly quiet. Strictly speaking, however, Cham has been anything else but quiet. Perched against the wall at the extreme rear of the room, with seat tilted backward and hands clasped behind his head—one of them retaining still the open jack-knife, which he alternately sharpens on one boot, and employs to inscribe the desk with his initials—Mr. Cham has been enlivening those nearest to him with rejoinders to the several speakers. In the preliminary pause, when no one spoke, calling out, "Jes' so—I agree!"

To Caddington's outburst of oratory, a feeling tribute has been paid, by the tender inquiry, "Caddington! when was you took?" To Mr. Toll, "Now, Job!—last chapter, last verse! Set down! set down! Let Aunt Rojanny talk!"

Suddenly rising, as Job does sit down, he proclaims rapidly—before anyone can tell whence the voice comes—in derision of Mr. Toll's announcement, "*I* saw a man have a jacket on!"—causing, by the gratuitous remark, all those in front of him to crane their necks, to hear what was coming next. But next, there is nothing coming.

During Dr. Plunk's essay, Cham's ecstasy has known no bounds. Now, there gurgles a suppressed snicker, at some learned word; now, there breaks forth a wailing tone of commiseration, at some high-sounding phrase. The Doctor winding up his feat of eloquence by the words, in ringing tone, "Science and literature"—or, as he pronounced it, "literatoor"—Cham bursts into song, with nasal tone, "ri-too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra-loo," ending with a chanticler's full crow.

Mr. Cham now rises to his feet, knocking down a sputtering candle, which nearly creates general confusion, by burning a hole in one man's sleeve, and drabbling with grease another's collar.

"I move that we have had meeting enough; now, let's do some work. It's a month to-night sence that buggery, and ten days sence we found that crazy feller lyin' down among the tombs, accordin' to the scripters. I lifted him up. Caddington was scared to death. You needn't look, Caddington; you know you was. And the first thing he said when he come to himself was, 'Where's Jarker?' and the next was, 'What'll Square Whapsle say?' And then he went off agin."

"Now, there was two of them feller-beings that Whample calls 'lovely women' come down that night of the buggery, and went away the next morning, a-lookin' for their husbands—so they said. That is what women mostly is a doin', mostly all the time; but these women was none of the best, and in these days, when women wants to do everything that men do, I don't see why they mightn't have buggery among their other rights. But that is neither here nor there: Whample says he is above suspicioning the fair sect. But I ain't!" (Horror depicted on every countenance). "I say I ain't!" (with a roar). "And what I want to wind up with is this: Black Sam, the hostler, lets on that that little cuss of a nig, they call 'Si,' told him that he heerd one of them ladies say to the other, 'About a month.' Now, Jim Ward here, he states that he hed a call last evening to go through the lane, that leads between the DeLissey Place and the house which used to belong to Mis' Stewart. Both of them houses is now closed up. Jim Ward, git right up here, and tell right out what you seen. Never mind them politics, nor the bilologies, Jim" (with a sneer at the recent speakers). "You jest say it. Talk right along to 'em."

And Jim does. He is a man of few words:

"I was goin' down the lane betwixt and between them two houses, and I

thought I see a rabbit, or suthin', run down into the yard of old Mis' Stewart's place. I thought I'd cut acrost, and jist as I got under the winder—there ain't nobody there for these four years—I see a shetter a leetle mite open—just a leetle mite—and I was thinkin' the wind had got it loose, when, cracky! creaky! it went shet, and I see a white hand a-shettin' of it. I am not a prophet, nor a son of a prophet, and I so state; but my name is James Ward, and I see this 'ere."

The meeting is in some danger of convulsion. Contradictory opinions are murmured. Plunk is heard to say, "electric" and "imagination." Job exclaims, "This is well nigh onto strange; I hope no one won't blame it onto me." Charger, for once, varies his phrase, and actually instructs them: "Bodder, then! now, bodder!" Mrs. Caddington remarks, scripturally, "Them that looks out of the winders shall be derkened." While Miss Plimley remembers that "Grandmother made a point of having the windows washed every Wednesday, unless it was a storm, and then she did it Thursday. There was *one* family that did it Friday, and that was the very family where the girl died, one year, with the scarlet fever, when the scarlet fever was round. Wasn't it strange? But how Mis' Stewart used to have her windows washed, she disremembers ever to have heard grandmother say." She believes that "There is some countries where the windows never get washed at all. It is either Italy or Alps. There they always let their windows be until they get so dark you can't see out of them, and then they cover 'em with new coats of glass, and look through *them*."

Miss Plimley continues to ramble to those about her. But nobody listens to Miss Plimley.

Cham rises to business. He thinks the robbery is to be attempted again,

probably, to-night. "Let us all go out in squads, and keep watch."

The proposal is enthusiastically received by all the men, and especially by all the boys. Only one or two women demur. One of these is Mrs. Charger, who says: "It's no way to take men out of their homes at night. It's jest like them Masons and other Odd Fellows, to their halls and to their lodgers. Let men lodge into their own houses. She ain't a goin', well, once, to have Charger gettin' into them s'loons, and gambles, and porter-houses—with them *men*."

Much in a tone which implies that Charger is either more, or less, than a man.

This she jerks out to Aunt Rojanna, who does not concur, but remonstrates, "They aint fit for nothin' round a house. Let 'em go out doors."

One small boy also comes to grief; for just as he is about feeling himself a valuable village-guard, with prospect of brave doings, under cover of the crowd, his sacred mother, with saturnine and solemn visage, collars him, and uttering no word meanwhile, like a grim sentinel, marches him to his proper guard-house, amid the aggravating titters of the smaller boys, and with the unswallowed apple in his mouth, which he can not masticate under her tight clutch on the nape of his neck, but holds in his lips, as a young pig, prepared for the roasting-spit, is garnished, by a lemon between his teeth. Nor does she relax her sturdy clasp until she deposits him in the second story, and, poetically, lays him "in his little bed."

The meeting adjourns, without a motion, dissolving in groups. President Begg, finding it impossible to sway the scene from the "Cheer," thinks it best to come down and mingle with it, on the floor.

The village-constable is called for, and struts about, armed with his club, and a tremendous horse-pistol, both of

which he handles in a manner far more dangerous to himself, than to anybody else.

Cham takes the lead. It is arranged that the men shall divide themselves into three groups. One of these, headed by Cham himself, shall keep guard of the approaches to the grave-yard, and the public road between that and the old DeLissey Place. The others shall ensconce themselves in the thicket behind Mary's Glen, ready to act, as exigency may require; while the third, which Dr. Plunk, with a scoffing laugh, volunteers to head, attended by the valiant constable, and including, beside these two, Caddington and Charger, shall, by virtue of the constable's staff of office, take possession of the deserted house of the late Mrs. Stewart; whence they can not only detect any intruders within, but command a safe and sweeping view of the DeLissey Place, and their comrades in the road, ready at any moment to rush to their rescue.

It is now ten o'clock; and the villagers retire to their homes, to refresh themselves, and arm, and equip, as the law does not direct, nor the imagination readily conceive.

At midnight, sharp, they meet again, and, duly impressed with the magnitude of the case, proceed without much noise, except the shrill and incessant whispers to each other to "hush," and the occasional admonition and rebuke, "*Can't* you be still?" "Stop that talking." "No, it warn't me, nuther." "'Sh, 'sh! Ben Jones, hadn't you better take somethin' for that cough of yourn?" "Look out there, Bramble, they'll hear *you*." "Tell Dr. Plunk to pull off his boots."

However, one o'clock sees them drooping at their stations, for the lack of some adventure.

The popular party is that headed by Cham, in person—his votaries laying much stress upon his size and dash. To this Teunis Larkin attaches himself, as

do numerous festive lads; to this adhere, in a sort of sticky and uneven way, the various loafers of the town. This detachment becomes so large and cheerful, that of necessity it divides itself into smaller groups, who choose their places—one behind a tree; another under the shed; another still around the corner, close to the fence; but all within convenient reach of each other, and exchanging guttural and sibilant whispers, that are audible enough to give alarm to any trespasser, within a quarter of a mile.

Look you, as it gets very dark—assuredly something is moving over there. “Hush, I heerd a step,” says one. Surely enough, a shadow is seen to move stealthily across the road, making it would seem for the negro caravansary, back of the old DeLissey Place. Cham murmurs, “’Taint no buggler. Keep still.” But a man by the name of Van Horn declares otherwise; and Teun’s lively imagination, aided by his recollection, adds “He is a gettin’ onto the winder-sill this ’dential minnit!” What object any burglar could entertain in scaling the walls of the negro-hut, is not obvious. Impelled, however, by this positive testimony, several start and creep cautiously in that direction. The group in the glen catch sight of these moving figures, and at once awakening to the appalling fact that the robbers have arrived; they, too, begin to move noiselessly forward. The chase becomes brisk, and thoroughly reciprocal. The object first descried moving, toward the window, is no other than the staid and prudent Mr. Toll, who, from his place behind a tree, has strayed a moment to reconnoitre the old hut. Presently he perceives that stealthy steps are tracking him, and, “patter-patter,” footsteps keep behind him. Not caring to encounter any burglars single-handed, lest they might feel impelled, for lack of some house to break, to break into the clay habitation of his own proper being

—the residence of his immortal part; still less willing to be overtaken by body-snatchers, who might inflict a *habeas corpus* upon him; or, if the circumstances precluded their digging him up from a grave, might dig him into one, Mr. Toll moves cautiously aside, and begins to back toward his associates. This furtive movement by no means escapes the observation of his suspicious neighbors, who make sure now that they are on the track of the real thief at last. Instead of calling out to them, Job, with the patience of his patriarchal namesake, continues to glide, evade, elude—which he does successfully at first, because, as the foremost pursuer avers, in a whisper, “You don’t catch him tackling no New York thief armed to the teeth, all alone.” He therefore halts for his comrades to come up, and makes signs to them, which Job takes, in the shadows, to be signals such as burglars use; and they begin to close up slowly, and dive and duck, around the building first, and then around the trees, behind which the insulted Job takes nimble refuge. This chassée lasts awhile, until Joe Brown, more summary than the rest, gives voice: “S’render there. Yeou! I say, yeou! s’render there! then, but, or we’ll shoot you as dead as a mackerel! Me and my neighbors will” (slightly reluctant to take the entire risk)—“we *will*. S’render, yeou. I say, now, come”—coaxingly adding a little moral suasion. “’Taint no use; jes s’render, please.”

Just then, whether by design or accidentally, the pistol in his hands goes off. Mr. Toll gives a start, and goes off likewise, breaking from trot to scamper, and from scamper to full run. He stumbles, and his pistol explodes with the jar, making his pursuers perfectly sure that they are on the heels of the right man. The whole pack give chase, with Teun Larkin safely in the middle, in whom there is undoubtedly something of the hound—giving tongue in fervent yells.

Mr. Toll, however, is as long-winded as he is long-legged, and speedily leaves several of his pursuers—Teun among the rest—clean out of range. These drop off to a jog-trot, while a few press him closely.

Job rushes over the road. Hatless? Of course! What is the need of head-gear or other ornament, amid the rush of earnest life? The man who will pause to pick up his hat when his life is at stake, deserves to lose his head. Hatless, colorless, well-nigh breathless; but gasping still an angry protest to himself:

"I ain't obleeged to stan' it agin so many bugglers, all to oncet. I ain't agoin' to, nuther; and no one can't blame this onto me."

Meantime, the squad lurking behind Mary's Glen, perceiving the furtive movements of their comrades in their first pursuit of Mr. Toll, and further excited by the sudden firing, are rushing in pursuit of them. Approaching from the other side, they see these scooting away, as fast as their legs can carry them, and take it that they flee from them. One of them confronts the last of Job's pursuers, who, lagging in the rear, has thought to catch up with his company, by striking across the field; but, finding himself pursued, in turn, conceives that the robber is before him. He turns to effect his capture at the same instant when the new-comer meditates securing him. They face each other.

"S'render, here! You are my prisoner."

"S'render your own self! You are mine, I reckon."

"No; yeou."

"I say, yeou—now."

Both: "I say, I won't."

Both: "I say, you shell."

"Look here, now; I say, yeou! I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' of this kind."

"Look here, yeou; I say, I don't mean to, nuther."

"Why, who *air* yeou?"

"Why, who are *yeou*?"

"Well, I swan; it's Jim Ward!"

"Well, I never—Van Horn. 'Tain't you, is it? How do you come on?"

"Yes, it's me. How do you git along?"

"Well, this here beats!"

"Say nothin'."

"Don't yeou let on."

And they move off, in friendly custody of one another.

Meantime, Teunis Larkin, dropping out of the chase, is lurking by himself, when he hears footsteps behind him, that evidently go for him; and, before that wretched wight can tell who it is, a grip on the scruff of his neck forces his coward conscience to betray him to what he supposes to be the avenging burglar.

"I say, mister, lem me go. I hain't tole nothin' on you, nuther. I never tole nuthin' about them 'ere luddies, I declare to gracious. I say, I hain't sed nothin' about that 'ere chist we took. I've sot my senemens agin tellins, I hev. Fen' peachins, I say. I say, mister, I know where there's a paper, wot was picked up next day, anigh the winder—a paper as hed bin spilled when that plaguey chist fell down and busted. Si, he picked it up, and I thought mebbe it was the one we was arter. Si's got it, hid in the barn-ben. I am a-goin' to git it for Mr. Whamply! I say, my senemens is to git it, and give it. I'm aposed to this here keepin' things! I say, Mister, leave me be. Ouch, you're a-chokin' me. Leave me go. Why, land alive! it's Mr. Cham. O, Mr. Cham, I know'd it was you, all the time. Mr. Cham, I was only a-foolin' with them there blasted bugglers, though. Mr. Cham, sir, you know'd my senemens, sir, don't you, Mr. Cham?"

To all of which Mr. Cham answers only, "Fetch me that there paper," with a shake that makes all Teun's teeth acquainted with each other.

Job Toll has outrun his pursuers. Their statement is, that the chief burglar has been almost nabbed. "He fired at us," says one, triumphing in his own hair-breadth escape. "I brought him down," says another, "but he slipped off again."

Mr. Toll is, in reality, gurgling and perspiring, now, under his own vine and fig-tree; while the only consolation which Rojanna administers, in her wrath at being roused, is in these words:

"Burglars is better than lunatics; they make less noise. Best some on you burgle into some asylum for lunatics. Terry Fir-my!"

All this time, the third detachment, consisting of the "sitsins," who have literally "burgled" their way into the house of the late Mrs. Stewart, have had a singular experience. With lantern in hand, they carefully climb the stairs to the second story; every creak of Dr. Plunk's boots sounding like a creak, not only of the staircase, but of every door, window, and apartment, in a general concert; and the Doctor's sonorous tones becoming sepulchral, in the empty hall, aggravated by the croaking voices of his companions. They enter the old sitting-room, where the noble lady had spent so much of her time, and seat themselves there, because the windows command the road in all directions. Right opposite, on the other side of the hall, is the apartment which, many years ago, Felix Monard had occupied, and where he died. After his death, it had been disused, until his daughter Adelaide selected it as her room; and since her marriage, it had not been used at all. It looked out on the lawn, catching glimpses of the roadside. At the rear end of the room there used to be a small door, leading into a bed-room back of it; but, in some alterations, this door had been walled up, so as to leave only its outlines, as a blind-door in the masonry.

The four men seat themselves in the

room first-mentioned, one by each window, and the other two between them; while Dr. Plunk lays down the law.

"Gentlemen!" exclaims the Doctor, "it is all priestcraft." He omits to specify what is priestcraft, and hence it is rather difficult to debate the point. He can scarcely, however, be supposed to insist that the whole globe is composed of that curious material. "Gentlemen!" he remarks again, sententiously, "until the human race gets rid of its imagination, it will never come to its senses. Take out, gentlemen, from the human brain, the imagination—take it out, gentlemen"—the Doctor appeared to be entering upon the experiment—"and you have left, sound sense."

"Then," says Caddington, decidedly, "you've got to skelp them for to do it! That's what you've got to go and do! Jes' skelp 'em—eh?"

"Sir, Mr. Caddington, sir," ejaculates the doctor, "I have grave doubts whether you are at all acquainted with the human scalp, sir; or have ever made more than a one-sided acquaintance with your own scalp, sir—grave doubts, sir."

"I don't want to see no more than one side of mine," says Charger, with some briskness. "'Taint got but one side on it. Bodder to be."

"What's that?" exclaims Caddington, nervously. "There's a light across the hall—and it's in that there room! They're in there now. What's that?" And Mr. Caddington quivers, possibly with ardor for pursuit.

"What's *what*?" inquires Doctor Plunk, grimly. A question that, which so many persons ask, and the answer to which only now and then one is said to know. "What's what? Perhaps an undulation of the ether—an electric wave and magnetic counter-wave; unless, Mr. Caddington, it is your liver that makes you fancy it. Your liver *is* torpid, and would readily make you imagine a light. It has thrown you into a nervous biol-

ogy, in which what you dream you seem to see."

"What's *that*?" gasps Charger, "that ere's a step I hear. I've hearn steps. I know steps, I guess. That ere's a step, now, I tell you. What's *that*?"

"What's *what*?" inquires again the Doctor, this time more fiercely. "What's what? It's your imagination, Charger. It's some time since you took blue pill. You look yellow, sir. Sir, you look blue. You indicate blue pill, sir. You've gone and got up your imagination, sir, just for the want of it, sir. What's *what*?"

A second pause ensues, and then the question starts at once upon the lips of all, "What's *that*?"

And, indeed, what is it, and what can it be?

The wind, or something else—electric, magnetic, biological, zoölogical, theological, ontological, or what?—throws open the door of the room on the other side of the hall—their own door having been left ajar, when they entered—and a singular light is playing round the wall, over the floor, in the angles of the corners, over the window-sashes; flitting quickly, like a lamp held in the hand of a person who has entered hastily, to search for something missing, and has but a few seconds in which to scan every inch of the apartment, then suddenly drawn back; the person desisting, and relinquishing the search. It passes through the outlines of the dumb door, in which it throbs and shimmers for a moment, lingering on the masonry like moonbeams upon lattice-work, and all at once goes out—not waning, but with a vivid flash, enkindling, then suddenly extinguished, just as when a gas-burner has been turned up by mistake the wrong way, and as hastily turned down. Their own dull lantern, which had paled in contrast with this brilliant jet, goes out, at the same instant, and all is dark as pitch.

Now they hear unquestionable steps, of that peculiar pace, compressed but equable, which indicates that the stepper has no evil walk, nor any feverish agitation, nor unnatural somnambulism that skims the floor, but a gait honest and kind, composed with gravity, and steady with good intent. There is as much to be learned of purpose and of character from the step as ever can be from the inflections of the voice.

Their own door slowly opens. They see—no, they can not see, but they feel—a potent presence, as of a form aglow with health, a shape symmetrical with grace, an eye alight with peace, halting for a moment over them, and inspecting them. Then the steps gently retire, leaving them spell-bound, and are distinctly heard retracing their way across the hall, through the opposite apartment, and toward the shadowy blind-door.

Doctor Plunk sits very still, for the first time, it may be, for many years. His companions feel the spell of his silence, as well as of their own awe. Something comes in the Doctor's face, of deeper thought and sounder sense than had dwelt there; and, as the hue of apoplectic self-importance flickers, and the purple of fat conceit fades, while the leer of his self-conscious glance melts into an open aspect of questioning and candor, the man looks more like a thinker than, in all his positive pedantry, he had ever looked. His expression says, 'There is something, which I do not pretend to know, which yet may be, and one day shall be known. An expression, that, the most intellectual and most spiritual which the human countenance can take; a vitality of expectation and docility, amid the possible.

The only word the Doctor speaks is the brief question, "What can it be?"—another inquiry, never answered thoroughly on earth, but somewhere to be answered. Nevertheless, Gabriel Ambrose could possibly have told him, even

then and there, that nothing was so loyal to the laws of nature, or so sure and simple in its biological, magnetic, and electric facts, as this, which was to Doctor Plunk the first apparition awakening his "imagination."

At this point, the pistol-shots, which

we have been describing, and which at any other time would have startled them, came to their relief; and never did concussive sounds of deadly weapons speak such music, and the eloquence of human fellowship. They leave the house together, and without a word.

EL VAQUERO.

His broad-brimm'd hat push'd back with careless air,
The proud vaquero sits his steed as free
As winds that toss his black, abundant hair.
No rover ever swept a lawless sea
With such a fearless, heedless air as he,
Who scorns the path, and bounds with swift disdain
Away: a peon born, yet born to be
A splendid king; behold him ride, and reign,
The only perfect monarch of the mottled plain.

How brave he takes his herds in branding-days,
On timber'd hills that belt about the plain;
He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding ways
Of hiding ferns and hanging fir; the rein
Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane
Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;
They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
Then sudden plunge from out the wood, and pour
A cloud upon the plain, with one terrific roar.

Now sweeps the tawny man on stormy steed,
His gaudy trappings toss'd about and blown
Above the limbs as lithe as any reed;
The swift, long lasso, twirl'd above, is thrown
From flying hand; the fall, the fearful groan
Of bullock toil'd and tumbled in the dust.
The black herds onward sweep, and all disown
The fallen, struggling monarch, that has thrust
His tongue in rage, and roll'd his red eyes in disgust.

BRISTLES.

A "ROUSTABOUT" for eighteen years—a "dock-rat," happy in the ooze—his only world was bounded by the wharf, whose striding legs waded unceasingly against the current. Yet a comely face, withal; so much so, that our village editor, who often had an idea above quoins and marriage-notices, used to say that he would make a good St. John, with river-damp for a halo. A face thrust into a loose fagot of long, white beard; sharp, gray eyes; a figure bent by vain efforts to pick up a fortune; clad in dingy duck in summer, and in oil-skin in winter: such was Bristles.

The wave of success that had borne along blithely many of the early-comers to this will-o'-the-wisp land had left him stranded on the shore, like limp seaweed, or the dull jelly-fish, all mouth and cheeks. Not even the ripples of fortune had favored him, apparently. No one knew his history. The oldest citizen of our straggling village said that Bristles had always been there, and with no other name. A name, though, being a mere label hung upon the breast of personality, signified nothing to him. An absolute recluse, he kept shutting the door in the face of the rest of humanity. He lived in a snug, square, floating house, such as fishermen use on our rivers, and this was usually moored among the tules behind the wharf. His only labor was to help about the warehouse, and catch the ropes of the steamers as they were flung at him with daily unpunctuality. His wages must have been small enough, but these were eked out by the fish he caught and sold to the villagers. He answered when addressed, but never volunteered a remark, not considering himself a picket upon the outposts of

conversation. The idlers, "men about town," and strangers, droned many a lingering hour in the little room behind the bar of the Riverside Saloon, in the classic sport of casino or "seven-up;" but in this smoke and whisky sodden place our friend was never to be seen, but was ever at the end of the wharf, watching his lines, now and then pulling up a fish, or else shut up in his floating dwelling. His oddity had become an acknowledged fact, just like the handless clock on the church-tower; or the gaping hole in the roadway to the wharf, around which all the county drove, by common consent, and no one thought of repairing it; or the inevitable puddle at the main corner, which in winter-time was the bath-house of black, wandering hogs; or the delinquent tax-list fastened to the liberty-pole. Habit is often stronger than nature, and Bristles was left alone, plodding along in his narrow trail, unobserved and unobserving.

Not entirely, though; one avenue to his feelings was still open, but only to little children. To these he was a friend and boon companion, a hero and a sage. The bits of humanity, that, from time to time, put in a surprised appearance at Pikeport, were drawn naturally to Bristles, and, unless with older persons, never met with a repulse. They would flock around him as he cast his lines for the finny innocents, and he would talk to them many an hour about the voracious pike, or the ugly sturgeon with its rough, inlaid back. And on rare occasions he would bring out from its pen his trained terrapin, and make him pick out the letters on the blocks that would spell the words missed by the pouting youngsters at school. And when Ishmael, as his

terrapianship was named, spelled out Billy Reavis' love to be Bessy Smith, such a chorus of babbling laughter rose, for had not Billy just been caught kissing that identical sweetheart up behind the graveyard! To these small-fry Bristles was a whale; and had any new code of that period enfranchised babes, our friend would have been elected unanimously to any post; and, as for the mothers, he was regarded as a special providence for the amusement of unruly children. The love of the little ones was Bristles' connecting link with his kind; but in all these times, let a grown person approach, and no snail ever recoiled more completely than he from sight or sound. All these wonders I learned at second-hand from the children of the family with whom I boarded.

I know not why, but it often happens that a fellow gets to living in one of those castaway villages that fleck our State, in some occupation or other, hardly knowing how he came there, and apparently unable to go away again. There is a local attraction purely physical, with no dash of sentiment. There is nothing to retain him—no remembrance of the past, or hopes of an ambitious future—but there he is fixed, until death or a moral earthquake moves him. It must be the listlessness of the climate that kills his energy; and here I beg pardon of the "finest climate in the world." At all events, I was anchored at Pikeport, a mundane trinity, being the express, the telegraph, and the post master, and upon my shoulders lay the responsibilities of the prosperity of the people. I had no friends there, though I knew every one for miles around the countryside; and in my leisure moments, which were many, my favorite place was on the wharf, where the cool winds could play about me and drive off care. Here I began to watch Bristles—stealthily, at first, for he was as sensitive as a girl, but finally at my ease. He never came

for a letter; in fact, I never saw him off the wharf. And his friendlessness, or at least his manifest dislike of mingling with his fellow-men, was a real attraction to me, to the same sentiments inclined. It might be inconsistent in a hermit to desire a companion, but if this hermit saw near him a fellow-creature, actuated, to all appearance, by the same motives his own heart concealed, curiosity, if nothing more, would draw him nearer. There are times in every man's life when he would like to sit with his back to the whole world; when the mere attrition with humanity, the "daily contact of the things I loathe," becomes unbearable; when the sound of a voice is an attack upon his prerogative, and the manifestation of interest by another is an open insult. But back from this self-appointed exile he comes with enlarged sympathies and aspirations. Now, as to Bristles, personally, I did not care to know him; he could not be of advantage to me; but, as an expression and embodiment of principles and feelings akin to my own, he was attractive.

Filled with thoughts like these, and continually observing the old man, at last I came to look upon him as a double being. As a physical entity, doomed to pace the wharf and handle ropes, to perform the changeless duties of a dull, daily round, to lure to his cruel hooks the sportive fish and these to barter for the necessities of life, a creature moving in a circle that had no resting-places—and, again, as a spiritual creation, possessed of thought and purpose, bound to fixed ideas, impelled by strong determination to a distinct goal, and consistent with conditions not imposed by its own will—these were the united, full-grown twins my imagination called into being. It was a fancy which the relentless besom of fact could not sweep away; it became a positive conviction. I rubbed my eyes when I met him, to see if a misplaced retina were not the cause of

the notion, but to no purpose; Bristles, to me, was in reality double—a man beside himself. The idea haunted me. When I looked at him, I expected to see him separate like dissolving views. In my dreams I could see this incorporeal twin-ity battling with itself, each component struggling for the mastery, buffeting and tearing. I gave up smoking—a cherished habit—but the same disordered visions made the night merciless. I took long walks, along the riverbank, into the deep *chaparral*, over the brown fields, but ever at my side strode the phenomenon. Spurred, at last, by utter weariness and despair, I determined to accost the cause of my hallucination. So I watched for an opportunity, and, one summer afternoon, when the shadows grew long reluctantly, and the river flowed by, hardly ruffled by the grateful breeze that made the sedges bow and whisper, I faced Bristles, as he tended his lines.

"I say, Bristles."

"The same to you, and many of 'em;" and he turned his slouching steps away.

"But, look here!"

"Is it taxes again, or wharfage, or a new parson?" and a fire was in his eye, as he halted and delivered this sidelong volley of questions.

"No, but I want you to take me into your house."

Twin the first seemed to concentrate all the surliness of his nature; twin the second—*my* twin—strove to inculcate hospitality: result, a compromise.

"It's a poor place. Why do you want to go in?"

"I am curious, that's all."

Twin the second frowned at this weak excuse, while the first actually rebelled. Curiosity! Perhaps only to take advantage of guesthood, and spy out poverty and squalor. It was damaging. I must retrieve this.

"I really want to know *you*."

A soldier blown from the earthworks

by an undetected mine must wear a look of surprise; but if the old fisherman was not as dumbfounded, countenance is not to be judged. I could see the train of ideas as they were advanced by one twin and repelled by the other.

A detective—pshaw!

A busybody—nonsense!

A tax-collector—certainly not!

An idiot—bosh!

Let him in—of course!

The old man, torn by the violence of this discussion, wiped his heated brow with the back of his hand, and, after scanning me narrowly again, said:

"You can follow me, if you like."

You may be sure I made avail of this concession, and dogged his steps across the wharf, along the narrow plank he threw to the barge, and, ducking my head at the door, I entered his retreat. "Sit ye down," said Bristles, pointing to a cushioned nail-keg, while he himself appropriated another, and sat facing me, staring at me without a word. I looked about me. Up to my legs came an enormous yellow cat, its back arched, standing on its toes, while its expression was a medium between a spit and a purr. The terrapin, having escaped from its pen, clattered about the floor. The little octagonal clock went through its unvarying tactics. In one corner stood a little stove, and round it were hung a few pots and pans. Then came a window, with a curtain that had once been a flour-sack. On the wall beyond, a small mirror, and two shelves, on which a few books stood in dignity, next came into my notice, while the bed occupied nearly all the remaining side, and a small, round table crowded into the corner. I had leisure to examine these things, conscious that all the while Bristles was watching me. For fully fifteen minutes did his unblinking, stony gaze rest fairly upon me, and then the silence was broken by:

"What for?"

The abruptness, not to say the irrelevancy, of the question startled me, and for a few seconds I was unable to see that this was intended to be a renewal of our conversation on the wharf. But as the same fixed look demanded an answer, I told him, as briefly as I could, how the similarity of our situations had occurred to me, and that, if it were possible, it would please me to be his friend. To do him justice, he did not believe a word of it, and evidently sought to discover another reason underlying my professions. I turned straight to him, and, endeavoring to enlist, by a look, my friendly twin's favor, I was astounded to find that the duality had vanished. There sat the old man unmoved upon his keg; Bristles was there, but the ethereal part of him had flown. My nightmare was over, the distemper had gone. It was just at this moment that two short, shrill whistles from an approaching steamer roused us both, and, hastily bowing me out of the house, he hurried to his post, simply saying, "Come again."

It was odd—I thought that night, as I reviewed the day—this total disappearance, this eclipse of Bristles' second self. The last I saw of it was when grudging permission had been granted me to enter the barge, and then it seemed to smile with pleasure and satisfaction. What could be the meaning of it? Was I to be connected with the old man in some mysterious way? Was our acquaintance brought about by any spiritual agency, for some secret purpose? I could not solve the problem. But after that, Bristles never offered a demurrer to my coming, and my first visit was the first link in a long chain. Many an evening did I while away in his little cabin, and bit by bit I learned his history. There was nothing strange in it—only the stereotyped tale of the unsuccessful pioneer, who had given up fighting the world, and found a snug harbor in which to wait for death. He

came from Boston, and was thoroughly imbued with a hatred of Puritan habits. I was sitting near him one evening, when he reached up to the shelf and took down a neatly-bound copy of "Jay's Morning Exercises;" and I was astonished to see, when he opened it, that it was a dummy—a box filled with hooks and lines.

"I took its bowels out years ago," he said, quietly; "it ain't acting a lie, for nobody ever saw it but you and me."

"Why did you do it?"

"'Cause I was brought up on that sort of truck."

"And you outgrew it?"

"Yes, it was that as sent me from home."

"How?"

"From the first day I could balance on a bench, I had to tend out on religion. And as I growed up and saw what kind o' men religiousers was, and as how either religion was bad, or they was hypocrites; and as how all the fellers I liked hadn't no religion, I quit, and have been fore-ordained to be damned ever since, and much obliged to 'em. So when I came across this book, I tore it up thuswise, and made a box outen it."

"Do you judge a creed by its professors?"

"It ain't for the likes o' me to do otherwise; I ain't got no microscope."

"Have you never been back since you left?"

"No; I ran away from school, because I was licked for nothing, and had to turn the grindstone Sundays, for the glory o' God, while the thievin' master prayed."

"Have you no friends there?"

"All my kith and kin is gone, but an old uncle, who never liked me, anyway. But I am saving up to go there, as I have got something very important to do before I die, and only I can do it."

"A mission?" I said to him laughingly.

"Yes; a real one," was his deter-

mined reply; and we turned to our usual game of checkers.

If there ever lived a philosopher it was Bristles. Every one in this world, he said, is hunting for something he doesn't wish to find. It was all unsatisfactory; and though his ideas of a future state were very crude, he considered that it would be a crying injustice that the troubles of this life should be crowded upon a man without consulting him, unless a future should compensate him for it. "We are born into the world without the civility of asking our leave, and it's hard lines; and yet I don't counsel a man's suiciding himself, though it vexes like tarnation to be always forever chasing fortune, like a greased pig, and to see the man next to you catch it every time." His early teachings had been forced into him till he was nauseated, and Bible doctrines had become to him the cod-liver oil of morality. That which was called a privilege was made an oppression, and many a man would look back to New England with truer pride and love if his "religious education" had begun and ended with "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing ever troubled Bristles, so far as I could learn. Rain or shine, it was all the same to him. "A fine, bracing air," he would say, when a clear, crisp day made nature beautiful. "I like this climate, there's so much body to it," was his comment when the atmosphere drooped down as thick as muslin, and everything was dripping with moisture. There is many a good soul hidden in the by-ways.

Not long after the conversation above written, I happened into the barge in the evening, as was my wont, and while filling my pipe, remarked to Bristles:

"Old man, you know most every one about here; did you ever hear of Samuel Marbury?"

"Which?" was the somewhat quick reply.

"A big eastern letter, marked immediate, came to-day for Samuel Marbury, and I never heard of him."

Bristles took two or three turns around the little room, and then planting himself down upon his keg with a vigor that did honor to his age, ejaculated solemnly:

"Young man, it's me!"

"Yqu? Is it possible!"

"Yes, it's possible and true. You've never asked my name, and I liked you for it, as was decent and respectable. But now it has come, and that's what it is—Samuel Marbury. And I haven't heard it for many a year, and it's like to calling somebody else."

"Well, I'll just run up and get the letter."

"Stop a moment. It's night; and it seems as if it might have come from a dead hand. Was the tail of the S all curled up tight; and did the M look like a pair of broken scissors? Didn't notice? Well, it couldn't be my mother, then—or Alf—or Steve—or Jane. No; they are all past pen-writing. The morning'll do. I'd like to think it over to-night."

The letter, which I took to him early next day, was a long, business cover, postmarked Boston. Bristles took it tenderly, and laid it in his chest; then went about his work. He did not fish much that day, as I could see from my window, and I was questioning with myself the propriety of intruding upon him that evening. But when I passed him on my way to fetch the mails from the boat, he whispered, "Come to-night." The afternoon wore slowly away, and at the usual hour I hurried to the barge. Bristles sat at the table, poring over the letter that was spread out upon it. When I entered, he pushed it toward me, saying:

"Young man, I have read that upwards of many times—three-score and ten, and seventy times seven. But I may not have gauged it straight, and I

wish that you, being book-larned, would do it out loud."

I complied. It was simply a letter from a Boston lawyer, telling him that his uncle, Jehial Marbury, had died, and left him a thousand dollars. He could get this by identifying himself at a certain office in San Francisco.

"Then it's really so, and uncle Je is dead! and left me handsome compliments too. Now, friend, I shall go home for that identical mission." And the old man was elated at the approach of the time when his life-aim should be attained. I congratulated him warmly, and learned that it was his purpose to go to the city the next day, and thence directly east. He seemed quite touched when he spoke of leaving me, but confided his barge and all its treasures to my care, promising to be back again at an early day. I hardly recognized him on the morrow, when I went to get the key, just before his departure. He had shaved a broad channel in his beard of the width of his under-lip, and extending to his collar. He had a plain suit of blue in place of his daily garb, and a new black hat. He was a little awkward in his clothes, but he looked like another man, and, as I grasped his hand in farewell, I felt lonely enough. There was some little stir in the village at his going, but as no one but myself knew the cause, it soon died out.

I missed the old man greatly. Days slipped by and I heard nothing from him. He had been gone just a month, when the following letter came:

"BOSTON.

"To the Postmaster at Pikeport.

"I have failed, and shall follow close onder this.

"S. MARBURY."

Three days after this, as I turned away from the boat with the mails, Bristles laid his hand on my shoulder, and asked for his key. It was dusk, and I could not see him distinctly; but his voice was weak, and his walk not so

firm as of old. I welcomed him warmly, and that night I gladly posted to the old barge. Bristles was lying on his bed, but terribly changed from the stout, hale man I had seen depart so short a time ago. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes sunken, his whole system unstrung; he had lost his grip.

"Why, old man, what's the matter?"

"Not much, lad—not much. Didn't I write you? I made my trip for naught, and I've nothing to live for now no more."

He said this not querulously, but as if his mind were made up for the issue.

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"I'll tell you all, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a boy (and, you mind, I told you before), I was licked like blazes by a praying school-master, and all for nothing, and he knew it. And I made a vow that when I grew to be a man I would find him out and whale him to a jelly. It was my object, in getting and saving money, to go back there and thrash that man. I have felt the welts of his cowhide on my back and shoulders every night for forty years. And his name was Isaac Allen."

"Well, didn't you do it?"

"Some men's luck outequals anything. When my uncle died, and the money came, I thought as how my time had come. And, happy-like and free, I made my way to Boston; and there I bought the biggest cowhide I could get for money. And, tucking it in my left sleeve, handle down, handy-like, I goes to Oldtown Centre, three miles away. As I got near the old house, I'm blamed if I didn't expect to see all the boys popping up from behind the stone-wall and the big trees. There was the meadow where I won the foot-ball match; there was the river we swam across so often; and I felt crawly-like, suspicioning to see old Allen sneaking about the place. But I pushed on, as bold as General Jackson, and up to the door I

went. There warn't no sign of boys. There warn't no smell of baking beans. The big layloc bushes in the front yard had grown to be trees. The big brass knocker on the green door was rusty, but I grabbed it, and my raps went ringing through into the entry. And then I slid my right hand up the other sleeve, and made ready."

"And then?"

"The door opened, and a pale, measly woman showed her face, and asked what I wanted. 'Is Master Allen at home?' says I. 'Who?' says she. 'Master Isaac Allen, who keeps the school,' says I. 'Laws sakes!' she hollered; 'old Allen is dead and gone, and there ain't been no school here for fifteen years;' and she slammed to the door. I made out to get outside the gate, and lean up against a tree. Dead!

and without one 'cut behind' from me! Gone! where no length of lash could reach him! My life all wasted, and my vengeance only talk! I can tell you, my lad, I sickened then and there."

And old Bristles broke down completely—his fortitude gone, himself only a bit of driftwood. I tried to rally him, and to bring him up again; but from that hour he rapidly fell away. What time I had, I nursed him; but he lingered, dull and stupid. On coming into the barge, four nights after his return, I saw he was breathing his last. He died without a murmur, and as he passed away, then again I saw the shadowy twin, pointing to the old man's clenched hand. It contained a card, on which was written, "Care of ISAAC ALLEN."

Bristles was bound to find and flog him in the next world.

ETC.

Two California Landscapes.

Visitors to the gallery of the San Francisco Art Association have lately had the opportunity to study two fine paintings of Sierra Nevada scenery, which are doubly interesting from their subjects and intrinsic merit, and from the fact that they illustrate two different methods in art. One of these paintings is Bierstadt's *Donner Lake from the Summit*; the other is Hill's *Royal Arches of the Yosemite*. Both are of exhibition size—that is, six by ten feet. Bierstadt's picture is generally admitted to be the most faithful and satisfactory California view he has yet executed. He brought to it the remarkable industry for which he is noted, having made a very large number of local studies for it, and given to their elaboration in the large composition a great deal of time. His point of view was several hundred feet above the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, where it crosses the summit of the Sierra, and upward of 7,000 feet above the sea, looking eastward over

Donner Lake and down the descending valley of the Truckee to the distant Washoe mountains. This point was chosen at the instance of the gentleman for whom the picture was painted, because right here were overcome the greatest physical difficulties in the construction of the road, while the immediate vicinity was the scene of the most pathetic tragedy in the experience of our pioneer immigration, for it was on the shore of Donner Lake that the Donner party were caught in the winter snows, and suffered horrors worse than the death which overtook so many of them. The two associations of the spot are, therefore, sharply and suggestively antithetical: so much slowness and hardship in the early days, so much rapidity and ease now; great physical obstacles overcome by a triumph of well-directed science and mechanics. For these reasons, the picture is in some sense historical. The entire range of the landscape, from the summit to the Washoe mountains, is not less than fifty miles, and

the descent from the foreground to the middle is over 2,000 feet. Besides the difficulty of representing so much descent, the artist had to deal with the rugged facts of cold gray granite cliffs, of ridges largely denuded of timber, and a body of water three miles long so far below him that its shore details are lost, while its usual color is dark and leaden. Mr. Bierstadt has contrived to make of such materials a work which is both grand and poetical. By taking early sunrise, when the vapors from lake and river are lifting, and the light filtered through them casts long shadows over the foreground, warms the face of the rugged cliff to the right, and gives a greenish silver tint to the lake, he was enabled to soften the natural asperities of the scene without sacrificing essential truth. The mist-softened sun a few degrees above the sky-line of distant mountains is the key to the tone of the whole picture. The haze is so attenuated, however, that it obscures none of the surface detail, serving only as a medium to bring down the light in penciled rays and to strengthen the illusion of atmosphere. At the right, rises a sheer precipice of granite, a thousand feet high, whose base broadens to the shore of the lake. Through a tunnel in this rocky battlement the cars pass; but the hard fact of the railroad is only hinted by a puff of smoke, and by an unobtrusive sketch of the line of snow-sheds. At the left hand is a splendid group of dark pines, which gives miles of distance to the landscape beyond. The middle foreground is a sloping knoll of gravel, on which the sage-brush and many small plants in flower are growing, while the grass is sparse and light-colored. A single snow-plant, with its scarlet blossom, hints that only lately the summer sun melted the last lingering drift, though there are streaks of snow yet in the crevices of the cliff. From this foreground, with its long, slanting shadows, which are introduced with wonderful effect, the eye follows down, down, down, over a tumbling succession of hill-tops to the lake, tracing the windings of an old wagon-road which dwindles to the appearance of a narrow trail. Nestled in the bosom of two declivities, above and to the left of the lake, are two small lakelets, one of them ringed with pines and reflecting them in its clear waters. Above Donner Lake itself the

vapors are rolling off in cumulous clouds, which are reflected in its bosom. The valley of the Truckee is full of silvery vapor, above which rise the distant mountains of the Nevada plateau. The picture fills one with the feeling of a high mountain outlook; it gives the impression of largeness and grandeur. It is painted with great refinement. The surface objects and inequalities are realized with photographic closeness. The rocky structure is massive and solid. The trees are Nature itself. There is evidence of the most intelligent and careful work all over.

Turning to Mr. Hill's canvas, we see in the immediate foreground a river-curve of still water, reflecting the tree-fringed banks in green tint on the right side, the massive cliffs in gray on the other. The river is edged with oaks and alders, and other deciduous growths, and describes a half-circle in the middle of the foreground. From its left bank projects a sand-spit, where drift-wood has collected, and where a party of mounted tourists are debating the chances of fording. The reflections in the water are wonderfully illusive; to look at them is like looking down into another heaven from the edge of a wall. Just behind, rises the perpendicular granite cliff, whose surface-markings, where the rock has peeled off, suggest the name of "Royal Arches;" the further end of this cliff being the well known promontory of "Washington's Column." A narrow bit of level valley lies at the base of this column, grassy, belted with a few pines and oaks, and stretching to the river; and then, looking across a hazy chasm, we see the "Half Dome" frowning at an altitude of several thousand feet, thrown into distance by a sharp line of dark rock which comes down from the right, the forenoon light pouring in a full blaze between, warming up the face of the "Royal Arches," and illuminating the rocky summit of the North Dome beyond, where a few fleecy clouds are drifting off into the distance. The elements of this picture are comparatively simple, and can be taken in at a glance. It is painted with great breadth and boldness; the color is laid on thick, and the detail is all in the effect at the proper point of view. The dominating tone of color is gray. There is a singularly vivid distinctness and relief in all the objects. The trees stand out, with

the light around and through them, and space behind. The cliffs are massy, solid and lofty, and their structural character is faithfully rendered. The opal, pink, and brown mottlings of color on the scarred face of the "Royal Arches," and the haze-softened ruggedness of the "Half Dome," are fine effects. A bit of scaling dark gray granite on the river's edge is wonderfully literal, and the uprooted oak on the sand-spit is equally so. The management of color and light, sustained in a high, bright key through the whole picture, and the almost stereoscopic prominence of cliff and tree, give the impression of openness and airy space. Mr. Hill is eminently an out-door painter; and if his work looks almost bald in its strength, compared with the beautiful refinement of Bierstadt's, it is no less true to nature, and probably expresses her more usual aspects in the upper Sierra. In referring to both paintings, we have not aimed to be critical, but descriptive. Their merits are more important than their faults; and to discover the former rather than the latter, is after all more nearly the function of just criticism. It is instructive to see two such works together; to be told so graphically how various nature is in her effects and impressions, and by what different methods in technical art she may be reproduced for our enjoyment.

The Art Association is doing good in affording opportunities for such comparisons, both as to home and foreign art. Comparison is the basis of intelligent appreciation.

Sutter's Fort.

I stood by the old fort's crumbling wall,
On the eastern verge of the town;
The sun, through clefts in the ruined hall,
Flecked with its light the rafters brown,
And sifting with gold the oaken floor,
Seemed to burnish the place anew;
While out and in through the half-closed door,
Building their nests, the swallows flew.
Charmed by the magic spell of the place,
The present vanished, the past returned;
While rampart and fortress filled the space,
And yonder the Indian camp-fires burned.
I heard the sentinel's measured tread,
The challenge prompt, the quick reply;
And there on the tower above my head,
The Mexican banner flaunts the sky.

Around me were waifs from every clime—

Blown by the fickle winds of chance;
Knight-errants, ready at any time,
For any cause, to couch a lance.

The stanch old captain, with courtly grace,
Owner of countless leagues of land,
Benignly governs the motley race,
Dispensing favors with open hand.

On miles of meadow his cattle feed,
While brown *vagueros*, with careless rein,
Swinging *riatas*, on restless steed,
Are dashing madly over the plain.

Only a moment the vision came:
Where tower and rampart stood before,
Where flushed the night with the camp's red flame,
Dust and ashes, and nothing more.

Borne to my ear on the ambient air,
Mingled with sounds of childish glee,
I heard again the low hum of care,
Like the restless moan of the sea.

L. H. F.

At Sea in a Bowl.

The sentimentalist who deliberately sits down in a Christian community and sighs his soul away in such a couplet as—as this, for instance:

"O, had I some bright little isle of my own,
Far off in the blue, summer ocean, alone!"

must be an idle dreamer, who scarcely realizes the importance of the said natural division of the earth's surface, were it never so little; and he can hardly be said to have a just appreciation of the enormous duties that would devolve upon him were he the fortunate possessor of an island, bright though it might be, and very far off in the bluest and most summerlike of oceans. A person of this turn of mind can not have weighed the testimony that has recently come to us from the isolated island kingdom which is forever associated with the memory of Captain Cook.

The islanders have lately suffered a severe blow in the loss of their king; it is possible that they have suffered a severer blow in the election of his successor. Time alone can relieve the anxiety of the world in regard to a matter that concerns the dearest interests of whalemens and planters. Probably the royal sex is not of the greatest importance, since the pillars of the throne are men of much practical experience, who have nobly sacrificed their nationality for the greater enlightenment of the heathen.

It has been said that the masculine mind is more easily guided in the right path than is that of the feminine—always conceding that the exceptional feminine has a fondness for that entire freedom of thought and action which has been the patent of the other sex for numberless centuries. It has been whispered, also, that the royal aspirant is not always himself; it is, therefore, a wise provision of Providence that he has fallen into the hands of those who are eminently capable of managing him; and we can not but hope that he will never be himself again, at least that self which we believe is commonly known in Honolulu as “Prince Bill.”

Upon Lunalilo falls the feather mantle of the Kamehamehas! It becomes his duty to dispense his forty thousand dollars per annum in a manner befitting the ruler of sixty or seventy thousand subjects of assorted colors. But he is not alone in his financial magnificence. The House of Nobles is sworn to sustain him in his hour of trial; the Knights of Kamehameha are numbered among his faithful; the august ministers will not falter in their honorable offices; and the Royal Guards are prepared to die for the glory of the flag.

Some of us who have not examined the exquisite *minutiae* of the Hawaiian Government, are, perhaps, too careless of its dignity. To us, Honolulu appears to be a desirable coal-station for the steamers that are plying between the continents. We could wish, for the greater convenience of all parties concerned, that the islands might be tucked under the hem of the Stars and Stripes; that the American citizens might be delivered from the petty annoyances of the officer of customs; that something of our boasted enterprise might show itself in the regeneration of the islands of “tranquil delights;” that the spirit of free commerce might sweeten the cup of the sugar-planter; and the exiled missionary once more feel the invigorating influences of his own government. We are, however, not impatient; on the contrary, we are willing to see the play out before we seek to introduce the popular drama of Liberty and

Equality into the midst of the alien seas. It is enough that the present occupants of that contracted stage are amused with their own comedy; and so long as it is simply amusing, why interrupt the performance?

Let the King sit under the sable plumes of his *kahilis*; let the ministers sport their gold lace and their dignity; let the people comfort themselves with rose-apples, and the fates bide their time; for the prophetic soul reads the gospel of the future, and it is written that the Hawaiian—from the naked fisherman, balancing himself on the outrigger of his canoe, to his Excellency the Admiral of H. H. M.’s butter-boat fleet—shall, sooner or later, yield to the Presidency of the Seas!

Bierstadt’s “Donner Lake from the Summit.”

My muse hath silent kept so long,
Naught else could e’er awake a song,
Though breezes cool, o’er ocean blue,
Our Golden Gate come ever through—
Majestic waterfalls may pour,
And trees outlive the days of yore
In grandeur, such as ne’er before
Has met the gaze of man.

I stand, in thought, above the world,
Gazing below the clouds unfurled,
Where early Phœbus, bursting through,
Fresh from his bath of morning dew,
Scatters the mist from melting snow,
O’er mountain’s brow, and vale below,
Tinging the lake in brighter glow,
Which scarce a breath doth feel.

I stand entranced, as gazing where
A master’s hand has pictured there
All that in Nature seems to be—
Earth, air, and water, rock and tree,
So real, in its magic power;
I breathe the air; I see each flower,
Shadow, and light of woodland bower,
So naturally they fall.

Inspired hand! which holds such sway
As in its course the sun to stay.
To catch his beams—the hills to span—
Seems more the work of God than man.
Yet, Bierstadt, such a gift is thine;
The grand—the beautiful—combine
In thy most perfect art t’enshrine
A glory over all.

AMATEUR.

San Francisco, Jan. 29th, 1873.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY:
EARLY ANNALS. By M. Schele DeVere.
New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Lon-
don: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

While in almost every one's experience there has occurred something—perhaps many things—which, if told, would seem strange and almost fictitious, it is scarcely probable but that, in the history of any part of the globe, whose annals were included within four centuries, there should be much that, in ill-used phrase, might be called the romance of history. Looking back upon the active life of the American people thus far, there has been no event which has moved anyone to build the great American Epic, for which fanciful critics have said we should be prepared, as if we had a right to expect it. One, and thus far the only noteworthy American writer of fiction, has chosen to base his works upon a highly imaginative picture of Indian character; but, as if the fiction were itself too great, and our knowledge of the real aborigines of our country were too vivid and complete, the representatives of that race have apparently no charm to further excite the mind of the novelist or the poet, and the American savage seems likely to fall away as a theme for literary entertainment.

The most of that of the early annals of our country which is marvelous, is the narrative of Indian life, and that can all be included within meagre limits. It is almost entirely the one story of the battles of different tribes, and the utter extermination of one of them; the early intercourse of the descendants of Europeans with them; the mild reception, the false friendship, the devilish treachery and bloody massacres that were sure to follow, and somewhere in the story, looming up, a gigantic figure of savage brutality, whose muscular proportions and sullen assertion of superiority have always drawn from the worshiper of the elephantine and mysterious the sadly misplaced and eulogistic designations of the "noble savage" and the "great chieftain," as if, in their cunning silence and

mammoth bearing, there could be any real dignity or majesty. It is a peculiarity of the real North American Indian, that, in order to make interesting any narrative in which he shall be a prominent actor, the writer has to depict him as he is not. What is marvelous in early American history, as connected with the Indian, does not have any of the characteristics of romance; for a romance must have first some elements of human interest, and in the second place must be highly fictitious and marvelous. The annals of the American Indians are marvelous, indeed; but there is scarce any human interest in the series of treacheries and brutalities which are almost invariably true of every tribe, and to say anything fictitious of them would necessarily compel one to make them humane, and at times admirable, which would be to make the story rest on traits which are not those of the aborigines. The stories of marvelous things told of them are too sadly and pitifully true.

One of the earliest ideas which they suggested to the European mind was, that they needed "converting." Cotton Mather thought that "probably the devil decoyed the miserable savages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never reach here, or disturb his absolute empire over them." At any rate, it would be interesting to know that the Indian character was capable of receiving any humanizing ideas, or that experience or education could rescue him from his savagery, or that, by gifts or other influence, he could be induced to take on the simpler and gentler habits and modes of thought of civilized, not to say enlightened, man. Bancroft says of one apostle of the Indians, "Loskiel could not change the Indian character." "Not one Indian Christian was gathered by the English missionaries in Connecticut," says Trumbull, in his history of that State. While there were many instances of apparent subjection of Indian characteristics to the graces of the Christian character and to the refinement of

education, yet it is too plainly their prominent peculiarity never to stay subdued by civilization. Upon Martha's Vineyard, "in 1660, there were about 3,000 Christian Indians, with ministers of their own race, and, a generation later, the whole had vanished like a dream!" writes Professor DeVere, and he adds, "The pathetic stories of praying Indians, the terrible massacres of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, and the martyrdom of converts in Moravian settlements, all speak loudly in behalf of the efforts made to convert the Red man—all point as clearly to the inefficiency of these attempts." And instances may be cited of individual Indians who have been taken from childhood, placed under the most civilizing influences, educated, and offered as instances of the elasticity of the Indian character in yielding to the power of civilization over barbarism, only to prove too much the entire elasticity of their character, and how, having yielded once, they bounded back into the depths of Indian peculiarities at the first opportunity. General Oglethorpe gave to a boy, "the son of one of the greatest chiefs in Georgia," a liberal education, so that he "became a polished man, moving freely in the best society, and perfectly at home in all the details even of courtly life." One day he called in to see his tribe, and "in a short time the accomplished courtier became a wily Indian once more. He laid aside his European costume, and with it the habits he had acquired in England, and, before a short year had passed, he had become an Indian warrior once more in the full and most painful sense of the word." It seems difficult, to any one at all familiar with the real history of North American Indians, to understand the emphasis laid upon any possible, essential difference between the "noble savages" of two centuries ago and the wily and murderous brutes who have cost our government such a waste of sickly sentimentality, now happily supplemented by a vigorous, and, it is to be hoped, utterly exterminating warfare.

Out of all the sickening history of Indian life, Professor DeVere dwells at considerable length upon "our first romance," the oft-told story of Pocahontas, "the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter." It is so refreshing to meet one bright page in the

history of such a people, that we may be willing temporarily to set aside our old belief that she really was "a well-featured, but wanton young girl," and accept the possibility, however difficult, that it was only in innocence that she "would get the boyes forth with her unto the market-place and make the wheele, falling on with their handes, turning up their heeles upwards, whome she would follow and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over!" And yet it is easier to believe that the whole story is a real romance, having the characteristics of interest and of fiction.

For the solution of the ethnological problem in connection with this people, Professor DeVere cites some authorities tending to prove that the American Indians were of Jewish origin. William Penn adopted that view, and James Adair, an Englishman of learning and enterprise, himself well acquainted with Hebrew, after living thirty years among the Chickasaws, where he had frequent intercourse with the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and the Muscogeas, was "firmly convinced that the Red men of the South, at least, were descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel, who had preserved, with the exception of circumcision, all the leading features of Old Testamentary worship. He had found among them the name of Jehovah, but slightly altered, and attributed to one supreme God; he had recognized in their religious chants a distinct hallelujah; and had seen, with his own eyes, a grand temple of theirs, to which the tribes came up in their order, where priests presented burnt-offerings and thanks-offerings; a Holy of Holies. His convictions were reiterated by a man who seemed to be still better qualified to judge of the curious question—Abram Mordecai, himself a Jew, and a man of equal intelligence and learning, who spent fifty years of his life among the Creeks." Whatever may be the truth, as a problem still to be solved, it would seem to be of special interest to the Jews themselves, and of more moment, perhaps, for them to disprove the conclusion, than for any other persons to confirm it.

This little volume by Professor DeVere is a collection of historical mosaics, *morceaux* of narratives of the early inhabitants, and of

the discoverers and explorers of our country. The author has told over again, without much addition to the world's stock of knowledge already acquired, the story of the discovery of the "Hidden River," so called, now known as the Mississippi; the early attempts at setting up courtly life and ways in the midst of our unsubdued wilderness; the birth and short lives of towns, whose places of existence can scarcely now be identified; and the location of lands and attempts at colonization which failed, and which, being insignificant, are scarcely worth mention in history. The volume is scholarly, without being very learned, or, if learned, yet containing curious and momentarily interesting rather than very valuable learning. It exhibits, what no volume of history ever should, certain personal peculiarities of the author, and indicates the somewhat narrow range of his historical studies in the provincial limitation of the topics discussed.

THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE. By John R. Leifchild, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

That great humanitarian and philosophical thinker, Greeley, once said: "That which is divine in our own souls will ever quickly respond to God's conceptions of the beautiful and sublime, as visibly expressed or bodied forth in the works which he has made." Among all the fervent and reverent utterances of this great philanthropist and student of Nature, none could be more devoutly truthful than this. Nature is made up of endless harmonies, calculated to minister to our highest capacities for happiness and development; but the circumscribed limits of our mental and moral faculties, too often clogged and fettered by preconceived notions and ideas, prevent us from appreciating or resolving these harmonies. Science and religion are perpetually arraigned as antagonists, each ready to demolish the other at one fell swoop; whereas, of the truths pertaining to the created universe, revelation should supply the text, and science should be the expositor. All truth, whether natural or revealed, comes from the same Author, and must eventually harmonize, despite the efforts of science, so called, to play recklessly with faith, on the

one hand; or over-zealous defenders of the faith to ignore scientific truth, on the other.

The work before us is a republication of the English edition, which the present publishers have endowed with the suggestive and fitting title, *The Great Problem*. The author is well known from his works on physical geography—*Our Coal-Fields and our Coal-Pits; Cornwall, its Mines and Miners*; and other works of a like character. This intimate communion and fellowship with Nature justly entitle him to a respectful hearing on the subjects of which he treats. The sententious and somewhat despotic introductory to the American edition, by Chancellor Crosby, of the University of New York, was scarcely needed to insure for it the thoughtful consideration of educated and earnest seekers after truth.

The position which the author takes, as foreshadowed in his prefatory remarks, is briefly this: He stands as a self-elected arbitrator between the nations at war with each other; he would make peace between the combatants, believing, as he does, that a peace will be ultimately secured, on terms satisfactory to both parties. The settled conviction, existing to such a large extent in the religious world, that modern science is inimical to Christian faith, he believes to be productive of the most unhappy results, in discouraging the study of natural science, which he deems of inestimable importance as conserving the interests of true religion, and not hindering them. Starting out on these premises, he proceeds to establish the principle, that the contemplation and study of nature, when pursued in a reverent spirit, is a direct help to faith; that such study and research, apart from revelation, is the only means available for the acquiring of some definite and adequate conceptions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Great Designer; and that, in the present period of the world's history, far more than any preceding one, these attributes of the Great Original are to be exemplified and illustrated by his created works. He regards Nature as a manifestation of the Creator's power, apart from himself—a scheme of things to which he is external, which could not exist independent of him, although he is independent of it. The author makes a very accurate discrimination be-

tween science itself, and a class of able scientists who have been, and still are, laboring sedulously to overturn certain established beliefs which an orthodox theology holds to be fundamental. Prominent among these anti-theological advocates, he makes especial mention of Mr. G. H. Lewes, the noted positivist, who boldly states the radically incompatible conclusions of theology and science, as apparent to him, and who says of Herbert Spencer, "It is questionable whether any thinker of finer calibre has appeared in our country; although the future alone can determine the position he is to assume in history. He, alone, of British thinkers, has organized a system of philosophy. His object is that of the positive philosophy—namely, the organization into a harmonious doctrine of all the highest generalizations of science by the application of the positive method, and the complete displacement of theology and metaphysics."

This latter bold avowal is what has so sorely vexed the righteous soul of this zealous defender of "the faith once delivered unto the saints;" and while he might not be disposed to waste lamentations over misplaced metaphysics, over doomed theology he would sincerely mourn. Before such displacement, however, he would say something on theology in connection with Nature—something calculated to establish it more firmly, to widen its foundation, and to enlarge its scope. Hence, the work before us.

Pursuant to this plan, the author proceeds to draw a nice distinction between the two ministries of Nature—rather arbitrary, it would seem: the lower ministry, embracing the mere physical or utilitarian ends; the higher, being a series of altar-steps, stretching through space upward toward the throne of the Infinite Creator. He says: "Nature is around us, just as the Bible is before us; and much the same kind of treatment is given to both. They who find little or nothing divine in the Bible, are not likely to find much that is divine in Nature. They who do not derive life, hope, and consolation from the one, are very unlikely to derive any such things from the other. If the Bible have no higher ministry than its letter, neither has Nature; but as tens of thousands have derived, and will yet derive, their noblest

thoughts and most animating hopes from the Bible, so tens of thousands may derive the same, in a different measure, from Nature." Throughout the work, the writer has manifested a scrupulous regard and deference for both these great teachers. He pleads, also, for unrestrained freedom of thought and expression, and counsels searching inquiry into fundamental beliefs; for, to hold religious opinions at the mercy of science, is to live an unworthy and valueless life. "Doubt, even, on great and vital truths, while it is painful to a believer in them, is not necessarily a total evil to the community; for it leads to deeper inquiries, to a winnowing of the chaff from the wheat, and to the re-edification of truth on a broader and surer foundation." Yet the author subsequently concedes, that a *continued* state of doubt in regard to fundamental questions of religion, or philosophy, is fatal to the ministry of Nature. In respect of Nature's higher ministry, every man who would have her as his instructive teacher, must become her devoted attendant.

Although the chapter on "Ignorance" contains little that may be regarded as startlingly fresh or original, yet the truth that we are culpable for not seeking and satisfying all attainable cognitions can not be too often reiterated. And if highly capacitated, and "specially qualified to comprehend progressively more and more of the seen, in order that we may thereby be led ardently to desire higher capacities and larger and fuller revelations, then voluntary ignorance is not only a loss, but a sin. It is the choosing of darkness rather than light."

The arguments from design, and ultimate purpose, are carefully elaborated and admirably put. The closing paragraphs of the chapter are eloquently suggestive. "What Nature points out to us that God now is, may be some indication of what God will forever be. Prophetic Nature will address herself to faith rather than to knowledge; but as the ages roll on, faith will give place to knowledge, and knowledge will store up accomplished ends as cumulative proofs of the goodness of the Omnipotent."

The author devotes himself with conscientious fidelity to the optimism of Leibnitz, and the pessimism of Spinoza. The efforts of the former to refute Pantheism by monadology,

even though it resolves itself into a scheme of individualism leading to the extinction of the individual, he regards as far preferable to the system of the latter, which he deems unsound in its logical root, and unhealthy, as well as unchristian, in its practical fruit; in other words, as a general result of Spinoza's psychology, he says: "the human soul is a spiritual automaton." In his review of Spinoza, the author quotes largely from M. Saisset.

With modern scientific works and theories Mr. Leifchild displays a comprehensive acquaintance and a discriminating familiarity, as well as a commendable breadth and fairness. Thus, in treating of the doctrine of evolution, as advocated by Herbert Spencer and Darwin, with great candor he asks, "What can we say of evolution? If we treat it reverently, and not atheistically, we can only say that it presupposes an evolver, and that such an evolver must be divine. . . . Abolish, if you can, the dogma of special creation, and substitute for it what you name evolution; employ all the science at your command to establish it—and after all, and by all, you establish the Evolver. Of Him you can not rid this earth—of Him you can not rid the universe. . . . The act of unfolding necessitates the existence of one who unfolds. The results of unfolding display his character, as well as his action. . . . The more I can understand of the manner of evolution, the more am I impressed with its unity of purpose, even in full view of its multiplicity of parts and manifoldness of stages. From increase of such knowledge, I rise into higher perceptions. I see rhythm in every motion on the earth—rhythm, therefore, in combined motions; a wonderful rhythm pervading the cosmos. The manner is Nature's music; the end is divine harmony."

The chapters devoted to "Materialism," to "Life, Protoplasm, and Vital Force," and to the immortality of the human soul, are deserving of the closest consideration. The work is one of rare and exceptional value, well calculated to stimulate thought and investigation, and deserves to be catalogued with those of the intuitive school, so ably represented by Dr. Noah Porter, Dr. James McCosh, Bishop Ellicott, Archdeacon Pratt, and other earnest, enlightened souls, who have learned to love our common Christianity more

than any given set of dogmas, or ecclesiastical system of established beliefs.

THE ORDEAL FOR WIVES. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Those who were first introduced to the author through the 'medium of her' serial, in last year's *Galaxy*, will be a trifle disappointed in the present story. She has never equalled the character sketches in *Ought We to Visit Her?* With all its blemishes, the author showed intimate familiarity with the characters she there described. In her *Susan Fielding*, there was such a medley of unreal folks—mere lay-figures doing unwilling duty under the pressure of an enraptured dreamer, suffering from an attack of *cacathes scribendi*. Archie Lovell was still more sensational; not quite so delirious and vehement in style as "Ouida," but quite up to the most feverish and mercurial efforts of Miss Thomas, Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Wood. This class of female writers are disputing honors with Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and, we had almost said, Charles Reade, in peering into dubious by-ways and darkened corners, to drag forth questionable people, whom it were better not to know, except it were on a mission of reformation. Dramatic power is certainly preferable to commonplace twaddle, but why not display it upon healthy and pure idealizations? "What thou beest, thou seest," is pre-eminently true of the writer; as for the reader, he has the choice to close the book, or peruse it to its *finis*. It remains a fact that *Stephen Lawrence*, *Yeoman*, and the other works above-named, of Mrs. Edwards', have commanded a large class of readers, and the law of supply and demand holds with equal exactitude in literature as elsewhere; what the market calls for, will be forthcoming.

We do not propose a detailed review of the work before us. It is a portraiture of domestic scenes and experiences which, in aspect, we might wish were less faithful and natural. We half suspect the author knows whereof she speaks. We are disposed to commiserate her on her frank avowal, that she speaks of things as she finds them; that novelists, at best, are one of the doubtful benefits of an advanced stage of civilization; and yet, she

pleadingly adds: "What would novelists be, if, from highest to lowest, each one of them did not speak his own small personal experience of men and women to the world? How would a naturalist be forwarding science, who, after a careful, minute investigation of the habits, say, of a Chimpanzee ape, should declare, 'These are not what a Chimpanzee's domestic morals ought to be; let me rather ascribe to him the charming instincts and affections of a Kooloo-kamba?' Why, such a man's testimony would be that of a fool. Let him describe the Chimpanzees he has seen; and let other historians paint the habits of the virtuous Kooloo-kambas, or of the idealized, passionless creatures of the human species across whose path a kindly Providence may have cast them. When I meet with such, I will gladly bear witness—yes, on that moment I will sit down and write and publish some book wherein my new experiences shall be frankly, generously recorded."

For the sake of humanity, let us hope the day is close at hand when Mrs. Edwards will no longer feel it incumbent upon her to devote her marvelous energies to "a careful, minute investigation of the habits of Chimpanzee apes"—horrid creatures; but may "the charming instincts and affections of the virtuous Kooloo-kambas"—dear souls—fall to her lot to delineate; and so may an exalted future make full reparation for a recreant past.

KEEL AND SADDLE. A Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service. By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The author of this volume prefaces his narrative with the following paragraph: "The simple record of the career of almost any person, however humble, furnishes some useful lessons, from which may be derived either guidance or warning; and the story of an active life full of vicissitudes and strange experiences, lacking though it may the graces of rhetoric and the riches of scholarship, can hardly fail to point some profitable moral to the few, while it may possibly entertain the many."

We entirely agree with him; and the same

apology is sufficient for the appearance of a multitude of books, no one of which possesses any originality of style or novelty in the shape of experiences. The narrative lacks freshness and vigor. It is more like a memory of events that in their day may have been thrilling, but which have lost somewhat of their color with time. Moreover, adventures of this description have become the common property of the modern novelist; and though the author had many advantages of travel, when travelers were less frequent than they now are, he has reserved his revelation until its sparkle is dim and its flavor a little musty.

At the end of the volume there are five short sketches, coming under the general head of "Puffs from Picket-Pipes," that are quite interesting, and each of which is told with considerable dramatic skill.

THE MINNESINGER OF GERMANY. By A. E. Kroeger. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"In the middle of the twelfth century, or about 1150, the first period of German literature may be said to have begun." It was while the cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne—those marble epics—were slowly shaping themselves; it was when the hearts of the Crusaders were on fire, under the glorious reign of the Hohenstauffens, that the century of unwritten song sang itself out, though the echo of its peculiar melody is repeated in the harmony of all modern poetry.

The *Minnesinger* were, for the most part, unable to read or write. One of them (Ulrich Von Lichtenstein) had to carry a letter from his sweetheart for weeks in his pocket before he found some one to read it for him. Like Don Quixote, most of the *Minnesinger* had their Sancho Panza, in the shape of a sweet youth, to whom they intrusted the secret of their love; and it was the chief occupation of these youths to commit to memory the verses which their masters composed for their mistresses, that they, like living letters, might be dispatched to the beauteous Dulcinea, who would listen with pardonable patience to the recital of her praises.

It was thus, chiefly through oral tradition, that there has been preserved to us the im-

mense labors of a century which the noble Swiss knight, Rudiger of Manesse, and his son, first undertook to collect and fix into manuscript; thus, under the editorship of Johann Hadloub, one of the last of the minnesingers, arranging that famous Manessian collection which now forms one of the treasures of the Parisian library.

The songs of the *Minnesinger* are noticeable for their fresh, youthful, inexpressibly sweet and graceful flow of form, and for the exceeding richness of their imagery. These lines, from "A Hymn to the Virgin," are an example:

"Thou gem, thou gold, thou diamond glow,
Thou cream-white milk, red ivory! O,
Thou honey-flow,
In heart and mouth dissolving!
Of fruitful virtue a noble grove,
The lovely bride of God above—
Thou sweet, sweet love;
Thou hour with bliss resolving!
Of chastity thou whitest snow,
A grape of chaste and sure love,
A clover-field of true love's glow,
Of grace a bottomless ocean's flow!
Yea, more, I trow:
A turtle-dove of pure love."

The amorous songs are likewise chaste, though full of color. We have room for the brief chant of Mulnhusen, in praise of

"MY LADY.

"She has a body fair as light,
She has erisp hair, yellow and curl'd,
She has a throat as snow so white;
No finer woman holds this world.
I'd rather be with her than be even with God in Paradise:
Lord, in her love make thou me wise!
The sun did ne'er so bright appear,
But my love still more beauty brought—
Her eyes stood open, bright and clear;
God making her forgot e'en naught.
I would not take the crown of Rome, we'r't offered for
her body me;
She pleases me so mightily."

Everywhere, in these beautiful translations, we trace the original music that has been repeated so successfully by Tennyson, Swinburne, and Shelley; and no volume that has come to hand, of late years, is richer in poetical history than this by Kroeger, wherein the lives of some of the *Minnesinger* are portrayed, and shown to have been quite as romantic and beautiful as the songs that were born of them.

MY HEALTH. By F. C. Burnand. Boston: Roberts Bros.

There is a great deal of human nature in Mr. Burnand's fun, and Mr. Burnand is nothing, if not funny. Since Thackeray, no man has done so much toward exposing the littleness of men's motives, and we doubt if there is much left to uncover in the heart and mind of Mr. Burnand's heroes, albeit he continues to make his periodical appearance in handy volumes with excessively red covers. Probably few readers will care to acknowledge how much of the folly that makes up the sum total of this amusing volume they have at one time or another matched; and it seems to be the mission of this author to hold the mirror up to Nature at such an angle, that, while the reflection is somewhat exaggerated, there is too much truth in it to admit of any denial. The consequence is that the conscientious reader feels as though he had been rebuked for ten thousand absurdities, which, fortunately, he has kept to himself up to date, and which, with the example of this little book before him, he will endeavor to keep secret so long as his reason is unshaken.

WORD ANALYSIS, AND WORD BOOK OF ENGLISH SPELLING. By William Swinton, A. M. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

This *Word Analysis* is a graded class-book of English derivative words, with practical exercises in spelling, analyzing, defining, synonyms, and the use of words. It has for its object to supply a practical working manual, treating of the first department of the study of our language—namely, the study of the English vocabulary.

The *Word Book of English Spelling* is designed to attain practical results in the acquisition of the ordinary English vocabulary, and to serve as an introduction to *Word Analysis*. Among many other technical additions to former compilations of a like nature, we note those of colloquial words and Americanisms; and a wholesome distribution, in short lessons, of French and Latin words and phrases, in common use in the daily press. These text-books are more in harmony with the spirit of modern philology than the spelling-books of a former day, and are peculiarly adapted to the wants of graded schools, both public and private.

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AGRICULTURAL CAPACITY OF CALIFORNIA.

OVERFLOWS AND DROUGHTS.

IT will not be questioned that agriculture is the most important interest of California. Very few who came here in 1849, and indeed many years later, anticipated the change which has taken place in this respect. The opinion that mining would be the leading interest prevailed long after it became known that agriculture was a promising source of wealth. There has been a gradual decline in the production of the precious metals since 1853, at which time the estimated yield of the mines was \$57,000,000; the average yield during the past five years has not exceeded \$25,000,000 per annum. The cause of this decline may be found in the withdrawal of population to adjacent States and Territories, and in the change from surface to quartz mining, and the consequent necessity for capital. But the history of all mining countries shows that agriculture and manufactures become ultimately the most permanent sources of prosperity. Baron Humboldt, whose

enlarged experience in various countries, profound learning, and careful habits of research, entitle his opinions to great weight, says that "the influence of mining on the progressive cultivation of the country, is more durable than the mines are themselves, and that the produce of the earth derived from agriculture is the sole basis of permanent opulence." Nor is this a modern axiom, derived from the experience of Christian nations; for, according to Sir John Francis Davis, it is a principle laid down in the Book of Mencius, that "The ground is the original source of all wealth, and the principal subject of taxation. Agriculture, therefore, is called the *root*, and manufactures and trade the *branches*, and hence the higher honor and attentions bestowed upon the former."

The capacity of this State to sustain a large number of inhabitants is undoubted; yet, with all our advantages, and starting with a sudden influx of intelligent and energetic people from all parts

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of the world, we now, after twenty-three years' experience, find ourselves with an aggregate population of less than four to the square mile; while the remaining States and Territories of the Pacific slope contain an aggregate of less than one to the square mile.

During the past few years, some practical knowledge of our resources has been obtained, and it now only remains to offer the requisite facilities for intercommunication and settlement to fill up the country. Much may be expected in the future, if we adopt an intelligent course of action. An industrious and energetic people, such as we desire, will settle where they can obtain at cheap rates lands suitable for cultivation, and where they can be within reach of markets, and the refining influences of churches, schools, and public libraries. Unless we have improved systems of intercourse in a civilized country, these advantages can not exist. With all our resources—with the richest mineral and agricultural lands in the world—with extraordinary natural advantages for manufactures—the *desideratum* felt by every intelligent citizen of California is an increase of population. For twenty years this has been a subject of newspaper discussion; yet up to this time there has been no organized effort on an adequate scale to meet the requirements of the situation.

The resources of a country are intrinsically valuable in proportion to the facilities existing for their development. Without abundant labor, the natural wealth of the State is of no avail. This is a question of general as well as of local interest. It has been a prominent subject of discussion for years past; and various measures have been proposed for the purpose of securing State aid to encourage immigration. No one will deny that the growth of California in population and wealth during the past ten or fifteen

years has been slow compared with that of the new States on the Atlantic side of the Rocky Mountains. A reason for this may be found in the general apathy which has prevailed until recently on the subject of local improvements.

There has been no concert of action to promote any measure for the public good. No inducements have been held out to settlers. On the contrary, a policy of masterly inactivity has been pursued, which has not even subserved individual interests. The natural advantages afforded by a fine climate and a prolific soil, have failed to inspire a just appreciation of the benefits to be derived from co-operation in enterprises of a public character. California shows but little increase in population during the past ten years. To some extent the decay of placer mining and the drain upon our population from adjacent States and Territories, may account for this; but sufficient time has elapsed since agriculture, commerce, and manufactures have been placed upon a permanent footing, to remedy these drawbacks, had there been any intelligent action to encourage settlement.

All the energies of a people, individually the most energetic in the world, have been devoted to wild and hazardous speculations; and it is only within the past few years that special attention has been given to the development of agriculture and other industries likely to be more permanently prosperous than mining.

It has been well said that the inhabitant of a mountain region must go into the valley and look back before he can form an adequate conception of the outline of his mountain home, the local features of which are so familiar to him. I sometimes think we can not realize the true condition of our own State until we go beyond its boundaries and take a view from the outside. We must see the progress of other countries, and wit-

ness their rapid advancement in wealth and population, by means of intelligent enterprise, before we can realize that the gifts of Providence have not been appreciated on this coast.

A significant illustration of the growing importance of our agricultural interest may be found in our mining reports and market reviews. In 1849, the actual yield of gold in California was \$10,000,000; in 1850, \$35,000,000; in 1851, \$46,000,000; in 1852, \$50,000,000; in 1853, \$57,000,000; since which date it has gradually decreased to an average annual product of about \$20,000,000.

During the years named, we imported from the Atlantic States and South America most of the supplies necessary for the support of our population. Contrast this with our agricultural products during the past year. The total value of the wheat, barley, oats, hay, wine, wool, fruit, butter, cheese, and hides, produced in California during 1872, is estimated at \$75,000,000, of which our exports will probably exceed \$50,000,000. The wheat crop alone reaches about \$25,000,000, being an excess of \$5,000,000 over our gold yield; and the total of our agricultural products exceeds by about \$10,000,000 the entire yield of precious metals throughout the United States.

These astounding results have been produced by the hard labor and individual energy of our farming population, numbering in the aggregate less than 24,000 souls. When we consider that as late as 1860 the total area of land in cultivation was only 937,133 acres, and that in 1871-2 it reached 3,653,183 acres, our progress seems incredible. And yet how little has been done! California, according to a late report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, contains an aggregate area of 120,947,840 acres, "of which not less than 89,000,000, including swamp and tule lands capable of reclamation, are suited to some kinds of profitable husbandry. Of

these, over 40,000,000 are fit for the plow, and the remainder present excellent facilities for stock-raising, fruit-growing, and all other branches of agriculture. This agricultural area exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland, or the entire peninsula of Italy." Yet England contains 332 inhabitants to the square mile, Ireland 225, and Italy 250; while California, estimating its population at 600,000, contains only a fraction over three; and even of this infinitesimal population five-sixths live in cities, towns and villages. When I say how little has been done, I mean to say how much remains to be done—how many millions of acres to be subdued, and cultivated, and made a source of unbounded prosperity to millions of human beings.

An agricultural population of 24,000 has produced \$75,000,000, almost entirely without the aid of capital. It is in great part clear profit to the State. Looking at that branch of industry peculiarly formed by legislation and by financial operators, what do we see? The latest mining-stock statement is that the dividends on all the mining stocks deemed of sufficient importance to be quoted on the Stock Board, only exceed the assessments of 1872 by *one and a half millions of dollars!* While individuals have made money, I fear a true record of all mines worked would not show much better results. If we consider the amount of capital invested in mining, in machinery, sluices, mills, and dead-work, and the estimated population of 50,000 actually engaged in that branch of industry, and compare the results with those achieved by our farming population, numbering less than one-half, I am sure it will be admitted that the agricultural counties have done their share in contributing to the wealth of the State.

No banks or bank rings have stood ready to take shares in their enterprises and back them by heavy loans; their

stock has never drawn forth the millions hoarded on California Street; they have never subsidized legislatures to reduce their taxes to mere nominal rates; very few accommodations have been extended to them either by capitalists or by legislators; and yet, to-day, the actual cash results of their industry add more to the wealth of the country than all the mines of all the States and Territories in the Union.

Had agriculture received the same encouragement given to mining and stock speculations; had the farmers enjoyed the facilities so freely granted by our financial potentates to builders of tunnels and quartz-mills, and the dealers in mining-scrip; had they possessed the secret of raising the wind on prospective wheat, and wine, and wool crops known to those enterprising gentlemen whose checks on prospective diamond crops are so promptly honored, we might now, instead of having three and a half millions of acres under cultivation, have ten millions; and instead of a gross annual product of \$75,000,000, we might have upwards of \$200,000,000.

I say nothing against legitimate mining. While gambling of any kind is inimical to the welfare of a people, no branch of industry requiring mechanical skill and scientific knowledge to make it profitable can justly be said to contain in itself elements injurious to public morals or the prosperity of the State. Wild and hazardous speculations furnish their own remedy in time; and I venture to hope that the day is not distant when money can be had at reasonable rates for the improvement of our lands and the establishment of manufactures.

What I consider a subject of just complaint is this: Not that our banks and banking institutions refuse to engage in enterprises which do not come within the legitimate sphere of their business, but that they use their influence to divert

capital from investments likely to benefit the country, into such channels as will best subserve the pecuniary interests of the officers and trustees, or their special favorites. This is not banking at all; it is simply gambling on other people's credit, if not on other people's money.

Let any farmer who desires to dyke, drain, irrigate, or fence his land; to plant a fruit orchard, a vineyard, or an orange grove; to go into the business of cotton-raising, silk-growing, or the manufacture of beet-sugar—all sound and legitimate enterprises, well tested on this coast—let such a farmer undertake to raise money in San Francisco at a reasonable rate of interest, and he will find that the money market is “unusually tight.” By working at it a long time, offering ruinous rates of interest, sharing his prospective profits liberally, and giving security to the amount of three to one, he may possibly be accommodated, but I would be sorry to invest largely in his chances. The fact that his enterprise is sound and legitimate is sufficient to damn it. Even now I believe he could raise money more readily on diamond lands than on swamp lands or agricultural enterprises.

It may be said, with some show of reason, that the proper sources for the supply of capital are those having a direct interest in its application; that the farmer who raises wheat should borrow money from the grain merchant; the wool producer from the wool merchant; the viniculturist from the wine merchant, etc. To a certain extent, this is now done. Money can be raised on crops actually in the ground, or wool flourishing on the backs of our sheep, leaving a very large margin to cover risks; but the difficulty is to get your land in a condition to produce the crops, and to get the crops away when produced, without paying consequential damages; in other words, to furnish the two or three hun-

dred per cent. security upon which to obtain the necessary advances of money for the establishment of your business.

The truth is, the grain merchants, the hucksters, the middle men, the shippers, the railroad men, the sack-makers, the law-makers, the assessors, and the tax-collectors, manage to hold the agricultural classes in a condition of servitude unparalleled in a free country. They are worse off than the Americans in Arizona or the Mexicans in Sonora—of whom the Apaches say that the former make their guns and pistols, and furnish them with uniforms, while the latter raise horses and cattle for them, and give them occasional contributions in the way of wives.

I have myself seen wheat selling at 100 per cent. more than the farmer got for it; wine retailing at the hotels in San Francisco at \$1.50 a bottle, while it sold at Los Angeles for 40 cents a gallon, or 8 cents a bottle; grapes sold at 8 and 10 cents a pound, while the producer got only 75 cents a hundred; and fruit thrown into the bay of San Francisco, because the fruit-dealers could not get rid of it fast enough to keep it from rotting, at 5 cents a pound, while the fruit-growers would be glad to sell it at \$20 a ton.

It is said that these things always regulate themselves. Now, I question if anything regulates itself. The farmers, viniculturists, and fruit-growers must combine for their own protection, as the grain-dealers and hucksters combine for their own profit, otherwise they will continue to labor for the benefit of those, who, however useful as a class, produce nothing.

When we look abroad for assistance, we find that foreign capitalists pin their faith upon the sagacity of our own financial operators, and will not go into anything rejected or repudiated by them. All I hope is, that some day or other our English friends will derive dividends

from their mining investments, and that their purchases of local railroad bonds will prove remunerative. It might possibly encourage them to put some money in the reclamation of our swamp lands. I am sanguine enough to believe that five or ten millions of British capital invested in the purchase and reclamation of lands on the Bay of San Francisco, or in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, would pay even better in the long run than those attractive investments in mines and railroad bonds into which they have been seduced by some of our financial experts.

According to a late report of the Surveyor-General of California, there are about 3,000,000 acres of swamp and overflowed lands in this State. If these lands were all reclaimed and under cultivation, they would, in his opinion, produce more for a given number of years than all the rest of the land in the State together. To his personal knowledge, eighty bushels of wheat to the acre were raised on reclaimed swamp land in 1871, and he considers it safe to say that the average of the whole, if cultivated, would not fall short of fifty bushels per acre.

I am inclined to think that these estimates are somewhat high. We should bear in mind that the whole of any particular tract can not be equally well cultivated; that there are local peculiarities in the soil and climate—intervening sloughs, sinks, and gaps, heavy winds, and other adverse contingencies, which, under the most favorable circumstances, would tend to reduce the average. While the highest average product of wheat in California, taking good and bad lands together, has never exceeded twenty bushels to the acre, it is gratifying to know that this exceeds by seven bushels the average product of twelve of the best wheat-growing States in the Union; and I find, by reference to late Australian papers, that the average in that region is not over seven bushels.

Good valley lands in California produce about thirty bushels; reclaimed swamp lands, from thirty-five to forty. Assuming the lowest figure to be within bounds, our 3,000,000 acres of swamp land, thoroughly reclaimed and cultivated, would yield 105,000,000 of bushels. Deduct for cost of plowing, seeding, and harvesting, \$10 per acre, and we have a net result, at 1½ cents per pound, of \$38,250,000—or very nearly double our entire gold product.

Properly speaking, there are three classes of land in California subject to overflow: the tule lands bordering on our lakes and rivers, the low alluvial valley lands, and the salt marshes bordering on the shores of our bays and estuaries.

The tule lands derive their name from a species of gigantic rush which grows upon them, forming a mass of roots and fibres that contribute mainly to the growth of the land itself. For centuries past, these tules have been burnt off by the Indians, in search of game, during the dry season of the year, and the accretions formed by the roots, mingled with the ashes, and deposits of soil carried down from the uplands, have gradually caused them to rise above the level of the ordinary water surface. In seasons of flood, or by the action of the tide, where it prevails, they are, of course, submerged, unless protected by levees or embankments.

The principal tule lands of California lie along the shores of Kern, Rio Vista, and Tulare lakes south, extending thence northwardly in a belt along the San Joaquin River as far as their junction with the tule lands of the Sacramento, which commence above Red Bluff, following southerly both sides of the Sacramento River till they form the great delta in which the two rivers are united.

Near the lakes and high up on the rivers, the land is of a more compact texture and contains more soil than in

the delta below, receiving the first and heaviest deposits of earth from the mountain streams and adjacent uplands. The leveling tendency of water would doubtless in time elevate the surface beyond the reach of ordinary floods. Even within the past twenty years, a natural process of reclamation has brought within the cultivable area many thousand acres of land which formerly produced nothing but tules.

Of the specific value of these lands in different parts of the State it is not my purpose to write at present; but I may be allowed to express the opinion that wherever the soil is most compact will be better suited to wheat than in those localities where the texture is chiefly fibrous.

The rich clay lands of this character in the valleys of the Sacramento are unsurpassed for the production of the cereals. They will also grow tobacco, sorghum, beets, and various other useful products. Cotton is yet an experiment in the valley of the Sacramento, and it may be that the spring frosts are too late and the autumn frosts too early to afford much hope of success in the cultivation of that staple so far north.

Within the past few years, more attention has been given to the reclamation and cultivation of the tule lands embraced in the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, above Suisun Bay, than to those of any other locality. Peculiar advantages exist here for drainage and irrigation by means of tide-gates. At high tide the water supplied by the main rivers is backed up, and can easily be distributed over the land; at low tide it can be drained off by sluice-gates; and when neither irrigation nor drainage is required, the gates may be kept closed, leaving only such outlets as may be necessary for the escape of seepage.

The land is exceedingly rich, being composed for a depth of eighteen or twenty feet of matted roots and *débris*

from above, all thoroughly rotted below the stratum of living fibres. But the peaty or spongy nature of the soil gives rise to certain difficulties in the reclamation, which have not yet been overcome.

In some places the inequalities of depth and superincumbent pressure of water cause extensive cracks or fissures to open, erroneously supposed to be the work of beavers; but, however industrious beavers may be, they always have an object in their industry, and to suppose them unreasonable enough to dig fissures thirty feet deep and miles in length, merely for pastime, is to slander their intelligence by placing it on a par with that of the beaver-cut theorists. In those cases where the fissure is too broad and deep to be easily closed at the entrance, it must be leveed around—a process involving considerable expense.

Another difficulty experienced in the reclamation of lands situated in the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, arises from the fact that the stoppage of the smaller sloughs and the embankment of the various islands diminishes the area over which the waters of the main rivers were formerly distributed. It is obvious, therefore, that the larger the area inclosed the higher must be the embankments, the limit being the capacity of the outlets in seasons of high tides and floods for the escape of the water.

Owing to the spongy nature of the soil, the dykes sink considerably after they are first constructed, and even when most compact there is a good deal of seepage from below.

The cultivation of the land, also, where there is so little body to it, has a tendency to lower the surface both by the process of decay and the volatilization of the lighter particles. This is especially the case where the tules are burnt, the fire sometimes extending down a foot or

eighteen inches below the general level, producing great irregularities, and rendering future cultivation more difficult.

Continuous cultivation for a series of years would probably cause such a depression of surface as to render pumping necessary. This, of course, would be, to some extent, remedied by opening the gates to the high floods, and allowing the water to replenish the land by new deposits of sediment. But the floods do not always come at the right time; they might interfere with the growing crops, and the farmer might find it safer to live on dry land than take the chances of getting new land deposited within his existing boundaries.

For this reason, I am inclined to the opinion that the tule lands of the delta are more suitable for grazing purposes than for the growth of wheat. And I believe they would be ultimately more profitable bearing from five to eight tons of alfalfa, timothy, or blue grass annually per acre, than they could ever be under permanent cultivation in wheat. Doubtless they will produce ramie, flax, hemp, and various other useful products; but their great value consists in the fact that they are naturally the best meadow lands in the world. The experience of Holland shows that there is sufficient profit in the production of good meat, butter, and cheese to make a nation rich.

It is now generally conceded that the less the State interferes with private enterprises the better. I am willing to admit that the reclamation of our swamp and overflowed lands is properly the work of private companies and individuals; but it is undoubtedly the duty of the State to furnish all reasonable facilities for the prosecution of the work on a systematic and comprehensive plan, otherwise vast amounts of capital will be expended in vain, and endless litigation will ensue from conflicts of interest in different localities.

The closing of sloughs in one place might cause the inundation of another; a dyke in one district might impose upon another the necessity of an expensive system of levees and ditches, not otherwise required. There are questions of individual rights to be considered; questions of county rights; questions of State rights; questions of navigation, which involve the rights of the public at large.

The Legislature should establish a permanent commission, to consist of at least three of the ablest engineers in the country, whose duty it should be to make a thorough and comprehensive survey of all the lands in the State subject to overflow; to agree upon a system of irrigation, reclamation, and drainage, which would be uniform in its operation and beneficial to all; to furnish companies and individuals desirous of engaging in works of this kind with such *data* and advice as would prevent the useless expenditure of time, labor, and money, and insure a correspondence in the various parts of the work, without which success must always remain partial and uncertain. This is properly a State work, and has been done by all intelligent States and governments.

The present system is both expensive and inefficient. It is useless to build an embankment four feet high to keep out tides and floods, which may rise six inches above it, or which the construction of contiguous embankments may require to be eight feet high. No reclamation is cheap unless it is safe and permanent. Taking chances for crops is not a profitable business in the long run. I do not consider that any levee on our delta lands, less than nine feet high, with a base of thirty feet, can be relied upon, although smaller levees may answer the purpose in favorable seasons, and before reclamation becomes general.

The usual estimate of cost is \$5 an acre. Sherman Island has had \$20 an acre expended upon it, and is not thor-

oughly reclaimed yet. The cost varies, however, in different localities, depending upon the area reclaimed and other local circumstances.

It is gratifying to know that extensive reclamation works are now in progress on the various islands of the delta. Twitchell, Grand, Brannan, Andrus, Tyler, Statten, and Boulden islands are nearly all inclosed, and will soon be under cultivation. All this has been done by private enterprise. I believe that every acre of these lands will be worth \$100 and upward when completely reclaimed.

Glancing next at the tule lands of the San Joaquin Valley, we find that they are equally rich, but, in consequence of their comparative remoteness and the greater difficulties of reclamation, will not be available so soon. Here larger capital will be required, and more extensive and costly works. The country adjacent to the lakes being flat, and the drainage not so easily effected, reclamation must be general, and a system of canals will be required. Fortunately, the San Joaquin Valley Canal Company have taken this matter in hand, and, while bringing the waters of King's River, the Merced River, and the waters of Tulare and other lakes under control, for purposes of irrigation, will greatly facilitate the process of reclamation. The Southern Pacific Railroad, now extended beyond Visalia, will afford means of transportation for the products of the country, and altogether the outlook is encouraging. Before many years, cotton, tobacco, ramie, etc., will be among the most profitable staples of the State.

The lands bordering on our bays and estuaries are composed of deposits of silt and other matter from the rivers and the sea. Vegetable mold and fine earth are washed down from the uplands, and the sea contributes weeds, grasses, sand, shells, and animalcules. These form

what are called the salt marshes. Professor Cook, of New Jersey, says: "The worth of these lands when properly reclaimed can hardly be overestimated. Wherever there is a sufficient amount of clay or mud mixed in with the grass roots and other organic matters of the marsh, it will make the soil inexhaustibly rich." General Alexander, Engineer-in-Chief of the United States on the Pacific Coast, says: "Their complete reclamation is entirely practicable at small cost. . . . They are in no danger of floods. A dyke four feet above the surface will afford complete protection even against storm-tides. When this land is once relieved from salt water, it may be freshened sufficiently for grasses in a single season, and for grain and vegetables in two years. This I know from experience." It will certainly be much more valuable than the adjoining uplands, for it will be greatly more productive.

Professor Henry Mitchell, Chief in Physical Hydrography of the United States Coast Survey, says: "Marshes reclaimed from tide-waters are the most fertile and enduring of all soils." Professor Davidson, Chief of the Coast Survey on this coast, says: "I am satisfied that these lands, when reclaimed, will be productive and valuable, and that eventually all the marsh lands bordering on the bay will be reclaimed."

Captain A. F. Rodgers, of the Coast Survey, who made the actual surveys of these lands, and who is more familiar with them than any other person on this coast, says: "All the marsh lands on the bays of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun, may be easily reclaimed, being above the level of ordinary tides, by a system inexpensive, compared with the large margin of profit evidently offered by the unexampled richness of the soil and the rapid development of the country."

Notwithstanding the best engineering

testimony as to the feasibility of reclaiming these lands at a moderate cost; notwithstanding the example furnished in New Jersey, where land worth comparatively nothing advanced in a few years from \$50 to \$500, \$1,000, and even \$2,000 an acre; notwithstanding the experience of Holland, Great Britain, China, and other countries, there are men of influence in San Francisco who will tell you these lands are of no value, and they can't be reclaimed; the salt can't be got out; crabs will bore through the levee; your dams will sink, or some other casualty will happen; the toads or grasshoppers will trouble you.

I marvel at the intelligence and enterprise of the leading men of San Francisco. My confident opinion is, that, outside of Montgomery and California streets, they know less about the resources and capabilities of their own State than the Hindoos or the Hottentots.

With reference to the marsh lands bordering on the Bay of San Francisco and its branches, the question has been satisfactorily solved as to their fertility when reclaimed. Most of them are so situated, that immediately upon the exclusion of the salt water by suitable embankments, fresh-water streams can be turned in upon them; and, in some instances, the leaching process can be hastened by means of flowing artesian wells—as in the case of the Beard tract. These salt marshes have the advantage of exemption from overflow by floods. Situated on the navigable waters of the bay, they also possess a special value from their proximity to the commercial metropolis of the coast. For grazing and dairy purposes, they will be extremely valuable. Instead of importing butter for home consumption, there is no good reason why California should not make this a profitable article of export.

According to McCulloch, "the rearing of live-stock and dairy husbandry, in Hol-

land, is a much more important source of national wealth than tillage." The export trade in butter, cheese, etc., to Great Britain, India, and China, is very large, and contributes materially to the wealth of that remarkable country. With a territorial area of 7,800,000 acres, 5,310,000 acres, chiefly redeemed from overflow, are highly cultivated. The reclaimed lands are exempt from taxes for ten years; and the average value is not less than \$300 per acre, while the rents scarcely exceed two and a half per cent. per annum. California, with an area of 98,634,240 acres, has under actual cultivation, altogether, not more than 3,653,183 acres. The average value of all the land in the State would probably not exceed three or four dollars an acre. If we examine the subject, we shall find that Holland teaches us many a lesson of intelligent enterprise, as well as patient industry. Twenty-five years ago, according to a late writer, there were in one of the provinces "45,000 acres of first-rate mud, aching to be turned into Dutch cheese, for foreign markets, but which was smothered out of useful existence by just as many acres of brackish water twelve feet deep. About the same time, there were divers Dutch fingers itching to feel the guilders that 45,000 acres of rich meadow-land and pasture would produce; and twenty-five years ago the government set about relieving that aching itch." The land was reclaimed, and immediately sold for \$80 to \$200 an acre. It could not now, in all probability, be purchased for \$1,000 an acre. Such a spirit as this might well be emulated on the Pacific Coast. No class of immigrants would be more valuable in the State of California than the honest, steady, and industrious Hollanders. Their experience in the construction of dykes and ditches, their frugal habits, their wonderful success in surmounting all natural obstacles, would render the advent of any considerable

number of them to this coast a matter of general congratulation.

In order to show specifically what can be done with our marsh lands, of which there may be, altogether, 200,000 acres within the limits of the State, reference is made to a single tract on the Alameda shore, belonging to Mr. E. L. Beard.

This magnificent tract comprises 20,000 acres of marsh land, with a frontage of about fifteen miles on the south-east side of the Bay of San Francisco. The distance to the city of San Francisco from the central point is twenty-five miles. Vessels of the deepest draught can lie alongside the wharf at the proposed town-site of Ceralvo, there being at this point a depth of water, at low tide, ranging from five to eight fathoms. Bay steamers and smaller craft can touch at various points convenient for shipment; and, with the proposed improvements, each section of the land will be brought within easy water-communication with San Francisco. By ferry from Ceralvo, the trip to San Francisco can be made in less than two hours; by railroad, from Washington Corners or Niles, in an hour and three-quarters. The latter stations are situated on the San José and Central Pacific railroads, and are distant from the nearest points of the tract about four miles.

The soil is a rich clay loam, formed of the *débris* washed down from the surface of the adjacent Coast Range mountains by the Guadalupe and Coyote rivers, and various smaller streams; also, by freshets and floods caused by winter rains. All these marsh-lands are formed by the accumulated deposits of centuries, and contain the richest elements of soil from an area of fertile country not less than twenty miles wide by one hundred in length. The whole tract lies about twelve inches above ordinary high tide, and is rarely entirely covered with water. The Coast Survey Chart shows, that the mean rise and fall of tides is six feet

three inches; mean of spring-tides, seven feet three inches; mean of neap-tides, four feet nine inches.

Estimates, by competent engineers, show that a first-class embankment can be constructed from San Bruno Point, near San Francisco, to Allen's Landing, north of Alameda Creek, for the sum of \$409,322. This embankment will reclaim 48,150 acres of land, which would be worth, when reclaimed, \$5,815,000. The average cost of the whole work would be a fraction over \$8.50 per acre. The Santa Clara and Contra Costa sections, including the 20,000 acres belonging to Mr. Beard, would comprise 27,974 acres, the reclamation of which would cost \$220,950, or a fraction less than \$8 per acre. Many owners would willingly agree to give a portion of their lands for the cost of reclamation, or pay their proportion of expenses, with such profit to a company furnishing the capital as might be agreed upon. Under the law, a majority of the owners may petition the Board of Supervisors, and cause a reclamation district to be formed; and upon the completion of the reclamation, all the owners are compelled to pay *pro rata* their share of the expense. From inquiry made recently, it is more than probable that a petition, having in view the reclamation of the lands on the western side of the bay, would be almost unanimously signed, providing a company possessing the requisite capital, duly organized and ready to proceed with the work, could be induced to take the enterprise in hand, and carry it out in a manner commensurate with the importance of the undertaking.

There are local peculiarities which greatly facilitate the process of reclamation. The two principal rivers south of San Francisco (the Guadalupe and Coyote) debouch into the bay, passing directly through the marsh lands. The artesian-well system, also, which has been found so successful in the Alame-

da and Santa Clara valleys, continues in full force far down into the marshes. Already several artesian wells have been dug north of Alviso, from which an abundant and never-failing flow of fresh water has been obtained, at a depth not exceeding 250 feet. All of the water thrown to the surface in the San José Valley, where there are some hundreds of artesian wells in operation, finds its way into the Guadalupe, Coyote, and other streams, and becomes a valuable element in the reclamation and irrigation of the salt marshes. When the dyke is completed, all this water can be thrown over the surface, the salt washed out, and allowed to flow into the bay at low tides, and the land thoroughly freshened in a single season. The winter rains will, of course, greatly facilitate this leaching process. Irrigation, during the dry seasons, is of the utmost importance. At these seasons, none of the water need be allowed to go to waste. It may be necessary, and, in fact, it would be desirable, to have artesian wells bored at intervals over the entire marsh. A contract can be made to have them bored to a depth of 300 feet for \$500 per well. Allowing one well to every 500 acres, this would make a total cost of \$20,000. The substratum of the country at that depth is very hard, and the source of supply is so extensive, that it is probable there would be no material diminution in the flow of water from the number of wells. The experiment, however, of five or ten might be tried to advantage. Mr. Beard's artesian well affords a striking test of the utility of fresh water in the reclamation of these lands. Already, in a single season, that portion of land which he has completely inclosed and submerged in fresh water shows a fine growth of flags, grass, and willows, and will be excellent meadow-land in another season, even without cultivation.

The general objection urged against

the reclamation of our swamp lands by capitalists or by corporate bodies is, that the tendency is to create landed monopolies, and to prevent free competition in the settlement and cultivation of lands donated to the State for the public benefit. Respecting the lands in question, it may reasonably be answered that there has been no prohibition to their cultivation or settlement during the past twenty-two years, and yet they remain, for the most part, unimproved. Free competition has never been discouraged, either by Federal or State authority. The Congress of the United States, on the 28th of September, 1850, donated these lands to the State of California. By Act of the Legislature in 1855, amended by Acts of 1858 and 1861, they were opened to purchase in limited quantities by whomsoever might choose to enter them according to the provisions of the law. It was found that individual enterprise was unable to accomplish the work of reclamation under the restrictions imposed; and, in 1868, the Legislature passed an Act authorizing the purchase of these lands without limit as to quantity, the object being to offer such inducements to capitalists and organized companies as would secure to the State the advantages to be derived from the reclamation of large tracts, so as to adapt them to cultivation and settlement. Considering that nothing was done with them before; that since the passage of the Act of March 28, 1868, it has been the privilege of any citizen of the United States to purchase and reclaim as much as he chose to enter and pay for; that no exclusive rights were ever conferred by law, it seems unreasonable to complain that some of our citizens have manifested more enterprise than others in purchasing large tracts of these lands, and availing themselves of any advantages that may be derived either from the sale of them or from their reclamation and cultivation. If actual

settlers have not had the means to secure and reclaim them, it remains for capitalists to come forward and do that which past experience demonstrates will otherwise remain undone. Governor Haight, although opposed on principle to the monopoly of large bodies of land by private individuals or corporations, very justly remarks, in his last annual message, that "in the case of swamp and overflowed lands, a system of reclamation may, perhaps, render their concentration in large bodies, in the first instance, necessary; and, indeed, in the case of uplands, where large tracts have been acquired by purchase, the fault is chargeable to the system, and not to those who would avail themselves of it to purchase lands."

It has been said that the southern counties of California are better suited to cattle-raising than to agriculture, but this is disproved by all experience. Persons interested in the preservation of stock-ranges naturally incline to such an opinion. Unprejudiced testimony is against them. There is, in fact, no finer agricultural country in the world than that embraced within the limits of the San Joaquin Valley and the counties of Los Angeles and San Bernardino. The climate is unsurpassed for salubrity, the soils are rich and warm, and adapted to a greater variety of productions than any area of similar extent in the world.

It is true there are seasons of severe drought; but these affect the cattle interest quite as injuriously as the agricultural.

It is now an ascertained fact, that the cultivation of the soil, and the planting of trees, shrubbery, orchards, and vineyards, has a marked effect upon the seasons, and mitigates, to a great extent, the effects of drought and frost. This is no longer a problem to be solved. So well understood is it, in the prairie regions of the West and New Mexico, that repeated applications have been made to

Congress for assistance in planting tracts of government land. Failing in this, many of the new States now give bounties in land to those who plant trees upon open tracts.

A cultivated country is less affected by drought than one which is barren of trees and destitute of verdure. The old theory that these are effects rather than causes of drought, has of late years been abandoned. Exploration of New Mexico, Arizona, and the Colorado basin, furnishes conclusive evidence that these vast regions were once covered with extensive forests, since the destruction of which they have become, in great part, arid deserts. These discoveries have suggested a serious question, now anxiously under discussion in the Eastern States, as to the probable result of the destruction of timber, and how far it is likely to be remedied by the compensating influences of agriculture—the fact being accepted that lands deprived of timber and remaining uncultivated must eventually become arid wastes.

There is no doubt the entire State would be benefited by a judicious system of irrigation. As an aid to cultivation and the growth of trees, it would tend to bring about greater regularity in the production of crops.

Fortunately, Nature has liberally provided the means of irrigation. The mountain ranges of the Sierra Nevada abound in lakes and running streams, which reach their highest capacity just at the season when water is the most needed. In May, June, and July the snows melt, and the sources of supply are thus constantly replenished until the snows have vanished, and then in the season of harvest the main supply can be used for purposes of navigation. It would seem, indeed, as if Providence had provided a series of reservoirs at a convenient elevation, for the express purpose of supplying this want, and that it only required the exercise of

man's ingenuity to make it available.

Several important enterprises, having in view the construction of extensive canal systems, have already been inaugurated in California. Experience has shown that reclamation and irrigation must go hand in hand, in order to place our agricultural interests beyond the hazards of droughts and floods. It is estimated that the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys contain about 11,000,000 acres of rich arable lands. Under a judicious system of irrigation, both by the adaptation of mountain reservoirs and streams to this purpose, and by the use of artesian wells, it is difficult to estimate the extent to which this vast area of land could be rendered productive. There is scarcely an acre of the foothills which is not admirably adapted to the cultivation of the grape. With a moderate supply of water, in seasons of drought, all kinds of fruit known to the temperate zone could be grown—olives, almonds, figs, walnuts, peaches, apples, apricots, etc.; and in sheltered situations even the orange, lemon, and citron would flourish. Of the valleys generally it is scarcely necessary to speak. All the cereals grow from Red Bluff to San Bernardino with a luxuriance scarcely paralleled in any part of the world; and to these might easily be added tobacco, cotton, sorghum, sugarcane, rice, and various other valuable products. Imagination can scarcely conceive a richer country, or one abounding in such natural advantages of soil and climate.

There is no antagonism between the two great schemes to which public attention is now directed—reclamation and irrigation. On the contrary, the success of one will materially benefit the other; and we have the most incontrovertible testimony that nothing adds so certainly and so largely to the wealth and population of a State as the two combined. Systems of irrigation have existed as far

back as the history of man extends. In Egypt, the water was utilized for agricultural purposes before the building of the Pyramids; in China, before the birth of Confucius; and on the continent of America, as far back as the records of the Aztecs extend. Cortes and his followers found extensive systems of aqueducts and canals in Mexico, and Pizarro similar works in Peru, the ruins of which may still be seen; and it is known to the writer, from personal observation, that there exist in Arizona the remains of hundreds of miles of irrigating canals and ditches, showing that, long anterior to the Spanish explorations, what are now the deserts of the Gila were flourishing agricultural regions, abounding in populous cities.

The area of land subject to irrigation in Piedmont is a million and a half of acres, of which only about one-third is irrigated. The aggregate length of canals is 1,200 miles; and the increased rental due to the system of irrigation is \$1,450,000 per annum. The irrigated districts contain an average of 269 inhabitants to the square mile, and show an increase of population of 0.278, against 0.174 in the unirrigated districts.

In Lombardy, the region subject to irrigation embraces an area of 6,500,000 acres, of which one-fifth is irrigated. The aggregate length of the canals and local branches is 4,500 miles; and the increased rental in the Milanese provinces due to irrigation is \$1,350,000, and in other provinces \$1,450,000, per annum. It is estimated that since these great works were commenced, the expenditure of capital in their construction and improvement has exceeded \$400 per acre—extending, however, through a series of several centuries.

In the valley of the Po, embracing portions of Piedmont and Lombardy, one-sixth of the total area, or 1,547,905 acres is irrigated, giving an increased rental of \$4,150,000 per annum. The

increase of population in the irrigated over the unirrigated districts is fifty per cent. The districts of Mortara and Vigerano, formerly desolate wastes, now rival the province of Milan in fertility and productiveness.

Italy furnishes also some encouraging examples of marsh, or swamp, reclamation, among which one of the most prominent is that of the great marsh of Maremma, on the coast of Tuscany. The lake of Castiglione, the greater part of which was formerly a desolate morass, has been so far reclaimed by massive embankments and systematic channels, that the available land within its original borders is now covered with rich corn-fields and luxuriant pastures. There has been a marked improvement also in the health of the district, which was formerly noted for its malarial fevers. It is worthy of remark, that the same beneficial effects have resulted from the reclamation of other marshes or lands covered with stagnant waters, in various parts of Italy. In most cases, the proper disposition of the flowing waters which debouch into the low ground is of no less importance than a judicious system of drainage. As soon as active circulation is established, the land becomes warm and productive, and the health of the district is improved.

Among the most remarkable examples of human industry are the canal systems of China. In no part of the world have such wonderful results been accomplished with so limited a knowledge of engineering, and under so many natural obstacles. The traveler who visits this ancient empire is constantly impressed with the enormous amount of labor expended upon works of irrigation. The inhabitants seem to be an amphibious race—living in water with as much facility as upon land. China proper has a length of 1,474 miles, a breadth of 1,355, a coast-line from Hainan to Liatung of 2,500 miles, and contains eighteen prov-

inces, with an aggregate area of 1,348,870 square miles. The population is variously estimated at from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000. Doctor Williams gives the density of population in the eighteen provinces at an average of 268 to the square mile, which would give a total of 361,497,160 inhabitants. The nine eastern provinces, comprising within their limits the Great Plain, have an aggregate area of 502,192 square miles, with an average population of 458 to the mile. The provinces of Kiangsu, Nganhwui, and Chehkiang are said to contain relatively 850, 705, and 671 inhabitants to a mile; nor is this incredible, for, according to Captain Wilkes, one of the islands in the Fiji group contains 1,000 inhabitants to the mile. With a better climate and more fertile soil than China, the capacity of California ought certainly to reach, without difficulty, a density of 100, which would give, to 154,000 square miles, 15,400,000 inhabitants. There are under cultivation in China 650,000,000 acres of land, being an acre and four-fifths to each inhabitant. In Belgium it is estimated that fifteen-seventeenths of the total area of land is under cultivation, giving two acres to each person, and in England and Wales about the same. The Great Plain of China, comprising the north-eastern part of the empire, extends from the Great Wall to the confluence of the river Kan with the Yangtzekiang, a distance of 700 miles, having an average width of 200 miles, and a total area of 210,000 square miles—equal to the Plain of Bengal. Nearly the whole of this vast region is intersected by rivers, canals, and ditches, forming an immense network of irrigating systems and navigable highways, and supporting a population of 177,000,000 of souls. The Grand Canal is one of the most remarkable works in the world. By means of its river connections, it formed, before its partial destruction by the overflow of the Yellow River, nearly

a continuous water communication from Peking to Canton, a distance of 1,400 miles. The length of the canal proper is 650 miles. Some of the embankments by which the waters are confined are gigantic specimens of ingenuity and labor, far surpassing in extent the works of the Mahometans in northern India. The Yellow River and the Yangtzekiang drain the greater part of the alluvial plains through which the canal runs, and form the rich delta which supports the bulk of the population. Wherever it is possible to drain the land or turn the water upon it, for purposes of irrigation, the country is checkered with rice, cotton, wheat, and millet fields, with raised embankments and hedges, giving it the appearance of a continuous garden. The Province of Kiangsu, of which Nanking is the capital, is one of the best watered and most highly cultivated parts of the empire. Almost every acre is turned to account. Grain, cotton, tea, silk, and rice are the staple productions. Nearly every city and village in the province can be reached by canals. In many places the surrounding country is lower than the beds of the canals, resembling parts of Holland, and subject to the same dangers from inundation. Chehkiang is another interesting province, noted for its productions of silk, cotton, lacquerware, etc., and its flourishing cities of Hangchau, Shanghai, and Ningpo; its canals, reservoirs, and ditches, and the beautiful and highly cultivated aspect of the country. The neighborhood of Ningpo, which the writer had the pleasure of visiting, a few years ago, resembles a rich and variegated garden; its terraced hills and plains are scarcely surpassed in rural beauty by the most highly cultivated districts of Germany.

The Chusan Archipelago, comprising upward of a hundred islands, lying outside of the delta of the Yangtzekiang, is noted for its reclaimed salt-marshes extending along the shores. Here we have

some very interesting practical results from which to judge of the value of salt-marshes. Each valley, extending down from the mountains, is fronted by a dyke bordering on the beach, which excludes the salt water, and is sufficiently high and strong to withstand the heavy surf which sometimes prevails. Canals and ditches of fresh water, having their source in the mountain streams, are conducted through the marshes, and distributed over them, when necessary. The chief products are rice, barley, beans, yams, and sweet potatoes. All the land is cultivated—the terraces extending, in many places, up to the tops of the hills. The whole group sustains a population of 300,000. During a visit to the treaty ports, it was the good fortune of the writer to see many other districts of interest, among which may be mentioned Foochow, in the province of Fuhkien, noted for its vast amphitheatre of cultivated fields and beautiful system of canals. The entire plain, in the neighborhood of Foochow, is dotted with towns and villages, intersected with canals, and checkered with fields of rice, cotton, indigo, and other agricultural products. From the hills, in the foreign quarter, may be seen, at a single sweep of the eye, a district of country, rendered productive by irrigation and reclamation, which sustains a greater population than the entire State of California, the lowest estimate being 600,000 souls.

In the neighborhood of Amoy and Swatow, the country is also highly cultivated, and the same ingenious system of utilizing the waters from the mountains is noticeable. Everywhere the landscape is variegated with a checker-work of rice-fields and patches of sugar-cane. The province of Kwantung, to the south, is one of the richest and most remarkable in China. The grand delta formed by the north, west, and east rivers, contains at least three hundred islands, all highly cultivated, and embraces within

its area the famous city of Canton. Here are groves of bamboo, orange, and various tropical plants and fruits. Rice, cotton, and tobacco are the staple products. The area of country drained by the three principal rivers is not less than 150,000 square miles, of which a large proportion is artificially watered. Intercommunication is carried on by means of canals, which ramify through all the valleys. Few roads are seen, and no carts or other vehicles drawn by animals. A considerable proportion of the population live in boats, and there are thousands of families who derive their sole subsistence from aquatic fowl, mollusca, and fish, and whose ancestors for generations have never lived in a house. Many of their junks and sampans literally swarm with children, presenting the appearance of floating bee-hives.

Some idea may be formed of the careful mode in which the farming population economize space in the process of cultivation, from the manner in which they plant their principal cereals. Usually they sow their wheat, millet, and rice in rows, interspacing the plants with varieties which will mature at different periods, and reaping, or uprooting, the crop by installments. Nothing goes to waste. The entire agricultural area of the country is used for the growth of food or such articles as are necessary for human use. There are no meadows or fields set apart for the support of horses and cattle within the limits of the empire; consequently, the number of work-animals is comparatively small. Rice is the staple article of food, upon which the great mass of the population subsist, and they display great ingenuity in its cultivation. The rice-districts are minutely subdivided into plats or squares inclosed by small dykes, and intersected by ditches. The water from the irrigating canals is conducted into these and carried alternately from one plat to another, or over an entire series, as occa-

sion may require. Where there is a scarcity of water, the systems of saving by means of aqueducts and tanks are wonderfully effective; and the amount of labor expended in pumping and dipping up the water by hand labor is almost incredible. Tread-wheels to which buckets are appended are seen in many parts of the country. Two crops a year are generally produced; and, in order that no time may be lost between the seasons of planting, the water is sometimes turned in and fish-culture is carried on—the fish being removed to the tanks or reservoirs when the land is needed. Everywhere in China may be seen the most striking evidence of patient industry and great natural ingenuity. Indeed, with so vast a population, and so limited a trade with foreign countries, it could scarcely be otherwise. The people must work or starve; and with all their labor, famines frequently occur, giving rise to those fearful rebellions against the constituted authorities, which have occasionally devastated whole provinces.

I have thus attempted to show what has been done in countries less favored in many respects than California. It is surprising how persistently every measure suggested for the good of this State is opposed by a large proportion of its own citizens. No sooner is any movement made to encourage the investment of capital in works of internal improvement, than a cry is raised against monopolies. Somebody will hold large bodies of land and oppress the people; the honest settler will be excluded from the soil; the capitalist, already too powerful, will make more money.

For my part, I sincerely hope that any combination of capitalists or others, who possess sufficient sagacity and public spirit to engage in the reclamation and irrigation of lands now comparatively worthless, will profit largely by their enterprise. I strongly favor monopolies

in all useful works—when such works can never, perhaps, otherwise be undertaken.

An important and comprehensive enterprise, having in view an extensive system of irrigation, was organized some time ago, under the name of the San Joaquin and King's River Canal and Irrigation Company. The eastern trunk of the proposed system of canals of which the San Joaquin Valley line will form only the southern branch, so far as can be ascertained at present, commences at the southern extremity of Kern Lake, and extends northerly along the Sierra Nevada as far as Red Bluff, in the Sacramento Valley, a distance of more than five hundred miles. This grand canal is designed both for purposes of navigation and irrigation. It will derive its supply of water from the great western water-shed of the Sierra Nevada, comprising an area of more than 20,000 square miles, drained by Kern, Tule, Cowille, King's, Fresno, Chowchilla, San Joaquin, Merced, Tuolumne, Mariposa, Mokelumne, and various smaller rivers and creeks south of Stockton, and north by the Feather, Yuba, American, and Bear rivers. The western trunk will probably commence at Summit Lake, with connections from Kern, Buena Vista, and Tulare lakes, and, passing in a northerly direction along the foot-hills of the Coast Range, form a continuous line of communication to Antioch, a distance of 163 miles; thence up the western side of the Sacramento Valley as far north as Stony Creek, about 200 miles, deriving its supplies from the water-shed of the Coast Range, and from the southern lakes. The aggregate length of the two main trunks will probably fall but a very little short of 900 miles. Forty miles of the canal, commencing at Summit Lake, have already been constructed. The area of irrigable land in the two great valleys is estimated to be about 15,000 square

miles, or 9,600,000 acres. It is proper to remark that these statements and calculations are not derived from any *data* furnished by the company. The writer bases them upon his own general knowledge of the country, and occasional notices in the newspapers.

The capital required to carry into effect this important enterprise can scarcely fall short of \$20,000,000; but it will be one of the most beneficial investments ever made on this coast. If it should be the means of rendering productive a fractional portion of the uplands now

uncultivated, or partially cultivated, and subject to all the casualties of drought, it would enhance the export trade of this State in wheat alone more than \$15,000,000 per annum. It would also be the means of encouraging the best class of immigration to California, to an extent that could scarcely be equaled, and certainly not surpassed, by any other public measure that could be devised. Such an enterprise is worthy of serious consideration and cordial support; and we earnestly trust that it will meet with encouragement.

FORESHADOWINGS.

When the fair mother of our race
 Stood on the verge of Hiddekel,
 And plucked, with bent and thoughtful face,
 The six-rayed stars of asphodel,

Did any prescient fancy burn
 Upon the tablet of her fears,
 A shape of dust-encircling urn,
 Dark with those twined and hollow spears?

Ensanguined amaranth, or scent
 Of myrrh, or willows' shivering gloom,
 With strange incitement may have bent
 Her thought to some dim sense of doom.

She heard at times the turtle-dove
 Moan from her height; the forest throng
 Lay silent, while his hopeless love
 He sang, who is the lord of song.

Ah, sorrow! loth to wait thine hour,
 Didst thou that happy bower invade,
 And through a sound, or shade, or flower,
 Suggest the ruin thou hast made?

If sad was Eve, in lightest trace—
 If drooping cypress bough and cone,
 And boding yew, obscured her face,
 By shadows deeper than their own—

Perchance, from mist of coming years,
 A voice, not mine, but sweeter far,
 Glanced backward to her strained ears,
 And, soft as sylvan murmurs are,

Breathed vaguely o'er her 'wildered thought;
 A wandering wind, from distant seas,
 Stirred her long tresses, as she caught
 A music set to words like these:

"Take heart, O! thou divinely fair!
 Death is the root of life; and we,
 Through hope from thee, ascend the stair
 That climbs to domes of victory.

"We, too, look forth, and long to know
 And win some glimmering sight of things,
 That from a higher future throw
 Their blent and faint foreshadowings.

"Yet what we dimly see, we teach
 But dimly. 'Death' and 'conquest' seem
 To thee the idlest breath of speech
 That whispers through a morning dream.

"And since thy spirit has the gate
 Of every sense thrown back so wide,
 That coming ills, importunate,
 In shadow o'er the threshold glide,

"Let Nature still be Nature's key,
 For her own pain supply her balms;
 To bays look thou from funeral tree,
 And catch the murmured laugh of palms.

"Turn from one sad nocturnal lay
 To notes that take their choral birth
 When birds upspring to hail the day,
 And gird with song the rolling earth."

CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

"KATE, love, who do you think contemplates a visit to us, next month?"

"If it please heaven, not your Aunt Emily, with her five unruly cherubs!" replied my wife, upsetting her work-box in her consternation.

"No, my dear," I replied, with an inward shudder at the suggestion, "that at least is spared us. This letter is from Cousin John Durham."

"What! our scientific relative!—O, Harvey!"

"My dear, consider—we haven't seen him for over five years."

"And consider, Harvey, how much more scientific and absent-minded he will be than he was five years ago; he was dreadful enough then. Do you recollect his wiping his mouth with Mrs. Dean's point-lace handkerchief, mistaking it for a napkin? Or, how he salted his coffee instead of his egg, remarking afterward, with a surprised countenance, that the coffee had a 'somewhat peculiar flavor' that morning?"

"Eccentricities of genius, my love, as Mr. Pickwick says."

"And O, his room!" pursued my wife, unheeding the interruption, "think how it will look all the time he's here, swarming with snakes, and toads, and bugs with dreadful Latin names, spitted on needles!"

"There, take breath a little, Kitty. Why, I thought you were really fond of John."

"And so I am. He's a dear old fellow after all. But here's the rub, Harvey—Cousin Floy is coming at the same time. Now, to bring a beautiful, fashionable young lady into collision with such a queer genius as John Durham—

they'll certainly clash! And John is so absurd with young girls; treats them as if they were children, not worth his notice. It's ridiculous, for he's scarcely thirty-eight himself."

"Well, my love, I can only advise you to get your rooms ready, and—trust to Providence!"

Three weeks after arrived our charming Cousin Floy. One winter of belle-hood in New York had left the roses still unfaded in her cheeks, and her eyes as bright a blue as ever. There was a rustic freshness and piquancy about her savoring rather of the woods and fields than of crowded ball-rooms and unhealthy hours. She laughed merrily as Kate related her tribulations.

"Why, Kate, I'm delighted—what a queer genius he must be. I'm going to try and make a conquest of him."

Kate shook her head, laughing. "I wouldn't attempt it, Floy; you might as well try to flirt with an elephant."

"We shall see," said Floy.

Next day, about tea-time, John appeared. A fine-looking, although not handsome fellow; massive, and broad-shouldered, with a pair of very dark-gray eyes looking out from black, overhanging eyebrows; black hair curling thickly over his head, and a complexion deeply embrowned by his long sojourn in a southern land; rather careless in his dress, and dreadfully absent in his manners—such was John Durham, the hero of my story.

Floy, looking her sweetest, in white and blue, her blonde ringlets falling over her shoulders, awaited us in the drawing-room.

"Our cousin, Mr. Durham, Floy," says

Kate. "John, this a dear little cousin of mine—Miss Florence Bird."

"Good evening, sir," says Floy, as she glanced upward in timid admiration at this tall, broad-shouldered genius.

"How d'ye do, sissy," says John, shaking her little hand very kindly, though scarcely glancing at her as he does so.

Kate laughs—I laugh—Floy, despite her vexation, laughs too. John stands grave and puzzled, regarding us with wondering attention.

"My dear John," says Kate, at length, "were you aware you were introduced to a young lady? Miss Floy has been 'out' a whole winter."

"I beg her pardon, most sincerely," replies John, bowing low, with a degree of grave irony in his tone, for his second glance has scarcely convinced him.

And so we all sit down—Floy pouting a little, Kate rosy with the laughter she tries vainly to suppress.

"Well, Cousin John, we were all deeply interested in your last article in the — Monthly," said I, after a pause.

"Except me, if you please," said Miss Floy, pertly, "for I never took the slightest interest in flies, and grasshoppers, and such disgusting creatures."

I looked at the little damsel in astonishment; she tossed up her hands disdainfully; John eyed her as he would a very saucy child.

"Have some bread?" he asked coolly.

"Thank you," said Floy, "perhaps you will have the goodness to pass my third cup of tea without drinking it, Mr. Durham; you have disposed of two cups of tea that were on their way to me, already." Florence, despite her displeasure, could not avoid a little hysterical giggle as she spoke. John, really coloring, begged her pardon, and passed her cup. Then, by way of conciliation, he addressed a few words of conversation to her.

"What school are you attending at present, miss—Miss Flora?"

"I have completed my education, sir," in a frigidly dignified tone.

"Indeed! I wish I could say as much, Miss Floy," is John's dry rejoinder, as with an amused smile he turns away from her to direct his conversation to Kate and me. When John chooses to talk, his conversation is truly delightful—even Floy sits entranced, listening to his animated descriptions of the new and strange countries he had seen.

"Well, what do you think of your 'conquest' now?" whispers Kate, a little maliciously, as, tea ended, we enter the parlor together.

"Who wants to make a conquest of such an old bear," asks Floy, shortly.

But next morning, lo and behold! appeared Miss Floy, in her simplest dress, her pretty fair hair braided round her head, and an air of demure propriety diffused all over her little person. She greeted John with dignified humility. John, who had quite forgotten yesterday's little passage-of-arms, returned the greeting kindly, but took slight notice of her otherwise. She tried to talk profoundly to him, and bored him terribly; and when that evening she approached him, bearing a ponderous geological work, one passage of which she innocently asked him to "explain," John, I am sorry to say, lost patience, and "snubbed" our little cousin shamefully.

"My dear Miss Floy," he said, very blandly, "if I were not afraid of offending a young lady who has 'completed her education,' I would advise you not to attempt at present a work of this profound nature. Kate has in her library a book entitled 'Short Lessons in Natural History for Youthful Beginners,' which, if you really desire to learn, you will find both amusing and instructive."

"Thank you, sir," said Floy, coloring scarlet, and making him a sweeping courtesy, "I'm sorry I disturbed your sublime meditations, even for a moment."

From that time, Floy, throwing aside her little pedantic mask, resumed her curls, her petulance, her sarcastic onslaughts. One day, she wrote a parody of his last article—very cleverly done it was, too, with most laugh-provoking caricatures—and left it in plain sight on his study table. Her little sarcastic speeches were as stinging as the wasps' nest she hired our little Irish boy to deposit in his coat-pocket. The good professor, though usually indifferent to her attacks, manifested at times the irritation of a great dog when a fly tickles his nose too incessantly; at which time Floy's exultation was excessive.

"Now, John, I'll take no denial, you *must* go to the picnic with us."

"O, my dear Kate..."

"You needn't talk if you don't want to; but go you must. It's very bad for you to confine yourself to the society of flies, and cockroaches, and such 'pesky varmint'—isn't it, Floy, darling—mustn't he go?"

"I wouldn't urge him," said Floy, with a haughty shrug, "the flies, and cockroaches, and the other pretty little creatures, would shed more tears over his absence than we are likely to, I dare say."

John looked really hurt for a moment, as he glanced across the table at his savage little opponent. Kate gave her a cross look that appalled her somewhat.

"Come, John, you'll go with us."

"Well, yes," John assented at last, with a sigh of resignation; but to Floy he addressed neither word nor look during the remainder of the breakfast.

Two hours later we were on our way—a merry party of thirty or forty at the least. A ride of several miles brought us to Sylvan Falls, a place whose wild and romantic beauty rises before me now, like the memory of a delightful dream. Plunging into the woods at once, we followed the narrow path that led to the falls, the distant music of

which soon resounded in our ears. On we scrambled, often "Indian file," over the narrow up-hill and down-hill path that led through the woods; shouting and screaming as we clambered over the huge rocks that often strove to arrest our way. The music of the falls grew louder and louder, and at length a sudden turn in the path brought them to our view. Down what seemed a huge stairway hewn in the solid rock, they plunged, bursting into a white fury of foam over the detached pieces of rock which here and there strove to intercept their mad career.

Here we paused to rest, admire the scenery, and eat our luncheon, for which the most poetic mind was by this time ravenously anxious. With two exceptions, we were all in the best of spirits. One of these was John, who, never much at his ease in such a gathering, began to feel excessively "bored," and took the earliest opportunity to slip off, unperceived. The other was Floy, who, for such a naturally-bright little body, appeared uncommonly dull; and after awhile, she too slipped away, deserting several youthful admirers, who had been trying to entertain her. The history of her subsequent adventures I received from Kate.

Floy, when she set out, had no intention of roaming to any distance; but, absorbed in her own rather sorrowful reflections, she wandered on insensibly. Poor little coquette! She now suspected, I think, that she was becoming entangled in the net she had cast for another, and was by no means so insensible to John's coolness as she would have had us imagine. It was not till she had wandered some distance that a feeling of loneliness oppressed her, and she turned to retrace her steps. But that was no light matter; it was easy, very easy, to lose one's self in these old woods. Amid all the crooks, and turns, and devious pathways, the poor child soon

found herself bewildered, and began to cry in sad earnest. Then she called for help, but no voice answered her. Plunging desperately at last into a path she had a vague hope might lead her in the right direction, she followed it for some distance, pausing, all at once, with a violent start, as in a little thicket on the side of the hill she saw—John Durham!

Floy's first feeling was one of intense relief; the next instant she shrank back into the shelter of the trees. "I'll follow at a distance," she muttered, "but not let him see me for the world—the pompous old prig!"

Still she could not for the life of her help putting out her little head to see what the "pompous old prig" was doing. With his hat lightly extended in his hand, an expression of mingled rapture and anxiety on his face, he was stealing cautiously toward the edge of the bank. There, evidently, in the centre of that wild-rose tapestry, swinging so gracefully from tree to tree, had settled the prize he was so anxious to secure. Floy watched him, a look of mingled amusement and contempt comically depicted on her pretty face.

"There, now! one would think the whole world depended on his catching that butterfly. I hope you'll lose her, Mr. Pompous. Good!—she's fluttered off. Now, he follows her, all excitement. Gracious! he's just on the edge of the bank. Shall I call? Nonsense; he's big enough to take care of himself. He wouldn't thank me—O!"

With a piercing shriek, Floy sprang from the thicket where she had concealed herself. John, in the hurry and excitement of the chase, had set his foot upon a rolling stone. The consequences were disastrous. Over the steep bank he went, clutching vainly at the brambles for support. An appalling silence followed.

Floy stood one instant, white and almost stunned with the sudden shock.

Then she rushed forward, gained the bank, and, kneeling on its edge, looked down, with an agonized, shrinking glance. There he lay, poor fellow! quite pale and still, his head dangling backward a little, while over those sable locks a narrow, crimson stream slowly wound its way. His arms were thrown out, his hands still clenched convulsively over the bramble clusters he had clutched in his fall.

Floy, frozen with horror, knelt silently a moment, gazing at the pale face and rigid form beneath. Her head swam, her heart grew sick. Was he dead? How stiff and still he lay! She burst into loud cries of entreaty and self-reproach.

"O, John—John! are you dead? Look up, for God's sake! O, wicked girl that I was, not to speak. Help—help!" she shrieked, wildly.

Slowly the heavy eyes unclosed. With infinite pain, John turned his head a little. "Who's that?" he said, faintly.

"O, thank God!" cried Floy, joyfully, springing to her feet. "Keep quite still, and I will come down to you."

John muttered something she did not understand. Going a little distance, she began to descend the steep path leading down the bank. It was ticklish work, even for our light-footed Floy, and, half-way down, she slipped, fell, and rolled ignominiously the rest of the way. John uttered a brief ejaculation, but Floy was up in an instant, scratched and bruised, her white dress black with mud, but otherwise uninjured. Scarcely pausing for breath, she bounded to John's side.

"O, Mr. Durham, are you much hurt?" she asked, in tremulous tones, as she knelt beside him. John opened his eyes again, and fixed them on her with a bewildered stare, a moment. Then, with another low groan, he tried to raise himself.

"Don't move—don't move!" entreated Floy. "O, your poor head—how it

bleeds! There's a brook near by; I'll be back in a moment."

Taking up his cap, she bounded off in the direction of the stream. Dipping her handkerchief in the water, and filling the cap, she darted back to John's side.

"Now, let me see this poor head," she said; and, sitting down, she took it gently on her knee. Poor child! she was little used to wounds and bruises; the very sight of the flowing blood made her tremble from head to foot. But she controlled herself bravely, and, with what simple skill she possessed, bathed his head and face, and bound up the former carefully with her two handkerchiefs. Then she paused a moment, looking down with womanly tenderness at the pale face on her knee. How helpless he lay—the great, strong fellow—as helpless as a little infant, almost! She felt a great rush of pity and tenderness toward him.

"Thank you," said John, faintly. The fresh, cool water had somewhat revived him.

"O, don't thank me," said Floy, hurriedly. "You are in dreadful pain, aren't you?"

"Yes; it's my ankle," muttered John. "I'm afraid it's broken. Where are all the rest, Miss Floy?"

"The dear knows!" said Floy, clasping her little hands in distress. "Hurry, Kate—help, O help!"

"It's of no use," she said, after waiting a moment. "I must go in search of them again. But first let me look at this poor ankle, Mr. Durham."

"No—no," said John, a little fretfully. "What can *you* know about broken bones, child?"

"But I might make it feel a little easier," gently persisted Floy.

"If you could slit the boot down from the top," said John, his brow contracted with agony. "Here's my knife."

Floy took the knife, and, following his

directions, carefully slit the boot from the top to the bottom, on both sides. Then, with a hand still slightly tremulous from the operation, she gently removed the remains of the boot.

"Ah, that is a relief!" said poor John. Great drops of agony were standing on his brow, and Floy softly wiped them away. He looked up gratefully into her face, smiling for the first time. "What a nice little nurse you are, Miss Floy!" he said.

Floy rose, blushing a little, and, folding her soft, white shawl into a sort of pillow, placed it under his head. "And now I will go for more efficient help," she said, turning away.

"But take that path on the opposite side of the bank," said John, eagerly; "it is safer. And, O Miss Floy, would you first do me one more favor, please?"

"Certainly," said Floy, returning. "What is it?"

"Just see," said John, with a faint groan, "if that butterfly is anywhere about. I'm sure I had my hands on it. I only hope it isn't crushed to pieces."

"The ruling passion!" muttered Floy, as she turned away. "Lying there half dead, with a broken ankle, and he can still think of that miserable insect."

"Here he is," she said aloud, coming round to John's side. "Horrid little thing!" she could not help adding, with a vindictive look at the innocent insect she placed in John's open palm.

John gave her a slightly surprised look, but smiled with pleasure as he surveyed the treasure in his hand. "It is very little injured," he exclaimed, in almost child-like delight. "And so, after my long search, I have obtained it, at last."

"And a broken ankle into the bargain," thought Floy, turning away, in mingled vexation and amusement. "Now I must go."

"Hilloa!" cried a shrill voice above them. Floy looked up, and saw a man

standing on the bank opposite the one from which John had fallen. He was evidently a farmer—a tall, wiry-looking specimen—dressed in coarse, blue clothes, and an immense straw hat. "What on airth's the matter?" shouted he.

"O, sir," cried Floy, springing joyfully forward, "do—do bring some help, and take this gentleman away from here!"

The light-blue eyes stared blankly down into the ravine a moment. "How in thunder did he get down thar?" was his next question, in a tone of the utmost astonishment.

"He *fell* down, of course," said Floy, impatiently.

"Lost the use of his eyesight, hain't he?" responded the farmer.

"*No!*" said Floy, grinding her little teeth with rage and anxiety. "How many more questions are you going to ask, you inhuman man, before coming to his assistance? I tell you, his leg's broken."

"Well, I swan!" said the farmer, turning slowly away. "I'll be back in a moment."

"I've sent little Dan," said he, returning, "to bring some help. He won't be gone long; he's got the wagon, and the doctor lives only a couple o' miles from here."

Floy groaned in spirit, but, resolving to be patient for John's sake, mildly entreated the farmer to seek out "their friends."

"Friends? Yes, marm; so soon as I examine this here leg. It's broke jist above the ankle, marm."

"Knew that before you told us," snapped Floy.

"You seem kind o' riled, marm. Yes, as I was sayin', it's broke *jist* above the ankle—bad job, marm!"

"Well, I must try and make him a little more comfortable; this hot sun shines right in his face," said Floy, with a com-

passionate look at the poor tortured fellow. Pressing Farmer Stokes into the service, she made him strip several armfuls of green branches from the adjoining trees. Sticking her parasol in the ground, she disposed the branches over and around it, in such a manner that it formed a shady bower above her patient's head.

"Ah, how refreshing that is!" gasped poor John. "And now, do go under the shade of the trees, Miss Floy; your poor little face will be burned to a coal."

"O, no; I have on my broad-brimmed hat," said Floy. Seating herself near the entrance of the green tent, she waved a long bough to keep away the flies. John watched her, a dreamy tenderness in his half-closed eyes. What a darling she was, after all, with her round, child's face, and sweet, womanly ways!

"You are too kind to the cross old bear, Miss Floy," he said, suddenly; "too good to him, altogether."

"O, don't speak so," said Floy, coloring violently. "I wanted to ask *your* forgiveness for all my impertinence the last two weeks."

John's answer was prevented by the return of Farmer Stokes, who, after a very short and ineffectual attempt to find "their friends," again obtruded upon them his somewhat unwelcome presence.

"Can't find 'em nowhar," he said. "Keep that ankle well kivered up, miss; and here's a drop o' somethin' 'll put a leetle life into him, maybe."

John drank from the farmer's flask, and seemed somewhat revived by the draught. Floy resumed her ministrations. The farmer, lying back upon the grass, watched them both with speculative eyes. "Darn it all," he suddenly burst out, "how *did* you git down here, mister? I'm hanged if I ken make it out at all."

"Well, if you *must* know," said Floy,

petulantly, "he was looking for something."

"Pocket-book, eh?"

"No."

"Gold-headed cane?"

"No, no; a specimen," said Floy, impatiently producing it. "This gentleman is a naturalist, and, in trying to secure this, he lost his footing and fell."

She held the "specimen" out on her little, soft palm. The farmer surveyed it in blank amazement.

"*That?*" he asked, incredulously. Floy nodded. Mr. Stokes sat silent a moment, while a broad grin slowly overspread his leathery countenance. "A miller!" he exclaimed, at last, with a long, low whistle.

"It's a butterfly," said Floy, indignantly.

"So I perceive, marm," said the farmer. "Wal, I swan!"

After this brief ejaculation, he bent forward, and, pointing to John, whose eyelids had again closed, he said, in a low whisper, "How long sence he lost the use of his wits, marm?"

"He hasn't lost them at all," said Floy, staring. "You do ask me the queerest questions."

"Why, you jist *said* he was a nat'ral, didn't you?"

"No; I said a naturalist," said Floy, choking down a little laugh, as she answered him.

"Wal," responded the farmer, after a pause, "I don't 'zactly take your meanin'. But chasin' butterflies *does* seem rayther a loony ocopation for a man of his age, don't it?"

"You don't understand," said Floy, indignantly. "It's a very curious specimen."

"No, miss, I *don't* understand," said the farmer. "It's a very keurious business, altogether."

The dry tone in which he said this, and the manner in which he eyed them both as he rose to his feet, nearly upset

Floy's gravity again. And, glancing at John, she saw the corners of his pale mouth twitching suspiciously, too.

"Wal, I reckon I'll try and find your friends agin." His tone said plainly, "I think you need friends to look after you."

"O, there they are now!" cried Floy, springing to her feet. "Harvey—dear Harvey—how glad I am to see you!" Her voice broke in sobs. She was fairly overcome with her long excitement and the sudden relief of my presence.

"Katy, dear, don't you think John and Floy are growing quite good friends, now?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder, love," said Kate, with a little peculiar smile, as, leaning upon my shoulder, she surveyed the pretty scene below.

There, in our rustic arbor, sat John Durham—a slight pallor and a cumbrous crutch the only tokens of his late illness. By his side sat our pretty Floy, examining with him the huge portfolio spread upon his knees, and listening with child-like interest to his entertaining descriptions of the "specimens" he unfolded to her view.

"A pretty *tableau*, John," said Kate; "but there comes an interruption, in the shape of Mr. Stokes. Come, Harvey; we'll go down."

"Good-morning, Mr. Stokes," said I, meeting him at the entrance of the arbor; "you find our patient pretty well recovered, sir."

"O, yes; I shall soon be in condition to hunt the 'pesky millers' again," John replied, with a humorous glance at Farmer Stokes.

"Humph!" said that worthy, contemptuously, "it *does* seem a pity a strong, able-bodied young man like you can't find a better business than that."

"That's a fact, Farmer Stokes," said I, gravely.

"He won't git no sensible gal to

tackle herself to *him*, in a hurry—eh, Miss Floy?" the old man went on.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Floy, assuming an air of supreme indifference.

"Ef he ever axes *you*, Miss Floy, you bid him fust quit this varmint business. You can't make grasshoppers an' sich serve for wittles, as they did in John Baptist's time."

"A delicate way of putting the matter, farmer," said I, as Floy, her cheeks like bramble-roses, vanished with Kate; "but I must inform you that this 'varmint business,' as you call it, is really quite a profitable thing for our young friend here."

"But does it really pay?" asked the farmer, staring. John, shaking with laughter, followed Floy into the house, while I strove, by my explanations, to enlighten a little the farmer's bewildered mind. But I found it a difficult as well as a thankless task.

"No—no, sir," he interrupted me, testily; "I don't see it at all. Beg pardon, if I'm imperlite, sir; but it strikes me as a sort of imposture, gittin' a lot

of fools to pay a big sum for what they know already. Why, I'll bet I know more about bugs 'n he does. Ef he'd find out somethin' to 'tarminate 'em, now—somethin' like Lyon's powder, for instance...."

"I'll try to impress it upon his mind, farmer," said I, solemnly.

"Do, sir—do," replied the old man, earnestly. "It reelly concerns me to see a smart young man like that throwin' away all his chances of usefulness."

Our story grows too long. Three years have passed since that eventful summer, during which time great changes have taken place. Near the dear old mansion which Kate and I inhabit still, has risen a rustic cottage, overgrown with vines. There lives John Durham and his pretty wife, who, with her little daughter, Florence, makes sunshine in his heart and home. You see, dear reader, in spite of Farmer Stokes' prediction, John Durham *did* succeed in capturing our Floy, the prettiest little butterfly that ever fluttered across a mortal's path.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. VII.—THE MEEWOCS.

BY far the largest nation, or group, in California, both in population and in extent of territory, is the Mee-wocs, whose ancient dominion extended from the snow-line of the Sierra to the San Joaquin River, and from the Cosumnes to the Fresno. When we reflect that the mountain valleys were thickly peopled east as far as the uppermost end of Yosemite (in summer, much further up), and consider the extent of the San Joaquin plains—which to-day produce a thousand bushels of wheat for

every white inhabitant, old and young, in some sections—then add to this the long and fish-thronged streams, the Mokelumne, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced, the Chowchilla, and the San Joaquin encircling all—along whose banks the Indians anciently dwelt in great numbers—we see what an area there was for a dense population. Even Feather Island, in the San Joaquin, contains the ruins of a village, constructed in their peculiar military style, consisting of many scores of dwellings. The

fertile bottom-lands along the lower Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced, especially, are said to have been most thickly studied with villages; averaging each over twenty-five, between the San Joaquin and the foot-hills.

And yet, broadly extended as it was, and feeble or wholly dormant as was the national life, or consciousness of unity, this people possess a language more homogeneous than many another not half so widely ramified. An Indian may start from the extreme upper end of Yosemite, and travel with the sun 150 miles to the San Joaquin—a long distance to travel in California without encountering a new tongue—and still make himself understood, with little difficulty. Another may journey from the Cosumnes to the Fresno, crossing three rivers, which the timid race had no means of ferrying over save casual logs, and still he will hear the familiar numerals, with scarcely the change of a syllable, and he can squat down with a new-found acquaintance, and impart to him hour-long communications, with only about the usual supplement and bridging of gesture. There are, as always, many and rapid dialectic departures, but the root remains, and is quickly caught by the Indian of another dialect; while there are not so often whole cohorts of words swinging loose from the language, and passing into oblivion, as one journeys along. In the Neeshenam territory it is like the march of a regiment through a hostile country—every ten miles you go, there is a clean breach of a whole battalion of words, which are replaced by others totally different; but in the Meewoc, they keep their places better, though they change their uniforms often. For instance, north of the Stanislaus they call themselves *Meewoc* (Indians); south of it, to the Merced, *Meewa*; south of that, to the Fresno, *Meewie*. On the upper Merced, “river” is *wakálla*; on the upper Tuolumne, *waká-*

lumy; on the Stanislaus and Mokelumne, *wakálumytoh*—being undoubtedly the origin of the word “Mokelumne,” as *cóssoom*, or *cóssoomy* (salmon), is of “Cosumnes.” For the words “grizzly bear” there exist, in different dialects, all the following forms: *oozoomite*, *osoamite*, *uhzoomite*, *uhzoomituh*.

Their language is not lacking in words and phrases of greeting, which are full of Indian character. When one meets a stranger, he generally salutes him “*Wooneh?*” “[whence] do you come?” Sometimes it is “*Weoh ucooh?*” about equivalent to “how do you do?” How like the savage! With the infinite inquisitiveness and suspicion of the race, touching a stranger, he desires to know from what quarter he hails, whither he is bound, on what business, etc., etc. After the stranger has answered the third or fourth question, he frequently volunteers the remark, “*Háykangma*,” “I am hungry;” which seldom fails to procure as substantial a response as the larder will allow. Perhaps he will acknowledge it with “*Coonee*,” “thank you;” more probably not. When the guest is ready to take his departure, he never fails to say, “*Wooksemussy*,” “I am going.” To this the host replies, “*Cotoël-lây*,” “you go ahead”—a complimentary expression which arose from the custom of walking single file.

Some of the idioms are curiously characteristic of that point-no-point style which savages have in common with children. Thus, *hyem* is “near;” and *hyetkem* is also “near;” but not quite so near; and *cotun* is “away off.” Yet, the latter may not be so very distant, after all; for *tolleh* is the bank of a river, and *cotun tolleh* is the opposite bank, though you could fling a stone across. *Chuto* is “good;” *chutosekây* is “very good.”

While this is undoubtedly the largest, it is, also, probably the lowest nation in

California; and it presents one of the most hopeless and saddening spectacles of heathen races. According to their own confession, to-day, in former times both sexes, and all ages, went absolutely naked. All of them, north of the Stanislaus at least, and probably many south also, not only married cousins, but herded together so indiscriminately in their wigwams, that not a few Americans believe and assert, to this day, the monstrous proposition, that sisters were frequently taken for wives. But this is mainly false. The Indians all deny it, emphatically; and not one of their accusers could produce an instance, having been deceived into the belief by the general circumstance above-mentioned. They eat all creatures that swim in the waters, all that fly through the air, and all that creep, crawl, or walk upon the earth, with, perhaps, a dozen exceptions. They have the most degraded and superstitious beliefs in wood-spirits, who produce those disastrous conflagrations to which California is subject; in water-spirits, who inhabit the rivers, consume the fish, and work all manner of evil and malignity upon men; and in fetichistic spirits, who assume the forms of owls and other birds, to render their existence a torment and a terror, from the baby-basket to the grave. In occasional specimens of noble physical stature they were not lacking, especially in Yosemite and other elevated valleys; but the utter weakness, puerility, and imbecility of their conceptions, and the unspeakable obscenity of some of their legends, almost surpass human belief. But the saddest and gloomiest thing connected with the Meewocs is the fact, that many of them—probably a majority of all who entertain any well-defined notions whatever on the subject, believe in the annihilation of the soul after death, especially in the case of the wicked. When an Indian's friend departs the earth, he mourns him with that great

and bitter sorrow of one who is without hope. He will live no more forever. All that he possessed is burned with him upon the funeral-pyre, in order that nothing may remain to remind them afterward of one who is gone into black oblivion. So awful to them is the thought of one who is gone down to eternal nothingness, that his name is never afterward even whispered; if one of his friends is so unfortunate as to possess the same name, he changes it for another; and if, at any time, they are compelled to mention the departed, with bated breath and mournful softness they murmur simply "*Itteh*," "him." Himself, his identity, is gone; his name is lost; he is blotted out; *itteh* represents merely the being that once was. Like all the other tribes of sunny California, they are gay and jovial through their lives; but, while most of the others have a mitigation of the final terrors in the assured belief of an immortality in the "Happy Western Land," the Meewocs go down, with a grim and stolid sullenness, to the death of a dog, that will live no more. It is necessary to say, however, that not all entertain this belief; but it seems to prevail more especially south of the Merced, and among the more grave and thoughtful of these. Throughout the whole Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys one will occasionally meet an Indian who believes in annihilation; but nowhere so many as among the Meewocs.

As to tribal distribution, the Meewocs north of the Stanislaus, like the Neeshenams, designate principally by the points of the compass. These are *toomun*, *choomuch*, *háyzooit*, and *ólowit* (north, south, east, and west), from which are formed various tribal names—as Toomuñs, Toomedocs, and Tamolécas; Choomuch, Choomwits, Choomedocs or Chimedocs, and Choomtéyas; Olowits, Olówedocs, Oloweéyas, etc. Olówedocs is the name applied to all Indians living on the plains, as far west as Stockton.

But there are several names which are employed absolutely, and without any reference to direction. On the south bank of the Cosumnes are the Cawnees; on Sutter Creek, the Yulónees; on the Stanislaus and Tuolumne, the extensive tribe of Wallies; in Yosemite, the Awánees; on the south fork of the Merced, the Nootchoos; on the middle Merced, the Choomtéyas; on the upper Chowchilla, the Héhtoyas; on the middle Chowchilla, the tribe that named the stream; and on the north bank of the Fresno, the Póhoneechees. There were probably others besides these, especially on the plains; but they have been so long extinct, that their names are forgotten. Dr. Bunnell mentions the "Potoencies," but no Indian had ever heard of such a tribe; also, the "Honachees," which is probably a mistake for Monáchees—a name applied, on King's River, to the Piutes.

The name "Wallie" has been the subject of no little discussion. Some assert that it is a word applied by the pioneers to the Indians, without any particular meaning; others, that it is an aboriginal word, denoting "friend." The latter theory probably had its origin from the fact that these Indians, on meeting each other, frequently cry out "Wallie! wallie!" As a matter of fact, it is derived from the word *wallim*, which means simply "down below;" and it appears to have been originated by the Yosemite Indians, and applied to the lower tribes with a slight feeling of contempt, for which there was some ground. The Indians on the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne use the term freely in conversing among themselves; but on the Merced it is not heard, except among the Americans. The Yosemite Indians despised the Wallies because they could not make bows (having no suitable timber), and had no pluck; the Wallies, in turn, affected to despise those north of the

Stanislaus and down on the plains, because they married cousins.

Perhaps the only special features to be noted in their physiognomy, are the smallness of their heads, and the flatness of some of them on the sinciput, caused by their lying on the hard baby-basket when infants. I felt the heads of a village near Chinese Camp, and was surprised at the diminutive balls which lurked within their masses of hair, though perhaps others in the State would reveal the same feature. The Chief, Captain John, was at least seventy years old, yet his head was still perceptibly flattened on the back, and I could almost encircle it with my hands.

All the dwellers on the plains, and as far up on the mountains as the cedar-line, bought all their bows and most of their arrows from the upper mountaineers. An Indian is about ten days in making a bow, and it costs \$3, \$4, or \$5, according to workmanship; an arrow, 12½ cents. Three kinds of money were employed in this traffic. White shell-beads, or rather buttons, pierced in the centre and strung together, were rated at \$5 a yard; periwinkles, at \$1 a yard; fancy marine shells, at various prices, from \$3 to \$10, or \$15, according to their beauty.

The chief or headman of a village is little more than a master of ceremonies. When he decides to hold a dance in his village, he dispatches messengers to the neighboring rancherias, each bearing a string whereon is tied a certain number of knots. Every morning thereafter the invited chief unties one of the knots, and when the last but one is reached, they joyfully set forth for the dance—men, women, and children—all, without any exception.

Occasionally there arises a great orator or prophet, who wields a wide influence, and exerts it to introduce such reforms as seem to him desirable. Old

Sam, of Jackson, was such a one. Sometimes he would set out on a speaking or lecturing tour, traveling many miles in all directions, and speaking with great fervor and eloquence nearly all night, according to accounts. Shortly before I passed through that region, he had introduced two reforms (whether permanently or not, can not be here stated), at which the reader will probably smile, but which were certainly in the right direction. One was, that the Indians no longer tarred their heads in token of mourning, but painted their faces—paint being so much easier to scrape off. The other was, that, instead of holding an annual “cry,” or Dance of Weeping, in memory of the dead, they should dance and chant dirges. In one of his speeches to his people, he is reported to have counseled them to live at peace with the Americans, to treat them kindly, and avoid quarrels whenever possible, for they were weak, and it was worse than useless to contend against their conquerors. He then diverged into remarks on household economy: “Do not waste cooked victuals. You never have too much, anyhow. The Americans do not waste their food. They work for it, and take care of it. They keep it in their houses, out of the rain. You let the squirrels get into your acorns. When you eat a piece of pie, you eat it up as far as the apple goes, then throw the crust into the fire. When you have a pancake left, you throw it to the dogs. Every family should keep only one dog. It is wasteful.”

Typocksie, Chief of the Chimteyas, was a notable Indian in his generation, holding undisputed sovereignty in the valley of the Merced, from South Fork to the plains. Early every morning, as soon as the families had had time decently to prepare breakfast, he would step out before his wigwam and lift up

his sonorous voice like a Stentor, summoning the whole village to work in the gold-diggings; and himself went forth to share the labor of the humblest. Men, women, and children went out together, taking their dinners along, and the village was totally deserted until about three o'clock, when they ended their labor for the day. Every one worked hard, inspired by the example of their great chieftain, the men making dives into the Merced of a minute or more, and bringing up the fat gravel, while the women and children washed it on shore. They got abundance of gold and lived in civilized luxury as long as Typocksie was alive. He is described by one who knew him well as a magnificent specimen of a savage, standing full six feet high, straight and sinewy, shiny-black as an Ethiopian, with eyes like an eagle's, a high forehead, and nostrils strongly walled, each of them showing a clean, bold ellipse. He died in 1857, and was buried in Rum Hollow with unparalleled pomp and splendor. Over 1,200 Indians were present at his funeral. After this grand old barbarian was gone, his tribe speedily went to the bad; their industry disappeared; their gold was gambled away; their fine clothes followed hard after it; dissension, disease, and death scattered them to the four winds.

Among the Meewocs, when a maiden is married, it is not her father who receives the presents made by the bridegroom, but her mother. Sometimes the bride is carried to the lodge of her husband on the shoulders of a stalwart brave, amid a joyous throng, singing songs, dancing, leaping, and whooping. In partial return for the presents given by the groom to his mother-in-law, his father-in-law gives the young couple various substantial articles, such as are needed in the scullery, to set them up in housekeeping. In fact, here, as generally throughout the State, it is a kind

of established usage that the parents are to do everything for their children, and the latter nothing, until they marry. The children run wild and learn nothing useful but what they please. More than that, the Meewoc father often continues these presents of flesh and acorns to the young couple for several years after their marriage. And what is his reward? When he waxes old, he is treated little better than a slave, and has to shift pretty much for himself. This is too much the case among all peoples, civil or savage.

In case of the birth of twins, one of them is invariably destroyed, though there seems to be no other form of infanticide. It is the universal sentiment that two babes are an excessive burden to the mother, and their ingenuity has never compassed the imparting of nutriment from a bottle. Mention is made of a squaw named Haaoocheah, living near Murphy's, who, in 1858, gave birth to twins and destroyed one, with the approval of all her kindred.

Part of their physicians are men, and part women. Scarification and prolonged suction with the mouth are their staple methods. In case of colds and rheumatism, they apply California balm of Gilead, externally and internally, with good results. Stomachic affections and severe travail are treated with a plaster of hot ashes and moist earth spread on the stomach. They believe that their male physicians, who are more properly sorcerers, can sit on a mountain-top fifty miles distant from a man they wish to destroy, and compass his death by filliping poison toward him from their finger-ends. The physician's prerogative is, that he must always be paid in advance; hence, a man seeking his services, brings his offering along—a fresh-slain deer, or so many yards of shells, or something—and flings it down before him without a word, thus intimating that he desires the worth of that in medicine and treatment.

The patient's prerogative is, that, if he dies, his friends may kill the doctor.

In the Acorn Dance, in autumn, the whole company join hands and dance in a circle, men and women alternating—a position of equality not often accorded to the gentle sex. They generally have to dance by themselves, or at least in the outer circle, *behind* their partners! Besides this anniversary or fixed dance, there are others, ordinary *fandangos* (*calteh*), for feasting and amusement. They resemble a civilized ball somewhat, inasmuch as the young men of the village giving the entertainment contribute to a purse wherewith to purchase a large quantity of rabbits, wild fowl, acorns, sweet roots, and other delicacies (nowadays, generally a bullock, sheep, flour, fruit, etc.). Then they select an open, sunny glade, far within some sequestered forest, where they will not be disturbed by intruders, and plant green branches of trees in the ground, forming a large circle. Grass and pine-straw are scattered within, to form at once a dancing-floor and a divan. Runners are then dispatched to all the villages in the vicinity to invite the people, and here they collect and spend several days—sometimes a week—gambling, feasting, and sleeping in the breezy shade by day; and by night dancing to lively tunes, with execrable and most industrious music, and wild, dithyrambic crooning of chants, and indescribable dances, now sweeping around in a ring beneath the overhanging pine-boughs, and now stationary in a kind of piston-rod dance, with rustling plumes and jingling beadery—at this day replaced by the rags they have got of civilization.

Every autumn brings around the Annual Mourning (*nootyu*); and occasionally, in case of a high personage, there is a special mourning, fixed by appointment a few months after his death. Both are alike. A whole village or several villages assemble together, general

ly in the evening, seat themselves on the ground in a circle, and engage in loud and demonstrative wailing, beating themselves and tearing their hair. The squaws wander off into the forest, wringing their arms piteously, beating the air, weeping with upturned eyes, and adjuring the departed ones of the year, whom they tenderly call "dear child," or "cousin," to return. Sometimes, during a sort of trance or frenzy of sorrow, a squaw will dance three or four hours in the same place without cessation, crooning a dismal noise. Others, with arms interlocked, walk to and fro in a beaten path for hours, chanting weird death-songs, with eldritch, inarticulate wailings—sad voicings of savage sorrow. On the Merced, the women do not apply pitch over the whole head, but only a small blotch under the ears, while the younger squaws singe their hair short. When some near relative chances to be absent at the time of the funeral, some article belonging to the deceased (frequently a hat, nowadays) is preserved from the general sacrifice of his effects, and retained until this person returns, that the sight of it may kindle his sorrow, and awaken in his bosom fresh and piercing recollections of that being whom he will never more behold. On the lower Tuolumne, after dancing a frightful death-dance around the grave into which they have just lowered the body, they go out of mourning, by removing the pitch, until the Annual Mourning comes round, when they renew it. On the latter occasion, they fashion out of clothing and blankets a rude effigy to represent the deceased person or persons, and carry it around the graves with doleful laments. Perchance the soul of the departed may have lost its way to the Happy Western Land, and be wandering sad and houseless on earth; but it will now joyfully enter the effigy, and, by the swift, bright flames, be started on its road afresh.

As soon as the Annual Mourning is over, they heat water and scour off the pitch; then all the relatives are at full liberty to engage in their ordinary pursuits, attend dances, etc., which before were interdicted. That solemn occasion itself too frequently winds up with a debauch of sensuality.

The oldest brother is entitled to his brother's widow, and he may even convey her to his wigwam on the way home from the funeral, if he is so disposed, though it would be accounted hardly less unseemly than among civilized people.

Though incremation very generally prevails among the Meewocs, the time never was when it was universal. Captain John states, that, long before they had ever seen any Europeans, the Indians high up in the mountains buried their dead, though his people, living about Chinese Camp, always burned. As low down on the Stanislaus as Robinson's Ferry, the action of the river has revealed long ranks of skeletons—three or four feet beneath the surface, doubled up, and covered with stones—of which none of the bones showed any charring.

In respect of legends, they relate one which is very remarkable. First, it is necessary to state that there is a lake, or an expansion of the river, some four miles long and from a half-mile to a mile wide, on the upper Tuolumne, directly north of Hatchatchie Valley. I know no name for it except the aboriginal one, Owyánuh (clearly a dialectic variation of *awya*, which denotes "lake"). Nat Screech, a veteran mountaineer and hunter, relates that he visited this region in 1850, and at that time there was a valley along the river, having the same dimensions that this lake now has. Again, in 1855, he happened to pass that way, and discovered that the lake had been formed as it now exists. He was totally at a loss to account for its origin; but subsequently he learned the

Meewoc language, of the dialect spoken at Little Gap, and, while listening to the Indians one day, he overheard them casually refer to the formation of this lake in an extraordinary manner. Upon being questioned, they stated that there had been a tremendous cataclysm in that valley, the bottom of it having fallen out apparently, whereby the entire valley was submerged in the waters of the Tuolumne. As nearly as he could ascertain from their imperfect methods of reckoning time, this occurred in 1851; and, in that year, while in the town of Sonora, Screech and many others remembered to have heard a huge explosion in that direction, which they then supposed was caused by a local earthquake.

On Drew's Ranch, Middle Fork of the Tuolumne, still lives an aged squaw, called Dischee, who was present when this remarkable event occurred. According to her account, the earth dropped in beneath their feet, and the waters of the river leaped up and came rushing upon them in a vast, roaring flood, almost perpendicular, like a wall of rock. The Indians were stricken dumb and motionless with terror by the awful noise, but when they saw the waters coming, they escaped for life, though thirty or forty were overtaken and drowned. Another squaw, named Isabel, relates that the stubs of trees, which are still plainly visible deep down in the pellucid waters, are considered by the older and more superstitious Indians to be evil spirits, reaching up their arms to grasp them, and that they fear them greatly. The story of the origin of this Tuolumne lake, if true, is valuable, as going to corroborate Professor Whitney's theory of the formation of Yosemite Valley.

An Indian of Garrote narrated to me a legend of the creation of man and woman by the coyote, which contained a large amount of aboriginal dirt. Yet this story, with all its unclean particu-

lars, was related by him with the most straightforward and profound gravity, though surrounded by his whole family. Most of their fables are pure, and some are rather pretty, but when they do verge into impurity, they become the most monstrous and revolting excrescences that ever grew out of the mind of man. Following is a fable told at Little Gap:

CREATION OF MAN.

After the coyote had finished all the work of the world and the inferior animals, he called a council of them to deliberate on the creation of man. They sat down in an open space in the forest, all in a circle, with the lion at the head. On his right sat the grizzly bear, next the brown bear, and so on around, according to rank, ending with the little mouse, which sat at the lion's left.

The lion was the first to speak; and he declared he should like to see a man created with a mighty voice, like himself, wherewith he could frighten all animals. For the rest, he would have him well covered with hair, terrible fangs in his jaws, strong talons, etc.

The grizzly bear said it was ridiculous to have such a voice as his neighbor, for he was always roaring with it, and scared away the very prey he wished to catch. He thought the man ought to have prodigious strength, and move about silently, but very swiftly when necessary, and be able to grip his meat without making any noise.

The buck said the man would look very foolish, in his way of thinking, unless he had a magnificent pair of horns on his head with which to fight. He also thought it was very absurd to roar so loudly, and he would pay less attention to the man's throat than he would to his ears and his eyes, for he would make the one like a spider's web, and the other like fire.

The mountain sheep protested he never could see what sense there was in

such horns, spreading every way, only to get caught in the branches. If the man had horns neatly rolled up, they would be like a stone on each side of his head, giving weight, so that he could butt a great deal harder.

When it came the coyote's turn to speak, he declared all these were the stupidest speeches he ever listened to, and that he could hardly keep awake while such noodles and nincompoops were talking. Every one of them wanted to make the man just like himself. They might as well take one of their own cubs and call it a man. As for himself, he very well knew that he was not the best animal that could be made, and he could make one a good deal better than himself. Of course, he would be like himself in having four legs, five fingers on each, etc. It was well enough to have a voice like the lion's, but it should also be as small as that of the little mouse sometimes. The grizzly bear also had some good points, one of which was the shape of his feet, by which he could stand up if he wished, and he was in favor of making the man's feet nearly the same. The grizzly was also happy in having no tail, for he had learned from his own experience that that organ served principally as a harbor for fleas. The buck's eyes and ears were pretty good, also—perhaps better than his own. Then there was the fish, which was naked, and which he envied, because hair was a burden most of the year; so he favored a man without hair. His claws ought to be as long as the eagle's, so that he could hold things in them. But, with all their separate gifts, they must acknowledge that there was no animal besides himself that had wit enough to supply the man; and he felt obliged, therefore, to make him like himself in that respect—cunning and crafty.

After the coyote had made an end, the beaver said that he had never heard such arrant twaddle in his life. No tail, in-

deed! He would make a man with a broad, flat tail, so that he could haul mud and sand on it.

The owl declared all the animals seemed to have lost their senses; none of them proposed to give man wings. For himself, he could not see of what use anything on earth would be to him without wings.

The mole said it was perfect folly to talk about wings, for with wings the poor man would be certain to fly up and crack his noddle against the sky. Besides, if he had eyes, he would be certain to get them singed against the sun; but without eyes, he could burrow in the cool, soft earth, and be happy.

Last of all, the little mouse squeaked out that he would make a man with eyes, of course, so he could see what he was eating; and as for burrowing in the ground, that was a humbug.

So they all disagreed, and the council broke up in a row. The coyote flew at the beaver, and nipped a piece out of his cheek; the owl jumped on the coyote's head, and commenced lifting his scalp; and so they all got to fighting. But finally they stopped, and taking each a lump of clay, they commenced molding a man according to their ideas; but the coyote began to make one like that he described. It was so late when they fell to work, that nightfall had come on before any one had finished his model, and they laid down and fell dead asleep. But the cunning coyote remained awake, and worked hard on his model all night. When all the other animals were fast asleep, he went slyly around and threw water on their models, and so spoiled them. In the morning, early, he finished his, and gave it life before the others could make new models; and so it was that man was created by the coyote.

YOSEMITE.

There is good reason for believing that, if the Indians could know how

much more we have extracted from their words and legends than they ever put into them, they would be very much amused. All California Indian names which possess any significance whatever, are to be interpreted on the plainest, most obvious, and even the most prosaic principles; whereas, the grim walls of Yosemite have been made by White men to blossom with aboriginal poetry, like a page of "Lalla Rookh." From the "Great Chief of the Valley," and "Goddess of the Valley," down to the "Cataract of Diamonds," the sumptuous imaginations of various discoverers have trailed through that wonderful gorge blazons of mythological heraldry and pageantry of demigods of more than oriental gorgeousness. It would be a thousand pities, truly, if the aborigines could not have succeeded in interpreting more poetically the meanings of the place than our countrymen have in such miserably bald appellations as "Nevada Fall," "Vernal Fall," and similar names; and whether they did or did not, they were not such maunders as to perpetrate the melodramatic and dime-novel shams that have been fathered upon them.

In the first place, they never knew of any such locality on earth as Yosemite Valley. Second, there is not now, and never has been, anything in that valley which the Indians called Yosemite. Third, they never called Old Ephraim himself Yosemite. Lastly, there is no such word in the Meewoc language as Yosemite.

The valley has been known to the Indians from time immemorial as Awanee. True, this is only the name of one of the ancient villages which it contained; but this village was the metropolis of the valley, and gave its name by pre-eminence to the whole of it; and, in accordance with the Indian custom, to the inhabitants of the same. In all the dialects north of the Stanislaus, the word for

"grizzly bear" is *oozoomite*; at Little Gap, *osoamite*; in Yosemite, *oozoomite*; on the South Fork of the Merced, *uh-zoomituh*. How this was ever corrupted into its present form, and applied to the whole valley, when there is only one rock known by this name to the Indians, is curious. Mr. J. M. Hutchings, in his "Guide Book," states that the pronunciation on the South Fork is "Yohamite;" and some years ago there was an acrid controversy between the partisans of that word and those of "Yosemite." Now, there is occasionally an Indian among the Meewocs who might be called a cockney, as he never can get the "haitches" right. Different ones will pronounce the word for "wood" *susúeh* and *huhúeh*; also, the word for "eye" *hunta* and *shunta*. But no one of at least a score that I asked ever gave other than one of the three pronunciations above set down.

Elsewhere in California, the aboriginal names have effected such slight lodgment in the atlases, that it is seldom worth while to spend any considerable time in seeking to set them right. Here it is different. Professor Whitney and Mr. Hutchings, in their works on the valley, both state that they derived their information concerning names, etc., from White men only. The Indians certainly have a right to be consulted in this department of knowledge; and if they differ from the interpreters, every right-thinking man will accept the statement of an intelligent savage as against a half-dozen White men. As for any connected, lucid account of his customs, he can not give it; but if he does not know the single words of his own language, pray who does? Acting on this belief, I employed Choko (a dog), generally known as "Old Jim," and accounted the wisest native head in the valley, to go with me around it, and name in detail all the places. He is, or claims to be, one of the very few original Awanees now liv-

ing; for a California Indian, he is exceptionally frank and communicative; and he is as full of talk and as truthful as he is shiftless—a kind of aboriginal Sam Lawson. He was even pig-headed in his persistency about certain little embellishments which White men had added to the valley legend, which he considered spurious, and which he would have none of. "White man too much lie," said he, when I tried, by way of experiment, to induce him to lend his countenance and authority to some of these extra-official touches. He little knew how miserably he was hacking down the gorgeous stories related by the guide-books; but I strongly suspect he is far better authority than they, and that the simple and even bald narrations he gave are nearer the truth than those of others. A magazine article is no place for a dry list of names, neither is there space to give more than one of the legends.

The extreme narrowness of range of the California Indians' knowledge is aptly shown in their frequent lack of specific names. Thus, the Merced is *Wakalla*, which is simply "the river;" Yosemite Fall is *Choloc*, which is "the fall;" and Mirror Lake is *Awya*, which is "the lake." They knew so little of the great world that it was not necessary for them to designate which river or which lake.

The name Tutochanúla is a permutative substantive, formed from the verb *tultákana*, which means "to creep like a measuring-worm;" and means also the worm itself. Hence this name may be interpreted "Measuring-worm Stone," or "Rock of Degrees;" and the story from which it originated is as follows:

LEGEND OF TUTOCHANULA.

There were once two little boys living in the valley, who went down to the river to swim. After paddling and splashing about to their hearts' content, they went on shore, and crept up on a huge bowl-

der that stood beside the water, on which they laid down in the warm sunshine to dry themselves. They soon fell asleep, and they slept so soundly that they never wakened more. Through sleeps, moons, and snows, winter and summer, they slumbered on. Meanwhile, the great rock whereon they slept was treacherously rising, day and night, little by little, until it soon bore them up beyond the sight of their friends, who sought them everywhere, weeping. Thus they were borne up, at last, beyond all human help or reach of human voice—lifted up, inch by inch, into the blue heavens—far up, far up, until their faces scraped the moon; and still they slumbered and slept, year after year, year after year. Then at length, upon a time, all the animals assembled together to bring down the little boys from the top of the mighty rock. Every animal made a spring up the face of the wall as far as he could leap. The little mouse could only jump up a hand-breadth; the rat, two hand-breadths; the raccoon, a little higher; and so on: the grizzly bear making a prodigious leap far up the wall, but falling back, in vain, like all the others. Last of all, the lion tried, and he jumped up higher than any other animal had; but he fell down flat on his back. Then came along an insignificant measuring-worm, which even the mouse could have crushed by treading on it, and began to creep up the rock. Step by step, step by step, a little at a time, he measured his way up, until presently he was above the lion's jump; then, pretty soon, out of sight. So he crawled up, and up, and up, through many long sleeps, for about one whole snow, and at last he reached the top. Then he took the little boys, and came down the same way he went up, and brought them safe down to the ground. And so the rock was called after the measuring-worm (*tultákana*), Tutochanúla.

This is not only a true Indian story,

but it has a pretty meaning, being a kind of parallel to Æsop's fable of the hare and tortoise that ran a race. What all the great animals of the forest could not do, the despised measuring-worm accomplished, simply by patience and perseverance. It also has its value, as showing the Indian idea of the formation of Yosemite, and that they must have arrived in the valley after it had assumed its present form.

The extreme simplicity of the aboriginal names, in contrast with such pompous flummeries as "The Three Brothers" and "Royal Arches," is shown in a couple of instances. Next east of Cathedral Rock is a tall, sharp needle, unnamed by us, which the Indians call *Pooseéna Chukka*, which means, "The squirrel and the acorn-caché." A single glance at it will show how easily the simple and wondering savages, on their first entrance into the great valley, as they were pointing out to one another the various objects, imagined here a squirrel nibbling at the bottom of an acorn-caché. The other instance is the Royal Arches, which they call *Chokónee*—that is, "a baby-basket." Literally, *chokónee* means a "dog-place," or "dog-house." There is a vast deal more resemblance to a baby-basket than there is to a royal arch, whatever that may be.

Ozoómite Láwatuh ("grizzly-bear skin") is their name for Glacier Rock, given on account of its grayish, grizzled appearance; and it is the only name in the valley from which its present appel-

lation could have been formed by corruption.

There were nine villages in Yosemite, within the recollection of Choko, all of which he located with the greatest minuteness. Their names were as follow: *Waháka*, (foot of The Three Brothers), *Sáccaya*, *Hocóewedoc* (site of Hutchings' Hotel), *Coomínee*, *Awanee* (foot of Yosemite Fall), *Macháyto*, *Notomídoola*, *Laysamite*, and *Wiscúlla*. There were formerly others, extending as far down as Bridal Veil Fall, which were destroyed in wars that occurred before the Americans came. At a low estimate, these nine villages must have contained 450 inhabitants. Dr. Bunnell indirectly states, that the valley was not occupied during the winter, and was used only as a summer resort, and as a stronghold or refuge in case of defeat elsewhere; but the three surviving *Awanees* agree in saying it *was* occupied every winter. This is quite possible; for Mr. Hutchings and others dwell there throughout the year, without inconvenience. Moreover, the assertion of the Indians is borne out by the locations of the villages themselves. With the exception of two on the south bank, they were all built as close to the north wall as the avalanches of snow and ice would permit, in order to get the benefit of the sunshine—just as Mr. Hutchings' winter cottage is, to-day. If they had been intended only for summer occupation, they would have been placed, according to Indian custom, near the river.

LADY UNGER.

HENRY PARKENSON, the elegant man of the world, with the *sang-froid* of an easy conscience, carried away from husband and child, away from the long-established respectability of an honored house, Marion Unger, the enamored victim of his wily fascinations.

California was then a refuge for sinners—a stronghold, whose security of distance invited to her shores offenders against the laws of God and man. Here had fled this man and woman, and here had they lived for years, unnoticed specks on the dim horizon of a world, dark in moral obscurity: she loving more dearly, month by month, him for whom she had surrendered much, for she had loved her child; he, *blasé* and tired of the incumbrance, was now occupied with the difficult task of arranging a peaceful and final separation.

At the end of five years, when Marion Unger's beauty was at its height, when suffering and guilty happiness had mellowed the wild light of her eyes to the softness of enchantment—a penitent still in sin, a strange blending of good and evil—the inevitable stole down like the shadow of death, and stood barrier forever to the entrance of any fair to-morrows in her future life.

The courted Harry now despised and censured the woman who had, years before, yielded to his entreaties of love; yet, weak and vacillating, hesitated to inform her of the separation which must soon take place, and upon which he had determined. But it must be accomplished. Family, his already moneyed position—everything—pointed to the wisdom of a discontinuance of this union, and to the forming of one of holier significance. He stood in need of all the courage of a

wavering nature, when he tongued the base lie that a mother's sickness called him to the Eastern States, and that business there would make his return impossible for several years. "Meantime," said he, "your beauty and money will secure you a husband." She was sitting at the moment the conversation opened, and as he ended with what he meant for a compliment, she slowly rose, a deathly pallor shot over her face, from out which burned her piercing eyes, placed one hand over her heart, bowed her head, and, in a calm but tremulous voice, said:

"You saw fit to come into my former life of content and peace—the peace that comes with right—and took me—O, if I only could forget!—took me from all that earth held dear; and forcibly—yes, I could but go—for I loved you; how dearly, let my sacrifices and my devotion speak for me. You see fit now to leave me, an abandoned woman. Have you thought what the term means? Go—go; but know that you are vacating the highest place of honor earth holds for you—a place in my affections—in mine, I say it; and of whose quality you are as incapable of judging as you are of the act you are about to commit. Weaklings of the world often blunder into high places, which fit them not, as does not this you, my poor, unhappy weather-vane. Ere you go, I would direct your gaze to a home in the far East, at whose lonely hearth sits a man, teaching his son to forget his dishonored mother. Look long, for it is a picture that would thrill clay less cold than yours; then, while still your eyes are wet with tears for the deserted boy, lift them to the highest peak of the Sierras, in the shad-

ow of whose snowy cap sits the mother, about to suffer the just but awful penalty of her guilt. She, too, is about to be deserted. Think of it a moment; but not too long, for I would stir pity in the hearts of none. I have never sued to any mortal. I would rather uproot the settings of my tongue than betray it to such base use as entreaty. Go, then; find you a white-eyed bride, whose blood beats time to the cold decorum of what is called the virtuous world, but who can still be bought—bought in marriage—for your gold. Here will you find the true gauge and measure of your own powers of love. Think not of me, as leading an idle and dissolute life. To-day has been revealed to me a work to be done. The blood of my ancestors cries out in my beating veins for its accomplishment. I should not be true to myself did I not use all my ample fortune—did I not use all the gifts of mind and body which God has given me—for the purpose. When I look abroad on the goodly earth, and see weeds choking what might perhaps have been flowers of heavenly bloom, I task myself with sloth; ay, I have a work—a work.”

The adieus were said with decorum; Parkenson thanking heaven for the happy turn of affairs, and the new-born missionary spirit of Lady Unger, for such was the name she had won by her elegance of manner and pride of mien. When all was over—when he was, indeed, gone—the forced repose, the decorous courtesy, gave way to uncontrollable rage. She stalked to and fro, a beautiful demon—outraged, beaten, stepped upon, with not the feeblest weapon for defense. She could only dash against the walls of her room, and call on heaven, till, this fury spent, she sank into the stillness of a more dangerous madness.

Henry Parkenson determined to change his place of residence once again. Twice already since his mar-

riage, with apparently no cause, had he abandoned a prosperous business and a pleasant home for uncertainties in strange places. Twice, just as the young wife, whom he loved as sincerely as such natures are capable of loving, had become familiar with the unaccustomed surroundings of her California life, had she been called upon to sacrifice the few objects of home-like interest; and now she was to leave her garden, with its buds of promise, and the house wherein their child was born. After a decision to remove, came a feverish anxiety to get away. “Quickly, Mary,” the husband would say; “tomorrow, at furthest. The air here stifles me; I’m bowed from shortness of breath, and long to be on the way to a new locality, where I hope to stand erect in the exhilaration of a new atmosphere.”

The wife, observing the restless eyes, darkened by underlying shadows, and the nervous quiver of her strong-limbed husband, queried in her mind about this strange recurrence of what seemed a migratory fever pulsing through his soul. An agricultural district, far to the south of the wild mining regions, Parkenson chose for his place of residence, and overjoyed was the wife to note his changed manner. He unbent from a load which he seemed to have left behind. His sleep, which had been full of troubled dreams, was peaceful; his restless eyes now fell upon her in the benignant tranquillity of a pure affection. Business was sought and found; happiness once more reigned in the household.

A week, two weeks, had passed. “To-day,” said Mrs. Parkenson to her husband, “I noticed in a window, as I passed down the street, the beautiful face of the woman known as Lady Unger, whom we left at Simpson’s Bar. She looked curiously at me, and I, scarcely remembering for the moment where I had seen

her, returned the gaze, when something like a great pity gathered in the gloomy depths of her despairing eyes. As she glanced upon the face of our boy, she covered her eyes, and, with a spasmodic movement, left the window. Poor creature! after all, she can not be totally depraved. She must have a history—a terrible history; her whole bearing indicates an uncommon woman. I have heard, that, although perfectly temperate, there are days when no one dares approach her; when, shut in her room, she wears the wretched hours through in the tempestuous wrestlings of a tortured soul, beset by invisible enemies, at whom, with lips stretched back of her white teeth, she snarls savagely and cruelly, and that, upon these occasions, the low-bred fellow, Duncan—her companion—stands in awe of her; but that when seen of the world, she is decorous, full of courtliness and grace, commanding almost the respect of upright people. Ah, my husband, what a great nature has here been despoiled by some arch-villain, who forgot that he was born of woman!”

Full of the subject, she had not noticed her husband's guilty face. Surprise, fear, horror, had laid hold upon him, and he sat in the abjectness of a weak nature, entangled in the pursuing toils of a wicked past.

Believing that he loved his wife, he sought to protect her from the hurtful knowledge. Though he used all means of secrecy, and had imparted to no one the name of his new locality, yet, by some agency, the one who could destroy his domestic happiness learned it, and dogged his footsteps. From place to place, she had followed him. California's subtle charm had wooed him back to her coast; and scarcely had he, with his bride, established himself comfortably in a remote mining town, when there appeared on the scene the woman whom of all others he wished least to see. At

no time had she spoken to him; at no time crossed his path; yet there was that in the awful stillness of her conduct that boded he knew not what. A wild outburst of recrimination would have been a joy to this expectant waiting for that which he felt was gathering, to be hurled he knew not when, or where.

“Ah!” said he, bethinking himself, “of an erratic nature, she doubtless heeds each passing fancy. Avoid such wayward people. A touch of womanly feeling does not prove the existence of morality, and wives should be particular as to with whom they come in contact.”

Fascinated by that which he dreaded, he sought the house, and found her, luminous in her dark surroundings—a dazzling object, that excited the curiosity and comment of people. She sat like a golden lily in a garden of weeds. Never, in the days of his love for her, did she look more beautiful than now. Rich in the manifold graces of woman, regal even in what he considered her lowness, she produced in him a dim feeling of the olden time, and there came to his weak, human heart a touch of remorse, and for a moment his soul cried out in anguish. He stood, gazing and regretting, till the window-shade shut the object of his thoughts from view. Does she love me still, and follow but to see me, or is there some vengeful design in her persistent course of action, questioned he, but questioned in vain. His resources furnished not a clue to what was to be, neither power to ward off an impending catastrophe which threatened him. Thus, maddened and hemmed in by the direful circumstances of his own creating, he resolved to shield and protect his wife, as far as in him lay, and face the crisis alone.

Before he quitted the spot, he had laid his plans, and the very next day began to execute them. His wife, who was obedient to his will in all things, was to make her home with some relatives in

San Francisco until such time as he sent for her. At the end of a week, he was alone, and determined to flee for the last time from his pursuing fate.

Shaunessy's Flat was in the heyday of its existence. The rude cradle, whose rocking turned dreams into golden realities, had given place to improvements, facilitating work and saving time. The green of the mountain-side was flecked with white tents and cabins. Further down, the fair bosom of Mother Earth was mutilated by unsightly cavities, in whose damp precincts, encased in rubber, stood the searchers for gold. Over the edges hung the rich soil, to be melted away under the force of water, that its essence might mingle with quicksilver, and thus become a commodity in the hands of man. There was no law; Judge Lynch sat supreme, and punished with discrimination and severity all offenders against the public peace, and in a manner that put to shame the slow and moneyed processes administered in more civilized communities. Many were the reckless men, born and reared no one knew where, who took hurried farewells of the green earth, and left no record.

Life here with Henry Parkenson had run smoothly. From under the vigil of suffering eyes, he forgot their existence—his wife away, he no longer feared an exposure. His spirits rebounded—he felt he had escaped. His accomplishments, geniality, and ready wit made him welcome everywhere. Wild and free, his manner bordered on recklessness. He took hold of his work, amusement, and everything, with a zest that resembled fierce pleasure—as if something new had found its way into a life which before was, no one knew what. Vainly had his companions endeavored to wring from him a history of his past life, and only on these occasions was he reminded that the fates had dealings in store for him. Once, annoyed by their

persistent inquiries, he abruptly quitted them, and as he walked away, ugly thoughts obtruded themselves. Could he never hide himself from the past? Had he sinned so much more than others, that the whole world should be on his track, seeking to know what, after all, was only an error common to youth? Thus thinking, he heard the rattling of the incoming stage. A great event was this; and for awhile business was suspended, that the new-comers might be inspected, and letters and papers from home received and read. Parkenson lingered, hoping to hear from his wife. The artistic Jehu curved the corner with professional pride, made a sudden halt at the favorite hotel, dropped the reins, threw out the mail-bags, and jauntily swung himself to the ground in front of the stage-door, which he opened for the egress of the weary passengers. A woman stepped out first. Parkenson put his hand above his eyes, as if to question the awful reality. He trembled, and his hands fell heavily to his sides. There was the interchange of a look—no glance but that of Lady Unger could so thrill, as with an electric touch, the chain that darkly bound him. No form but hers could be so pervaded with the consciousness of a purpose in life. The strength of her walk, the pose of her head, the intense meaning in the lines of her face, all told that she lived for an object.

Entering the hotel, she passed near him; there was something sinister in the sweep of her garments, and their rustling sound fell upon his ear more startlingly than the wild alarm of a savage foe. His new-found pith of manhood departed; he resumed the burden and was weary of the world. His clouded look and changed air challenged the attention of his comrades. No longer was he one of them; no longer a participant in their rough pleasures. Completely transformed, he went to his work

mute, uninterested in anything that pertained to himself or others.

Shaunessy's Flat was situated at the base of that ridge of auriferous gravel which, in its length of nearly one hundred miles, has furnished the larger half of the hydraulic mining of California. The crown of the ridge was the highest point in the vicinity; and from the base on either side a dozen sluices conducted far-fetched waters, burdened by freight of gold-bearing earth to different forks of the Yuba. As Parkenson, on a bright morning, reached the crest of the hill, he was suddenly aware of the presence of Lady Unger. Her eyes were down-cast, she moved along at a tardy pace, and all her drooping air bespoke a mind pre-occupied. At the sound of near footsteps she raised her head. Halting, each scanned the other, as might two warriors arrayed for mortal combat. They gazed long and steadfastly. He, instead of the attractions which had enthralled his youthful fancy, saw a face still beautiful, but pale and set, and under the control of a will that had changed its once quivering mobility into a stern repose, and to his questioning eye revealed nothing. She, in the covert of a disciplined soul, read aright the ravages that contending passions had written on a countenance whose outlines alone were now familiar to her. Lashed into a blind fury by the supreme balance of this woman whom he had irreparably injured, but who had disdained to resent it—who had never called upon him for aid—never accused—never even wept or shown a weakness in his presence—yet who had made him more than aware of something kindling under the glacial surface of her behavior.

Parkenson lost self-control, and said, in a voice of almost childish exasperation: "Why do you thus follow me? Is there anything I can do, or give, save my heart's-blood, to wipe out this terrible sin?—which in other men is no sin."

"Why do I follow you, do you ask?" returned she—"because of our vows. Do you not remember, when, with my boy's parting kiss fresh on my lips, we knelt—you and I—and called heaven to witness that we were joined in a holier marriage than that recognized by human law; and that come what may, death alone should part us. I am mindful of my oath; and since you are bitter at the better success of the world's libertines, let me tell you that, as a class, they are noted for a discriminating judgment. Weak women are their victims—such die of broken hearts."

"Since," said he, "you are not of that kind, what is to be the end of this dragging horror?"

"No," replied she, "I have not been able to die. I come of a long-lived race. We have hearts that beat a long time; and true hearts—true to a purpose; and as to the end, it comes on apace."

"Have you sought my life; and do you now seek it?"

"If I have sought your life, what has hindered me from taking it. Have I been so poor in purse, or weak in design, that I could not have compassed your death in a country like this? No, death is a trifle. I have wished you to suffer, as I have suffered. I have wished that your cheek should tingle with shame, as has mine; and that the finger of scorn should be leveled at you, as at me; that remorse should eat into your heart—that ignominy should attach to your name—that your wife should believe you a villain—and that your son should be branded by the public as the child of a felon."

"Is it thus to reproach me you have broken your long silence?"

"No, I speak of what has been—the end approaches. I shall leave this place forever within a few days; would you make terms with me?"

"Gladly. Ah! I see you can forgive. You remember I have a wife, who..."

"Ay, ay; I remember that you have a wife—too well, too well—but this public highway is no place for discussions of this nature. Come to my house to-night."

"But," said Parkenson, apprehensively, "Mr. Duncan, your husband, shall I meet him?"

Fierce scorn blazed forth from the eyes of Lady Unger, as she answered, "Sir, neither wife nor mistress of any man am I, nor shall be till first your widow. But, be this as it may, Duncan you will not see. Be at this place this evening; and when the way is clear, a light visible only from this place shall guide your footsteps to the door of my dwelling. As you hope for peace from to-morrow henceforth, do not fail to be here."

Parkenson watched the retreating figure of the lady, and pondered on her words; passionate and vague they were, yet their burden, as he made it out, was satisfactory. He knew himself to be the engrossing object of her thoughts, and his egotism was gratified. She loves me still, cried his vanity; and though this reflection was not without alloy, yet it was better than he had hoped. He congratulated himself upon being that which could inspire a lasting affection—upon the possession of qualities that had kept true to his memory one who could hope for no reciprocity from him.

The day passed, and was followed by a dark evening; for the moon rose late. Parkenson was early at his post, awaiting the signal. It was long in coming, and when it came, it was far removed from the point where he had expected to see it; but of this he only thought, how vague are our ideas of locality, when landmarks are not to be discerned. He contemplated no crime; yet the sense of guilt was upon him. The grim influences of the night, the circumstances, the situation, the silence, had done their

work—he was afraid, and shrank from observation. In his long watch, commencing before darkness had swallowed up the landscape, he had cowered under *manzanitos* at the fancied sound of passing steps; and now, on leaving his covert, he started like a thief, and turned away his head, when he met two miners, whose underground watch had just expired, one of whom flashed the light from a dark-lantern full upon him. The signal in the distance was the only guide to his steps. A trail he could not find, and, groping along, he stumbled into a sluice; scarcely was he clear of that, before he fell into another. He was conscious that he had widely diverged from his intended course, and that he was in a net-work of sluices; he was also conscious of the danger he was in, for he knew that the challenge of a night-watchman is a rifle-ball, or a load of buck-shot. The challenge came quicker than he expected; he heard the whizzing of the bullets so close, that he felt certain he was wounded; but there was no time to investigate—he must run. He heard the shouts of several watchmen, as they called to each other to assemble for pursuit. He fled through the darkness as fast as possible, and at length found himself at his cabin, worn and wearied, but scarce annoyed. The realities of his life were like the shifting fantasies of fever-dreams—and in them are no surprises. The transitions from hope's summer-field to the icy winter of despair, scarcely quickens the dreamer's pulse; but on and on he goes, with airy wing, into the grotesque realms of goblins and ghosts. Parkenson awaited the next event with the apathetic indifference of one who had walked far—unsunned, unblest—on a weary way that had no end.

On the following morning, the town was startled by the announcement of a sluice-robbery. The job had been done by a workman. The blocks, forming

what was called the "false-bottom," had been removed from some half-dozen of the head-boxes, and they had been cleared-up in a most artistic and thorough manner. Who could have done it? In those days, a sluice-robbery was a matter which attracted much more attention, and was more certainly visited with punishment, than murder. Every man drew heavy breath, for death was in the air. It was evident, from the first, that a session of the court of Judge Lynch—better known in California as that of the "Vigilantes"—would be held. All circumstances which seemed to have any bearing on the case pointed to one conclusion, and Henry Parkenson was arrested almost as soon as he awoke. "But let no man perish without a hearing," said the authorities who administered the law.

It was evening. The trial was brief and secret. A deserted cabin served as the place in which were to be observed all the forms and ceremonies of a court of justice. In the dim and spectral light of a single candle, the members of that dread committee arranged themselves, rudely, after the fashion of a judicial tribunal. At the end of the room sat the judge, guiltless of ermine, yet royally habited, in that the ends he served were his country's. The jurors—neither ignorant nor within the power of money—were seated on a bench, on one side; on the other sat witnesses and prisoner. The testimony was, apparently, direct and to the point. Parkenson had been seen, the night previous, cowering under bushes, as if to escape notice; he had been met, on his way to the sluices, by the two miners with the dark-lantern; in the slouched hat he was accustomed to wear, two bullet-holes were found. In addition to all this direct testimony, was adduced the fact that he was a mysterious man; that, in a month's residence, he had never spoken of his antecedents in California or elsewhere; that, seeking

no employment, and without an income from his recently-purchased mine, yet he had an abundance of money. Of evidence in defense there was none. Parkenson denied the crime, but could not deny the truth of the testimony given. Splashed and stained all over by the red, tell-tale sluice-water—marked by bullets—confronted by a body of men who dealt not in quibbles of the law—the long-descending darkness threatened to blot out from light and life this wretched man, who, in his extremity, asked that Lady Unger be sent for.

She entered, with a firm and measured tread—a vengeful, undaunted soul—to meet the hour for which she had watched and worked. The poor, hunted, cowering wretch sought the eyes of her, who was only too familiar with all his frailties—who from his hand had received more than death, and who, he felt, held within her grasp his life. He asked it—he begged, with the anguished-entreaty of doomed eyes—he addressed her in the dumb agony of a voiceless appeal—he looked contrition for the past—he wrung his hands—great drops of sweat rolled from his brow; in the sickly light, he seemed a statue struck into life-like contortions by some awful agony, and about to crumble back to dust at the feet of a woman. The appeal was in vain; Lady Unger heeded not. She listened and replied as in a dream; and when the Court pronounced the prisoner guilty, and passed sentence of death, she looked calmly upon him, and was surprised to find he had grown into the semblance of a dignified man.

"Your Honor, the privilege is given me to speak"—curiously, he seemed to address Lady Unger—"I am guilty—till this hour, I knew not how guilty! In these closing moments of time with me, I see clearly; and my conviction is, that when one being takes from another all—reputation, home, friends—and leaves him or her outcast on the world, with a

heart so broken that murderous thoughts find a welcome therein, he is more than a murderer—he has endangered an immortal soul. I am guilty!”

The crowd listened to what they believed to be the incoherent harangue of a thief; and at its close, he was hurried to his doom.

It was ten o'clock; the moon was on high; thin clouds scudded through the heavens. Among the living columns of trees, whose long arms threw out shadows bannered by shreds of spectral moss, fell another shadow; for, pendent from an ancient limb, dangled a fragment of humanity, limp and lifeless—an ugly sight, on which pitying angels might dwell, and hasten to intercede for the regeneration of the cruel hearts of men. The crowd, quite still in the presence of death, enveloped in the spacious gloom of the aboriginal forest—face to face with the haggard deed of their own doing—were startled by the appearance in their midst of Lady Unger. She lifted her proud eyes to the dead man; then came out on the night air such cries as rend the hearts of men. She turned upon the crowd like a wild beast at bay.

“Cut him down—you—you—men! He is innocent—innocent—I say it!—I, who never told but one lie—you know that; still you stand idly by while a man struggles in death! Quick—quick! O God! will no one help me? Devils! fiends! murderers!—you have killed him! A thousand dollars to the man who cuts him down!”

As he lay on the bare earth, pale and quite dead, she bent over him in the fierceness of a mighty passion, which had alternated between love and hate for many years. She had loved him well; and how deeply hated, let his infamous death, of her own contriving, attest. She

tore from his breast its covering—searched for the heart that would beat no more. She lifted the inanimate face to her bosom, and baptized it with tears; lamenting in the inarticulation of a deathless grief.

“Come,” said Duncan, as he laid his hand on her shoulder to lead her from the spot; “it is accomplished—you are free. Let us speak of the future.”

She sprang from where she sat, and shot herself forward, as if to destroy him with her words, as with a blow; and said, under her breath, with concentrated scorn and contempt: “What future? My future with you? I marry you? Never—never! You, who could lend yourself to commit so foul an act—who, without provocation of any kind, could kill. . . . Ah! let me not stain my mind so much as to think of you. Behold this dead man at your feet, with a hangman’s rope still around his neck—lying as nothing, and harmless forevermore! Dearer to me is the thought that he once cared for me than all the protestations of love you could make in a thousand years. Leave me! sink to the level from which I raised you! and may this night’s work torture you, till you pray for death as a blessing!”

The end for which Lady Unger had labored was attained. The frightful work of her hands appalled and turned quite astray the intellect that, in scheming for revenge, accomplished its own undoing.

To-day, a woman is guarding a lone grave, under a towering pine. Manzanita-berries fall, in graceful coloring, over the white head-board. Aged and white with something more than Time’s doings, with a piteous and gentle look in her hollow eyes, crazy Lady Unger comes daily to keep watch with her dead.

THE PECTENS, OR SCALLOP-SHELLS.

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
 And pours his glittering treasures forth;
 His waves, the priesthood of the sea,
 Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
 And there emit a hollow sound,
 As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;
 On every side 'tis holy ground—
 All nature worships there!

—VEDDER.

OF the many beautiful forms which live in the sea, perhaps none are more attractive or deservedly popular than the pectens, or scallop-shells. The rambler on the sea-shore rejoices in a prize when the odd valve of a scallop is detected in some out-of-the-way nook, covered up and hidden like a treasure, among the sea-wrack, mingled in strange confusion, with dead crabs, star-fishes, delicate corals, and algæ—the flotsam and jetsam of the winter storms; and when a specimen of unusual vividness of color and perfectness of sculpture is obtained, an exclamation of triumph mingles with the murmuring music of the surf.

The fairer sex esteem these shells highly, but not from an edible point of view, as do their sterner brethren; for though the animal, or soft part, when *fresh*, is really a great delicacy, the valves, or two pieces of which the complete shell is composed, are utilized in various ways, and with that ingenuity peculiar to the sex, through which “inconsidered trifles” are converted into forms of beauty, an accession of scallops is sure to be followed by a harvest of pincushions and needlebooks.

In natural history, the scallops are known as *Pectens*, from a fancied resemblance of the radiating ribs which most of them display to the teeth of a comb; but as the forms of combs are subject to the caprices of fashion, the pertinency

of the name is not altogether apparent. They are also called fan-shells, which is far more appropriate. Though included by the public in the term shell-fish, as are also the clams, quahaugs, and cockles, they are in no way related to the fishes, but belong to the division of the animal kingdom known as mollusca, or soft-bodied animals (from the Latin word *mollis*, soft), as do the cuttles, snails, conchs, oysters, and mussels.

The genus *Pecten* was established by the distinguished naturalist Brugière, to distinguish these shells from the oysters, with which they were formerly classed. The shells of this genus, of which two hundred species are known, have a wide geographical distribution, being found in almost every sea. In most of them, the valves, as the two pieces are termed which form the perfect shell, are externally convex, but in others one is convex and the other flat. They frequently exhibit most elaborate and exquisite sculpture, and extreme brilliancy of color. One group, which is peculiar to the coral areas of the Indo-Pacific waters, known as the mantle-shells (*Pallium*), resembles fine embroidery in sculpture and coloration. Many of the forms which inhabit the colder seas, either north or south of the equator, are notable for their beauty; a single species frequently indulges in a differentiation in color and markings. The larger species of the fan-shells are found in the colder waters of the North Atlantic and North Pacific (Puget Sound and Japan); also, in the Straits of Magellan, and the similarity of form and sculpture in the shells from these widely separated regions is quite remarkable. Other illustrations of the pectens are found on the west coast of

North America, and one species is quite abundant at San Diego.

The fan-shells or scallops were known to the ancients; they were called *Ktévec* by the Greeks, and the *Ktêis* of Xenocrates and Galen is said to be the *Pecten maximus* of modern authors. According to Athenæus, this or an allied species was used by the ancients for medicinal purposes as well as food.

In England, they are called "frills," or "queens" in South Devon, according to Montagu; and on the Dorset coast, the fishermen call them "squins." In the north of France, one kind bears the name of "*vanneau*" or "*olivette*," and another species (*P. maximus*) is an article of food. Of the latter, Jeffrey, a British conchologist, says: "If the oyster is the king of mollusks, this has a just claim to the rank and title of prince." In the fish markets of the north of France, it is called "*grand-pelerine*," "*gofiche*," or "*palourde*." In the south of England it shares with another species the name of "frill," and in the north that of "clam."

This species (*P. maximus*), Jeffrey says, was formerly "plentiful in Lulworth Bay, on the Dorset coast; but now they are rarely found alive. I was told that the breed had been exterminated there by an epicurean officer of the coast-guard. The late Major Martin would permit any conchologist to dredge as much as he pleased in the the bays of the Connemara coast, provided he only took useless shells, . . . but all the big clams (*P. maximus*) were reserved for the table at Ballynahinch Castle." The high reputation of this species causes it to be much sought after, and it "is a constant visitant of the London markets. Scalloped with bread-crumbs in its own shell, or fried with a little butter and pepper, it forms a very delicious morsel."

The *Pecten irradians* is the common species on the coast of New England.

In the winter the "meats" are sold in Boston market by the quart, and are called "scallops." They are obtained on the shores of Rhode Island. It is somewhat singular that the San Diego scallop has not been introduced into the San Francisco markets; it will be, undoubtedly, in the course of a few years. It may, however, be less palatable than those above referred to, as all the species named inhabit waters that have a much lower temperature during the greater part of the year than the sea at San Diego.

The scallops are, and have been, esteemed for food and other purposes by the aboriginal tribes, as well as by their civilized successors. In the shell-heaps of Florida, among the *Kjækkenmæddings*, or kitchen-refuse, we find great numbers of these shells, especially in a heap at Cedar Keys; and the shells of some of the west American species, found in Puget Sound, are now used by the Indians of that neighborhood, for in the ethnological department of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington (specimens 4773-4-5) are rattles made of valves of the *Pecten hastatus*, which were used by the Makah Indians in the vicinity of Neeah Bay in their dances; and another specimen (No. 1034) is a rattle made from the convex valves of a larger species (*Pecten caurinus*) and formerly used as a medicine rattle. These rattles are made by piercing a hole through the valves and stringing them upon a willow, or similar twig.

The animal of the fan-shells is exceedingly beautiful. The mantle, or thin outer edge, which is the part nearest the rim or edges of the valves, conforms to the internal fluted structure of the latter, and presents the appearance of a delicately pointed ruffle or frill. This mantle is a thin and almost transparent membrane, adorned with a delicate fringe of slender, thread-like processes or filaments, and furnished with glands which

secrete a coloring matter of the same tint as the shell; the valves increase in size, in harmony with the growth of the soft parts, by the deposition, around and upon the edges, of membranous matter, from the fringed edge of the mantle which secretes it. This cover is also adorned with a row of conspicuous round black eyes (*ocelli*) around its base. The lungs or gills are between the two folds of the mantle, composed of fibres pointing outward, of delicate form, and free at their outer edges, so as to float loosely in the water. The mouth is placed between the two inmost gills, where they unite; it is a simple orifice, destitute of teeth, but with four membranous lips on each side of the aperture.

The pectens have also a foot, less developed than in some others of the bivalve mollusks, which resembles a crooked finger, and is capable of enlargement and contraction, and assists the animal in moving about on the bottom of the sea. Some of them have a sort of beard (*byssus*), at least when young, by which they attach themselves to rocks, seaweeds, and other marine bodies, as do the mussels, which are also bearded; while others of the scallops live without attachment, and move through the water with considerable celerity, with a jerking motion, caused by the rapid opening and closing of the two valves, producing a recoil which carries them along sideways. The young shells of some species dart with great rapidity, a single jerk carrying them several yards. The writer has frequently watched the Atlantic species (*P. irradians*), and when taken from the water, and as long as life continues, the animal will open the valves and shut them with a snap, the operation producing a short, sharp, percussive sound.

The mechanism by which respiration and nutrition are secured is elaborate and exceedingly interesting. The filaments of the gill-fringe, when examined under a

powerful microscope, are seen to be covered with numberless minute, hair-like processes, endowed with the power of rapid motion. These are called *cilia*, and, when the animal is alive and *in situ*, with the valves gaping, may be seen in constant vibration in the water, generating, by their mutual action, a system of currents by which the surface of the gills is laved, diverting toward the mouth animalcules and other small nutritious particles.

The shell of the scallops consists almost exclusively, says Dr. W. B. Carpenter, of membranous laminæ coarsely or finely corrugated. It is composed of two very distinct layers, differing in color—and also in texture and destructibility—but having essentially the same structure. Traces of cellularity are sometimes discoverable on the external surface, and one species (*P. nobilis*) has a distinct prismatic cellular layer externally. As the idea of the Corinthian capital is believed to have been suggested by Callimachus, the Grecian architect, by a plant of the *Acanthus* growing around a basket, it is quite possible that the fluting of the Corinthian column may have been suggested by the internal grooving of the pecten shells.

Aside from their physiology and the position in the order of Nature occupied by the scallops, they have a place in history and song; for, “in the days when Ossian sang, the flat valves were the plates, the hollow ones the drinking cups, of Fingal and his heroes.” The common Mediterranean scallop (*Pecten Jacobæus*), or St. James’ shell, was, during the Middle Ages, worn by pilgrims to the Holy Land, and became the badge of several orders of knighthood. “When the monks of the ninth century converted the fisherman of Geneserath into a Spanish warrior, they assigned him the scallop shell for his ‘cognizance.’”*

* Moule’s “Heraldry of Fish.”

Sir Walter Scott, in his poem, "Mar-mion," refers to this badge, or emblem, as follows :

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first and last from Rome ;
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine !

* * * * *

In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing leven,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows St. James's cockle-shell—

Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell.

STANZA XXIII.

The summoned Palmer came in place,
His sable cowl o'erhung his face ;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought ;
The scallop-shell his cap did deck."

STANZA XXVII.

And in "The Pilgrimage," written by
Sir Walter Raleigh, he says :

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
My bottle of salvation."

AN INVITATION.

The blades of grass, that clothe the hills,
Beckon to us, who toil and plod,
To list the melody of rills,
And breathe among the works of God.

The flowers are springing into life ;
The birds, in meadow and in grove,
While all around with bloom is rife,
Pour forth their swelling songs of love.

And I, who move in darkened ways—
Shall I pass on with lowered eyes,
Nor drink the music of their lays,
Nor upward look to azure skies—

Who in the past, in wave and stream,
Still found a voice of tender strain,
That told of many a boyish dream,
In tones the man may still retain?

The waving trees, with arms outspread,
While rustling winds through green leaves creep,
Invite us to the shadowed bed—
The fancies of the noonday sleep.

I come, O trees! I come, O streams!
On grassy hills my feet shall press ;
I'll taste the bliss of noonday dreams ;
I'll drink the joy of Spring's caress.

CAPE HORN IN 1704.

IN the February number of the OVERLAND, we gave the letter of Father François Marie Picolo, of the Order of Jesuits, containing the narrative of their missionary efforts in Lower California, in 1697, translated from the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*. We now give another from these letters, describing the passage of Cape Horn in 1704, by Father Nyel. A company of the Jesuit Fathers left France, to double Cape Horn, on the way to China to join the mission in that country. After passing the Cape, they sailed along the western coast of South America until they reached Lima. Here the Father writes his letter to the authorities of his order at home. It is accompanied by a map of the southern extremity of South America. We have translated it, because so many of our countrymen have made the same voyage, that it may interest them to read an account of the manner in which it was done nearly 170 years ago.

LETTER OF FATHER NYEL, *Missionary of the Society of Jesus, to the Reverend Father de la Chaise, of the same Society, Confessor of the King.*

*At LIMA, the Capital City of Peru, }
the 20th day of May, 1705. }*

MY MOST REVEREND FATHER:—The protection with which you have honored all the missionaries of our Society, and the zeal with which you have aided the progress of the faith in the most distant regions, place us under obligations to keep you informed of our discoveries. It is to fulfill this duty, and to give you an account of our voyage to China, of which we have so far accomplished but a small portion, that I now take the liberty of writing you. As the

war going on at that time between the English and Dutch had closed against us the passage of the Straits of Sonde and Malaque,* through one or the other of which it would be necessary for us to sail, if we took the route of the Indies by the east, we deemed it proper, in order to avoid this danger, to go by way of the Strait of Magellan and the Southern Ocean.

It was in the year 1703, that we left Saint Malo—the Fathers de Brasles, de Rives, Hebrard, and myself—in two ships, the *Saint Charles* and the *Murinet*, bound for China, and commanded by Messrs. du Coudray-Perée and Fouquet, able men, and with much experience in navigation. We set sail on the 26th of December, with a favorable wind, which carried us in five days to the Canary Islands, which we could not fail to recognize. After having suffered from annoying calms under the line for an entire month, we resumed our route, and, after a voyage of three months, found ourselves about sixty leagues from the Strait of Magellan, through which we wished to pass to enter the Southern Ocean.

It seems to me entirely unnecessary to give you a description of this famous strait, of which Ferdinand Magellan, so celebrated for his voyages around the world, made the first discovery almost 200 years ago.† I much prefer to send you a correct and faithful map, made from the latest observations, which are much more exact than the preceding ones. We had already entered the first passage which presents itself at the opening of the strait, and were even anchored in a nook on this side of Greg-

* Sunda and Malacca.

† It was in 1520.

oire Bay, when suddenly a terrible gale surprised us, which broke successively four cables, and caused us to lose two anchors. We were in great danger of suffering shipwreck; but God, out of regard to our prayers and our vows, was willing to deliver us; to reserve us, as we hope, for more severe trials, and to suffer at last a more glorious death for the honor of His name, and in defense of our holy faith.

We remained for fifteen days in this first passage, to search for the anchors we had lost, and to procure water from a river which M. Baudran de Bellestre, one of our officers, had discovered, and to which he gave his own name. During this period I had several times the pleasure of landing, there to offer up our praises to God in this part of the world, to which the gospel has never yet penetrated. We found the country low and level, broken up by small hills. The soil seemed to me to be very good, and well adapted to cultivation. There is every probability, that in this very place, in the narrow part of the strait, the Spaniards, in the reign of Philip II., erected the fortress of *Nombre de Dios*, when, having formed the rash and impracticable plan of closing against all other nations the passage of Magellan, they built there two villages. For this purpose they sent out a numerous fleet, under the command of Sarmiento. But the tempest having battered and dispersed these ships, the Captain arrived at the strait in a very bad condition. He erected two fortresses, one at the entrance of the strait, which, I think, was *Nombre de Dios*. The other, which was a little further on, he called "*Ciudad del Rey Philippe*," apparently in the place which to-day we have named "*Port Famine*," because there these unfortunate Spaniards perished miserably, in want of food and every other necessary of life. We do not find, however, any

vestige of these fortresses in either strait.

We did not meet with any of the inhabitants of the country, because these people, on the approach of winter, are accustomed to retire further inland. But some French ships which had preceded us, and some which have followed us, have seen many of them further up the strait. They have informed us, that these people, who seemed docile and friendly, are for the most part large and robust, very tall, and of a swarthy complexion, similar to the other Americans.

I will not here speak to you, my Reverend Father, either of their disposition or their customs, for I do not wish to relate anything uncertain or untrue; but I will take the liberty to unfold to you the sentiments of compassion with which the grace and love of Jesus Christ inspired me on their account, on seeing the thick darkness which enveloped this forsaken country. On the one hand, I considered the little probability there was that we could undertake the conversion of these poor people, and the immense difficulties which would have to be overcome. On the other hand, the prophetic declaration of Jesus Christ with regard to the spread of the gospel over the whole world often occurred to my mind; that God has His appointed times and seasons to pour out on each country the treasures of His mercy; that for twenty years past our Fathers have carried the gospel to places as far distant from the light as these; that perhaps our Lord has not permitted us to accomplish our voyage to China by this new route, so that some of us, touched by the needs of these poor heathen, might determine to remain here; that some most flourishing missions have owed their origin to a shipwreck, or some accidental meeting which could not have happened by chance. I prayed the Lord to hasten this happy moment, and I would have

ventured to offer myself, with your permission, for this noble enterprise. This was all that I felt able to do at the present time.

But I have learned, since, that my wishes had been anticipated, and, indeed, were not far from being already fulfilled; for, on arriving in Chile, I was told that the Jesuits in that kingdom had resolved, on the first opportunity, to penetrate as far as the Strait of Magellan, from which some of their missions are only distant about a hundred leagues. To accomplish this will require the highest courage, for the crosses will be abundant. They will have to encounter the greatest severity of cold, to penetrate frightful deserts, and to follow the savages in their long journeys. This would be, in truth, in the south, what the mission to the Iroquois and to the Hurons of Canada is in the north, for those who shall have the glory to accomplish here what has been doing in those countries for nearly a century, with so much toil and fortitude.

After this little digression, I return to our voyage. As the accident which had delayed us, by the loss of our cable and anchors, rendered it impossible for us to pass through the Strait of Magellan (where one is obliged to anchor every night), and as the winter of this country was at hand, our captains resolved, without further loss of time, to seek, by the Strait of Le Maire, a passage to the Southern Ocean more sure and easy. We therefore weighed anchor, on the 11th of April, in the year 1704, to leave the Strait of Magellan and seek that of Le Maire. Two days afterward, we found ourselves at the entrance of this second strait, through which we passed in five or six hours, in beautiful weather. We coasted very near the shore of the land of Del Fuego, or De Feu, which seemed to me to be an archipelago of many islands, rather than one single

continent, as has been supposed to the present time.

I ought here to remark, in passing, an error of considerable importance in our maps, both ancient and modern; that they give to Terre de Feu, which extends from the Strait of Magellan to that of Le Maire, a much greater length than it really has; for, according to the exact observations we made, it appeared certain that it is not more than sixty leagues, although it has much more ascribed to it. The Terre de Feu is inhabited by savages, of whom we know even less than we do of those of the Terre Magellanique. It has received the name of Terre de Feu, on account of the great number of fires which those who first discovered it saw in the night.

Certain documents inform us that Garcus de Nodel, having obtained of the King of Spain two frigates to explore this new strait, anchored there in a bay, where he found many of the islanders, who seemed to him docile and of a good disposition. If we may credit these narratives, those barbarians are as white as the Europeans; but they disfigure their bodies, and change the natural color of their faces, by variegated paintings. They are half covered with skins of animals, wearing around their necks a collar of white and shining shells, and about their bodies a girdle of leather. Their ordinary food is a species of bitter herb which grows in the country, the flower of which is somewhat similar to that of our tulips. These people rendered all sorts of service to the Spaniards; they labored with them, and brought them the fish they had caught. They were armed with bows and arrows, which they had ornamented with stones of curious workmanship; and they carried with them a species of stone knife, which they laid on the ground with their arms when they approached the Spaniards, to show that they trusted in them. Their huts were

formed of trees, interlaced one with the other; and they had made in the roof, which terminated in a point, an opening to give free passage to the smoke. Their canoes, made of the bark of large trees, were very properly constructed. They can not hold more than seven or eight men, being only twelve or fifteen feet in length and two in breadth. In shape they are nearly the same as the gondolas of Venice. These Indians repeat often "*Hoo! hoo!*" but it is impossible to say whether it is a natural cry, or some particular word in their language. They appear to have quickness of mind, and some of them learned very easily the Lord's Prayer.

To mention one thing more: this coast of Terre de Feu is very elevated. The base of the mountains is filled with large trees, and their summits are almost always covered with snow. In many places we found a secure anchorage convenient for taking in wood and water. In passing through the strait, we saw at our left, at a distance of about three leagues, the island of the États de Hollande,* which seemed to be equally elevated and mountainous.

At last, having passed the Strait of Le Maire, and seen more numerous islands than are marked on our maps, we began to experience the rigor of this climate during winter, in the severe cold, hail, and unceasing rains, and in the shortness of the days, which did not last but eight hours, and which, being always very gloomy, left us in a kind of continual night. Then we entered the stormy sea, where we were subjected to severe gales of wind, which separated our vessel from that commanded by M. Fouquet, and where we endured violent tempests, which made us fear, more than once, that we should be wrecked upon some unknown shore. We did not, however, go beyond fifty-seven and a half degrees of south latitude; and after having bat-

tled for fifteen days against the violence of head-winds in tacking, we doubled Cap de Hornes, which is the most southern point of Terre de Feu. And here I must again point out an error in our maps, which places Cap de Hornes at fifty-seven and a half degrees. This can not be; for, although we reached that height of latitude, as I have said, we passed at a distance from the cape, so that we did not see it. It is this which induces me to decide, that its true situation should be fifty-six and a half degrees, at the utmost.

As the great peril of our voyage in this sea consisted in doubling Cap de Hornes, we now continued our route with less difficulty. By degrees, we found ourselves in seas more smooth and tranquil; so that, after a voyage of four months and a half, we reached the port of Conception, in the kingdom of Chile, where we anchored on the 11th of May, being Whitsunday. We have in this city a College of our Society, where the Fathers received us with great demonstrations of friendship.

Conception is a city which is the seat of a Bishop, but it is poor and with a small population, although the soil is fertile and yields abundantly. There is, however, a much better market here than in Peru, except for European commodities, which are sold very dear. The houses are low and badly built, without furniture or ornament. The churches show the effect of the poverty of the country. The streets are like those in our villages in France. The harbor is fine, large, and secure, although the north wind often prevails there, at least during the winter and autumn.

Eight days after our arrival at Conception, the *Murinet*, which had been separated from us, as I have said, came to anchor in the same port, and we were relieved of the fear we had felt that some unfortunate accident had happened to her. We did not remain at Conception

* Now called Staten Land.—*Trans.*

a longer time than was necessary for us to lay in some supplies and rest ourselves a little from the fatigues of our voyage. Thus, fifteen days afterward, we sailed for Peru, having left the *Murinet* at Conception, as they required more time to repair the vessel and recruit themselves.

The first port of Peru in which we anchored was Arica, in about nineteen degrees of south latitude. This city and its port, in former times, were very celebrated, because there they embarked the immense treasure which they took from the mines of Peru, to carry it by sea to Lima. But since the English corsairs have infested these seas with their cruises and piracies, it has been thought best to convey it by land, though attended with greater expense. We remained almost five months in this port and that of Hilo, which is thirty leagues distant, but has nothing about it worthy of mention. As we felt the most earnest longings for our beloved mission in China, it was with great regret that we endured so long and annoying a delay, and from that time we began to fear that our ships would never accomplish the voyage to China.

The most peculiar thing with regard to Peru is, that there one never experiences rain, hail, thunder, or lightning. The weather is always beautiful, serene, and calm. A wind, which usually blows about the middle of the day, and which has the same effect as the north wind has in France, freshens the atmosphere and renders it more endurable. But earthquakes are frequent, and we have experienced two or three since we have been here.

After having made so long a stay at Arica and at Hilo, we resumed our voyage to Lima, and came to anchor at Pischo, which is only forty leagues distant from it. Near this port, in former times, was a celebrated city, situated on the seashore, but it was almost entirely ruined

and destroyed by the earthquake which took place on the 13th of October, in the year 1682, and which also did considerable injury to Lima. The sea, overflowing its natural bounds, engulfed that unfortunate city, which they have endeavored to re-establish somewhat further back, more than a quarter of a league from the sea. We had there a beautiful and extensive college, which they have commenced rebuilding in the new city.

As the Reverend Father, the Rector of Lima, had invited us to come by land to this capital city of Peru—which is near Callao, where our ships would be—we went thither—Father de Brasles and myself—to take a little repose, after our long and wearisome voyage. Our Spanish Fathers, who had been impatiently expecting us for so long a time, received us with every demonstration of esteem, and tender and sincere charity.

Lima, the capital of Peru, and the usual residence of the Viceroy, is a finer city than Orleans. The plan of the city is beautiful and regular. It is situated on a level plain, at the foot of the mountains. A small river runs by its side, which does not contain much water, except in the summer, when it is swelled in an extraordinary manner by the torrents which fall from the neighboring mountains when the snows melt.

In the centre of Lima is a handsome and extensive square, bordered on one side by the palace of the Viceroy, which has nothing magnificent about it, and on another by the cathedral church and the palace of the Archbishop. The two other sides are occupied by private houses and some merchants' shops. We trace there, even at this day, the sad effects of the ruin and general desolation produced by the earthquake of which I have spoken. As these earthquakes are so frequent in Peru, their houses are not built high. Those at Lima are almost always of one story. They are

built of wood or earth, and covered with a flat roof, which serves for terraces.

But if the houses make little show, the streets are beautiful, wide, and spacious. They are straight, and intersected at regular distances by cross-streets not so large, for the facility and convenience of commerce. The churches of Lima are magnificent, and built in accordance with the rules of art and the finest Italian models. The altars are appropriate and superbly ornamented; and, although there is such a large number of churches, they are, notwithstanding, all admirably kept up. Gold and silver are not spared, but the workmanship does not equal the richness of the material, for we see nothing there, in gold or silver work, which can compare with the beauty and delicacy of such work in France and Italy. We have five houses at Lima, the principal of which is the College of St. Paul's.

The harbor of Lima, which usually goes by the name of Callao, is two leagues distant. It is a very excellent and safe port, large enough to hold a thousand ships. Twenty or thirty are ordinarily lying there, which are used by the merchants in trading to Chile, Panama, and other ports of New Spain.

This would be the place, my Reverend Father, to give you a particular account of this celebrated kingdom—its government, ancient and modern; its mines, so famous through all Europe; the traits and customs of its inhabitants; the fruits and plants which are peculiar to it—but as this would require more time and ability than I possess, you will excuse me from this labor, and allow me here to finish my narrative.

Several months had now elapsed, during which we had been enjoying this re-

pose at Lima, and we prepared to return to the sea-shore and embark for China, when our captains informed us, that, finding themselves not in a condition to undertake so long a voyage, they were obliged to return to France. This resolution did not surprise us. They were right; but their decision deeply troubled us, for we saw ourselves frustrated, at least for a time, in our dearest hopes. After having, therefore, earnestly commended this matter to the Lord, and asked for the light of the Holy Spirit, to show us what we ought to do in so sad a conjuncture, we formed the resolution of going to Mexico, and passing over from thence to the Philippine Islands, from which it would be easy for us to reach China. Father de Rives, one of our dear associates, finding his constitution much impaired by the exposures of so long a voyage, felt obliged to return to France with the ships which had brought us to this country. For ourselves, since God has preserved our health even to this present time, although we are well aware of all the difficulties which await us in the fatiguing passage we have still to make, yet we will undertake it, full of courage and hope that heaven will protect us and conduct us happily to the end we so much desire. It is this grace which all our Fathers ask you to pray for us, that we may have strength to sacrifice our lives in the glorious ministry of the preaching of the gospel and the conversion of the heathen; adopting always for the rule of our conduct the holy maxims and counsels so full of wisdom which you had the goodness to give us, when we had the honor to receive your orders. I am, with the most lively gratitude and the most respectful attachment, etc.

APPLE-THOUGHTS FOR APPLE-TIME.

THIS has been the season of lull, not to say lifelessness, in our fruit markets. Flaming Tokays have subsided, like other flames; the Rose of Peru has played its last rose of summer; Black Moroccos, like the other blacks, have become lazy and shiftless; Isabellas are very haughty and reserved. Peaches plead not to the soft impeachment. Pears prove themselves, like many pairs, too soft to be sound, and too sweet to be safe. We have no recourse but to comfort one another with apples; and, so far as grapes go, to stay each other with flagons. Apples alone remain consistent in their constancy, and cordial in their cores.

Our wife has just handed us an apple, as she vanishes from the room. Is it a peace-offering? Is it a thank-offering? It becomes food for thought. We munch musingly.

Apples are crisp stanzas of fruit poetry. Thy streaks of variegated richness, Red-Streak, are a magician's mirror, where one can see the faded past take line and tint. Thy delicate fragrance is not like scent of flowers, hinting breeze of spring and redolence of summer, slightly confused the while with closer odors of the hot-house, the party-crush, the wedding flurry, and the funeral silence. The smell of a choice apple has a quiet charm to take one back to the domestic comfort of his early days. It brings to memory the fragrance of fire-sides, with pensive perfume of bountiful autumns, and of winters well housed and warmly clad. The very paring, halving, quartering, and delicious crunching, sound like tunes of long-ago, bringing back upon us, by melody of association, the hearthstone where our childhood

nestled, in which it was our first impulse of affectionate exchange, possibly our first conception of a barter that since has grown heavy in our length of days, to say to our little brother in the other chimney-corner, "Give me a bite of yours, and I'll give you a bite of mine."

Some apples, it is true, are more eloquent than others, and become "apples of gold in pictures of silver." And the different varieties speak in dialects distinct. Your Pippins and your Lady's-Fingers call up the ample "keeping-room," with the big cupboard, and the hospitality shown to all. Sometimes they recall the lordly baskets sent to "Cousin Mary," or to "the dear, good minister," packed always so full and piled so high, that one mischievous, discontented apple would keep tumbling down. Greenings and Bell-Flowers, like stereoscopic views, call up the little stand in the corner, the shaded lamp, the family circle grouped around the fender; grandma's knitting lying in her lap, while her head droops forward, and Frank, hammering away at the whole nuts with the hammer, and at half-nuts with his hammer-like teeth; the pitcher of innocuous cider, which was simply apple-juice set free—not apple-juice run mad—looking like muddy water, but tasting like all sourness sublimated to all sweetness; even as a strong will is tempered to a gentle disposition.

We spoke of nuts. Nuts are simply sauce for apples. The man who will eat nuts without apples is capable of relishing butter without bread. Later on, in our eastern homes, the Rusty-coats come to the rescue, their sharper flavors, slowly mellowing, as gravities

of early thoughtfulness ripen to the jocund cheerfulness of later days. But, as we muse, it all comes back: the orchard, with its bending boughs, the bronze and golden hues of juicy wealth blending; the casual shower upon the heads and shoulders of the group below; the soft thump on the grassy ground, already thickly strewn; and the tones of human laugh and talk, clearer in such an atmosphere.

Now the winter deepens, and the snow-wreaths coil about the bases of the trees, as though they would festoon their entire trunks. Boughs and twigs are coated with incongruous icicles; nevertheless, upon the topmost limb, we can espy two Newtown Pippins, shaking in the breeze, only to shake themselves free from the icy crystals, and stand it out until the spring. "We did not drop," they seem to say, "under the equinoctial gales, nor could the greedy climbers reach us. We will not be buried in that snow-bank. We hang here until there are signs of our successors in their forerunning blossoms. Spring will arrive anon; and then we will make our last bed softly, moldering amid fresh apple-blossoms—pink, and white, and warm. Hold on!" Emblems, these, of certain lives that linger, outliving their own times, rejoicing in a coming generation; of certain forms, fashions, institutions, that link the days which fade, with days that flush anew. Hold on amid the winter, still, to hail the spring. The last to linger is the first to see. The hardy apple-tree catches the softest kiss of spring, and its snow-white petals supersede the flakes of snow.

Meantime, reflect, ye chilled Easterners, how much this generous fruit has done for you. Something, with its clear juice, to clear the juices of your body, dispel the blue vapors, and drive out that vile imp which we call dyspepsia. Therefore, something to set to rights

the fibres of nerve and the cells of brain-lobes. The malic acid has dispersed much malcontent and malice. How often the ripe apple has furnished wholesome food and plenty at way-stations, and in those out-of-the-way places where all other food was either crude, stale, or uninviting! And, just think of the even slices in the pie—slices, not mashes, not jams—the neat deliciousness, the delicious neatness, which pleasantly instructed you to keep all your affairs "in apple-pie order."

For some of us, the apple has performed a higher service, and taught a larger lesson—when we were well, and when we were ill. When we were well, we learned our little all about geography, navigation, and astronomy, through the medium of a single teaching and illustrative apple. A round one, to render the subject more intelligible; a rosy one, probably to charm the attention. Then the shining knitting-needle, running through the very core of the subject, how it gleamed; how real seemed the the axis, or, as we thought, the axle of the earth. It was so plain, that when the reddest side came before the fire, the earth was turned toward the sun; or when the lamp-light bore steadily on the round globe, tipped on one end, the day and night were shifted, and the summer and the winter took their turns! We made more progress in Materialism thereby than modern volumes of geology have taught us. And then, to think of the distribution of the globe into quarters so available. Europe! Asia! Africa! and America! A whole continent given to us to devour! We felt ourselves to be a principality and a power—a dynasty of empire, and a master of mankind.

But, ah! when we were so sick. What charm is there in the whole *cuisine* so succulent and safe for an invalid, as a well-roasted apple? Fever had rendered every liquid food a tedious slop.

Jellies were insipid; broth became vapid. The dryness of the tongue, the scum on the mouth, the odiousness of the flavors, threatened to starve you. Mother pondered well. "Johnny, love, wouldn't you like a little of that nice sago?" You shut your mouth and turned over mournfully. "Try a spoonful of this toast-water!" Your teeth turned on edge. Mother pondered. "How about a roasted apple?" Now it comes. A baked apple? No, you simpleton, nothing of that sort. No clammy mess of pulp settling under a shriveled, but tough and stubborn skin. A roasted apple! beautifully brown on top; with little saccharine bubbles simmering on the brittle surface of a skin that can be pulverized. Juices even more luxurious than when it hung upon the tree! Richness refined. It fetches with it a gush of the old orchard. It perfumes the little stand by the bedside like a bouquet, and says to all the stale, tasteless decoctions, and to all the vials and jars, as to intruders, "Come, get out of this, and let me try."

"Let mother feed you, Johnny. Just a little of this powdered sugar upon it, to soften the acid—not to stifle it." The relish, so keen and pungent—so kindly and sweet—like wit from lover's lips, or teasing from loving eyes!

Mother took the spoon and fed you, with her own white hand, while her eyes filled with tears, and her voice quavered, "Poor Johnny, you have had a hard time." You spoke softly then, "Mother, dear, I'm better now. I will get well,

and go into the orchard. O! how nice this tastes. Mother, how green the grass must look, down our lane. Did this apple come off that tree in the lane, do you think, mother? I guess it will have lots on this year. I mean to go there the first time I get out. Mother, dear! I am going to be a better boy when I get well; and I am going to help you as I didn't use to do."

"Yes, Johnny, darling; if God will, we will take a walk together in the lane, and see how that apple-tree gets on." And the soft, white hand put away your heavy hair, and the sweet, holy lips kissed your wan brow—leaving there a tear of gratitude, because "God was making Johnny well."

And you got well. But now, when you walk out, the grass is green over that mother's brow; and when the apple-tree is laden, you pause under the boughs, brush away your own tears, and think of the happy throng, who stand under the "tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit."

You stand in the mellow silence of an afternoon, and the scented breath of heaven touches you to a throb of pain, while it thrills you with the hallowings of tender thought. That hand that lifted to my lips the nourishment, and softly stroked my brow, has crumbled, folded on the breast. Those lips, that spoke so softly and so sweetly, are silent, and so calm. Mother! Have I kept my promises to mother? Mother! God, dear God, let me somewhere see my mother yet again!

A GEOLOGIST'S WINTER WALK.*

AFTER reaching Turlock, I sped afoot over the stubble-fields, and through miles of brown *Hemizonia* and purple *Erigeron*, to Hopeton, conscious of little more than that the town was behind and beneath me, and the mountains above and before me; on through the oaks and *chaparral* of the foothills to Coulterville, and then ascended the first great mountain step upon which grows the sugar-pine. Here I slackened pace, for I drank the spicy, resinous wind, and was at home—never did pine-trees seem so dear. How sweet their breath and their song, and how grandly they winnowed the sky. I tingled my fingers among their tassels, and rustled my feet among their brown needles and burrs.

When I reached the valley, all the rocks seemed talkative, and more lovable than ever. They are dear friends, and have warm blood gushing through their granite flesh; and I love them with a love intensified by long and close companionship. After I had bathed in the bright river, sauntered over the meadows, conversed with the domes, and played with the pines, I still felt muddy, and weary, and tainted with the sticky sky of your streets; I determined, therefore, to run out to the higher temples. "The days are sunful," I said, "and though now winter, no great danger need be encountered, and a sudden storm will not block my return, if I am watchful."

* NOTE.—The friend with whom Mr. Muir shares his mountain studies, one of many who know the untiring patience with which they are pursued, is well persuaded that the readers of "Living Glaciers," "Yosemite in Flood," and other papers which have appeared in the OVERLAND, will enjoy these unprepared letter-pages, warm from the pen of the writer, and takes the responsibility of their publication.

The morning after this decision, I started up the Cañon of Tenaya, caring little about the quantity of bread I carried; for, I thought, a fast and a storm and a difficult cañon are just the medicine I require. When I passed Mirror Lake, I scarcely noticed it, for I was absorbed in the great Tissiack—her crown a mile away in the hushed azure; her purple drapery flowing in soft and graceful folds low as my feet, embroidered gloriously around with deep, shadowy forest. I have gazed on Tissiack a thousand times—in days of solemn storms, and when her form shone divine with jewels of winter, or was veiled in living clouds; I have heard her voice of winds, or snowy, tuneful waters; yet never did her soul reveal itself more impressively than now. I hung about her skirts, lingering timidly, till the glaciers compelled me to push up the cañon. This cañon is accessible only to determined mountaineers, and I was anxious to carry my barometer and chronometer through it, to obtain sections and altitudes. After I had passed the tall groves that stretch a mile above Mirror Lake, and scrambled around the Tenaya Fall, which is just at the head of the lake groves, and crept through the dense and spiny *chaparral* that plushes the roots of all the mountains here for miles, in warm, unbroken green, and was ascending a precipitous rock-front, where the foot-holds were good, when I suddenly stumbled, for the first time since I touched foot to Sierra rocks. After several involuntary somersaults, I became insensible, and when consciousness returned, I found myself wedged among short, stiff bushes, not injured in the slightest. Judging by the sun, I

could not have been insensible very long; probably not a minute, possibly an hour; and I could not remember what made me fall, or where I had fallen from; but I saw that if I had rolled a little further, my mountain-climbing would have been finished. "There," said I, addressing my feet, to whose separate skill I had learned to trust night and day on any mountain, "that is what you get by intercourse with stupid town stairs, and dead pavements." I felt angry and worthless. I had not reached yet the difficult portion of the cañon, but I determined to guide my humbled body over the highest practicable precipices, in the most intricate and nerve-trying places I could find; for I was now fairly awake, and felt confident that the last town-fog had been shaken from both head and feet.

I camped at the mouth of a narrow gorge, which is cut into the bottom of the main cañon, determined to take earnest exercise next day. No plush boughs did my ill-behaved bones receive that night, nor did my bumped head get any spicy cedar-plumes for pillow. I slept on a naked boulder, and when I awoke all my nervous trembling was gone.

The gorged portion of the cañon,* in which I spent all the next day, is about a mile and a half in length; and I passed the time very profitably in tracing the action of the forces that determined this peculiar bottom gorge, which is an abrupt, ragged-walled, narrow-throated cañon, formed in the bottom of a wide-mouthed, smooth, and beveled cañon. I will not stop now to tell you more; some day you may see it, like a shadowy line, from Cloud's Rest. In high water, the stream occupies all the bottom of the gorge, surging and chafing in glorious power from wall to wall, but the sound of the grinding was low as I entered the gorge, scarcely hoping to be able to pass through its entire length.

By cool efforts, along glassy, ice-worn slopes, I reached the upper end in a little over a day, but was compelled to pass the second night in the gorge, and in the moonlight I wrote you this short pencil-letter in my note-book:

"The moon is looking down into the cañon, and how marvelously the great rocks kindle to her light—every dome, and brow, and swelling boss touched by her white rays, glows, as if lighted with snow. I am now only a mile from last night's camp; and have been climbing and sketching all day in this difficult but instructive gorge. It is formed in the bottom of the main cañon, among the roots of Cloud's Rest. It begins at the dead lake where I camped last night, and ends a few hundred yards above, in another dead lake. The walls everywhere are craggy and vertical, and in some places they overlean. It is only from twenty to sixty feet wide, and not, though black and broken enough, the thin, crooked mouth of some mysterious abyss; for in many places I saw the solid, seamless floor. I am sitting on a big stone, against which the stream divides, and goes brawling by in rapids on both sides; half my rock is white in the light, half in shadow. Looking from the opening jaws of this shadowy gorge, South Dome is immediately in front—high in the stars, her face turned from the moon, with the rest of her body gloriously muffled in waved folds of granite. On the left, cut from Cloud's Rest, by the lip of the gorge, are three magnificent rocks, sisters of the great South Dome. On the right is the massive, moonlit front of Mount Watkins, and between, low down in the furthest distance, is Sentinel Dome, girdled and darkened with forest. In the near foreground is the joyous creek, Tenaya, singing against boulders that are white with the snow. Now, look back twenty yards, and you will see a water-fall, fair as a spirit; the moonlight just touches it, bringing it in

relief against the deepest, dark background. A little to the left, and a dozen steps this side of the fall, a flickering light marks my camp,—and a precious camp it is. A huge, glacier-polished slab, in falling from the glassy flank of Cloud's Rest, happened to settle on edge against the wall of the gorge. I did not know that this slab was glacier-polished, until I lighted my fire. Judge of my delight. I think it was sent here by an earthquake. I wish I could take it down to the valley. It is about twelve feet square. Beneath this slab is the only place in this torrent-swept gorge where I have seen sand sufficient for a bed. I expected to sleep on the bowlders, for I spent most of the afternoon on the slippery wall of the cañon, endeavoring to get around this difficult part of the gorge, and was compelled to hasten down here for water before dark. I will sleep soundly on this sand; half of it is mica. Here, wonderful to behold, are a few green stems of prickly *Rubus*, and a tiny grass. They are here to meet us. Ay, even here, in this darksome gorge, 'frightful and tormented' with raging torrents and choking avalanches of snow. Can it be? As if the *Rubus* and the grass-leaf were not enough of God's tender prattle-words of love, which we so much need in these mighty temples of power, yonder in the "benmost bore" are two blessed *Adiantums*. Listen to them. How wholly infused with God is this one big word of love that we call the world! Good-night. Do you see the fire-glow on my ice-smoothed slab, and on my two ferns? And do you hear how sweet a sleep-song the fall and cascades are singing?"

The water-ground chips and knots that I found fastened between rocks, kept my fire alive all through the night, and I rose nerved and ready for another day of sketching and noting, and any form of climbing. I escaped from the gorge about noon, after accomplishing some of the most delicate feats of

mountaineering I ever attempted; and here the cañon is all broadly open again—a dead lake, luxuriantly forested with pine, and spruce, and silver fir, and brown-trunked *Librocedrus*. The walls rise in Yosemite forms, and the stream comes down 700 feet, in a smooth brush of foam. This is a genuine Yosemite valley. It is about 2,000 feet above the level of Yosemite, and about 2,400 below Lake Tenaya. Lake Tenaya was frozen, and the ice was so clear and unruffled, that the mountains and the groves that looked upon it were reflected almost as perfectly as I ever beheld them in the calm evening mirrors of summer. At a little distance, it was difficult to believe the lake frozen at all; and when I walked out on it, cautiously stamping at short intervals to test the strength of the ice, I seemed to walk mysteriously, without any adequate faith, on the surface of the water. The ice was so transparent, that I could see the beautifully wave-rippled, sandy bottom, and the scales of mica glinting back the down-pouring light. When I knelt down with my face close to the ice, through which clear sunshine was pouring, I was delighted to discover myriads of Tyn-dall's six-sided ice-flowers, magnificently colored. A grand old mountain mansion is this Tenaya region. In the glacier period, it was a *mer de glace*, far grander than the *mer de glace* of Switzerland, which is only about half a mile broad. The Tenaya *mer de glace* was not less than two miles broad, late in the glacier epoch, when all the principal dividing crests were bare; and its depth was not less than fifteen hundred feet. Ice-streams from Mounts Lyell and Dana, and all the mountains between, and from the nearer Cathedral Peak, flowed hither, welded into one, and worked together. After accomplishing this Tenaya Lake basin, and all the splendidly-sculptured rocks and mountains that surround and adorn it, and the great Tenaya Cañ-

on, with its wealth of all that makes mountains sublime, they were welded with the vast South Lyell and Illilouette glaciers on one side, and with those of Hoffman on the other—thus forming a portion of a yet grander *mer de glace*.

Now your finger is raised admonishingly, and you say, "This letter-writing will not do." Therefore, I will not try to register my homeward ramblings; but since this letter is already so long, you must allow me to tell you of Cloud's Rest and Tissiack; then will I cast away my letter pen, and begin "Articles," rigid as granite and slow as glaciers.

I reached the Tenaya Cañon, on my way home, by coming in from the northeast, rambling down over the shoulders of Mount Watkins, touching bottom a mile above Mirror Lake. From thence home was but a saunter in the moonlight. After resting one day, and the weather continuing calm, I ran up over the east shoulder of the South Dome, and down in front of its grand split face, to make some measurements; completed my work, climbed to the shoulder again, and struck off along the ridge for Cloud's Rest, and reached the topmost sprays of her sunny wave in ample time for sunset. Cloud's Rest is a thousand feet higher than Tissiack. It is a wave-

like crest upon a ridge, which begins at Yosemite with Tissiack, and runs continuously eastward to the thicket of peaks and crests around Tenaya. This lofty granite wall is bent this way and that by the restless and weariless action of glaciers, just as if it had been made of dough—semi-plastic, as Prof. Whitney would say. But the grand circumference of mountains and forests are coming from far and near, densing into one close assemblage; for the sun, their god and father, with love ineffable, is glowing a sunset farewell. Not one of all the assembled rocks or trees seemed remote. How impressively their faces shone with responsive love!

I ran home in the moonlight, with long, firm strides; for the sun-love made me strong. Down through the junipers—down through the firs; now in jet-shadows, now in white light; over sandy moraines and bare, clanking rock; past the huge ghost of South Dome, rising weird through the firs—past glorious Nevada—past the groves of Illilouette—through the pines of the valley; frost-crystals flashing all the sky beneath, as star-crystals on all the sky above. All of this big mountain-bread for one day! One of the rich, ripe days that enlarge one's life—so much of sun upon one side of it, so much of moon on the other.

NAPOLEON III.

SECOND PERIOD.—1865 TO 1872.

THE sagacity of Napoléon III. did not betray him, when, following the maxims he had published to the world while a prisoner, he chose and fostered the alliance of Great Britain, although that alliance failed him at the last. England had renounced the idolatrous notions of legitimacy which drove her into the coalition against Napoléon

I. Her political advance had gone forward with enormous strides. The democratic element was largely recognized, and being educated for further development. Like France, she had adopted the maxim of free trade in food and industry. Napoléon III. remembered the dying saying of his uncle, Napoléon I., "In fifty years, Europe will be republi-

can or Cossack." Republican he interpreted to mean a liberal government of enlightened public opinion, self-sustained, and self-restrained; Cossack, the reign of force. He saw Russia and Prussia closely allied—personally, by numerous family ties; politically, by the doctrine of the divine right of kings; and also by the same desire of conquest. The danger to Europe was from that alliance. To check its tendency, Napoléon III. successfully invoked the aid of Great Britain at the time of the Crimean war; for the progress of Russia toward Constantinople alarmed the British government, whose possessions bordered upon those of Russia, on the confines of India. But when Austria and Prussia, in the name of the Germanic Confederation, threatened to wrest Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, Napoléon III., who saw where the logic of German unity would lead, invoked the intervention of England in vain. If German unity demanded that the German-speaking provinces of Denmark should be wrested from that power, and annexed to a power representing German nationality, its logic demanded, and still demands, that the 80,000,000 of Germanic race—Austrians, Swiss, and Netherlanders—as well as the inhabitants of Holstein, Alsace, and Lorraine, should be united under one government.

England recognized this threatened war upon Denmark as a war of national German unity; the utterance of her reviews and statesmen, made before the crisis was reached, show that. Besides, the case of Schleswig-Holstein had been foreseen and wisely provided for. By the Treaty of London, in 1849—a treaty negotiated at the instance of Great Britain—it was expressly stipulated that these provinces should belong to Denmark. Great Britain, France, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and *Austria and Prussia* were parties to this treaty, to which *Saxony and Hanover* afterward

acceded. The preamble of the treaty asserts that it is made because "the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, being connected with the general interests of the equilibrium of Europe, is of high importance for the preservation of peace." These provinces, therefore, by a treaty of all the Great Powers, which must be regarded as an enactment of the public law of Europe, were solemnly guaranteed to Denmark. But the Germanic Confederation had not joined in that guaranty, and so the *confederation* was set to work to wreak the spoliation. Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony, who had acceded to this treaty, and who had a large majority of votes in the Germanic Confederation, procured war to be declared by the confederation against Denmark, to wrest these provinces from her. Napoléon III., perceiving the ultimate danger of the movement, asked Great Britain to join him in calling a European Congress, to which the matter should be submitted. It is not probable that Austria and Prussia, with their mutual jealousies, would have persisted in their raid upon Denmark, if such a congress had been held. But Great Britain would neither join France in a protest against the invasion, nor in a call for a congress to settle the question, nor take any steps to maintain the Treaty of London. Some of her small statesmen, and still smaller writers, even glorified themselves that Napoléon III. was "snubbed" on this occasion by a foreign secretary of the calibre to which Lord John Russell—our *Alabama* John Russell—had become reduced. A fatal "snubbing" for both France and Great Britain. For, upon the issue of this event hung the destinies of Europe. Austria and Prussia quarreled over the spoil of Schleswig-Holstein, in which Austria, having ceded her rights to Prussia, and received payment in full, was decidedly in the wrong. But Austria procured a major-

ity of the Diet of the Germanic Confederation to put Prussia under the ban, and decree "military execution" against her. Then came Sadowa, the North German Empire, and, as a logical consequence, the Franco-Prussian war. With it the military reverses of France, from which she can not fail to recover; the repudiation by Russia of the treaties made after the Crimean war; and the moral humiliation of Great Britain, who stands isolated among nations, with not a single friend among the Great Powers, ridiculed for her want of sagacity in this very matter, accused of moral treachery toward her best ally, and with a reputation for shop-keeping on a national scale—trading with both belligerents, and betraying both—which even Napoléon I. never imputed to her. Even now she appeals in vain to the public opinion of the rest of Europe to save her from Russian aggression in the East. Truly, with "snubbing" France in the Denmark imbroglio, and the United States in the affair of the *Alabama*, Lord Russell has greatly increased his vaunted list of "the debts which England owes to her aristocracy."

Among other Napoléonic ideas, published by Louis Napoléon in 1833, are the following:

"After a revolution, the essential thing is not to frame a constitution, but to adopt a system, which, based upon popular principles, possesses all the force necessary to found and establish; and which, in surmounting the difficulties of the moment, has in itself that flexibility which permits it to bend to circumstances. Besides, after a struggle, can a constitution be guaranteed from reactionary passions? Dangerous, indeed, is it to regard transitory exigencies as general principles. 'A constitution,' said Napoléon, 'is the work of time; we can not leave too broad a road open for amelioration.'

"When, in a nation, there is no aris-

tocracy, and there is nothing organized but the army, it is necessary to reconstitute a civil order based upon a precise and regular organization, before liberty is possible.

"Finally, when a country is at war with its neighbors, and contains within itself partisans of the foreigner, its enemies must be conquered, and sure allies obtained, before liberty is possible.

"Nations are to be pitied, who would pretend to gather in the harvest before they have tilled the land and sown the seed, and given the plant time to spring forth, to flower, and to ripen. It is a fatal error to believe that a mere declaration of principles suffices to constitute a new order of things."

This was the policy announced by Napoléon III., fifteen years before he became the ruler of France. The French people, by universal suffrage, accepted him with that declared policy. Absolutely free institutions, therefore, were declared not possible in France until she had become consolidated against foreign enemies, among whom might be included the partisans of expelled dynasties, whose ideas of opposition embraced the practice of treason, nor until order had become the habit of the people. In 1869, order had been the custom of France under his rule for twenty-one years—more than the full period of a political generation of voters. The result of the elections showed that the people thought that the time had arrived for the inauguration of a parliamentary government by an executive ministry in conjunction with the legislature, like those of Great Britain and of the United States. Mindful of his pledges—mindful also, doubtless, of his declaration that "those who do not march in advance of the people will be overtaken and crushed by them"—Napoléon III., in 1869, made the concession of parliamentary government, commencing with the Ollivier ministry. It has never been

pretended that he did not loyally surrender the government to his cabinet. The dispatches from his ambassadors were thenceforth opened and answered by Comte Daru, Minister for Foreign Affairs. The official reports went in the first instance to the respective secretaries. The prefects of departments were appointed by the cabinet. He could not, even at the cost of urgent personal solicitation, retain in office his bosom friend, Baron Haussman, as Prefect of the Seine. The surrender was complete. He became merely a constitutional monarch, with a responsible ministry. It was only by long and persistent urging that he could obtain from his cabinet the privilege of submitting the succession of his son to the vote of universal suffrage, by the *plébiscite* of 1870, and this only by pointing to his declaration, published among the "Napoléonic Ideas," in 1833, that "*every successor to the Imperial dignity must be confirmed by the people, voting by universal suffrage.*"

The cause of liberal institutions in France has suffered greatly from the fact that the Franco-Prussian war followed so closely upon this restoration of parliamentary government. It is clear, now, that Napoléon III. did not wish to go to war. The declaration of war was against his judgment and his wishes. Why should he wish to go to war? He had torn the Treaty of Vienna to tatters; he had just secured the succession of his son, by a *plébiscite* nearly unanimous; in a few more years his son would attain manhood. France had reached a degree of material prosperity beyond even his own hope and prediction, and was still advancing in that magnificent career. He was old and weary; ill of a critical disease, which might, in a few hours—as it finally did—remove him from earth. He was tired with the overwork and constant strain of personal government, and announced to the legislature, in words

of memorable pathos, that he was "the tired traveler, approaching the end of his journey, and anxious to lay down his burden." He was so infirm, that he could not mount his horse; even as we write, we learn that the cruel fangs of death had seized his vitals, and that his physical sufferings were excruciating. Why should he wish to go to war—to put all at risk—to inflict all its inevitable evils upon France, and go forth to battle, not at the head of the army, surrounded with the purple halo of imperialism, but infirm, broken, dying, and borne in a four-wheeled litter?

In the report of the war-debate, given in *Galignani's Messenger* (a most reliable authority), the name of the Emperor is not once mentioned. The ministry bring forth the declaration of war as a cabinet measure. The ministry is taunted by the opposition that they are unpopular with the people, and wish to declare war in order to save their places. *Thiers announces himself in favor of war with Prussia*, but not until France is better prepared. It is stated that Prussia has 500,000 soldiers already marching to the Rhine.* Count Kératry, the extreme, impulsive republican, who threatened to resort to barricades in Paris, in October, 1869, because the Emperor put off the meeting of the *corps législatif* for a few days—votes for the immediate recognition of hostilities, "because delay will only enable the Prussians to load their cannon." And so it is declared that "a state of war exists between Prussia and France." The Prussians found, in the Emperor's secretary at St. Cloud, and had the manly justice to publish, messages from the Ollivier ministry, inclosing dispatches from the prefects of departments,

* There are letters in this city, and in other cities of the United States, from Germany, dated July 1st, 1870, fourteen days before war was declared, stating that the writers were ordered to join their regiments, to march to the Rhine.

showing that the war was popular, and that "we were right, and your Majesty wrong."

Napoléon III. has been blamed because the military force of France was not equal to that of Prussia; and that, such as it was, France was ill prepared for war. But, in regard to the condition of the army, he was betrayed and deceived, as all rulers are liable to be. We do not blame Lincoln, because our bombs, shot into the Confederate lines, were filled with sawdust. Washington, in very emphatic, though not very pious terms, often expressed his regret that he could not shoot a few commissaries and army contractors at the head of his regiments. Napoléon I. more than once performed this act of salutary discipline. But the numerical disproportion between the French and Prussian forces had been announced by the Emperor himself, two years before the war. It was he who set the example of introducing into the public talk of France and of Europe, topics which were in everybody's thoughts, and which were not turned into secrets by the mere fact of not being discussed. In the year 1868, he publicly called the attention of the French legislature to the fact, that the population of France fell far below the estimated increase, while that of Prussia greatly exceeded it; that the product of the French conscription was inferior, both in numbers and moral quality, to that of the Prussian system of universal enrollment; and that France was thus falling behind Prussia in effective military force. He therefore earnestly recommended reorganization of the French army, and the adoption of the best features of the Prussian system. No attention was paid to this, until the statistics and statesmen* of France discussed

the subject in pamphlets and in the reviews, sustaining the Emperor's policy. Then the legislature reluctantly and tardily commenced the work of reorganization (the opposition always factiously resisting), but *assigned a period of five years for its accomplishment!* And when France was smitten *within one year*, the Emperor was blamed for it, notwithstanding his warning!

There is no dispute, now, as to which party brought on the Franco-Prussian war. All judicious writers are agreed that it was predetermined on the part of Prussia, and that the declaration by France "that war existed," did not precipitate, but only recognized, the fact. The duelist who throws a glove into the face of his intended victim, is the party that strikes the first blow. The war of Germany upon France, to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from the empire, was the inevitable logical result of the national spoliation of Denmark. Any one who traveled in Germany in 1869 and the beginning of 1870, saw that "the German heart" was being "fired" for the approaching raid upon France. "*Die völkerschlacht*"—"the people's fight"—the delusive, hypocritical phrase with which the tyrants of Europe led their enslaved populations against Napoléon I., was everywhere the watch-word. "*Die Wacht am Rhein*" was the popular song:

"The song leaps forth like thunder's peal,
Like breakers' roar and clash of steel;
'On to the Rhine—the German Rhine!
Who will defend our river line?
Loved Fatherland! thy fears resign—
Firm watch and ward protects the Rhine.

"And though my heart in death should break,
Thee ne'er perfidious France shall take.

* * * * *


"While glows one drop of blood unpour'd,
Or hand survives to grasp the sword.

* * * * *

"The oath resounds, the stream rolls by;
Our banners proudly wave on high:
'ON TO THE RHINE—THE GERMAN RHINE.

* * * * *

* See, notably, "*La France et La Prusse devant L'Europe*," by Guizot, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1868, for a full vindication of the Emperor's views on this subject.

The weekly illustrated newspapers caricatured Napoléon III. in every form of Pandemonium, from the intellectual Mephistopheles to the brutal Devil himself. In the background was the key: a guide-board, with the ominous direction, " *Nach Strasbourg*" — "to Strasbourg." We are not blaming the Prussians for this. We are not now discussing political morals; we are only stating the fact. They intended to wage war upon France, and Alsace and Lorraine were to be the prize. They intended to do so then and there, while they were confessedly superior to France in numbers, and by the force of numbers. And this is precisely what they did. They won the fight, because they everywhere had two men to one. The much vaunted needle-gun did not win it. It did not even win Sadowa. The needle-gun was a failure; and the greatest stroke of genius displayed by Von Moltke was when he found that the needle-gun could not even get within range of the *chassepot*, and thereafter relied upon his artillery. His next stroke of genius was discarding the needle-gun entirely, and arming his regiments with *chassepots* taken from the French.

It has been said that Napoléon III. was outwitted by Bismarck in 1866. If this were so, it was done in such a manner as not to discredit either his sagacity or integrity. After removing the German Confederation from the eastern gate of France, he did not wish that another German power equal to it should be substituted for it. Accordingly, he procured a stipulation by treaty from Prussia, that Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria should not form part of the North German Empire. Bismarck nullified this by forming a secret alliance with those states, which gave the King of Prussia command of their armies. Prussia also stipulated by treaty that the inhabitants of Holstein *might determine by their votes* whether they would adhere to

Denmark or to Prussia. Prussia has always refused to allow such an election to be held. If Great Britain should refuse to pay the damages which have been awarded to the United States by the Geneva Commission in the Alabama case, it would hardly be claimed that the United States had been "outwitted" by such a violation of a solemn treaty.

Nor is it true, as once asserted and believed, that Napoléon III. was deceived by Bismarck in respect to the proposed acquisition of Luxembourg by France as a balance against the territorial acquisitions of Prussia after the war of 1866. Subsequent disclosures have relieved them from this reproach cast upon the sagacity of the former and the integrity of the latter. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg belonged to the King of Holland, and was a member of the Germanic Confederation. It was agreed between Bismarck and Napoléon III. that it should be annexed to France, provided Napoléon III. could obtain its cession from the King of Holland before the meeting of the Prussian parliament, after the Austro-Prussian war, so that it could be announced to that body as an accomplished fact. But Bismarck distinctly notified Napoléon III. that if announced to the Prussian parliament as a thing yet to be done, that body, flushed with victory, and impelled by the national sentiment, would go into a new war rather than consent to it. Unfortunately, the King of Holland, a man of a sluggish, sensual, self-indulgent nature, although consenting to the cession, could not be stimulated to decisive action until the parliament had met, and the cession had become impossible. These facts have been long published without contradiction.* Bismarck has had the courage to avow them. His courage is sometimes almost diabolical. No one accuses him of falsehood. It is true that his truthful utterances are often

* See *Edinburg Review*, October, 1869.

so bold and incredible that people are deceived by them.

The expedition to Mexico, and the attempt to establish a stable government there, resulted in failure, and therefore, with unusual acrimony, have been charged among the crimes and blunders of Napoléon III. But in justice to him it must be remembered that he did not originate the theory upon which the expedition was based, nor the plan itself of setting up a constitutional monarchy to replace a brigand republic. The theory that a nation shall be held to fulfill its international obligations; that a government which pretends to be civilized, shall not in fact be barbarous and savage; and that a maniac people, as well as an individual, may be put into a strait-jacket, involves the very principle upon which the nationality of Poland was extinguished, Napoléon I. sent to St. Heléna, and the Bourbons forced upon France by foreign bayonets. The plan, itself, that France should aid the decent classes in Mexico to set up and maintain a constitutional government, was first given to the world in an expensive and luxurious work published at Paris, in 1844, under the auspices of the ministry of Louis Philippe, in two volumes octavo, with a large atlas of harbors, plans of forts, etc.* In this remarkable work, after preferring a terrible bill of indictment against Mexico, for its alleged barbarity and crimes, asserting that the people there desire a monarchy, and proposing that France should aid them in establishing it, the author thus concludes:

“But there are certain conditions necessary to the success of this scheme.

The new monarchs of Mexico must be Catholic, and must have family ties connecting them with the dynasties which formerly ruled in Mexico. The Infantas of Spain, the French Princes, and the *Archdukes of Austria*, possess these requisites, and any one of them would be unanimously welcomed by the Mexican population.”

Eighteen years afterward, when the alleged evils had become intensified, and the grievances of France greatly multiplied, the French expedition to Mexico was organized. “The object to be obtained,” said Napoléon III., under date of July 3d, 1862, “is, not to impose upon the Mexicans a form of government which they dislike, but to aid them in their endeavors to establish, *according to their own inclinations*, a government which may have some chance of stability, and which can secure to France the redress of the grievances of which she has had to complain.” Maximilian received an invitation from what purported to be, and what to the world appeared to be, an expression of the national will, to found a monarchy in Mexico. If he and Napoléon III. were deceived in the character of this invitation, others, having better opportunities of judgment, were also deceived. Hon. Thomas Corwin, United States Minister at Mexico, wrote thus at the time: “The establishment of an empire is, in reality, the wish of the great majority of Mexicans. The protest of this Government (that of the United States), would be looked upon as a violation of the principle of self-government.” The recognition of the new empire became almost universal in Mexico. The opposition was seemingly confined to a small party, headed by Juarez, which retreated to the north. The United States interfered by their protests, and encouraged this party. They demanded the withdrawal of the French forces. They would have been withdrawn, in any

* Exploration of the Territory of Oregon, California, and of the Gulf of California, executed during the years of 1840, 1841, and 1842, by M. Duflot de Mofras, *attache* of the French Legation to Mexico; published by order of the King, under the direction of Marshal Sout, Duke of Dalmatia, President of the Council, and of the Minister of Foreign Relations. Paris: 1844. Arthus Bertrand.

event, after the expenditure of \$135,000,000; but let it be conceded that it was the "vigorous statesmanship" of the United States which compelled their withdrawal. Maximilian would not desert his friends, was sold to his enemies, and murderously put to death. The judgment of the civilized world—even of that portion which condemns the intervention of Napoléon III. in Mexico—is still severer upon the conduct of the United States. We are accused of a paltry and niggardly statesmanship; of encouraging the continuance of disorder in Mexico, so that we may have a pretense to appropriate its territory for ourselves; and of preventing the Mexicans from "choosing an empire, which they prefer, and forcing upon them a republic, which they detest." We have the near presence and brilliant example of our "sister republic" to console us under this harsh judgment. Meanwhile, American citizens are butchered in Mexico, and their property pillaged, as in times past, by the very republicans who, with prophetic sagacity, frighten their children with "*El Anaconda del Norte*."

"Chile's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name."

Another imputed crime of Napoléon III. is, that he betrayed Italy by making the peace of Villafranca with Austria, after Magenta and Solferino. But that peace detached Lombardy from Austria; established home rule in that province, in spite of the Treaty of Vienna, and made the kingdom of Italy possible. The reason he recoiled before the famous Quadrilateral—the parallelogram whose angles were fortified by Peschiera, Mantua, Verona, and Legnano—was because Sardinia could not furnish the military contingent she had promised, and because he was disappointed by the slowness with which his own men and supplies could be forwarded by rail. He found that only 10,000 soldiers, with their *impedimenta*, could be forwarded *per*

diem by a well organized line of railway. The Prussians could not exceed this in 1866. By making the Treaty of Villafranca in the hour of victory, Napoléon III. secured what had been gained. A repulse before the Quadrilateral would have lost all, and deferred the liberation of Italy indefinitely. If Napoléon I. had made peace with Europe after the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, in May, 1813, he would have avoided the crushing defeat at Leipzig, in October of that year, which overwhelmed both himself and France. Italy has not proved herself ungrateful. The *Arco della Pace* erected by Napoléon I. at the termination of the Simplon Way at Milan, bears the new inscription: "*Napoleone III., Liberatore dell' Italia*;" and the whole population, from monarch to peasant, mourn his misfortunes and his death with an effusion of genuine grief.

Napoléon III. has been greatly blamed because Benedetti, the French Ambassador at Berlin, proposed, and it is said with the sanction of the Emperor's ministry, that Belgium should be annexed to France. We do not know why one rule of political morality should be applied to the other Great Powers of Europe, and a different rule to France. If it was right that Victor Emmanuel should annex Rome and the Papal States, appropriate the museums of the capital, and the Quirinal, the private residence of the Pope, merely to "round out" the kingdom of Italy, why should not Belgium be annexed to France? If it was right that Prussia should wrest the populations of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, in violation of her own treaty—if she could by force extinguish the monarchy of Hanover, and dethrone its blind king—annihilate the ancient republic of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and annex their territories to her own—then why should not France have French-speaking Belgium as a make-weight to keep the balance good? If political ne-

cessity is the law of international morals—and we do not say that it is not—then the one transaction is as necessary and as justifiable as the other.

The so-called confiscation of the property of the Orléans family is charged as a crime upon Napoléon III. The charge is so ridiculous, that a constable holding an execution from a justice's court would laugh at it. As the decree of "confiscation" recites: "According to the ancient public law of France, all the property which belonged to princes on their accession to the throne was, of full right, and at the very instant, united to the property of the nation." On August 7th, 1830, the two chambers of the Legislature declared Louis Philippe King of the French, under the sole condition of taking the official oath. He took the oath on August 9th. But on August 7th, *after he was elected king, and before he took the oath*, he made a gift of all his property, valued at \$20,000,000, to his sons, reserving a life interest to himself. This was analogous to what we call "beating one's creditor on the execution." In England, in some cases, the property of convicted felons is confiscated to the crown. It is always held there that a person accused of felony can not evade the law by conveying away his property before conviction. Louis Philippe became king by his election, and not by taking the oath. If his act transferring his property was lawful, then any prince who inherited the crown could, after the death of his predecessor, and before he himself took the oath of office, convey away all his property, and thus defraud the state. Napoléon III. enforced the law, and "restored the property of Louis Philippe to the domain of the state." This was an impolitic act, for it enabled his enemies to falsify the facts, and denounce it as a spoliation of private property. But it was a just act, for it vindicated the law, and, above all, equality before the law. Be-

ing at once impolitic and just, it was an act of high courage. The Assembly which now usurps the government of France, has voted to restore this property to the Orléans family. This one act shows how sordid is the partisanship of that body, which thus violates the law, and robs the public treasury of \$20,000,000, in order to enrich a swarm of pretenders who claim the throne as a family right.

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his report to his wife, says, "The Emperor Napoléon surrendered to me, because he had no military command." It is well established that Napoléon III. and his council of war decided to retreat on Paris. He knew that Napoléon I. threw away his last chance by receding before the allies *away from* Paris, in the vain hope that they would follow him in the direction of his retreat. Occupying Paris with 200,000 men, Napoléon III. could have treated with the Prussians, and his false lieutenant, Trochu, could not have betrayed him to the mob of Gambetta and Favre, which assumed to annul the vote of France and overturn his government. But, even then, he would not overrule the decision of the Regency at Paris; and so MacMahon, instead of retreating directly upon Paris, fell back in a line at right angles with the road to Paris, toward the Belgian frontier, into the gorge at Sedan, which not only proved a trap from which he could not escape, but also left the road to Paris and Versailles open and undefended. Yet Napoléon III. would not interfere, but submitted with dignity and patience to what he must have known was the ruin of his dynasty.

How different this from the mobocratic, bombastic Gambetta, who assumed not only to "organize" armies, but to "command" them, while in the field, from the safe distance of 100 miles! He compelled General d'Aureilles des Paladines, against his protest, to advance from his lines at Orléans, and meet cer-

tain disaster. Afterward, General Chanzy, on the Loire, on the 7th of December, 1869, repelled an attack of the whole German force, under Prince Frederick Charles. But Gambetta was so fearful of being himself assailed at Tours, that, in the night, without the knowledge of General Chanzy, he withdrew to Tours General Châmos' division that covered Chanzy's right, which was thus turned, and the army compelled to retreat.

Afterward, when a prisoner, Napoléon III. would not, as the ruler of France, treat with Bismarck, although that treaty would have preserved his dynasty, and placed him at the head of a French army of 300,000 men. He would not make a treaty which he did not intend to fulfill; nor, like Francis I., while a prisoner, after Pavia, would he make a treaty which he intended to violate.

Bismarck charges the French nation with the infamy of being "the only people that ever sent their king out to battle, and then deserted him in his reverses." The judgment, although a harsh one, is yet just. But it rests, not upon the French people, but upon the French politicians. It is they—the Thierses, the Gambettas, the Favres, the Bourbon and Orléans partisans—who have betrayed him. We, in the United States, and our cousins in England, can hardly be made to comprehend the profligacy of the opposition in France. When General Sebastiani was once in England, and well received by the government, he asked the French Ambassador there if he would compromise his position by visiting the houses of the opposition? The reply was, "Go, by all means, General; opposition, in England, does not mean treason, *as it does in France.*" The trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, in 1870, for pistoling the young Israelite, Solomons—otherwise romantically called Victor Le Noir—who slapped the Prince's face in his own house, disclosed the fact, that, among a

large class of "the Emperor's opposition," it was an accepted maxim that it was right to utter any false scandal against the imperial family, to shoot a Bonaparte at sight, and to utter perjury in any trial involving politics. There are exceptions to this. Louis Blanc, twenty years an exile, exhorted his friends from London in 1870, to cease political agitation during the war: "For," said he, "political agitation in the face of the enemy is treason to France." France has never revoked the *plébiscite* of 1870. The usurpers now in power have never given her an opportunity to do so, nor do they mean ever to give it. They will now never have that opportunity, so far as Napoléon III. is concerned. But not until they shall have formally and finally rejected his dynasty, will the French people deserve the sentence of infamy which Bismarck has pronounced upon them.

A strong feeling against Napoléon III. exists in the United States, because he, at one time, desired to acknowledge the Confederate States. We seem to have forgotten the phrase, so long current among ourselves at the North, of "fighting for a boundary." The dark days which discouraged ourselves, as well as our most hopeful friends, are now wholly dispelled by the glare of the sunshine. But it was from no unfriendliness to us that Napoléon III. wished to recognize the Confederacy. He was friendly to the United States; fond of our citizens; grateful to them for their kindness to him while in exile. He thought the Confederacy must succeed; but, unlike the government of Great Britain—which hastened to issue a proclamation acknowledging the belligerent rights of the South, for the very reason that it was known that our Minister, Mr. Adams, was hourly expected to arrive in England—the Emperor Napoléon III. treated us with the greatest delicacy and kindness. He wrote a private autographic letter to Mr. Sew-

ard, stating what he intended to do, and the reasons which moved him. The matter was long kept a state secret between him and our Government. He permitted the agents of our Government to address him, converse with him, and argue with him on the subject; and finally suffered himself to be persuaded from his first intention. Meanwhile, he caused neutrality to be most rigidly observed. Of six war-vessels contracted to be built at Nantes and Bordeaux, for the Confederates, only one was permitted to reach its destination, and that through a fraud, for which no blame attaches to his government. When the *Alabama* had refitted and received her supplies at Cherbourg, he compelled her to put to sea, although the *Kearsarge* was waiting for her outside. Our Government has often proclaimed to the world, that his practice of neutrality was perfect.

Meanwhile, members of the British Parliament were ridiculing, amidst the cheers of the House of Commons, "the bursting of the bubble republic;" Mr. Gladstone, with "vagrant oratory," was demonstrating to bucolic audiences, that the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves was not worth the money it would cost; Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, was sneering at "the lately United States," and afterward, in the Lords, eulogizing "the Southern war for independence." Yet we are pleased to treat England, who insulted and betrayed us, with more indulgence than Napoléon III., who was true to the neutrality which he proclaimed.

We American republicans talk flipantly of the corruptions of the Second Empire. We are the last people on earth that should dare to make use of such a phrase. It is well said that there is one thing more terrible than seeing ourselves as others see us, and that is for others to see us as we see ourselves. If we exercise a very moderate, conscious introspection into our own con-

dition, and look at the increasing licentiousness of our public press; our social toleration of fraudulent bankruptcy; the general impunity of crime; the prevalence of lynch law; the recognized profession of lobbyism—and in its *prostituted* form, *female* lobbyism; the number of representatives in Congress expelled for crime, and the larger number who are morally convicted, and yet unexpelled; the ferocious blackguardism of our lower house of Congress; the purchasing of seats in the Senate; and the leprosy of jobbing and of *Crédits Mobiliers* everywhere; we shall hesitate to discuss the sweeping charge of corruption which is brought against the government of Napoléon III. His government was never disgraced by any such hideous deformities as these; nor have we ever been able to meet any specific charge capable of being discussed. A general charge of corruption is no more tangible than the charge so often brought in Europe against our own institutions, that our elections are carried by bribery, and that our judges are corrupt. Probably, jobbery, in a greater or lesser degree, existed in France, as it does in all governments, except that of Great Britain, and even there until very recently.

Our sympathy is invoked for France, because the Assembly existing there, and calling itself national, assumes to be a republic. But it has no element of a republic. A republic represents the public opinion of a people, and the national will. It is constructed from the base upward, and not suspended from a point at the top. It is self-sustained, and therefore completely decentralized. Its vital circulation comes from below, and not from above. But every government that France has had for the last 350 years has been intensely centralized; so completely so, that any man, or mob of men, who could seize and hold the central point, possessed the government. The Girondists were the only party in

France that comprehended the republican idea, and they proposed that France should be divided into provinces, reconstructed into a federative republic, and thus completely decentralized. But this very proposition proved fatal to them, and they were sent to the scaffold in the name of "the French Republic, one and indivisible." In no other civilized country in the world does the fact exist, that the possession of the capital insures the possession of the political power of the nation for the time being. It is the shame and the reproach of the French people that it is so, and it illustrates, as no other teaching could do, the vice of centralization. This enabled Gambetta's and Favre's mob, kindly armed by the treachery of Trochu, to overturn the Emperor's government, in September, 1870; and from this mob-begotten offspring is descended the present usurpation in France. Not only is republicanism wanting in France, but the republican idea does not exist there. There is no French writer who shows that he understands what a republic is, except Guizot, yet he favors a constitutional monarchy. Thiers claims, just now, to be a republican, and the president of a republic. But he is only the creature of the Assembly of Bordeaux, which was elected for the sole purpose of making a peace with Prussia, for which the imperialists were not permitted to be candidates, and which now assumes to be constituent, and to be able to impose any kind of government upon France. Thiers is a republican as Louis XIV. was the state—"La république—c'est moi!"—he is the republic! This facility is worthy of the charlatan who persuaded Louis Philippe to dismiss Guizot and his cabinet, in the face of an armed mob, in 1848, and of the coward, who, two hours afterward, suffered the monarchy to go down without a shot being fired in its defense, although every soldier was in position, the cannon loaded, the match-

es lighted, and one whiff of grape-shot would have blown the insurrection into atoms. But there is a magic in the word republic for us Americans. Thiers is a republic. Spain is a republic. Lerdo, in Mexico, is a republic. So is each of the bandits who rob, ravish, and murder there. If the King of Dahomey, paddling his canoe in a canal filled with human blood, should declare himself a republic, we would greet him into the fold, and celebrate the advancement of republican ideas! All this makes us ridiculous in the eyes of the world, but not in our own estimation.

To Thiers, more than to any and all other persons, are owing the Franco-Prussian war, and the present reverses of France, by the pernicious teachings of his histories of the Consulate and Empire—histories often wantonly inaccurate in facts, and always deficient in public morality—which have dazzled the sight with the false splendors of the First Empire, and have constantly urged a renewal of the wars of conquest of Louis XIV. and Napoléon I. Napoléon III. has always uttered the peaceful sentiment, that war could be justified only by extraordinary contingencies; but Thiers was the great fomentor of the war-spirit which led to the Franco-Prussian war of 1869, contrary to the judgment and wish of Napoléon III. The boyish compositions of the Prince Imperial, found and published after his retreat to England, show that he was better instructed than M. Thiers as to the merits and defects of the system of Napoléon I.

There is not, never has been, nor ever will be, any good human government in this world. All forms of government have been discussed, since the beginning of history—have been tried, and have successively failed. Conquest begets a feudal system; feudality runs into limited monarchy; limited monarchy into republicanism; republicanism into democracy; and democracy has hitherto

run into the misrule of ignorance, selfishness, and brutality, terminating in military despotism, the rule of force—the point whence the social pendulum begins to oscillate back again. But new forces have lately been introduced, and will lead to new results. Education of the masses, more or less diffused, has resulted from modern enlightenment. With this education have come new aptitudes for enjoyment, new desires (and, for the most part, legitimate desires) among the laboring masses, the larger portion of the community. With this has come a sense—which is a just sense—that capital absorbs more than its share of the proceeds of labor; and a demand—which is also a just demand—for a readjustment of the relation between capital and labor. Hence has frequently resulted actual war between two forces which ought to be in perfect accord; for their only healthful relation is that of perfect agreement. This contest has resulted in acts of brutality upon both sides; because appeals have more often been made to force than to reason. This issue is not yet resolved; yet it is the great issue of the day. We have had the age of stone, of bronze, and of iron; we have now reached the age of capital, where money is the great power that controls the destinies of the world, both civilized and uncivilized. But it is not the golden age of the poets. On the contrary, it threatens to inaugurate an epoch of the fiercest, most universal, and most unnatural strife which the world has ever seen—a strife which has nothing to do with forms of government—a social strife, deeper than questions of autocracy, military government, imperialism, limited monarchy, republic, or democracy; a strife which is to solve the question whether an intelligent, healthy, educated man is to have such a share of the proceeds of his own labor as shall enable him to enjoy life with his cultivated faculties, and bring his children

into the same sphere; or whether, on the other hand, being thus educated, he is to receive only the wages, and be condemned to the privations, of a brute. This is the question which capital is to solve. On this solution depends the destiny of the future. On the one hand, peace, and a progressive development of all classes of the community; on the other, a war of class, class legislation, and all the excesses which follow social emancipation. It is one of the merits of Napoleon III., that while in exile, in his work upon “*The Extinction of Pauperism*,” he proposed a partial solution of this question, by the reclamation of vacant lands by the state, through the unemployed labor of France. It is creditable to his humanity, that the main reason why he originated his great improvement of Paris was to give employment to its starving operatives. It is one of his claims for indulgent judgment, that he thoughtfully devoted to the subject more consideration than any other sovereign ever gave, and that he tried to reach its solution.

France, during her separate historic period, has had six great rulers: Louis XI., Henry IV., Richelieu, Louis XIV., and the two Bonapartes. Louis XI., cold, superstitious, cruel, and crafty, endeavored, with a statesman’s foresight, to extinguish the great feudal dependencies of France, and unite them to the crown. Henry IV. was a statesman of great views and enlarged humanity, but he had hardly entered upon his work before he was arrested by the hand of the assassin. Richelieu consolidated the monarchy, and extinguished treason and the right of revolt with an inexorable, but not cruel hand; but, as he made the monarchy despotic, he sowed the seeds of the revolution of 1789. Louis XIV. was undoubtedly a great monarch, but he considered France as his private property, and his rule was wholly selfish, for his own glory and enjoyment. Napoleon I. is still an enigma. He either

could not, or would not, remain at peace with the world; but, while he exalted the glory of France, he drained her resources and exhausted her population. Napoléon III. was the best ruler that France has ever had. The material benefits which he has bestowed upon her, she will never lose. The very readiness with which she now responds to the exactions levied upon her attest the prosperity of his rule. Her reverses would never have occurred if his policy had been followed, and they have been mostly produced by those who abandoned him in his adversity only by committing treason to France.

We are told that imperialism was buried amid the late disasters of France. We are assured that Bonapartism disappeared from history with the "Man of Sedan." If a striking phrase, which has captivated all the letter-writers and many of our editors, could extinguish a dynasty or overwhelm a great cause, imperialism would be dead indeed. But coincident with this entombment at Sedan, is the emphatic fact that Gambetta's decree for the election of a National Assembly deprived the Imperialists, as a body, of the right to be candidates; and that Thiers dares not, to this day, permit the eldest male representative of the Bonapartes to remain in France! The usurped authorities in France would not allow the people to elect Imperialists to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, nor will now permit a Bonaparte to remain in sight of the people! Why

does this buried corpse cause so much trouble to the survivors?

In truth, this phrase concerning the "Man of Sedan" belongs to the black-guard side of current talk, and affects neither men's imaginations nor their judgments. It has its prototype in older phrases in French history: in "the man at Elba"—the other *Napoléon le Petit*, perhaps? "the man of Waterloo;" "the man of St. Helena." How completely crushed he was; how utterly dead! And yet, thirty years after his great catastrophe, the prestige of his glory—and of his reverses—carried his nephew, an escaped prisoner, from poverty and exile to a throne!

The French people have a great legendary aptitude. They know the NAPOLÉONIC LEGEND by heart. Death has kindly placed Napoléon III. on the pedestal beside his great predecessor in the memory and imagination of the French people. Both covered France with glory; both were deceived by politicians; both betrayed by traitors; both died in exile. The history of each is complete beyond all future accidents, and it matters not whether any one of their name or race shall ever again bear rule in France. But nothing is more likely than that a few years hence, when the next Government of France shall have been overturned by the next Parisian mob, the people will return to the only family which has ever consulted or trusted them, and call the Prince Imperial to the throne as Napoléon IV.

ULTRAHA.—No. VII.

THE LAKE, AND THE LOVERS.

THE Bay Coast hunt for burglars has not turned out as profitless as might at first appear. When Mr. Cham inadvertently collared Teunis Larkin, that urchin's quaking terror, like a quaking quagmire, threw up a hidden treasure. The "barn-ben" has been induced to "s'render here," although no villager could be prevailed upon to do the same.

The paper, the guilty knowledge of which Teun had betrayed, is now in the possession of his captor, Mr. Cham. Indeed, Teun has lost no time in tedious negotiation with "Si," whom he accused of having it; the fact being that Teun himself had picked it from the bed of leaves and crumpled grass into which it had fallen on the night of the robbery at the DeLissey Place, when the chest which the thieves carried off fell, and burst its lid.

Teun, lurking next day near the scene of his fright that night, had spied this paper lying there under the window, and imagining that it would be likely to contain money's worth, hastily buried it under the hay—not without a subtle intent, in case of any *contretemps*, to lay it to the charge of "Si." The two were accustomed to these accommodations and moral loans in respect to one another; borrowing on the strength of their separate repute as larcenists, with something of the facility which marks larger men in business corners, and even in the corners of Congress. Thus detected, Teunis has now "sot" his "sene-mens agin hidins and keepins," and meekly makes the paper over to the uncompromising Cham.

We will not detain the reader with that instrument at this stage of our

story. It will disclose, in due time, its bearing upon the estate of Mrs. Stewart, and the fortunes of the lovely Calla Conrad.

Now, Mr. Cham is an admirer of Calla, after his fashion, and he understands enough about the document in question to perceive that it affects her interests, and to convey it to her father, without announcing its discovery to his friends and neighbors of Bay Coast. He already has his suspicions of Mr. Whample, in view of Teun's reference to that legal gentleman, in that piteous outcry, when he supposed himself to be in the hands of his old comrades. Nor has he forgotten Case Veck's query in the grave-yard, "What will Square Whopsle say?"

Accordingly, Mr. Cham starts for the Morford wilds—ostensibly on a fishing excursion—resolving there to lay the paper and the facts before the Conrads.

Meantime, the reader will be kind enough to accompany us in the same direction, but further on, and in advance of him.

Verge Lake is such a sheet of water as youthful artists dream about, traversing the world. It is our firm opinion that there is but one Verge Lake to be seen upon this globe, and few, hitherto, have found it. Indeed, it has seemed to us, sometimes, that this brilliant basin must have been scooped and scalloped in the solitude by hands of celestial artists, as a rendezvous for higher beings; or as a mirror for the skies, in which they may survey their beaming beauty, when they change their dress of mist, or shade, or sunshine. There the blue

above gazes within the blue below, in ravishment of revery.

We are by no means unacquainted with lakes. We have dreamed plaintive dreams from the shores of Rousseau's Island, on the Lake of Geneva, and studied the fascinations of Como. We know something about the picturesque pools in the Adirondack region. We recognize Moosehead. Donner and Tahoe, we have watched in their embossed settings. Lake George, in its never-to-be-forgotten grace, is a picture, hung in the heart of memory. Nevertheless, we aver that Nature—which keeps the best wine until the last—will yet astonish later tourists, and artists, most of all, when they shall come upon Verge Lake—so long asleep in unknown beauty—and hail it as a discovery all their own. The whole surrounding region may be said to sleep, but Verge Lake dreams its own delicious dream. A circular breast of water, lambent in cut crystal of the rocks; girt close to the limpid marge by shapely trees, extending from it in trim and open grove, for perhaps an acre backward of the complete circumference; the lapping wavelets, every time they stir, licking the feet of the stately trunks nearest to them—brushing them gently with a swaying fringe of pearly drops—reminding you of soft tresses, just floating to the touch of a reverent and loving hand, or rising and falling above the measured breathing of a steadfast breast; the rock floor, which for miles is disrupt and jagged beneath thick growth of *chaparral*, so as to render the entire region for the most part impassable and intractable, being here adjusted in rows of oblong blocks, smooth to a polish at the water's base, and the rougher slabs above rising to the arrangement of an actual amphitheatre, each looking down over the rest upon the sparkling azure, where the fish leap wantonly to the surface, springing high out of water, with a lustrous gleam,

sensible of their security; the lights and shadows that shift and interlace appearing to be living things at play; while, between these solid ranks, occur, almost at regular intervals, brief level spaces, charged and swelling with rich verdure, through which there run, in serpentine lines, and now and again in diamond or star shaped patterns, floweret-threads—pink, purple, yellow, scarlet, or milk white—like rich embroidery wrought upon a fabric of the choicest velvet. Except at these narrow apertures, there is no footing practicable for human tread; a fact which the lesser creatures would appear to appreciate, inasmuch as nowhere else are they so much at home and perfectly at ease. There is one peculiarity strongly marked about this animate play, which possibly the reader, as a studious observer of natural history, may have in some measure noted in other woodland retirements. In these recesses, to which animals come for the purpose of slaking their thirst and surveying their own reflected forms, in a kind of meditative curiosity, their very freedom takes a reverential temper; they are disinclined to babble and gambol, as elsewhere—to fight or to frolic—but observe a kind of devoutness; glancing about them mildly and meek-eyed with wonder; with that humid look of pensiveness, and that human expression of considerateness, which can overspread their features in moods of content and moments of repose. They appear to regard such a spot as a *boudoir*, within which consciousness may withdraw, to readjust their beauty or reassure their instincts. Or, perchance, it becomes to them a temple, within which a sense of worship, subtle and latent, causes a being, even such as theirs, to muse of better destiny, and “look through Nature up to Nature's God.” At all events, they give place to one another with something like an air of respect for mutual rights; and so, retreating, resume the

chatter and the jabber, the sport or combat, further off.

Verge Lake is locked in by matted forest, rock-strewn, as described, for many miles. The harsh and the hasty world—the human world—is for the most part shut out, and far away; so far, so far away.

About ten miles off from its eastern border, lies the village of Morford, which our readers have already visited. About fifteen miles westward, the square and self-important old town of Haldon maintains its dignity. The arc of the lake, looking south, between these two, is but five miles, as the crow flies, from the hidden hamlet of Ultrawa. From none of these, however, is there any open road, or anything but a foot-path made by individual tread, which is not only tortuous between the undergrowths, but toilsome over the rocky masses. And as these pathways, so zigzag in themselves, start from the rear of private premises, it is probable that no more than a score or two of human beings have ever seen this shore.

One human form, however, often lingers here, hovering over the spot like a genius of the solitude.

On the south-western curve of the inland sea, where it appears to any cursory glance to be shut by a low sandbar, there sets up a frith, or narrow strait, which lets in to another sheet of water, of less dimensions, and even more closely land-locked and more exactly circular of outline, the shores of which afford but a single slender pass into the compact forest. This inner lake is called the "Little Verge," being but one mile in circumference, while Verge Lake proper measures nearly three. Noiselessly darting from this Little Verge, and gliding through the inlet—so narrow that the keel passing through looks to be riding on the sandbar, the sedges of which brush it as it moves—a little shallop, light as a feath-

er, curved curiously, like a marine shell, and tinted to a pearly gray resembling the hue of the surrounding rocks, speeds now and again, scudding to and fro, under the touch of an oar, or scull, that seems barely to indent the surface of the water which it pats and taps. This little thing of life shoots with an arrowy directness, now hither, now thither, in zest of happy motion. A *petite* form, erect and lithe, propels it. The wealth of auburn hair, uncovered, floats with the elastic motion, or is swayed and lifted by the lightest zephyr. Usually the glimpsing beauty flits about in unbroken silence, the fairy figure apparently absorbed in the luxury of the brooding quiet, while in its turn the whole inclosure seems to become the more tranquil with the boat's serenity of motion and repose. The dumb creatures themselves appear to exult in the presence of what we had almost called the child-boat, or the boat-child—such a unit is the compound motion. Sometimes, at brisk of dawn, this figure appears. Then, again, after an interval of days, in the lingering afternoon, the water-nymph sweeps over the surface. Now leaning forward to a bed of floating lilies, to inhale their fragrance—she exhibits no inclination to pluck them; tripping next across the breadth, she is standing up to toy with an overhanging bough; or, again, mooring closely in shore, lays her head back upon the solid stone, the flexile hair falling over it, the bright eyes riveted for hours upon the rifting cloud-play and the open dome of ether. After long, breathless revery, she breaks into that pealing song which none but Viva utters. Sometimes, in mid-channel, suddenly letting the tiny shallop drift, and facing toward some clear point of the sky, or fleecy cloud of unwonted shape or tinge—for always it seems to be some such rare vision that awakens the voice—she warbles in a flute-like strain, that quivers, spreads, and

strengthens, until the flute is, as it were, joined and superseded by a trumpet; and the cadence covers the lake with an arch of music, that melts, wafted in vapor of melody, over the shores. The voice allures the living creatures to the beach, as when some church-bell in a village brings wending groups and loving couples from the cottage door-ways, through the lanes, and by-paths. On every hand one may catch the rustle of leaves, and the crackling of the dry boughs and twigs beneath their feet. Sometimes, after a moment's pause, a mottled deer springs from the thicket, and bounds into the water, not panting from pursuit, but swimming freely to the boat's side, and laying its head upon the child's lap an instant, suffers her soft hand to stroke its neck.

Such a thing occurs this afternoon, and there chance to be wonder-stricken witnesses.

Visitors are rare. But at the other extremity of Verge Lake, opposite the neck of land which leads into Little Verge, two uncouth, clumsy row-boats have been laid up in a bend. These belong, properly, to a resident of Haldon, who has been in the habit of indulging himself in an occasional excursion from that town, over a pathway which passes through his grounds, and of which he has a clue to the water-side. Of latter years, his visits have been less frequent; not only because he has grown older, and less inclined to out-door exercise, but because, as he sometimes says, "It's kind o' lonesome there, and too grand wild for my spirits." Still, he has his two boats made fast in shadow, waiting for him: and which of us has not some mystery, aground in a cove, that might float us to a scene of beauty or sublimity?

Now, the thrifty village of Haldon is honored by containing the home of Miss Jenny Perley, Calla's friend. But Mr. John Bendleton, our earliest acquaint-

ance, is also a highly-esteemed friend of Miss Jenny Perley—in fact, could not be esteemed more highly. And he is no longer simple Mr. John Bendleton, but, as Miss J. P. is well aware, with an additional flush in her peachy cheeks, has a prefix to his name of "Rev.;" which, whether it means that he is to be revered, or that he is to be reviled, or that he is to be revised, or reversed, let his subsequent career establish. And indeed, if he have not a "D.D." for a suffix to his name, it is sometimes bestowed upon him as an additional prefix, when Miss Jenny is alone, or with nobody but Calla; and on one occasion it has even strayed into black and white, addressing him as "Dear, dear John Bendleton." Now, Bendleton—as we prefer to call him, in our homespun way, for old acquaintance sake—is "stationed" (so say the church reports) at a village ten miles further on than Haldon; though why they should report him stationed there is not quite clear, inasmuch as, far from being stationary, he is incessantly flitting over to Haldon. But Bendleton is an explorer, and a boatman, and an amateur of nature generally; and Jenny Perley thinks, upon the whole, that "the soul refreshes itself best in the sublimity of lacustrine loveliness," as one of her favorite authors has informed her. So that Bendleton—otherwise known as "Rev.," but sometimes sweetly termed "John," and "You, John, now!" and "Be still, John!" has made acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, the owner of the boats and the path. Following minute directions, they have reached the Verge, and launched their two rusty barks.

But who are their companions?

Here is our Calla, for one, in all her ardor and brilliant beauty, sojourning now with Jenny, ready to be taken anywhere—enjoying everything, and laughing out now and again, with that ringing laugh, which renews itself as if it could only

stop from a sense of duty, and has hard work to stop at all. And here is "father's friend," once more—the young hero, Arthur Ranier. He has come up to have "a high old time" with "old John," so he says, "if John will stop putting on his solemn airs." And if John must go down to see Jenny, why he will go along, and visit the Perleys, too. He "always liked those Perleys—they make a man so much at home."

"Look here, John, old boy! you brag on your rowing, don't you? Here are two boats. Now, you take your pick, for yourself and Miss Jenny; and we will take the other, if Miss Calla won't mind trusting me, and beat you across the lake."

The young ladies demur, modestly, on the score that either boat could hold them all (which, of a truth, it could, and two more besides, with perfect ease), and that it would save trouble (as, indeed, it would). But the two oarsmen, bantering and blustering at each other frightfully, and being so eager to try—"It would be a pity to spoil their sport, you know, Calla," whispers Jenny; and Calla, in a very indistinct voice, answers, "Of course, if you think so."

The result is, that the rival oarsmen, having deposited their fair umpires in the stern seats, row briskly a few paces, fierce for the water-fray; then begin to drift apart to opposite shores, and row very laggardly indeed. Before they get out of hearing of each other, however, they catch the cadences of Viva's chant, and, looking out, perceive the group of creatures as they disappear, and the fairy-like shallop apparently gliding across the sand of the bar which seems to them to be a solid floor. They gaze at one another in amazement, for some seconds, each curious to know how this prodigy impresses the rest.

The boats glide apart, and Bendleton permits his to drop with the tide, feathering an oar, now and again, just enough

to cause the boat to swerve and veer lazily toward a wooded island, which lifts its diminutive bulk about one-third of the way from the beach. Languidly the little craft falls back behind the island, while Ranier steers his vessel far out, toward the other side.

It is by no means disagreeable to either party, for the moment, to be alone on that liquid level. It is nice to have friends within call, when you need them. It is nice to have friends dropping conveniently out of range. Nooks are nice. Love-life—as most young hearts understand it—converts the world into a Verge Lake, with many an inlet and islet, from which to dart toward society, within which to glide beyond its reach.

Two long hours of delight. Happiness ardent, but tranquil. There are such hours spent on earth, and, most of all, upon the water. These buoyant hearts realize, that, before this day, they have never understood each other, nor themselves. Our familiar acquaintances are often like the most familiar books upon a centre-table—the more elegant, the less read. Your choice bound books and *souvenirs*, possessing a value in these very circumstances, seem to require less reading, and be meant rather to be looked at and taken for granted. Conventional society puts human fellowship before us in that attitude. We pick it up in broken moments. At most, we turn over the engravings. Reading at a centre-table is a superficial act. And such is reading hearts in social life. But, alone, with your favorite book or life, to read, is to be read. It is an understanding. Thus, these lives have not perceived each other's depth of soul until they meet in this depth of calm—Nature's own nook—with the water so deep below them—and opening everywhere above them, *the depth of height*—the azure deep never traversed, never closed.

Now, beginning to fathom one an-

other's real thoughts, they begin also to acquire a better knowledge of their individuality, in the same glance; even as the quiet surface of the lake—reflecting the face and form of either to the other, like a faithful full-length mirror—portrays their own glowing looks to each.

There is no musical instrument more musical than a row-boat, in its subdued sound of motion—the click of the oar in the thole-pin, the leap of the keel in the plash, keeping tone and time. The lovers—for they are lovers now, who share thought in a tone, and life in a look—enter upon a unity requiring no proposal—a volume, allowing neither preface nor introduction.

Many times, elsewhere, Arthur had prattled his romantic vows. But maidenhood only bridled at his “nonsense.” Always, as she thought, she—kept him off; always, as he complained, she—crushed him so. Now it is silence that asks, and therefore “silence gives consent.”

Their love makes a picture, set in this frame of glassy sheen and woodland fringe—a group painted, then and there, by that Artist who is a Creator, and who, when He produces such creations, fills out life's remainder with the further sittings and the finer touches of more perfect love. There falls upon them the spell of the unutterable—that speechlessness of loving which is its earliest charm. Not that they do not talk, and talk incessantly, and both gayly and rationally. It is love that hushes, and lets life prattle on. Instead of endearing adjectives, and Christian names mouthed glibly, then abridged, and adorned with petting particles tacked on, their communion becomes infinite, and the personality of either heart so enfolds the other, that names are not needed, nor phrases of appeal and iteration, such as we use chiefly to make one another sure of our attention, or to remind one another of relations and

claims. There is between these the access of being to being revealed already in a mystery, and they have ceased to call to one another, for their hearts have met.

The talk is not of themselves, at all, but from themselves, thus knit of all besides. Such is clearly the consonance of lives, when they compose one bigger, better life, to reach the world and bless it with their duplex blessedness—thoughts, uttering not notes distinct, but a single chord. And there is quite enough to talk about, in the animation that surrounds them. Now a little bird, with tufted top-knot—green and gold—dips its beak and shakes its wings with such a quivering pleasure, and throws back its head so quaintly. Now a water-lily curves its stalk into cunning curls; and, while Arthur slows the boat, Calla's white fingers brush through the silvery ripples—stretching out to draw the lily from its bed by its long stem, regale Arthur with its perfume, and hang it like a streamer over her own shoulder. Now a loon lifts himself from some distant bubble, breaking it into a crest, and, with plaintive cry, makes haste to mount out of sight. Presently, Calla—the more delicate tints of love's young blush concealed by the roseate bloom of health, the sparkling vivacity which is Nature's finest veil and true protection of all maiden modesty, and the grace of ingenuous confidence—ceasing to discuss what she sees, or describe what she has elsewhere seen, asks Arthur, with remarkable politeness and needless ceremony, “if it will not put him out,” to turn to the shore, and get for her a little crimson flower that is nestling in a dense mass of greenery, at a point too rocky to admit of any approach by land. He complies, and throws himself with such muscular pride upon the oars, that the boat darts like a bird, and threatens to dive like a fish.

The hush of the hours that have glid-

ed by gives place to hilarious agility. Calla's clear laugh rings out across the tide, and vibrates in the leaves on shore—a laugh of outward mirth at his spasmodic dutifulness, richly lined with inward pride and pleasure at the sign of his devotion. The boat thumps and quivers with a jar against the rocks, and creaks a little in the sand, as surprised at such sudden change of style, and inclined to complain.

Arthur leaps out, picks the little crimson flower, greenery and all—large quantities of moss and rootlets dangling with it. He espies a lovely white anemone, further up the bank, and gathers that. His eyes find flowers everywhere, such as at no other time would he have noticed. He is rapidly accumulating a botanical collection, big enough for a gardener, when his lady-love calls to him, with a tone that tries its best to affect a sharpness, “If you are going to stay forever, I am coming ashore.”

She steps out, evading his help, archly. Her quick taste detects several little, rare floral gems, which had seemed insignificant to him; but, with sweet tact, she adds them to his. He puts some of them in his bouquet, which might possibly be criticised as his bundle; then he hands that to her, and ventures to place one flower—the most delicate—in her rich brown hair, so reverently, that boldness and modesty mingle in caress.

She suffers her head to loiter an instant on that brave shoulder; their eyes mingle; their lips meet. The names they speak are spoken once, and more in music than in language.

It is their first kiss. Shall it be their last? She breaks away, and springs to her seat in the stern, while he tugs with glad pulses at the prow, which resists somewhat, being imbedded in the sand. With a tremendous burst of strength, however, he shoves off, steps quickly in, and resumes his place at the oar. Alas!

that eager dash upon the shore, and this vehement burst!

By the time the boat is in mid-channel again, one of the floor-planks of the rude old hulk—long laid by along shore, to be warped and rotted—suddenly yields the nails from its worm-eaten timber, and the water comes bubbling and gurgling in. At the rate of its ugly seething round their feet, it will take a very brief time to carry them to the bottom. The lake at this point is of uncertain fathoms, but very deep, and neither of them can swim.

The love, so royal in its radiance, becomes priestly in its sacredness. The look into one another's eyes is sacramental now, and the coral lips that parted in their flush and fervor, are compressed in their fidelity. Now words wax distinct, but deep and low.

“Arthur—dear Arthur—if we must go down together, take my hand in yours, just as we sink, and hold it to the last, so that we can go up together, when our souls fly away. But not until you know that we are drowning; for perhaps you might float until some one could come.” Calla says this calmly. “I want you to know now, how much I love you.”

“Don't talk so, darling,” Arthur answers. “You are an angel now. Scream as loud as you can, while I call. Maybe we can make John and Jenny hear us, or some one in the woods.”

And his manly voice rings, “Help—help!” while Calla tries to scream. But, who ever did succeed to scream that tried? It ends in a little cry, which the water swallows, and passing birds pity.

But John and Jenny are chattering in the distance, and Jenny is reciting verses to John of a more or less marine flavor, and prating of big shipwrecks and splendid rescues, never dreaming that a boat-wreck threatens to engulf the lives of those they love. The woods give back a dull echo to Arthur's shout, as much as to say: “It is sad, but we are

all alone, and can not help you. This is fate."

The boat steadily fills, until the rim is close down upon the surface, and they seem to be sitting on the bosom of the lake, which is as clear and blue as if it were the sky through which they are to make their happy way. Meantime, Arthur, though his heart is wrung at the thought that it is his love which has wrought this wretchedness, and his arm which has rowed his beautiful beloved to the jaws of death, does not lose his nerve. He pulls at the oars still, and keeps the sodden, sinking hull headed to shore, and even edging a little toward it under his tense and steady strain. Sometimes, indeed, by a little eddy of the current, the water seems to relent, and some of it runs out; for through another rent, higher in the side, much splashes out that had bubbled in—as often, in troublous and perilous times, one trial serves to relieve or dispossess another, and, instead of accelerating ruin, really retards it. And now the tide changes, and a light breeze springing up, adds further impetus. The boat moves sluggishly, sullenly, as loth to perish thus.

They are actually making toward shore. Is it in mockery, or shall they ever reach it?

"Dear Arthur, we might pray," whispers his love. A strange suggestion of family worship to be begun there by the couple, wedded thus in death.

"Heaven will hear you soonest, darling," he replies, with a tender smile. "Work is my best prayer."

The noble girl kneels solemnly on the watery floor, and her musical voice, that pealed so in the laugh, now thrills with the low quavers of brief, submissive supplication. The boat is certainly drawing toward the land, but just as surely settling; and shuddering now in imminence of the coming plunge, which will be its latest throb, it fairly gasps. At length

it comes closer to the angle where the sand-bar opens its narrow strait. A log has floated outward, and, twirled by the current, stretches lengthwise toward the floundering, sinking boat, from a shallow in the water, where it shows a sandy bed, a few feet beneath them. Such a poor, frail trust is as likely to bear them down as to give them any help. But drowning men catch at straws; and now the poor hull beneath them breathes its last, with a gurgling swoon, and pitches with a rushing sound of waters to its doom.

Arthur springs to the log, dragging Calla with him; and the very spring imparts a shoreward motion. Clinging and pressing to the log's tip, they flounder at length into a ford, caused by a narrow belt of sand that runs out about four feet under the surface, so that their shoulders emerge above the water, and breathlessly struggling, they find themselves safe, thank God! within the inlet, and swept upon the borders of the inner lake, the Little Verge. Verge Lake, of a truth, has this been to their lives, and through a narrow strait, rescues them, upon a little verge, at last.

But what spectacle now meets their view, when they have thrown the water from their eyes and mouths, and, with the force of gratitude and the reaction of healthy natures, are congratulating one another; and—yes—and have had another kiss? If they had wondered before, at the borders of Verge Lake, whether they might not have entered Fairy Land, or have come by chance upon one of those mystic and magnetic centres of the earth, which are to its ordinary laws of life what vital organs are to the human frame, they are made sure of it at the first glimpse of Little Verge. Perhaps the literal Eden remains hidden in the clefts of Ararat, and undiscovered to this day. But, beyond a doubt, there are many Edens unexplored and undiscovered, where the at-

mosphere, by some chemistry of its own—the landscape, by its configuration—and the soil, by a temperature engendered through some influence beneath its crust, become superior to any laws of latitude and longitude. Here they find such a spot, inclosed, concealed, unknown to man at large. A tongue-shaped meadow puts out from the woods, which, deepening and darkening still more closely here than on the borders of the larger lake, yet fall back to make room for this platform of fertility. It is flush with the plushiest grass, over which two trees bend till their tops mingle. All the rest of its surface is a clear, virgin meadow, of several acres in extent, without a pebble or a knoll upon it, sloping gently toward the shore.

Beached close in the angle next to this meadow, nestles the little shallop; and, seated under a tree, propping herself against its trunk, her pure brow bare, the child Viva muses. On one side, the deer stretches himself at full length, in perfect self-possession; while, at her left hand a greyhound crouches, just as tranquilly—in some strange way the instinct of blood being quenched, for he looks as kindly upon the antlers of the deer as within the eyes of his mistress. Every now and then, the child calls a bird to her side by an imitation of its peculiar note. A bobolink flutters down, perches on her shoulder, and rolls out his cataract of song. When he flies away, she gives a shriller note, and a blue-jay alights upon the ground, turtling at her feet. A little yellow-bird, and a tiny wren, whisk to and fro about her, as they might about a shrub of balsam-bark, or bush of luscious berry.

Presently Viva rises, and turns round, poising her head in posture to utter her song; but, standing before her, sees our two lovers, just come back to consciousness, yet almost forgetful of their bedraggled plight, in entrancement at the spectacle. At sight of them, the

sybil of the spot becomes a child again, and, as it were, a woman, full of genial impulse.

Thereupon ensues a greeting for which this chronicle doth vouch, tax as it may the reader's confidence. Clapping her hands together, and so dispersing all her inferior attendants, except the slumbering greyhound, Viva trips right down to where the lovers stand, flies up to Calla's breast, and kisses her.

"You sweet," she cries, "you are the very one. You have been in the wet and cold, but you have found your way. O, you have found your way!"

Calla, for the first time, bursts into a flood of tears.

"We have lost our way, kind lady—child," says Arthur, correcting himself, for he knows not which to call her.

"Lost and found! lost and found!" she answers. "She has found her way. Come, let us go. O, come," she adds, entreatingly, seeing them hesitate. "I saw you in my dream. You were at the water's side, where the ships move; in the house upon the hill that looks out upon the sea, where they went to find the lost. I saw you that night. I have seen you more than once. Come, we will soon get home."

Puzzled, and almost superstitiously disturbed, Arthur Ranier, nevertheless, lets his sound sense and manly courage tell him that there is nothing else to do but follow this guide, while Calla finds her heart warm toward her in a manner unaccountable. Viva puts to her lips the silver whistle that hangs at her girdle. She takes the hound's head between her two hands, placing the palms under his long, lapping ears, gazes into his eyes, and tells him something which he appears to understand, for he springs from her side and darts across the meadow, disappearing in the woods as in fresh scent of a chase.

"You beauty! you beauty!" Viva says again to Calla; "they'll come and

bring old Ben to carry you." Then to Arthur: "This is a Jubilee day at Ultrawa. Senior Gabriel comes home. Would you like to hear them sing, and see them all together at the Council? But, tell me"—tapping him with a flower in her hand, while looking lovingly into Calla's eyes, and waxing very sedate in her manner and solemn in her tones—"is he good, Dear; is he all good?"

Love answers with a look, which seems to fill the child with joy. Then she bursts into song, until the woods swoon in the ecstasy.

It is not long before the greyhound comes panting back, licking the hands of his mistress, and looking up into her eyes for a glance of reward, whereupon she gravely kisses him.

Shortly afterward—tramp—tramp—the sound of footsteps—one of them with an unmistakable hitching of the gait—and through the thicket, by a winding path, comes coal-black Ben once more. Another man, evidently an Ultrawan, of sober mien, brings up the rear, followed by a stout pony, upon which Ben lifts Calla, who is beginning to be very weak; so that really Ben carries her, guiding the pony by the mane with one hand, with the other steadying her in her seat, and walking by her side. Viva encourages her to lay her hand on his shoulder for support, while she skips

or dances in front. "Lean on old Ben, you beauty, Dear. He knows all the stones."

Before they start, the Ultrawan takes the precaution to put to their lips a flask containing an aromatic liquid of pure amber hue, which they no sooner quaff than it seems to make them strong and fresh. So they go gently on, through the wild but beautiful glade, till they come out upon the carpet-plain of Ultrawa itself.

"What will they do when they miss the boat?" suddenly inquires Arthur.

"They will be sure we went down," answers Calla, with a shiver.

"God will show them what to do," says Viva.

"We will send you back when you are rested," remarks the practical Ultrawan.

"Fotch dem to eat fust, Boss," remonstrates Ben, in nowise overawed. "Dis chile's done gone dat hungry his ownsef. Wid de bressed wecks, wot mus' dey be, Boss? Boss! dem yer cookies done gone out o' my trowsis pocket, den. Dere's plenty more in Ultrawy, missy. You mus' eat your shears down dere. Don't 'low nobody dere but wot kin eat. Eh, Boss! yah, yah. 'Tank Gor Amighty," Ben adds, incongruously, but with real reverence.

And they alight in Ultrawa, when sunset shadows spread upon the sward.

SIERRAS.

Like fragments of an uncompleted world,
 From icy bleak Alaska, white with spray,
 To where the peaks of Darien lie curled
 In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and gray.
 The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay,
 Forget the compass here ; with sturdy hand
 They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
 The ship to shore by snowy peaks that stand
 The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

They stand, white stairs of heaven—stand, a line
 Of climbing, endless, and eternal white.
 They look upon the far and flashing brine,
 Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
 Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
 Of time is underneath their untopped towers.
 They seem to push aside the moon at night,
 To jostle and unloose the stars. The flowers
 Of Heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand, a line of lifted snowy isles,
 High held above a tossed and tumbled sea —
 A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles :
 White pyramids of Faith, where man is free ;
 White monuments of Hope, that yet shall be
 The mounts of matchless and immortal song. . . .
 I look far down the hollow days ; I see
 The bearded prophets, simple-souled and strong,
 That fill the hills and thrill with song the heeding throng.

Serene and satisfied ! supreme ! white, lone
 As God, they loom above cloud-banners furled ;
 They look as cold as kings upon a throne :
 The mantling wings of night are crushed and curled
 As feathers curl. The elements are hurled
 From off their bosoms, and are bidden go,
 Like evil spirits, to an under-world.
 They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico,
 A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.

ETC.

Reciprocal Relations of Author and Publisher.

The interests of author and publisher are pre-eminently reciprocal. It is true, this interdependence and confraternity of service may at any time be ignored, or disregarded, but the principle remains unchanged, and, in order to secure the highest advantage to both parties, it must be recognized and practiced. As in the family, or in auspicious business copartnerships, that which is for the benefit and happiness of the individual, contributes to the profit and pleasure of all concerned, so, in the closely reciprocal relations of author and publisher, does the wise forethought and energy of the one subserve and advance the highest interests of the other—those interests being co-ordinate and co-extensive. In a still broader sense are the nations of the earth coming slowly to understand the principle of international comity and good-fellowship, which has its foundation in the universal brotherhood of man. What the world most needs to day, is a dispensation of largeness that shall baptize parent and child, master and servant, preceptor and pupil, artisan and apprentice, employer and employed, with the beneficent spirit of “togetherness,” and make them feel a oneness of effort, even as there is a oneness of life. Community of labor, community of interest, community of endeavor, community of recompense—just here lies the problem of the advancing age. In the wise recognition and enforcement of these principles is to be ultimately secured the highest good of all.

There exists no business relation which involves a greater degree of mutual dependence than that of author and publisher. There is none that can be made more pleasant and advantageous, by the exercise of a mutual confidence, and a clear-eyed loyalty. The basis of all assured and harmonious interchange is a well-established confidence, and confidence implies two things—the object

that can inspire it, and the soul that can appreciate it. Many of the misunderstandings which inevitably arise in the province of literary labor are unquestionably due to the excessive nervous sensibility of workers in this field. Of all sensitive organizations, the finely-cut mental organism ranks highest, if we may, perhaps, except the exquisite musical intelligence. Hence, the increased danger of misapprehension and misconception. The more exalted the taste, the more refined the sensibility, the more lively the imagination, the more brilliant the genius, the more susceptible to offense, and the more alive to suffering. That sensibility which thrills every fibre of the being to the conception of the most exquisite productions, makes the heart vulnerable, also, to the most subtle suggestion of pain. Just here is the rock on which has been wrecked many a promising literary alliance, many a sincere and valued literary friendship.

It is undoubtedly true that literature, as an occupation, is but poorly remunerative; and, as a rule, the more exalted the work the more meagre the return. But this is not the fault of the publisher, but the penalty a man must pay for living in advance of his age, for being born before the world is prepared to appreciate his superb genius. Such men must expect to be the loneliest of mortals, and the most poorly recompensed for their life-work while they live; but coming generations will rise up to call them blessed. The publisher suffers in common with the author. Transcendent genius, whether of a literary or musical type, must ever create the taste requisite to its comprehension and enjoyment. Meantime, author and publisher must be content to accept meagre compensation, and patiently await a fitting recognition. Truth is rewarded if she can but secure a hearing. Froude, in his inaugural address at the University of St. Andrews, beautifully expresses

the same truth, where he says: "Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought, and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind done hastily would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward of it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money, except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought." Then, after instancing many brilliant names, who have made the world debtor to their marvelous genius, but who, with it all, obtained but a meagre subsistence, and whose fame was largely posthumous, he wisely concludes: "Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor; care only for what is true, and right, and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind, in return, may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter."

And the struggle applies with equal pertinency to both author and publisher. They share a common experience. Good and ill-fortune are alike reciprocal. In the charming memoir of Robert Chambers, recently reviewed in *THE OVERLAND*, we have delightful hints of the mutual encouragement and aid that authors and publishers may afford each other. Among the latest and most fervent utterances of this renowned publisher, we note the following: "It can be easily shown, of all duties said to be owing to ourselves, that they are, more comprehensively, duties owing to society. There is, in short, but one rule of duty in the world, and that is summed in 'Love your neighbor.'"

In this connection, also, we publish with great pleasure an autograph letter of Washington Irving to his publisher, George P. Putnam, recently deceased, which has been

kindly placed in our possession by a warm friend and admirer of that genial, unpretentious, appreciative, and renowned author:

SUNNYSIDE, December 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your parcel of books reached me on Christmas morning; your letter, not being addressed to Dearman, went to Tarrytown, and did not come to hand until to-day.

My nieces join with me in thanking you for the beautiful books you have sent us, and to you and Mrs. Putnam our wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year.

For my own especial part, let me say how sensibly I appreciate the kind tone and expressions of your letter; but as to your talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part, and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived throughout all our intercourse from your amiable, obliging, and honorable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy.

That these dealings have been profitable has been mainly owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings, when — had almost persuaded me they were defunct. You called them again into active existence, and gave them a circulation, that, I believe, has surprised even yourself. In rejoicing at their success, my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it.

Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, tasteful, and liberal mode of conducting it merits, and is calculated to insure, and again invoking on you and yours a happy New-Year,

I remain, very truly and heartily, yours.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, ESQ.

Could there be more of this hearty interchange of fellowship and fraternity between author and publisher, intellectual toil would be cheered and ennobled thereby, and both parties would find in this mutual co-operation the very best tonic to insure the strength requisite to a full and final success.

Bread on the Waters.

The practical spirit of the age is every day manifested in the novel qualifications of its charities. It is no longer "better to give than to receive;" but it is unquestionably best to cast one's bread upon the waters—after having received security for its return within sixty or ninety days, as the case may be. The munificent gift of a pioneer, that has lately called forth much comment, is an ex-

ample of the modern spirit of benevolence. Probably Mr. Lick might, if he chose, build a temple for the Academy of Sciences, and thus perfect the gift of the land, which is at present untenable. He prefers to donate the naked real estate, with a proviso that will heavily involve the Academy, and which, at best, is a questionable benefit. Probably there are a score of capitalists in California who can better afford to build factories and furnish them, thereby giving employment to multitudes of the class we are at present so puzzled to know what to do with, than to hazard their fortunes in the stock-market. The increase of manufactures would necessitate the rapid development of the resources of the country; and where a dollar is invested, an impetus must follow that will make itself felt through every department of growth and manufacture, from the seed to the retail salesman of the completed article. It is like the ripple that follows the fall of the pebble into the pool; it enlarges in all directions, and is only obliterated by the shore itself. Let us

hope that there are those who are far-sighted enough to see how general will be the benefits arising from a judicious investment on time.

Promethean Fire.

You have heard and know Prometheus' story?
He it was who brought down fire from Heaven.
In the hollow of a reed he hid it,
So they say; but I have my opinion.
Know you, then, our very famous poets
Draw their inspiration from tobacco—
Through cigars the fire Promethean sucking:
This the reed which old Prometheus carried—
Nothing but a roll of sweet tobacco.
We have found his reed once more, we moderns,
With its soft fire smoldering, internal,
Whence we roll and wreath the mists of dreamland.
Poor Prometheus!—bad effects of smoking—
Suffered ever after with his liver:
Not uncommon penalty of smoking.
Have you got a light there for me? Thank you.
Yes, I am fond of smoking: I confess it.
Wrong of him to bring cigars down to us,
Doubtless; but if I had been Prometheus,
Verily I think I would have done it.

G. P. L.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. II., 1842-1852. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Everyone's work carries with it a moral, and so every labor has its value. If it has no intrinsic worth in itself, it is good for the lesson it teaches. Forster's life of Dickens has its value. It is good for the lesson it teaches. It has its greatest moral significance for writers who are hero-worshippers and would-be biographers. It is like a guide-board pointing the way one must not go; but, unlike the board, which is content with its inaction, it has traveled far on the broad road to destruction. Destruction, the goal of that journey, is the cemetery of the reputations of ambitious but indiscreet authors.

While one gives Mr. Forster praise enough for his industry, he can not help feeling that his compassion is more largely drawn upon than he would wish, and that he sees, more clearly than one likes to have thrust before

his eyes, the personal weaknesses of the biographer. It would seem as though Mr. Forster had been living all the time, waiting for his friend Dickens to die, that he might have the opportunity of writing his life. It would be at once a memento of both these life-long friends—a tribute to Dickens, and a monument perpetuating the literary fame of Forster. The possibility of its proving neither the one nor the other could never have occurred to him. It is a weakness of our mortality that we can not, any of us, see into the middle of next week.

An impression early made upon Mr. Forster's readers, is, that Dickens had high regard for Forster; and, as if with some solicitude lest that should not be regarded as the great, controlling fact of his life, and might be forgotten, it is given to the reader with conscientious fidelity and at constantly recurring intervals, from the beginning of the first narration of their intimacy to the end of the sec-

ond volume. We are confident that the third volume, now in embryo, will also contain evidences of it. And as we find wedged into our contemplations of Dickens this fact personal to his biographer, it is not, perhaps, humane to refrain from a certain lack of sympathy with Forster, and to be excited by certain hopes of the final condemnation of this second personage, of whose personal life and characteristics no especial desire is alive in the breast of the reader anxious for the facts of Dickens' life. And as the evidence is repeatedly offered in these pages of this intimacy, and the reader, always exasperated, keeps on despite thereof to the end, his first concluding reflection is that he knows too much of Mr. Forster and too little of Mr. Dickens.

Even the most patient reader, we venture to assert, would be happy to gain the ear of this biographer before he should commence his third and concluding volume—if it is to be the concluding volume—and beg of him a sacrificial indulgence of no further allusions to the indispensability of J. Forster to the life and prosperity of the subject of his memoirs. Every one of us feels that Forster has had the advantage of us; that he has seized this, the opportunity of his own life-time, to do a good thing for himself; that he has humiliated us and made us his victims; that he has cunningly taken this occasion to write his own life—all that has been important—and weave it clandestinely into the narrative of Dickens' life; and, that, drawing upon his own quotation of the self-commendatory remark of an aspiring painter displaying his own work, "Those rabbits have more nature in them than you commonly find in rabbits," this biography of Dickens has more lives in it than you commonly find in one biography.

For the sake of peace in reading the next volume, we are willing to concede almost everything that he claims for himself. According to his own showing, he was the constant and (no other appearing) only counselor to the great novelist in settling the distracting questions of his busy life. He said and did quite a number of good things, which, as it was not enough that Dickens himself appreciated and thanked him for, all the rest of the world will be slow to begrudge him the acknowledgment of, if he can stand, at the

same time, the world's estimate of him, which naturally follows. Mr. Forster's point seems to be that Dickens was a great novelist, but his judgment as to practical life was defective. That defectiveness was made harmless by a corresponding and supplementing quality of good judgment in Forster. Therefore, he was of especial service to Dickens. *Ergo*, their lives ought to be as much as practicable, and as the world will endure, written at once, and inclosed between the same covers. Our witnesses to this supplementary quality of the biographer are present in clouds. "Little Nell" would have lived, and been, perhaps, useless as an instrument of pathetic feeling, but that Mr. Forster instigated the author to the death-blow. Mr. Dickens would read Shakspeare, "Make arms against a sea of troubles," instead of "Take arms," etc., but Forster assured him his judgment was untrustworthy, and his commentary weak. Mr. Dickens was hard at work on *Dombey*, and didn't know if he could omit his Christmas story. Mr. Forster complacently tells his readers, that, "Upon the other point, I had no doubt of the wisdom of delay. The result was that the Christmas story was laid aside until the following year." When Dickens was about to commence *David Copperfield*, "a suggestion that he should write it in the first person, by way of change, had been thrown out by me, which he took at once very gravely; and this, with other things, though as yet not dreaming," etc., "conspired to bring about that resolve." Dickens thought of calling that volume *Mag's Diversions*. "This," writes Mr. Forster, "was hardly satisfactory, I thought," and when he hit upon the name *David Copperfield*, he never thought of that remarkable fact "that the initials were but his own reversed; but he was much startled," adds his biographer, "when I (O, subtle Forster!) pointed this out." Mr. Dickens gave to Mr. Dick a delusion "which I [J. F.] thought a little too farcical," and such being the case, Dickens told Forster his "suggestion was sound," and he had acted upon it. Mr. Dickens was all afloat for an assistant editor of the periodical afterward issued as *Household Words*, and "Mr. Wills was chosen at my suggestion." Mr. Dickens was at one time annoyed "by a jesting allusion to him-

self in the *Daily News*, . . . and asked me to forward a remonstrance. Having a strong dislike to all such displays of sensitiveness," says Mr. Forster, "I suppressed the letter," and kept it to make a page in his life of his friend. Dickens, poor fellow! needed a friend like Forster; and Forster, good fellow! was happy to serve as the friend whom Dickens needed.

Everybody can thus see that we must, whether we will or no, concede that Mr. Forster was born for Dickens, or that Dickens was born for Forster, and that Forster at times knew a thing or two. And conceding so much, we have to concede, also, that it may be quite fair for Forster to insert these little facts somewhat personal to himself, and having very little connection with what is absolutely for insertion in a life of Dickens; as for instance, that, while Dickens was to deliver a prologue of Talfourd's in Manchester, "a similar address by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was to be spoken by me [J. F.] in Liverpool;" that, on the occasion of a party of amateurs playing 'Every Man in His Humor,' I [J. F.] played Kitely, and Bobadil fell to Dickens," and "Mr. Forster," wrote Leigh Hunt, "delivered the verses of Ben Jonson with a musical flow and a sense of their grace and beauty unknown, I believe, to the recitation of actors at present;" that, on the 5th of September, 1847, Dickens alluded to "Goldsmith, whose life I [J. F.] was then bringing nearly to completion;" that when "Lemon played Falstaff, I [J. F.] took again the jealous husband;" that sometimes when the farce of "Not so Bad as We Seem" was played, Mr. Forster was too sick or too busy to be on hand, and "substitutes had to be found." These may seem to be facts of no stirring interest to general readers, but if the general reader's judgment is no better than Mr. Dickens' was, it is probable we shall all have to give in to Mr. Forster.

While we are willing thus, with some reluctance, to grant most of what Mr. Forster claims, we only halt at the last concession, which seems to follow from it all, that, without Forster, Dickens would have been a failure. That would be so humiliating, that, although without it, Mr. Forster will go on in his third volume in the same complacent

and tedious way, garrulous of unimportant facts and persistently oblivious of the existence of any other intimacy or friendship of Dickens', save this with his biographer, we shall have to let his hand continue its work in its accustomed way.

And yet Forster may be right, after all. It may be that we, who did not know Dickens, have expected in his biography a narrative of what were not facts. And, after the unrewarded toil and endurance of a passage through these two volumes, we may lay our heads back and propound interrogatories and answer them ourselves. Did Dickens have any private life worth writing about? No, he did not. Did Dickens think the sun rose and set first in himself and secondly in Forster, excepting in the rare cases when it rose and set first in Forster and secondly in himself? We are constrained to believe he did. Did Dickens use Forster as a target at which to shoot off his superfluous gushings, which, when afterward strained and filtered, were useful as new volumes for turning a few more honest pennies? Quite likely. Did Dickens write no letters worth reading to any one but Forster, and did not most of the humor of those consist in his assuming to write as a piece of vulgarity of the lowest stratum of humanity, and in the bad spelling which some have learned to consider as a concealment of the fact of their real insipidity? It seems so. Was Dickens, first and last, an author only, whose works are in many respects admirable, but whose personality is not in the least worth inquiring about, so long as we remember that Forster was his friend? We suppose he was such a blighted being. And Forster—was and is he not an honest chronicler, with a certain degree of modesty? It may be so.

After all, query as we will, and answer as we will, every one feels a disappointment in Dickens as a man, which is of consequence, and in Forster as a biographer, which really is not. In all this second volume, we are told almost nothing that we did not know before, save what was not worth knowing, then or now. We leave off with the addition to our previous knowledge of Dickens' habits of walking, of a harassing doubt as to whether Forster does not also walk a good deal, and also as to whether Forster likes it

as much as Dickens did. This Forster does not tell. Then we find our interest transferred for the nonce from Dickens to Forster, and the sad thought occurs to us that in the future some illegitimate use may yet be made of this life of Dickens, by some ardent friend of Forster, and that said friend may poach upon Forster's work, and cruelly abbreviate it into, say, one or two volumes, and, leaving out a few irrelevant details of Dickens' life, publish it as a loving tribute to Forster, and a memoir of him, under a new title, such as *John Forster, His Life and Times*. We do not consider the job an impossible one. And we are not sure, either, but that, having fulfilled its purpose as a life of Dickens, which it will very shortly do, such ought to be its happy fate. The fault we find with it goes to its substance and performance, and not to its spirit. Forster has tried with conscientious industry to acquit himself of his work of duty to his friend. The impediments in his way have been his vanity and self-love, his misapprehension of what in Dickens' life would interest those who admired him as an author, his failure to be conscious that there was nothing in Dickens' life on which to build a voluminous biography, such as should, by way of compensation, add to his biographer's reputation. We imagine Mr. Forster replying to us that his friend Dickens would not begrudge him any little glory he might get from an association of their names. It may be that he would say, too, that the next best thing to going to heaven is to have tender memories of one now in that imaginary realm. Yet we can not but doubt much, if his biographer will, even in this manner, partake much, if any, of Dickens' immortality.

MODERN LEADERS. By Justin McCarthy.
New York: Sheldon & Company.

The author of the present compilation has presented to the public an intensely interesting and readable book. It comprises a series of biographical sketches, originally published in the *Galaxy*, which, at the time of their publication, were warmly received, and elicited general commendation. The sketches do not assume to be either purely critical, or simply biographical. The opinions given are based mainly upon a personal knowledge of the individuals discussed, and not upon the mere

ipse dixit of travelers, books, and newspapers. And in his brief prefatory remarks, the author assures the reader, that in every instance the character sketches are the result of close observation, and that appreciation of the originals which comes from familiar and habitual intercourse with those who know them, and submit them to studious and earnest criticism.

During the four years which have elapsed since the first of the series made its appearance, many and important changes have taken place, involving the career and destiny of prominent characters of whom he writes. But what was then true, has not been rendered untrue by any change of fortune; and the writer has no desire "to rub out yesterday, because of to-day." In this connection, he makes suggestive reference to the Prince of Wales, as having changed for the better; to Mr. Mill, as having withdrawn from the active warfare of political life; to Mr. Bright, as an exile from the scenes of parliamentary debate and triumph; and, had the publication been a little longer delayed, he might have added, concerning Louis Napoléon, not alone that he was wandering in exile, but that he had forever taken leave of earthly defeats and triumphs. There is a sadly prophetic significance in what Mr. McCarthy wrote, almost three years since, of "The Real Louis Napoléon." "The recent elections, and the events succeeding them, only demonstrate the failure of imperialism, or Cæsarism, after a trial and after opportunities such as it probably will never have again in Europe. I certainly do not expect any complete collapse during the present reign. Doubtless the machine will outlast the third Emperor's time. He has sense and dexterity enough to trim his sails to each breeze that passes, and he will, probably, hold the helm till his right-hand loses its cunning with its vital power. But I see no evidence whatever which induces me to believe that he has founded a dynasty, or created an enduring system of any kind. Some day, France will shake off the whole thing, like a nightmare. . . . I think it is high time that we were done with the melo-dramatic, dime-romance, darkly mysterious Louis Napoléon of the journals. He belongs to the race of William Tell, the Wandering Jew, the Flying

Dutchman, the Sphinx (to whom he is so often compared), the mermaid, the sea-serpent, Byron's Corsair, and Thaddeus of Warsaw."

What the author says in his sketch of "Eugénie, Empress of the French," has the same touch of prophetic inspiration, and intuitive insight into human character and motives. Speaking of the Empress as a political failure, he adds: "Posterity will probably see her, and appreciate her sufficiently, in her portrait by Winterhalter—a name, a vague memory, and a smooth, fair picture, with bright complexion, shining hair, and noble shoulders, alone carrying down to other times the history of the third Napoléon's wife. Only great misfortunes could redeem her from this destiny of half-oblivion; and history has names enough that are burnt by misfortunes into eternal memory, and might well spare hers. . . . There was a time when it seemed as if the Empress Eugénie was likely to make for herself an odious fame, as the chief patroness of a conspiracy against the religious and political liberties of the south of Europe. Let us hope, that in her future career she may be saved from any such temptation, and that she may be kept, as much as possible, out of all political complications where religion interferes." The writer is likely to see his fervent hopes fulfilled.

In John Ruskin, the author seems to recognize no great qualities but his eloquence, and his true, honest love of Nature. His devotion to Carlyle, he considers Ruskin's chief misfortune; and in endeavoring to apply the dogmas of this great philosopher to the business of art, social life, and politics, he affirms that Ruskin has talked and written an amount of nonsense almost inconceivable. Perhaps, if there is any work of Ruskin's that may be stamped as an echo of Carlyle, both in teaching and tendency, it is *Fors Clavigera: Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain*; and though somewhat desultory, erratic, and unsymmetrical, it most assuredly could not be called nonsensical. Like Carlyle, he goes prancing over all sorts of fields at once, instead of confining his explorations to one definite locality at one given time. He "leaps in unimpeded jerks," and snatches bits of fact or fancy from here, there, and everywhere, and stands not on the

order of arrangement. Under such circumstances, inequalities may be expected. But the strange compound is made up of strength, beauty, and glowing truth. The odd mosaic may hint of an ill-ventilated, too closely-shuttered attic, but, surely, not of "the cap and bells." Eccentricities and incongruities of style may detract from the beauty and finish of an author; ill-digested views and illogical deductions may render nugatory any given scheme of philosophy; reckless and over-daring leadership may bring disaster to the grandest enterprises: but any and all of these should not disqualify for a just appreciation of genius, and a proper recognition of lofty and suggestive thought. Hence, we feel a twinge of ill-concealed regret as we peruse the somewhat severe criticism of John Ruskin; but find ourselves disposed to pardon Mr. McCarthy when we see him making the *amende honorable* in the final summing-up, thus: "As Rousseau was always faithful to his idea of Truth, so Ruskin is ever faithful to Nature. When all his errors, and paradoxes, and contradictions shall have been utterly forgotten, this his great praise will remain: No man, since Wordsworth's brightest days, ever did half so much to teach his countrymen, and those who speak his language, how to appreciate and honor that silent Nature which 'never did betray the heart that loved her.'" M. Taine, in his *Notes on England*, in speaking of Ruskin, calls him an earnest, impassioned, and original writer, perfectly competent, very studious, very popular, and possessing a thoroughly English intellect; and adds: "Nothing is more precious than personal, independent, and well ordered impressions, especially when, like his, they are boldly expressed; they lead us to reconsider our own." Such is the tribute paid by the great French historian and philosopher to John Ruskin. Taking this in connection with Mr. McCarthy's *critique*, we are forced to exclaim, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country!"

The sketch of Charles Reade (without the slightest intention of punning) is among the most readable of the series; but the confession that he (Mr. McCarthy) has no sympathy whatever with the kind of criticism which treats any of Mr. Reade's works as immoral

in tendency, is a little surprising. How Mr. McCarthy can see that which is "healthy, purifying, and bracing, like a fresh, strong breeze," in *Griffith Gaunt* and the *Terrible Temptation*, is a matter of marvel. Even granting that Mr. Reade's purposes, in all his writings, were well-defined, pure, and exalted, we should strongly demur to his mode of bringing about the same, and also to the agencies and plots which he devises for the development of those purposes. Perhaps the author's estimate of his literary genius is not far from just, when he calls him "a magnificent specimen of the modern special correspondent, endowed with the additional and unique gift of a faculty for throwing his report into the form of a thrilling story." His assertion, that Mr. Reade does not belong to the front rank of English novelists, will not be likely to be denied.

Rev. Charles Kingsley — one of the most charming writers on modern science, and one of its most popular expositors — has been most carefully and fully sketched by the able author. Personal facts in regard to the early career of this gifted man are minutely detailed; but Kingsley's real existence, he affirms, began and developed under the leadership and guidance of that remarkable man, Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice (whose *In Memoriam* has been elsewhere noted in this table of review, in connection with the work of Haweis) — a man whose spirit seemed to infuse new soul and sense into a whole generation — a man of whom the writer just referred to, in somewhat exaggerated phrase, declares: "All that I know of theology, all that I ever felt to be true about religion, I owe to Mr. Maurice." This great character, this grand influence, stamped his ineffaceable influence upon Charles Kingsley, one of his earliest and most ardent pupils. Mr. Kingsley, as every intelligent reader knows, is a fair exponent of that form of English mind that chiefly loves demonstrated facts, whether external or internal, of which every one may gain experience from within or without. In him religious feeling is nicely blended with careful scientific observation; intelligent philosophy, with useful knowledge; and all this is directly traceable to the magnetic influence of that mind by which he was guided and taught — by a moral and spiritual tutorship that did

not believe in "a religion sitting apart on the cold Olympian heights of dogmatic theology, and looking down with dignified disdain upon the common life and vulgar toils of humanity. He held, that a church, if it is good for anything, ought to be able to meet, fair and square, the challenge of the skeptic and infidel, and that it ought to concern itself about all that concerns men and women."

The sketches of George Elliot, Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton), Brigham Young, and Louis Adolphe Thiers, possess an interest that reluctantly contents itself with brief mention, where so much might be said.

Mr. McCarthy makes no pretensions to the position of a Macaulay, Freeman, Froude, or Taine; but the work which he has essayed to do has been eminently well done. He is industrious in his collection of facts, artistic in his grouping of the same, patient in research, thorough in his analysis of motives, conscientious in his adherence to truth, and, for the most part, accurate in his statements. There is a pleasant versatility of incident woven in with historic detail, and a just appreciation of the common-place. There is moderation and fairness, coupled with strength and judicial criticism. Those who have read his *Lady Judith* know somewhat of his descriptive talent, realistic power, and eloquent enthusiasm. The present compilation will not fail to add to the already high literary reputation of its popular author.

MRS. SKAGGS'S HUSBANDS, and other Sketches. By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

This is a new publication by Messrs. Osgood & Company, of a collection of matter, some of it very old — that is, in the literary life of the author; some of it only comparatively new — that is, in the memory of most readers of magazines; and one story (that which gives title to the present volume) never before offered as a contribution to literature. Of the last-named, we may say it has a flavor somewhat akin to the best, though not by any means equal to the best, this author has written. But the whole volume has a moral suggestion, which, we presume, the author did not intend. It would be a fortunate

thing, for many of us, if it were not true that every act of our lives has its significance; and if it is not effective in the accomplishing of what we seek by it, at least points a moral. This volume seems like an anxious outlook toward immortality—another little claim put forth, at the instigation of vanity, for a niche in the halls of memory. If the author should quickly answer us (as we are too conscious he might), that he had another motive—a desire for pecuniary gain—in gathering up all these loose compositions of his Sophomoric days, we might modestly concede somewhat to his confession. But, getting away from the influence of such a concession, for the sake of a purely literary estimate of this collection of tit-bits, it seems much like a bag of something a trifle better than old rags—say, rags of a somewhat superior quality, such as we get an extra half-cent a pound for, and such as are used, in the most literal sense, for making books—but still, rags. There is a variety in the bag. Here is the newest story, like a stray bit of dress silk; here are some, among those entitled “Legends and Tales”—as the “Legend of Monte del Diablo,” and “The Adventure of Padre Vicentio”—like silk of another kind, pretty enough when new, but now a trifle worn, and, on examination, not to be utterly thrown away, but to be put among the rags of value; here is, among the so-called “Urban Sketches,” one or two—“The Venerable Impostor,” and “The Surprising Adventures of Master Charles Summerton”—little pieces of fine linen, and, feeling of its texture, we really feel as if a good many of such bits would make the nicest kind of a book; then there is “Melons,” and “Sidewalkings,” and “Charitable Reminiscences,” and “How Santa Claus came to Simpson’s Bar,” and “The Legend of Devil’s Point”—like ambitious remnants of cambric and light fabrics, which have an air of being something better than they are, till they are examined; and there are “The Princess Bob and her Friends,” and “The Christmas Gift that came to Rupert,” and “Neighborhoods I have Moved from,” like bits of cheap muslin and aspiring calicoes; and with the rest, “Mr. Thompson’s Prodigal,” and “The Poet of Sierra Flat,” and “A Boy’s Dog,” and “The Ruins of San Francisco,” like

scraps of economical prints, that are made for shop-windows, and get early into the rag-bag, under condemnation because they will not wash.

It is not often given to man to be always wise. If one never outgrows the sensation of his boyish successes, and the flatteries of early friends stick to one’s vanity, like the molasses of his first confections, it will go to prove that he is not of such an age in his judgment as can do without an attendant friend to bring something a little damp, to remove that which adheres. Most of the poets of yesterday, as well as of to-day, have sung their own earliest songs so much to themselves, that they could and can never bear to see a collection of their music, unless it begins with their nursery lisplings, and includes all that any one has touched with the gilding-brush of flattery, down to their latest epic aspirations; and while poets may find such license in the concession that they are men of genius, and hence have always a foolish side, writers of prose may forego that weakness, unless they think it indispensable to a claim for appreciation. As a matter of mental development, writers have a right to some indulgence if they put into periodicals of the week or month contributions of unequal merit, many of which are, and should be, published anonymously. As a matter of literary consideration, the proportion of almost any man’s casual writings worthy of being reprinted, and of demanding a second attention from readers, is small. The author may justify his love of approbation, of course, by saying that no one need buy his book; but if his wishes are gratified rather by the pecuniary return from the publishers than in the commendation of those who are more willing to praise good literature than to condemn unliterary greed, he has one advantage, in an increased weight to his purse; while we have the other advantage, in the fulfillment of a just critic’s obligations to his readers, though it carries some severity upon the author’s work.

A part of Mr. Harte’s volume—the smallest part—is excellent. Some of it was well enough for ephemeral reading. The most of it will not add to the writer’s fame; and if not, then better left to its natural obscurity. And yet we may err, and the author may have had still another purpose; and that, to show the

variety of his peculiar genius ; to keep before the people the various manifestations of his moods and manners ; to emphasize to his readers the fact, that he does not care to be judged only by his best efforts and his readable productions, but to acknowledge the thermometrical oscillations of his mental temperature ; to publish to the world the fact, that a man who, at his topmost bent, could write such charming stories as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Miggles," and "Tennessee's Partner," can also produce such insipidities as "The Poet of Sierra Flat" and "Mr. Thompson's Prodigal ;" to repeat to everybody, that his spiritual manifestations are only partial expressions of his genius, for that he has also a mortal and weak side ; to confess, that while he can, or could, do things that were good, and worthy of much praise, he has done, and does now, things that are bad, and not worth acknowledging ; to assert, in this silent way, that though the admirers of his best efforts will skip most of these, the effusions of his weakest moments, nevertheless, as they are, good and bad alike, and first-rate and last-rate alike, the children of his brain, he holds one as good as another, and all worthy of immortality. But still, they will not all be immortal ; and his friends will have to regret, that his discrimination is not so acute in regard to his own productions as it is in regard to any other's, and will say, that though the parents of all the little hunchbacks, and of the cross-eyed and deformed children, may pray that they may live, yet even those parents ought not to insist that they should be kept on exhibition as specimens of human beauty.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. New York: Holt & Williams.

This is a neat and valuable reprint of one of the author's most celebrated prose works, originally published about fifty-five years ago. A new and revised edition, with a biographical supplement, was brought out by his daughter in 1847, dedicated to his friend and neighbor, William Wordsworth. The enterprising publishers have now sent forth a "centenary issue," which includes all former revisions, corrections, supplemental additions, and notes; the form, binding, type and paper are unexceptionable. It is a fine library edition of a work of rare critical power, which, emanating from a *lusus naturæ*—like the other productions of this rare genius—was destined to live in the posthumous fame of its erratic, but gifted author, who, before his fifteenth year, had read through a London circulating library—catalogues, folios, and all—and who at the close of his life endeavored "to unfold and unveil before a few faithful disciples the Christianity of the future."

The review of Wordsworth, in the second volume of the *Biographia Literaria*, has justly been pronounced one of the most philosophical pieces of criticism in our language; although the work, as a whole, may be less methodical in arrangement than most of the author's works. This is not strange, when it is remembered that it was written at a period of Coleridge's life when his health was most deranged, and his mind was most subjected to the influences of bodily disorder.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

WONDERS OF SCULPTURE. By Louis Viardot. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

KENTUCKY'S LOVE. By Edward King. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE DRAWING-ROOM STAGE. By Geo. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CROSS AND CRESCENT. By Wm. T. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

LOVE IS ENOUGH. By Wm. Morris. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE TREASURE OF THE SEAS. By Jas. DeMille. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

BACK-LOG STUDIES. By Chas. D. Warner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

MAN-WOMAN. By Geo. Vandenhoff. New York.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

FLEURANGE. By Mme. A. Craven. New York: Holt & Williams.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By H. Taine. New York: Holt & Williams.

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THE GOLD-SANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

THE existence of auriferous sands upon the ocean beach was first made known to the public by the "Gold Bluff excitement" some eighteen or twenty years ago, caused by the discovery of gold in paying quantities among the sands of the beach on our northern coast, near the mouth of the Klamath River. Few old residents of California can have forgotten the "rush" of miners to the new placers at that time, as it was one of the first of the series of mining excitements which have become a feature in the history of the settlement of this coast by Americans. The movement on that occasion was the type of the Kern River, Frazer River, Washoe, and other excitements which followed; because it ended in the success of a few and the disappointment of many. It revealed the existence of a new class of mineral deposits of considerable extent and value, but possessing characteristics which, for lack of experience in the treatment of ores, rendered their discovery, at the time, of comparatively little value. The pecu-

liarity which, in this instance, prevented the discovery from being made immediately available, to any great extent, consisted in the fineness of the particles of gold, and the consequent difficulty in separating them from the heavy black sand with which they were associated. The abundant supply of gold was conceded by all, but the ordinary mode of washing and amalgamation was ineffectual for the purpose of saving it. The larger portion of the gold escaped; yet, for a short time, the richest placers yielded, to a few lucky individuals, immense profits. Hundreds of dollars, and in some instances, we believe, as much as a thousand dollars, a day per man, were realized from the imperfect mode of working then in use. But the general result was unfavorable, and the beach-washings at Gold Bluff were condemned as a humbug, as usual, by the crowd who failed to make their fortunes in a day, and rushed away again, as ignorant of the nature and value of the mines as if they had not seen them.

The fame of the few rich claims worked at Gold Bluff led some of the more intelligent prospectors to search for similar deposits at other points along the coast; and Rogue River, Port Orford, and Whisky Run, near Coos Bay, were soon discovered, and worked with results as favorable as at Gold Bluff. Since then, more or less work has been done at these localities, with varied success, but without making much progress in developing any process for effectually and economically saving the gold. Among the most energetic was the late Dr. J. A. Veach, long known as a scientific man and practical metallurgist on this coast, who spent several years in experimenting with these sands, and was still engaged in his efforts to solve the problem when his death occurred, a year or two since, at the scene of his operations on the Oregon coast. General James Allen, another well known Californian, carried on mining at Gold Bluff quite extensively, and with some success, several years ago, but failed to hit upon any satisfactory mode of saving the gold. The company now working the same ground, and known as the "Upper Bluff Mining Company," are succeeding better by the amalgamation of sodium with the quicksilver used upon the copper plates and riffles in their sluices. Another company, called the "Union Mining Company," consisting of the firm of Greenebaum & Co., of San Francisco, has been operating at Gold Bluff for sixteen years past, and have for some time been using sodium with very satisfactory results. These two companies gather the sands at the water's edge (each claiming a space of four miles along the beach), and pack them to their sluices upon the backs of mules.

Recent experimenters have succeeded much better in separating the gold from the black sand, at a reasonable cost, by means of the chlorination process. This fact, together with the discovery of im-

mense deposits of auriferous black sand at a considerable elevation above the present level of the sea, where the ocean beach once existed, has directed public attention again to the auriferous beach sands of our coast, as one of the neglected but important resources of the country. It may be added, that the present high prices of iron and steel have, likewise, served to direct attention to these magnetic iron-sands, as a source from which an abundant supply of the best quality of iron ore may be obtained, for the manufacture of iron and steel, to supply the increasing demand for these metals all over the world. Few of our own citizens, even, are aware of the nature, extent, and great value of these extraordinary deposits; and we shall therefore attempt, in this article, to make them and the public at large better acquainted with this particular class of the mineral resources of the Pacific Coast.

These gold-bearing sands are known to exist along our northern coast for a distance of over two hundred miles, reaching from the 41st to the 44th degree of latitude. Trinidad Bay, on the southern limit, and the Umpqua River, on the northern limit, have been proved to be within the belt containing these beach sands, in paying quantity. The black sand, in diminished deposits and richness, extends much further along the coast. Very rich deposits are said to exist on the coast north of Vancouver Island, in British Columbia; and similar deposits are found, also, on the coast of Lower California. The first discovery, as before stated, was made at Gold Bluff, which commences about twenty miles north of Trinidad Bay, and extends fifteen or twenty miles along the coast northward, to the mouth of Klamath River. The next important locality where mining operations have been carried on is the mouth of Rogue River, in Oregon. Next comes Port Orford; and still further north is Whisky Run, near

Coos Bay, where considerable mining has been done, and where the ancient ocean beach was discovered, situated one hundred and ninety feet above the present sea-level, and two or three miles distant from and parallel with the present beach. At this point, as well as at the others named, the rich sands are found to extend continuously along the beach for many miles; some places being richer than others, as is always the case in placer deposits. At Gold Bluff, the deposit extends fully fifteen miles along the beach. Doubtless, it is continuous along the entire coast we have described; being under the water at those points where the shore is rocky, and unfavorable for retaining the sand so as to form a dry beach. This region may, therefore, be appropriately called "The Gold Coast of the Pacific."

Concerning the distance these deposits extend along the bed of the ocean, seaward, but little is known. Soundings have been made for a distance of twelve miles outward from Gold Bluff, which resulted in finding the auriferous sands to continue the entire distance, and seemingly of uniform richness. At other points, they have been found to extend as far from shore as explorations have been carried, with very limited facilities. The belief is general among the miners, that the sands are richer a short distance out, below the water-line, than they are at or above it; and, so far as tests have been made, the belief seems well founded. The beach sloping gently down under the water, and the black iron-sand and gold being very heavy, they would naturally be carried there by the laws of gravitation, under the action of the advancing and receding waves.

Many of our readers have heard of the diving-bell expedition of Captain Taylor to Gold Bluff, last season, in the service of an eastern company, for the purpose of raising the rich sands known to exist there, under the water, at some distance

from the shore. Captain Taylor and his associates claim, that these sands are not only far richer, but that the gold is coarser, than on the beach. Though prevented by an accident to the machinery (which, unfortunately, occurred when about to lower the diving-bell) from making a practical test of the method adopted by them, yet it resulted in demonstrating, by numerous soundings, the vast extent and richness of the deposit of golden sands existing under the water, for a breadth of several miles along the coast. Some of the sands brought up by the lead used in making the soundings, contained, by assay, a fabulous quantity of gold. Indeed, the results reported are so extraordinary, that we will not tax the credulity of our readers, by giving the exact figures. Suffice it to say, that sands have been actually obtained from under the water, near the shore, which assayed thousands of dollars to the ton. Whether the diving-bell can be used, with success, in raising these rich sands from the submerged sea-beach, may well be doubted; as a quiet sea is essential in such operations, and there is no safe harbor of refuge convenient to run into for protection from the severe storms which occur so frequently on that portion of the coast. Yet we feel confident that some practicable method of dredging, or otherwise raising these submerged sands, will be discovered, and applied to the development of the great wealth lying hidden along the ocean beach. The persevering captain has his machinery on board a steamer, as we are writing, and is about ready to make a second attempt to raise the submerged sands, under more favorable auspices, which we hope will be crowned with success.

Until within a year or two past, mining operations have been confined to that portion of the beach lying between the bluffs and the line of low tide; which has, in many places, been worked over

several times, with profit. The waves, during heavy storms, seem to form new deposits along the beach, either by washing the sands up from the bed of the sea below the tides, or by concentrating the sands, by their sluice-like action, as the waves advance and recede on the sloping beach. The commonly received opinion of miners and others, witnessing the effect of the storms in renewing the rich deposits along the beach, is, that these auriferous sands come from the sea; being forced up by the waves, carried forward to the shore, and there deposited. This theory we consider erroneous. The apparent renewal of the rich deposits by storms, results, probably, from the action of the waves in concentrating the poorer sands left after the previous washing, by stirring them up and washing away the lighter portion, leaving the heavy black sand and gold exposed upon the beach.

It sometimes happens, during unusually severe storms, that the beach at the water-line is raised to the height of three or four feet; the addition appearing to come from the bed of the sea. Yet the bluffs, which are composed of gold-bearing sand and gravel, are washed by the waves on such occasions, and portions of them broken down and carried away. This is the source, probably, of the increased depth of the ordinary sand-deposit on the beach. In fact, there is abundant evidence that the bluffs of auriferous sand and gravel, which form the shore where these rich beach sands are found, are the real sources from whence they were derived. The waves of the sea have for ages been tearing down these bluffs, and concentrating their sands upon the gently sloping beach, in the same manner as they are concentrated in the sluice, by the action of running water. The conclusion is natural, therefore, that the beach is richest a short distance down the slope, under the water, where the riffles are formed by the breaking of

the waves as they near the shore. That great wealth has thus accumulated on the beach, below the water-line, can not be doubted, since the sands obtained as far out as possible, at low tide, are invariably the richest. They will not be allowed to remain much longer undisturbed by our shrewd mining men, when their great value is once practically demonstrated.

The origin of these peculiar deposits has long been a subject of investigation and study among intelligent miners, as well as among scientists. The character of the formation constituting the bluffs of auriferous sand and fine gravel which extend for many miles continuously along the beach, facing the sea, where the extensive deposits of rich sand exist—together with the recent discovery and partial development of an ancient deposit of auriferous black sand, at an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, of similar character to the deposit on the present ocean beach—furnish us, we think, a satisfactory explanation of the origin of these mysterious gold-sands of our northern coast.

A glance at the map will show, that the gold-belt of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains trends westwardly, at the northern end, sufficient to strike the ocean obliquely between the 41st and 44th degrees of north latitude, which region is identical with our Gold Coast. Further examination will show, that the same gold-belt trends westwardly at its southern end also, and again strikes the ocean in Lower California, where similar deposits of auriferous sands are known to exist. Thus it will be seen, that the course of the Sierra Nevada is in the form of a crescent. The same feature, it may be remarked incidentally, distinguishes the Rocky Mountain range, which forms a parallel crescent on the line of a larger circle.

The disintegration of the gold-bearing

veins of the gold-belt of the Sierra, where it strikes the northern coast as above mentioned, and the washing of the *débris*, for ages, down to the sea at their base, account for the formation of the auriferous black sand deposits upon the beach. They are precisely similar in character to the black sand and fine gold found in all our placers along this belt, and are undoubtedly derived from the same source. The uniform fineness of the particles of gold (no coarse particles having ever been found on the ocean beach), may be attributed to the constant and long-continued trituration of the waves, and to the action of the streams that brought them down to the sea. If coarse gold does exist in these deposits, it is buried too deep to be affected by the action of the waves. Probably no shaft has ever been sunk to the bed-rock under the beach, to test this question.

A few years ago, one of those nomadic individuals dwelling on our borders discovered, in his wanderings in the forest two or three miles back from the ocean beach, at Whisky Run, near Coos Bay, in Oregon, a rich deposit of auriferous black sand, that had been exposed by a little stream of water, in a ravine leading down to the sea. It proved, on examination, to be not only very rich, but extensive. Making known his discovery to a citizen of his acquaintance, in the nearest village, they proceeded to work the claim, and took out nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in two or three months, by the ordinary mode of washing—and saving, in fact, but a small portion of the gold. The character of the deposit being identical with that of the beach-washings on the shore below, indicated that the newly discovered deposit had a similar origin; and further developments demonstrated that it was, in reality, an old ocean beach, buried under the soil and a heavy growth of timber. The wa-

ters of the ravine, having cut their way down through the soil and into the underlying deposit of sand, had thus revealed its existence. The discovery was an important one, and the original claimants soon found a purchaser for their mine, at a good price. who has since developed the extent and quality of the deposit, showing it to be of great value. This claim, belonging to Joseph Lane (a son of the old Oregon pioneer of that name), and the one adjoining, belonging to F. G. Lockhart, have been and still are profitably worked, though only from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the gold, as shown by assay, is saved.

The developments in these claims reveal a body of black sand eight or ten feet in thickness on the side toward the sea, and extending back, under the soil, a distance of four or five hundred feet; resting on a hard clay bottom, which rises gently until it meets the overlying soil. The deposit thus grows less, gradually, until it comes to a thin edge at the point of junction of the roof and floor, giving it the form of a wedge. As the deposit grows thinner, the sands are concentrated and richer; assaying, when reduced to four feet in thickness, or about half-way across the deposit, thirty dollars per ton in gold, in nearly pure magnetic black sand.

The continuation of this deposit north and south from these claims, and parallel with the shore, is proven by boring with an artesian auger, at the same level above the sea; thus showing it to have been an ocean beach, formed long years ago, when the surrounding country was submerged to that level. Its subsequent upheaval, and its burial beneath the *débris*, since washed from the mountains in the rear, are self-evident, and need not be discussed here. This ancient ocean beach has been found, also, at Port Orford, forty or fifty miles further south, and doubtless will be found at other points.

Another ancient beach-deposit of these black sands has been found, we are told, a hundred feet, perhaps, above the one described, which is not only richer in gold, but of double the extent, being at least fifteen feet thick on its lower side. Future prospecting may develop others still higher; for, in reality, little is known as yet of the number and value of these peculiar deposits.

W. E. Goodyear, of the State Geological Survey, in a paper read before the California Academy of Sciences, not long since, describes the surface of the country, occupying the space between this ancient ocean beach and the present one, as consisting of low, rolling hills of sand and gravel, covered with a thin soil, which supports a scanty growth of grass and scattering trees. These hills front the sea in a continuous line of bluff. The sands of the beach, at the foot of this bluff, have been, in the past, extensively worked for gold, and are said to have been very rich. The productive *stratum* along this beach, he was informed, consisted of a layer of black sand from one to two feet in thickness, generally buried from two to five feet deep, beneath an accumulation of lighter sand. But this last accumulation appears to be a transient thing, as the action of the wind and waves on this beach varies greatly at different seasons; sometimes casting up large quantities of sand and again sweeping it away, so that the surface of the beach is constantly changing. It thus appears probable that the auriferous *stratum* of black sand lies at the bottom, and forms the floor of what may be called the zone of perpetual change of the beach. It is also said to have covered the whole width of the beach, from the base of the bluff as far out beneath the waves as it has ever been possible to carry explorations at the lowest tides. There is no difficulty in finding the "color" of gold, not only throughout the material which forms the bluff

that fronts the beach, but also almost anywhere on the surface of the low, rolling hills stretching backward from the bluff. There is ample evidence that the whole front of the bluff itself is wasting away with comparative rapidity by the action of the waves and storms.

A bed of half-carbonized vegetable matter, two or three feet thick, crops out on the face of the bluff, only a few feet above the present level of the beach, and the stumps of trees are visible, standing where they were growing when the sand and gravel was deposited that buried them; and sticks and logs, and even standing trees, are found buried in the sand and gravel composing the bluff, and the rolling hills behind it. A human skull, supposed to be that of an Indian woman, was found imbedded in the bluff, ten or twelve feet beneath the top, and under several feet in thickness of the fine gravel deposit, which helps so largely to make up this formation. The bluff has receded fully twenty feet in the last eighteen or twenty years. The tops of several stumps may be seen, at this point, when the tide is low, still standing where they grew; showing that the last upheaval was less, in vertical height, than the previous submergence.

At Gold Bluff, near the southern limit of the beach-washings, the formation is of the same character, being composed of *strata* of sand and gravel, with the roots and branches of trees protruding from the face of the bluff, at various heights. These bluffs, however, are several hundred feet in height, in some places, and rest upon a soft slate bed-rock, which is exposed at various points. This fact shows that the upheaval was greater here than at the northern extremity, near Coos Bay, where the formation composing the beach is still partially submerged, and the bluff is less than one hundred feet in height. No ancient ocean beach has yet been found back of and above Gold Bluff, owing

probably to its being situated at a greater elevation above the sea, and a correspondingly greater distance from the shore.

The deposit of sand and gravel composing Gold Bluff is generally believed to have been formed by the Klamath River having at one time discharged its waters into the sea at this point. This theory is probably correct, if we assume that the deposit was made during the period when this region was submerged, but not otherwise. Doubtless the auriferous sand and gravel forming this bluff, which extends some fifteen miles along the beach, were brought down from the mountains of Trinity, Shasta, and Siskiyou counties, famous for their rich placers, by the Klamath River and its tributaries, and discharged into the sea, where it was spread out over this great space.

The ancient ocean beach found near Coos Bay, which we have described, may reasonably be supposed to extend continuously along the entire length of this gold coast, and will probably be found buried under the soil at the level of the shore-line, as it existed during the period this region was submerged. Whether it is all rich enough to pay for working, or only those portions in the vicinity of these auriferous bluffs on the present beach, remains to be proved. The washings upon the present ocean beach are not continuous, but are confined to those portions where the bluffs come down to the water-line, as at Gold Bluff, Port Orford, Whisky Run, etc. At other points the shore is rocky, and no beach is exposed above tide; so that all the sands are under water, and little is known of their character. They must, however, be more or less auriferous; and doubtless the submerged beach, fronting the rocky shores, will, to a great extent, pay for working, whenever a practical method of raising the sand out of the water shall be found.

The period during which the space lying between the ancient ocean beach and the present one was submerged, must have been comparatively brief; for we find that many of the trees, which were sunken beneath the water and buried in the sand and gravel washed down upon them from the shore, were not submerged long enough either to destroy or wholly carbonize them. The ancient beach, as well as the auriferous sand and gravel formation extending down from it to the sea, were formed during this period of submergence; and the gold contained in them must have come from the disintegration of the gold-bearing veins, in the mountains of the Sierra gold-belt, which were drained by the rivers discharging into the sea at these points. It will be observed that the bluffs we have described exist near the mouths of the principal rivers of the coast, lying between the parallels of latitude heretofore mentioned.

Prior to the subsidence of the coast-line and formation of the ancient beach, as described, there must have existed a still older ocean beach, at a level some distance lower than the present one, and is therefore still existing, at some point an uncertain distance out under the water from the present shore-line. That older beach, having probably received for ages the *débris* brought down from the mountains by the streams, must have been enriched thereby, in a similar manner to the present beach and that above. The stumps still standing where they grew, between high and low tide, on the beach near Coos Bay, indicate a probability that it may be but a short distance from the shore, and it may yet be discovered and developed by skillful hydrographic engineers.

The existence of immense deposits of these auriferous black sands upon our coast being established, it has become a matter of importance to find a process that will overcome the difficulty hitherto

experienced in separating the gold from the sand. The ordinary mode of washing, with a current of water running through sluices and over copper amalgamating plates, saves only fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of the gold. Though large profits have been realized, at times, by this method, yet it is, even then, unsatisfactory; for all feel the want of a process that will save the greater portion of the gold. Various methods have been tried unsuccessfully, until at last the leaching or chlorination process has been tested, and adopted by Mr. Lockhart, owner of one of the principal claims on the ancient ocean beach, already described. Having acquired a knowledge of the process during a visit to San Francisco, a few months since, he erected works on a moderate scale at his claim, and recently put them in operation with complete success, having realized from several tons of the black sand the sum of \$29 per ton, at an expense of \$4 per ton. When we consider that there is no blasting or crushing of rock to do; no deep shafts to sink, or pump out; no costly water-ditches to construct, or heavy machinery of any kind required, or quicksilver used, the result may be deemed highly satisfactory by Mr. Lockhart, and quite encouraging to others. Here we have a new field of labor, which does not require a great amount of capital to operate in.

The process is both simple and economical. Wooden vats, capable of holding several tons, are constructed with double bottoms. A space of three or four inches is left between them, and the upper, or false bottom, is pierced with numerous auger-holes, and covered with a loose blanket to keep the sand from passing through. Chlorine gas, which is readily manufactured, is conducted into the space between the false and true bottoms, and passes thence up through the sand. A cover, made airtight by luting with clay, prevents the

escape of the gas from the top. The sand is thus subjected to the action of the chlorine for a period of eight or ten hours, during which it dissolves the gold, and then clear water is applied to leach out the solution, in the same manner that lye is leached from common wood-ashes. The gold is then precipitated by a simple process, and melted into bullion of superior quality, as the gold is chemically pure.

Chlorination has heretofore been used only for working sulphuret ores, and is regarded as an expensive process. But there being no sulphurets in these beach sands, the process is very much simplified. The whole expense of mining and chlorination will not ordinarily exceed \$5 per ton, and the operation is so simple that much less skill is required than in amalgamation. About ninety-five per cent. of the gold is saved by it. The quantity of this character of sand on this coast that will yield a handsome profit, by chlorination, is immense. In fact, it is inexhaustible.

But the gold that may be obtained from these black sands constitutes but a moiety of their actual value. Pure black sand of this character contains seventy-two per cent. of iron, and is acknowledged to be the purest iron ore known. It is highly magnetic, and recent discoveries and tests establish the important fact that it may be converted directly into the best quality of steel, almost as cheaply as pig-iron is produced. The beach-sand described contains more or less silica, or white sand—sufficient, perhaps, to reduce its average to fifty per cent. of iron; requiring two tons of sand to make one ton of metal. Common pig-iron is worth over fifty dollars per ton, and steel is worth several times as much; and the demand for both is increasing, all over the world. The construction of railroads, iron ships, and the many uses to which iron is now put—also, the substitution of steel for iron upon railroad

tracks, on account of its greater durability—will increase the demand for iron and steel, so that they will always command a high price in future, and insure a good market for all that may be produced on this coast.

It is not merely a theoretical idea, that magnetic iron ore may be converted directly into steel, in the smelting furnace. It has been demonstrated in New Zealand, by actual results obtained. The beach sand of that country is precisely similar in character to that upon this coast. Ship-loads have been sent to England for reduction; but recently they have found that they can convert it into steel at home, in the common cupola furnace. No longer ago than last December, a trial was made at Onehunga, sixty miles from Auckland, which resulted in producing cast-steel, of the best quality, in two hours, in a cupola furnace. Many equally successful trials have been made in that country, during the past year; and the manufacture of steel from this titaniferous iron-sand will be entered into largely there this year. By using clay as a flux, and mixing it with the sand into bricks (which are baked in the sun, and then broken up, like lump ores), they avoid the difficulty with regard to clogging the blast, which would otherwise prevent the use of that form of furnace for smelting this sand.

A small quantity of black sand, from the beach near Coos Bay, was taken to the steel manufacturing establishment of the "Nes-Silicon Steel Manufacturing Company," at Rome, in the State of New York, last season, and there tested, with complete success, being readily converted into steel of the best quality. This company have been, for some time, manufacturing steel from a magnetic iron ore found in the iron region of Pennsylvania, of a peculiar character, but far inferior in quality to the magnetic iron-sand of our northern coast. They have manufactured thousands of tons of steel-cap-

ped rails, for the Erie and other roads, from their magnetic ore. Not being rich enough to smelt profitably alone, it is used with pig and scrap iron, which it converts into steel. They also manufacture, from the magnetic ore, tools, etc., requiring the best quality of steel. The superior quality of Swedish iron is now known to be due to the magnetic character of the ores used in its manufacture.

Whether the magnetic condition of the ore is a necessary prerequisite to the formation of steel in the smelting furnace, is not yet, perhaps, definitively settled; though there seems little room for doubt that it is so. It is claimed, by some, that these beach sands are, in some way, converted into steel ore by the action of the salt water; while others contend, that it is magnetism alone which effects the change. Probably the freedom of these sands from sulphur, and other earthy impurities, together with the influence of magnetism upon the crystalization of the metal, will be found a sufficient cause for the change; since it is well known that steel is only pure iron, combined with a due proportion of carbon. A patent has recently been granted for making steel from common iron ore by means of a magnetic coil, or helix, around blast or cupola furnaces. Whatever the merits of this process, it indicates that magnetism has an important influence in the manufacture of steel directly from the ore.

Whatever the true theory or explanation may be, the facts remain, that immense quantities of these magnetic iron-sands exist on our coast, and that they are convertible into steel, of the best quality, about as easily and cheaply as pig-iron can be made. It needs only the application of skill and capital to create, at once, a new and important branch of industry on this coast, that promises enormous profits to those who are enterprising enough to engage in it.

The manufacture of iron and steel is

yet in its infancy. We do not, to-day, with all our boasted progress, produce steel of a quality equal to that of the famous Damascus blades. Hitherto, all our steel has been produced by a slow, tedious, and expensive process, that made it cost four or five times as much as the iron from which it was made; and even then, none but the best quality of iron would answer the purpose. Now, we find that a certain quality of iron ore, which is very abundant, may be converted directly into steel by the simple process of smelting. A little experience will soon lead to a better knowledge of the properties of steel, and enable us to produce, from this superior quality of ore in our possession, a steel equal to that from which the Damascus swords were made. These magnetic iron-sands, though found in limited quantities almost everywhere, exist in deposits sufficient for working profitably only in those countries where there is a gold-bearing mineral belt, that slopes toward the sea, and whose rivers discharge directly into it.

The double value of the sands of our Gold Coast, arising from the presence of gold and magnetic iron in paying quantities, gives assurance to those who engage in working them, that no competition can drive them from the field. There is an unfailing demand for gold and steel, at high prices, and the facilities for their production on this coast are unsurpass-

ed. Whether the precious metal shall be first separated by chlorination, or the whole smelted together, with suitable fluxes, and the two metals separated afterward, must be determined by experience. Doubtless the former mode will prove most expedient; but a combination of the two processes, under one management, is suggested by the association of the two metals in the same ore.

Steel being produced by a chemical combination of carbon and pure iron under certain conditions, there are grounds for believing that, by the old process, the heat produced by the use of hydrocarbon oils and superheated steam will be found best adapted to the smelting of the beach sands, as these oils will probably supply, during combustion, the necessary quantity of carbon, while the heat obtained will certainly prove effectual in smelting the ore. The simultaneous introduction of this new and economical heating-power, with the application of the chlorination process to the extraction of the gold from these immense deposits of magnetic sand, and the acquisition of the knowledge that this magnetic sand is actually a steel ore of superior quality, can not fail to suggest to the minds of many, that the three discoveries have occurred most opportunely for the development of one of the most important resources of the western slope of our continent.

COUSIN GEOFFREY.

"GEOFFREY! listen to me."

"I am listening, Helen."

"Well, put down that stupid paper; I want to tell you something."

He obeyed her, leaning back in the luxurious arm-chair, and patiently awaiting further developments. A faultlessly handsome face it was, that rested against the crimson damask; perfectly regular features, and wavy hair of the true golden tint; a fine, aristocratic face. But it was the tired, tired blue eyes which arrested your attention, and interested you in spite of yourself. Wonderful eyes they were—eyes with such beautiful possibilities in them, they might have belonged to a hero or a saint, instead of, as now, betraying only the utter wearying of a *blasé* man of the world. The little Helen of ten years ago had put that look into words, when she said: "Cousin Geoffrey's eyes always look as if they were saying, 'Oh, come, now—let's rest!'"

Geoffrey Howard, with his fascinating presence, thirty-five years of age, and empty purse, was the admiration of all girls newly brought out, and the terror of worthy "mamas intent on settlements." His face expressed an unusual amount of interest as he sat watching the girl before him. A perfect contrast to himself, there was still a strong likeness between them; not so much in outward form, for the girl was small, with jet-black hair and large, dark eyes, flashing fire at one moment, then filled with deep, tremulous softness the next. A tender, passionate face, and the impatient tapping of the small slippered foot, betrayed a temperament at total variance with the quietude of her cousin; and yet, there was a likeness—"the Howard look," Geoffrey called it.

"Well, *ma belle*, what is it?"

Helen had turned to the window, and was gazing intently into the street; not that there was anything to be seen, for it was a foggy afternoon in London, and the street-lamps were already lighted. Twisting a piece of paper round her finger, she said, abruptly: "Geoffrey, do you remember Sir George Linton?"

"Of course I do; one couldn't well forget him, after the way he hung round you at the Mertons', last Christmas."

"Do you know how much he has a year?"

"No, really; I didn't make it my business to inquire. Do you?"

"Yes," she answered, shortly, "I *did* make it *my* business to inquire—or, rather, mamma did. He has five thousand now, and will have as much more when his uncle dies—which will be soon, mamma says."

"Indeed! Very comfortable. Well?"

"Well, he has asked me to marry him—that's all."

A sudden contraction of the smooth, white brow, was the only evidence of surprise or displeasure. There was none in the quiet voice which asked: "And what does your mother say?"

"Say? Why, that, as I have been brought here for the sole purpose of selling myself to the highest bidder, it is more than folly to delay an instant, now the chance has come," was the bitter answer.

"Well, Aunt Ju is about right, as she generally is. Don't you think so, Helen?"

No answer came from the quiet figure at the window—only the same intent gaze, with eyes that saw nothing, into the foggy, gloomy street. Geoffrey Howard rose, and went over to her.

"Nellie!"

A quick sob answered him.

"Nellie! you know I would marry you myself if I could; but I can't. Four hundred a year doesn't half keep *me*, and it certainly couldn't keep us both—you know this, Nellie."

An impatient movement of her hand showed him she was listening. He stood there beside her—the only woman he had ever really loved—looking out into the darkening street. Once again he went over his position, which ended with a sigh, as all previous "goings over" had done. Handsome, and with rather more than average talents, he was a very welcome guest at country-houses; indispensable at picnics, croquet parties, and balls—"just the man to make things go off well"—declared his friends' invitations came to him by the hundred; his bill for lodgings was a mere nothing. Married, all this would be changed. His peerless Nellie in a print gown, and himself in a coat of last year's cut, was not a pleasing picture to contemplate.

"Nellie!"—and his long, slender hand turned the carefully-averted face toward him—"Nellie! look at me." She obeyed, gazing steadily at him, till, suddenly, the dark eyes filled with passionate tears, and, with another quick, painful sob, she buried her face in her hands. "Nellie! you know I love you; but you see how useless it is to wait for fortune to take pity on us. You are now twenty-two; this is your second season. Aunt Ju couldn't be made to see any reason for refusing Sir George. You know this, Nellie?"

"I do, Geoffrey."

Who could have guessed, in the silence that followed, that all the light was being stricken out of these two lives?

"When will Sir George come for his answer?"

"To-night. He goes with us to the Kingsleys'."

"Is he coming to dinner?"

"Yes."

"Shall you see him before?"

"No, after."

Silence again; broken, at last, by Helen rising.

"I am going to dress, now, Geoffrey. You go to the Kingsleys', of course?"

They were very much alike, now; the same wearied voice—the same tired look in the tearless eyes raised to his.

He let her pass him without seeking to detain her; but as she reached the door, he stretched out his arms with a sudden passionate cry—"Nellie!"

She came to him, at once—placed both arms about his neck, and clung to him, with a choking sob—"Geoffrey! Geoffrey!"

He put her away, at last, very gently.

"Nellie! my poor little darling! Always remember that I loved you—that I *loved* you!"

Geoffrey Howard's musings were very painful, as he sat alone in his aunt's handsome drawing-room. One by one he had seen his cousins "brought out," and successfully married. He had aided his aunt in her designs, and rejoiced with her when, one after another, Kate, Julia, and Laura had conferred their beauty and accomplishments on men of rank and wealth. Handsome, dashing girls they were, and very proud he had been of them; but Nellie—his pet from the time when she used to escape from her governess to come and beg him to have tea with her in the school-room—was quite another thing. How could he give her up? But what was he to do? he asked himself, helplessly. What, indeed!

And Nellie? As long as she could remember, she had heard a good marriage spoken of as the highest aim in life. Her sisters had dressed, danced, and smiled to win that prize—and *had* won it. "The dear girls were so sensible," her mother said, complacently.

She herself had been left entirely to the care of servants, until Laura's marriage turned her mother's attention to her only remaining daughter. "If dear Helen were only well married," she remarked, confidentially, to Geoffrey, "I should be perfectly happy—my duty in life would be done."

Brought up in the midst of all this worldliness, Helen had still retained enough natural delicacy to be disgusted with the plotting and planning her mother delighted in. Her father she rarely saw. She had no intimate friend of her own sex; so to "Cousin Geoffrey" every pleasure, every trouble, great and small, was brought. From her earliest recollection, he had been the hero of her dreams. At every ball or assembly, her step was lighter, and her voice gayer, when she caught sight of those tired blue eyes watching her; and his cool "'Pon my word, Nellie, you are looking well to-night," was more to her than the knowledge that "the beautiful Miss Howard was the theme of every tongue." And now—what now? She dared not think. Apathetically, she endured dressing, only rousing herself to refuse, decidedly, the *souffçon* of rouge the Frenchwoman begged permission to lay on her white cheeks.

At last she was ready; there was no further excuse for delay; she must descend to the drawing-room, where she knew Sir George Linton had already arrived.

"Put some color about me—quick; I look like a bride!" she half gasped, as she caught a glimpse of her white silk dress in the mirror.

"This, Mademoiselle?"

"No, no; not that!"

It was a pink camellia, Geoffrey's favorite flower; he had brought it to her that afternoon.

A knock at the door; a footman with "Sir George Linton's compliments, and some flowers for Miss Howard."

"The very thing, mademoiselle," Annette asserted, as she fastened the heavy, crimson roses, in the soft, dark hair.

Helen assented wearily, thinking with a sigh that to wear Geoffrey's camellia was now "the thing" no longer.

Her mother looked at her anxiously as she entered the drawing-room, noting her cool greeting to Sir George.

"Surely Helen can not be so mad as to refuse him!" she thought.

Geoffrey, too, watched her uneasily. Her extreme pallor and trembling hands troubled him. Noticing that she ate nothing, he pushed her wine-glass toward her, saying quietly, "Drink that, Nellie." His movement was unnoticed by any one, and Helen—meeting the warning glance in his sorrowful eyes—by a great effort stilled her throbbing pulses, and regained her cold, rather haughty manner.

It was a relief to all, especially to Geoffrey, when the ladies left the table.

As he held open the door for them, he carefully avoided looking at Helen—he would not disturb her newly-found composure by what his eyes must tell her.

"Sir George will soon join you—of course you will accept him?" said her mother, rather fearfully, as they passed through the hall. Helen's quiet "Of course," reassured her, and it was with an exultant heart that she ascended to her dressing-room, on pretense of a forgotten glove.

Very quietly Helen gave Sir George his answer. Very quietly she listened to his lover-like rhapsodies. Could he have known how far away her thoughts were wandering, his face would have been a shade less bright. It was not till Geoffrey's voice was heard in the hall that she seemed conscious of what was passing; then snatching away the hand she had passively permitted Sir George to retain, she withdrew to the further side of the fire-place.

The Kingsleys' ball was the finest of the season; and Helen danced, and chatted, and smiled, the gayest of the gay. Her engagement was soon whispered from one to another, calling forth the usual amount of comment. Disappointed dowagers consoled themselves with the reflection that now that "the beautiful Miss Howard," over whose hair, and eyes, and hand, and smile, the male element in their little world had been raving for the past few weeks, was fairly out of the way, their own less attractive daughters would have the better chance. The numerous young ladies who had angled unsuccessfully for the rich baronet, now murmured in corners that "Sir George wasn't half so handsome as he used to be, poor fellow." "After all, hazel eyes are not so very wonderful." "And don't you think, dear, his hair is just the least bit red?"

Sir George Linton pleaded for an early marriage. Helen seemed to have no wish in the matter; so before the town began to be deserted, a splendid bridal train swept up the aisle of the fashionable parish church, and more beautiful than ever, in her bridal robes, with the Linton diamonds in her dusky hair, Helen Howard calmly spoke the words which bound her to the noble, loving man at her side, whom as yet she scarcely knew.

"How lovely the dear girl looked," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, wiping imaginary tears from her eyes with a priceless lace handkerchief. Geoffrey assented—driving off to his club with the vision of his Nellie's parting smile ever before his eyes. "Poor little Nellie," he soliloquized, as he threw down the evening paper, which failed to distract his attention from that one sorrowful subject. "I'm very fond of Aunt Ju, but I couldn't do what she has done. Far better this, though, than that toothless old marquis. Bah! I wonder what my respected aunt is made of! She knew the old sinner

as well as I do. My poor little girl; I saved you from that, but I lost you myself." And Geoffrey swallowed his brandy and seltzer with a very heavy sigh. He was weak, not wicked, and it comforted him a little when he remembered that Sir George Linton was a man well calculated to win any woman's love, and might in time win Nellie's.

"You will come to us for the hunting?" Sir George had said, as he shook his hand at parting. So Geoffrey found himself at Linton Court in the early part of December.

Helen was looking extremely well, and moved among her numerous guests with a grace and dignity peculiarly her own. What her feelings were he could not discover; in fact, Helen did not know herself.

Day by day, she learned more of the nobleness of the man she had been unjust enough to marry. She had not added falsehood to her injustice, however, for she told him that she did not love him—that she never had; and his answer had been: "I love *you* so truly, Helen, that I am sure you will love me some time; and for that time I will try to wait patiently."

She was thinking of his words as she stood at the dining-room window, watching the heavy clouds moving lazily through the sky. Most of her guests were still lounging over their morning toilets, although Sir George and those of his friends who were fond of risking their necks, had long ago ridden off to the meet. Suddenly Geoffrey appeared, riding hastily up the avenue; something in his face frightened her. She was at his side as soon as he entered the room.

"What is it, Geoffrey?"

"Nothing of any moment, Nellie. Sir George's horse stumbled...."

He was just in time to save her from falling. As he placed her in a chair, she grasped his hand. "Tell me, Geoffrey, is he *dead*?"

"Not nearly, you foolish child—if you had only let me finish—his left arm is broken, and set again by this time, for I left him at the surgeon's. He wanted me to ride on and tell you, but I declare I've made bad worse—he'll be all right in no time."

"Are you *sure*, Geoffrey?"

Steps were heard in the hall. "Here, Linton—I can't persuade Helen that you are not killed; come and see what you can do." And Geoffrey considerably withdrew, closing the door after him, to prevent the intrusion of the now alarmed guests. Did any one notice that it was only the lips that smiled? In the tired eyes there was only pain, and bitter, bitter regret.

Sir George needed only one glance at his wife's pale face to assure him that the time he had waited for had come. And Helen, as she felt the clasp of his strong right arm, recognized with a thrill of thankfulness the fact that she loved her husband.

"Cousin Geoffrey, what does mamma mean by saying she hopes soon to see you in Paris?" asked Helen, a few mornings later, as she refolded a letter just received from Mrs. Howard.

Geoffrey made a grimace.

"It means, my dear Helen, that Aunt Ju has picked out a countess for me, who, she declares, is already devotedly attached to me. I've seen her. She has a skin like parchment, beady eyes, a voice like a parrot, and more francs than she knows what to do with. However, I'll go to see Aunt Ju, at any rate."

And off Geoffrey went, promising to return in the spring.

Gallons of ale were flowing, and an ox was roasted whole, in the park at Linton Court.

A bonfire crackled and blazed on the village green, and the bells were tumbling in merry fashion, to give voice to

the great rejoicing, for an heir was born to the Lintons of Linton, and joy and hope were playing bo-peep through the long corridors and in the lofty rooms of the great house.

The evening was sultry in Paris, and the kindly young English physician looked pityingly at the pale, beautiful face of his patient, turned so wearily to the case—ment.

"How long will I live, do you think?"

"Months, I hope; weeks, at all events."

Geoffrey Howard sighed.

"Travers, tell me the truth, will I live to get back to England?"

"I think so. You can not travel now, but when the weather gets a little cooler, I will go with you myself."

"I thank you, Travers. I hate Paris now; you don't know how I long for one breath of cool, sweet English air—one sight of dear, familiar faces."

"Howard, I can not disguise the fact that you *may* die at any time—heart disease is so uncertain—but I will do my best for you."

"Heart disease!" and he smiled, a little bitterly. "Are you quite sure, Travers, that I have enough of that article to be diseased?"

A light breeze stirred the curtains. The quiet stars came out one by one. The soft chanting of the nuns in the neighboring chapel came sweetly through the twilight stillness. And, while at Linton Court the rejoicing waxed louder and louder, here, in hot, gay Paris, Geoffrey Howard slept the quiet, dreamless sleep of a child.

"A letter for you, Helen."

The post-bag had just come in, and Sir George Linton tossed a letter, with the London postmark, across the breakfast-table to his wife.

The writing was familiar, though strangely irregular and feeble-looking. She opened it quickly. It contained only these words:

"I am dying. May I come to you, Nellie? Traversers will bring me. Your cousin, GEOFFREY."

With a sudden burst of tears, she handed it to her husband. They read it in silence. He knew the history of these two hearts. When he did speak, it was to say, quietly, "Have a room ready for him, Helen; I am going up to town for him this afternoon."

Geoffrey came—a little paler, a little thinner than before; the tired eyes still a little more wearied. "I couldn't go the countess, Nellie," were among his first words—uttered with a flash of his old smile—but he made no reference to the future they all knew was so near.

One by one the leaves withered, and fluttered to the ground. Day by day, Geoffrey's step grew weaker and his voice fainter. The room he liked best was Helen's morning room, and there each day found him. One evening she was sitting beside him with her baby on her lap. He lay quietly watching the amber and red fade out of the sunset sky. "Nellie, do you see that linden?" he said, suddenly. "All the leaves are gone but one; that will fall to-morrow."

Helen shivered. The quiet voice went on: "Nellie, do you remember that afternoon in London when you told me about Sir George? Then, for the first time, I felt this pain that is killing me. Traversers says I have had the disease for years, but I never felt it till then. I might have worked for you, little girl, mightn't I? But I never thought of that; it was too late then. Nellie, I've wanted to tell you I'm glad you're so happy. You mustn't cry, darling! I've been tired so long, perhaps, because I felt I might have been something, and I wasn't. Do you remember, Nellie?"—he went on dreamily—"that wreck on the coast of Wales? We went down to see it. It was just such a night as this. You thought it would be there for weeks, but the tide was rising then. We went in the morning; it was gone,

Nellie—the ebb-tide carried it out. Nellie, I want to be buried in Linton churchyard. You'll take your children there sometimes, and tell them about Cousin Geoffrey?"

The nurse came for baby, and Helen told her to call Sir George. Geoffrey seemed to be sleeping. Suddenly he aroused himself.

"Did I ever tell you, Nellie, about the little Sister of Charity, Traversers brought to see me? She talked to me a great deal about things." He paused, and Helen slipped her hand into his. "Traversers read me something in that about 'rest.' You'll find it marked, Nellie."

Helen opened the little Testament, and read, falteringly, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The sky was all gray now, save for one golden shaft. A beam fell on Geoffrey's face, lighting up its wonderful beauty. His lips moved: "I'd like that, Nellie—'rest!'" and the tired blue eyes closed forever.

A plain white marble cross stands in a sunny corner of the Linton churchyard, and there, one summer afternoon, Helen is sitting, and, as her children gather round her, she tells them of the friend of her youth, the cousin of whose memory their father speaks so tenderly. And the soft, sweet eyes grow moist as they listen to the story of his death, in the quiet autumn twilight, and the little reverent hands touch lovingly the grassy mound.

Sir George has joined the group, and places in his wife's hand a fair pink *camellia*, with its buds and glossy leaves—Geoffrey's flower. With a sob, Helen lays it upon the grave.

"Did you love him very much, mamma?" lisps little Geoffrey, nestling his curly head upon her arm.

And Helen, with a trusting glance at her tall husband, answers, "Yes."

MUTATIONS.

Has the night come? Not yet, O my darling.

The glory of morning is here ;

Her sunlight transforms us, and lifts us

High into her holier sphere ;

And Hope, a diviner Aurora,

Smiles out from her tresses again :

Let your face catch the brightness, my darling,

Your brows be forgotten of pain.

Still morning? The morning has faded,

The sun blazes high in the skies,

The prairies lie brown and unshaded,

The river burns white on my eyes.

Can I lead you? My hand is unsteady ;

Hope left me with morning and youth,

And on the plain, tireless and torrid,

I, panting, yet shrink from the truth.

Is it night? It is night. In the darkness

The waves storm a desolate beach,

And I feel, though you cling to me, something—

A longing your love does not reach :

A hope of some new Aphrodite,

Unrisen from the ultimate sea,

To be dearer than dreams of the morning,

And sweeter than love is to me.

OREGON TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THERE was much that was truly Arcadian in Oregon life a quarter of a century ago. It is true that the Arcadian simplicity was in a measure wanting, for the native American—the genuine Yankee—lacks that ingredient, and, with his native shrewdness and ingenuity, converts even the wilderness into a scene of energy and enterprise. While Chicago was but a village, and when St. Louis was in its infancy, a Yankee school-master wrote up the importance of Oregon to the nation, and set in motion the first ripple of immigration. This commenced in 1828, and resulted in several expeditions, which amounted to little more than to carry back favorable reports of the promised land. The Boston school-master's name was Hall J. Kelly. It is said to be due to his efforts that the missionary societies became interested in Oregon, and missions were established as early as 1836. Previous to that time, no settlement of any importance existed there, except in connection with the Hudson's

Bay Company. About 1840, when furs became scarce, owing to the partial extermination of the fur-bearing animals, many of the French Canadians and half-breeds, with their families, abandoned the life of the trapper and hunter; went up the Willamette River, occupied the beautiful prairies, and commenced the pursuit of agriculture.

In 1843, immigration commenced in earnest. The sturdy travelers hewed their way where wagon-wheels never before had rolled; they pushed on over the deserts, forded or ferried the rivers, made roads over the rudest mountains, and finally came sweeping in *batteaux* down the Columbia River, shooting its rapids or making portages around them, until, in the fullness of time, they reached the valley of the Willamette. Immigration continued and increased, until, in 1847, 4,000 persons had crossed the continent to find homes in Oregon, making a population, in all, of about 8,000 persons, three-fourths of whom were in the Willamette Valley. They had no government, save the provisional one organized by themselves; no laws, save those they framed and executed; no protection from Indian raids, except that they were determined to protect themselves. It is true, they memorialized the General Government for help, for protection, for a territorial government; but Washington was deaf to so remote a province as Oregon. They waited eighteen months for an answer to each application, without any perceptible progress in securing government aid.

It would make an interesting article, of itself, to show how they managed to govern and defend themselves; how they boiled the wheat which yielded largely, having no mills to grind it; how they finally constructed mills, and even published a weekly newspaper—all this is of interest as a part of the early annals of the Pacific, but our story relates to the efforts which finally resulted in se-

curing a territorial organization, and recognition and protection from the General Government.

It was while Abernethy was Provisional Governor, and while the machinery of the little state was running smoothly enough, that the necessity of protection from the attacks of savages, and of a more efficient organization, became generally apparent. J. Quinn Thornton was at that time the Supreme Judge of Oregon, and, by tacit consent, he was designated to make the journey to Washington, and undertake to obtain the needed legislation. At that time money was scarcely known in Oregon. The various products of the country—wheat, more especially—were accepted as a legal tender. Store orders took the place of currency, and trade was conducted on principles of rather a primitive character. Judge Thornton was assisted by Rev. George Geary, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, to the amount of \$150, in the shape of a draft on their treasury at the East. A singular genius, whose assumed name was Noyes Smith, loaned him thirty or forty barrels of flour, and gave him a letter to friends East, which proved to be of service. He shipped his flour on the bark *Whiton*, bound for San Francisco, where he found a market for it; went aboard as passenger, with the promise that he should be taken to Panama in course of time, expecting to cross the Isthmus, and find passage, some way, to New York. The passage to San Francisco was completed in November, 1847, and the bark remained there until about the middle of December, when she sailed for Lower California, making her next stoppage at San José—a port on the lower point of the California peninsula, not far inside of Cape St. Lucas. At San José the captain of the bark found reason to change the nature of his voyage, and abandoned the idea of going to Panama, which placed Judge

Thornton in a serious dilemma, from which he was fortunately relieved by the considerate conduct of Captain J. B. Montgomery, of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, who, learning the nature of his mission, gave him free passage in that vessel to Boston, and provided him also with most ample accommodations, at the expense of his own personal comfort. The voyage was long, but pleasant and successful, and, after touching at Valparaiso, Judge Thornton reached the Atlantic Coast, and made his appearance in Washington, May 11th, 1848.

The arrival in Washington of a man who represented, though somewhat informally, the people of Oregon, was a matter of considerable interest to the leading men of Congress, then in session. Thornton came accredited from the Provisional Government of Oregon; he was received and recognized as a representative of the far-off settlements, and he possessed an advantage in the fact that he was personally acquainted with Benton and Douglas, both of whom were then in the Senate.

He entered upon his mission, however, better accredited than outfitted. The proceeds of that draft on the Methodist treasury and the sales of that little lot of flour only left him a small remainder with which to settle his board bills; but he took courage, and made up in energy what he lacked in means. Douglas hunted him up the day after his arrival in Washington, which had been announced in the morning press. Father Ritchie was then editor of the leading government organ at Washington. Thornton and his son had been fellow-travelers, and by that means his advent was heralded with rather agreeable *éclat*. Douglas introduced him to President Polk, who listened eagerly for news from Oregon. Other interviews were appointed with the President, and at his suggestion Thornton prepared a memo-

rial to Congress, setting forth all the important facts relative to his country, and the wants and necessities of the people; especially their desire for organization and protection under the General Government. This memorial was presented by Benton in the Senate, was ordered printed, and was received with general favor.

Judge Thornton proceeded to draw up a bill for the organization of a territorial government, and everything seemed to promise well. All Congress was favorable, the President was interested, and the representative of the furthest Northwest found himself, though without a dollar in his pocket, treated in the most friendly manner. But when the bill was presented, it was found to be a very apple of discord thrown into the national councils. It contained a clause prohibiting slavery. That aroused the spirit of Calhoun to opposition, and arrayed against it the whole South. The contest only ended with the last hours of the session.

The people of Oregon had twice voted down the slavery question. They had declared slavery should not exist in Oregon; and, in drawing up the bill, he had taken the anti-slavery clause from the Ordinance of 1787, to faithfully represent the wishes of the people. The slavery interest made overtures to him, to consent that the bill should be silent on the subject, and promised unanimous support as a consequence, but Thornton knew the wishes of Oregon, and the anti-slavery clause remained.

The bill was attacked in the Senate by Jeff Davis and Foote of Mississippi, Butler and Calhoun of South Carolina, Mason of Virginia, and others, and was as warmly defended by Houston of Texas, and Benton of Missouri, as well as Douglas, Webster, Corwin, Dix, and Collamer. It was a bone of contention in the Senate for several weeks. Calhoun employed a morning session, until

adjournment, with one of his most commanding efforts. He was clear, argumentative, and logical; the Senate and the large audience were entranced by the force of his reasoning, and, when he closed, silence reigned for some time, and was only broken by the motion to adjourn. The bill passed the Senate by a close vote, and went to the House, where the storm of fiery opposition broke out afresh. But it passed there, also, in course of time, and came back to the Senate, with some unimportant amendments, toward the close of the session. Its opponents rallied again, and undertook to kill it by delay, using every possible expedient known in parliamentary warfare to insure its defeat, and on this ground the battle was fought over again.

Tom Corwin supported the bill in one of his most telling efforts, and Tom was not particularly tender toward the slavery interest even in his best moods. It was after hearing this speech that Father Ritchie, as they passed out of the Senate chamber, said to Thornton, "A few such speeches as that would dissolve the Union."

Congress was to adjourn on Monday, the 14th of August, 1848. It was Saturday, the 12th, and the Oregon bill was under discussion, when Butler, of South Carolina, moved to go into executive session, to hold Benton accountable for making public one of his own speeches delivered in secret session. It was known that the opposition had resolved to keep the bill from final passage by any means, and this motion was only for the purpose of delay and to annoy Benton. Butler applied the word "dishonorable" to that gentleman's conduct, which brought "Old Bullion" to his feet with the shout: "You lie, sir—you lie! I cram the lie down your throat." The two old men were advancing toward each other, when senators interfered, and a collision on the floor was prevented. It was thought there would be a

meeting, for Butler had said to Benton that he would hold him accountable elsewhere, and received the reply, "You can see me anywhere, at any time, and with anything; but remember, that, when I fight, I fight for a funeral." They never met, which was partly due to the fact that the matter was noised about, so that the authorities had them both bound over to keep the peace.

The friends of the measure had determined to vote down every motion to adjourn until the bill passed. The scene between Butler and Benton occurred at ten o'clock Saturday night, and, when it was over, Foote arose and announced his intention to talk until Monday noon, the hour of final adjournment. He commenced with scriptural history, and proceeded until two hours after sunrise on Sunday morning, only giving way to motions for adjournment. The friends of the bill were in an adjoining room, with a page on guard, who gave the alarm at each motion to adjourn, when they filed out and voted it down. Sunday morning, the opposition gave up the game. Foote was silenced by his friends, the vote was taken, the bill passed, and the organization of Oregon Territory was provided for, which included what is now known as Utah, Idaho, and Washington, as well as Oregon as now constituted.

One feature of the bill organizing the territory was a liberal donation of land for school purposes. Before this time, it had been the custom to grant the sixteenth section of all public lands to constitute a school fund for the new territories. Judge Thornton succeeded in getting this grant doubled in the case of Oregon, and, by the organic act, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township were thus set apart. This became the general practice afterward in relation to other new territories, and therefore Oregon and other states are indebted to Judge Thornton for procur-

ing this enlarged grant as a permanent endowment of their school interests.

What is known as the Oregon Donation Act was also pending at the close of the session, and would have passed without dissent, only for the delay in getting the organic act to a final passage. The Provisional Government of Oregon allowed every man in the country to claim a square mile of land, which was eventually confirmed by the Donation Act of Congress. The bill before Congress went over for the session, but would certainly have passed had there been time. Judge Collamer, of Vermont, took charge of it until a delegate appeared in Congress from Oregon, when it passed without objection, only receiving some immaterial amendments.

During the time these measures were pending, the subject of our sketch filled rather an important place before Congress. He was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness, but the interests involved were momentous, and all his faculties and energies were enlisted. He associated constantly with the greatest minds of the time, and was allowed free access to the floors of the two houses of Congress.

At the suggestion of the President, there had been incorporated in the organic act an item placing \$10,000 at the disposal of that officer, part of which was to be used to defray the expenses of messengers from Oregon. He had given Judge Thornton to understand, that out of this fund his wants should be supplied, and his services well paid. In conversation, he had also assured him, that having made his acquaintance, it would be a pleasure to him, in making judicial appointments for Oregon, to name him to a "judgeship." Of course, these assurances kept hope alive, and were, as well, flattering to the recipient.

There came a cloud over this promising horizon—a cloud that rose at Hud-

son's Bay, and overshadowed him at Washington; and the incident forms one of the most important features of his eventful trip. Some weeks before the session closed, Thornton received a call, at his lodgings, from the private secretary of the President (Major Knox Walker), who introduced a friend (George N. Sanders), and, excusing himself, left his friend to disclose some private business. The visitor conversed about the relations of the Hudson's Bay Company to the people of Oregon; of the probable conflict of interests, and possible result of war between the two nations from the holding of such possessions on our soil by an English company; and he argued the especial advantage to Oregon, should the Government buy out this company. The listener gave an occasional dissent to the propositions advanced; but the speaker reiterated them. He announced, at length, that Sir George Simpson, President of the Hudson's Bay Company, had placed at his disposal \$75,000, to be used as, in his judgment, might facilitate the sale of all the property of the company in Oregon to our Government, for the sum of \$3,000,000. The announcement was followed by a comfortable pause, and the glittering bait—\$75,000—was allowed to dwell upon the imagination of the simple-minded Oregonian for awhile, until the idea should take root that part of this munificent sum was to be had for the taking. But the Oregonian had not learned Washington habits, and gave no sign. He knew it was a swindle, and he never intended to return to Oregon with the discredit of having indorsed it.

The *denouement* came in a direct proposal, that when Thornton should write a letter to two members of the cabinet, named, indorsing briefly the positions taken by the emissary, and urging the purchase, and certifying to the reasonableness of the terms, he should receive a check on the bank of Corcoran

& Riggs for \$25,000. He responded, that the conversation was disagreeable, and he desired it to stop there. In fact, he had several times led the conversation to other topics, and endeavored to change the subject; but his visitor hastened to resume it, and would take no hint. He was asked, politely, to leave the room; which he refused to do, until he received a satisfactory answer. He only did leave when the indignant Oregonian opened the door, and threatened to kick him down stairs.

Thornton's next step, that very evening, was to write out the particulars, fully, for the information of the President; which was done from a very unsophisticated sense of duty. This brought another visit from the private secretary, who urged the withdrawal of the letter; and when this was declined, he significantly informed Thornton, that there was "many a slip between the cup and the lip." He received as reply, "I intend to return to Oregon with my self-respect unimpaired." It may be as well to add here, that he did not return to Oregon as a federal judge. The President took umbrage because the matter became public, and cast some odium on his administration. Thornton was accused of having given it this publicity, though he never related it to a living being; but the private secretary himself, it seems, told the facts, in confidence, and they were soon published in the New York *Herald*.

After Thornton's departure, the Indian war had broken out in Oregon, and an old mountain man, named Joe Meek, was sent overland to Washington as a messenger. Meek was a character, in his way; and as his brother had married a cousin of Polk, he had an easy introduction to the White House, and made the most of his privileges. Major Walker told all the facts to Meek; and Joe, who required a great deal of assistance to keep a secret, repeated the thing several times, and one time to a Washington

correspondent of the *Herald*, who followed Captain Cuttle's advice, and made a note of it, very fully. Thornton was exonerated, and yet Polk could not forgive his connection with the circumstance. If Thornton had accepted the liberal offer, it would have saved the executive some vexation, and he might have been a federal judge, without doubt. As to the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, he reported to a friend, that he "would as soon encounter a grizzly bear as that d—d Oregonian."

It seems that this proposal to sell the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, in Oregon, was seriously made, and that two members of the cabinet stood out against it, but announced, that if Thornton would certify to the value of the property, and the necessity for the purchase, it would be satisfactory to them; it was, also, expected to be satisfactory to Congress. Our Oregonian was not found blessed with such a convenient conscience as had been anticipated.

Thornton was out of funds. He had lost the favor of the President, who had the disposal of the \$10,000 referred to previously, and who gave a peremptory refusal when Robert Smith, member of Congress from the Alton district, Ill., asked for money to be paid Thornton. He went to Benton, who was too proud to ask any favor of Polk, and so sent him to Douglas. The latter called on the President, and received a resolute "No" to every plea made in Thornton's behalf. He took Smith with him, and went again; and the executive "No" was all the response they could get, until Douglas, in retiring, said: "It only remains, then, Mr. President, for me to do what will be very unpleasant to me; and you must judge if it will be pleasant to you. I shall furnish Mr. Thornton with means to remain here until the next session, and then will move for a committee of inquiry to investigate the matter with which he is connected." This was a

home-thrust, which brought the Executive to terms. He said: "Come again this afternoon. You come, Mr. Smith; and we may agree upon something which will be satisfactory." He did not care to have any more dealings with the "Little Giant of Illinois" on that subject.

That afternoon, the three friends, Douglass, Thornton, and Smith, walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to Willard's Hotel, where the first two remained, while Smith went on to keep his appointment with the President. While they waited for his return, the conversation went back to old times, and the days of their first acquaintance. Douglas reminded him of a circumstance which, he said, had always caused him to take a peculiar interest in Thornton; a slight circumstance, but one which related to his own highest ambition—his desire to be President of the United States. It seems that Thornton, many years before, when himself a young man, had formed a very enthusiastic opinion of Douglas, after hearing him deliver a charge to a grand jury. He had listened with great interest, and afterward remarked to a friend: "Judge Douglas will, some time, be President of the United States." The same evening, the gentleman to whom he made the remark introduced him to Douglas, at an evening party, and threw them both into confusion by repeating the prediction. They afterward became well acquainted; and there, as they waited at Willard's, Douglas said: "Thornton, I have always felt peculiar interest in you, because you were the first person who ever mentioned my name in connection with the presidency." He added, with a sigh that was prophetic: "But I have left too many tracks behind me, ever to attain to that high position." The re-

mark was the unsealing of the deep feelings of the heart of a great man and statesman, who intellectually outranked most Presidents, but who grieved because he could not reach the highest office.

The afternoon negotiations at the White House were satisfactory, and Thornton received \$2,750 by order of the President; and the Secretary of War furnished him with free passage back to Oregon. The mental and nervous strain he had lately undergone unfitted him for the exposure of the overland journey, and he took passage to San Francisco in the *Sylvia De Grace*, under a Government charter; which vessel visited the Columbia afterward, in the way of regular trade, and, on her last trip, stranded on Tongue Point, just above Astoria, where her bare ribs rot to this day.

Noyes Smith, who loaned his flour to help send our messenger to Washington, was duly repaid for his loan; and the important part he played in placing our characters on the stage, will excuse a further explanation of who he was. Over a quarter of a century since, the world was astonished at hearing of the defalcation and disappearance of an Albany bank officer. Having made the circuit of the world, he some years afterward appeared in Oregon, under this name—became a merchant's clerk, then himself a merchant; and was rich and prospering, when he was recognized by an officer of the U. S. Army. Exposure drove him to dissipation and ruin. His friends at the East seem to have finally compromised his case, and his family sent for him to return home; which he did, to find his children grown up, and everything greatly changed during his long absence.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

A LITTLE, brown, weather-stained tent, pitched against the gnarled trunk of an old oak; two persons standing in front, motionless and silent as statues; he with one arm outstretched, so as to grasp the forked end of the tent-pole, and with his other arm thrown protectingly about her slender form; she nestling confidingly against his side, and with one hand placed lightly upon his shoulder—this was the pleasant picture.

Thus they stood, and gazed earnestly and with fixed attention toward one edge of the little valley. At that point there was an opening, which gave access to it; but so cunningly had nature hidden it with a projecting spur of rising ground, and a clump of pines standing in front, and seeming to guard the pass, that no one would have dreamed of the existence of such an opening were it not for the little cavalcade emerging outwardly through it, at that moment—eight men, travel-stained in dress, and all with rough, tangled, uncombed beards; each armed with pistols, worn openly at the belt; while two of the number carried short rifles, flung across their saddles. In single file, they passed through the valley's gate, each one turning around, before he disappeared from view, and waving a mute farewell to the two motionless spectators in front of the tent. A moment longer, and the last of the cavalcade had vanished from sight. Then these two watchers, after straining their gaze forward for yet another instant, as though striving to pierce through the intervening grove and hillock, and thus gain one more glimpse of their friends, moved from their fixed position, and sat down upon the green turf at the foot of the tent—she dropping her chin against his knee, and looking up into his face.

"Alone at last, Ethel!" he said, smoothing down her hair. "Do you remember how once you wished that you could live apart with me, upon some desolate island, away from all the cares and jealousies of the world? It was the dream that sometimes possesses every schoolboy, and is no more likely to be realized with us than is the attainment of some magical good fortune from the 'Arabian Nights.' And yet, after all, what is this but an embodiment of it? Coral reefs and billows do not close us in, to be sure; but yonder are the white walls of the snowy Sierra standing guard over our valley, and nearer by are pine-covered hills begirting us, and all around is an outward sea of desolation which few can pass. It is to us an island of verdure."

"And I could really stay here forever, George," she answered; "with you alone, and to see only you for the rest of my life. Why, after all, since everything here is so beautiful, should we go again into the outer world, and meet its storms and contentions?"

"And when the winter comes, dear pet, and our pleasant green turf is sunk—en six feet or more beneath the snow-drifts, and our biscuit-barrel is empty—what then? So that, you see, romance must have its short-lived day, indeed; and even we, though no storm or famine should ever come, would tire at last of the sameness of the scene, and long for some change. You will soon be quite well again; and, in the pleasant society of our San Francisco friends, now awaiting us, will care little for this secluded life, even if you ever remember its existence."

"It must be so, indeed, dear George; though it seems to me I can never for-

get this spot, so lovely. But, after all, it must be only in the society of our friends that we can find lasting happiness; and even those who are not near to us—our kind acquaintances who have journeyed hither in our company—I hope to meet again, some day. Old Rollick, who carried me a mile through a drift of snow, that time you were too ill to help me; and poor Bill Carthright, who took me out to see the buffalo killed. How rough they were—swearing around the campfires, at night, when they did not know that I was near! and yet, always to me so gentle and protecting.”

She closed her eyes for a moment, striving to realize more vividly the scenes and events of the past few months. Nearly a year ago, she had started overland with her husband, to whom a fair prospect of professional success had suddenly opened in *El Dorado*. Those were days when vessels slowly crept around the stormy Horn, and the isthmus steamers were few and uncertain, and when, to many minds, the tedious overland route was the safest and most speedy. Cheerfully she had made ready to go with him; and, after all, it seemed only looking forward to a very few months of easy land-carriage—they would be at their destination in the fall, they thought. But the labor was greater than had been expected; the time was much protracted, and winter came upon them while they were yet among the mountains, and they were obliged to settle down in some ravine and wait until spring. At times, the provisions had threatened to give out, and there had been two or three not bloodless attacks from marauding Indians; and so the winter had passed, amid suffering and danger. Yet, for the bright side to it all, there was much to think of with pleasure, when she remembered how kind and gentle had been the rough-bearded men who had been of their party; how those men, born to wood-craft and hunting—uncouth in

manners as well as in dress, and sometimes terrible in their mutual quarrels—had always vied with one another to save her from discomfort; how, in her immediate presence, they had tried to lay aside their roughness of speech and action—putting on, before her, an instinctive courtliness which was almost real grace, and which, as it came from the soul, was worth more than the grace of royalty. All this she could not but think of with grateful homage to their rude excellence of heart; and she sadly wondered whether she might ever see any of them again. Pleasant thoughts, upon the whole, among so much that had been painful; and it was singular how differently these memories stood out before her, as she now looked at them from opposite points of view. It was not until the early spring that the little camp in the mountains had broken up, and they had succeeded in reaching the borders of the Stanislaus—the first confines of civilized life. Therefore, she had now led that career of hardship and trial for nearly ten months; and it seemed almost like her real, normal existence, so boldly did it assert itself against the more feeble memories of her former life of eastern comfort. But, on the other hand, it seemed already fading away, like an uncertain dream, as she turned her mind to the new civilization crystalizing about the Golden Gate, and to the many dear friends there awaiting her. She was now within a few days' journey of them, and the perils of the landward route were all behind her. Should she not soon see those dear friends again? Not quite yet, perhaps. During the past two weeks she had fallen ill. She had bravely borne up during the winter's work; but, now that it was at an end, the reaction had come, and she had appeared strangely weak and listless. It was merely that she needed rest, all said; and though now so near her new home, it might be that the toil of the journey of even those

few days would imperil her. Only rest and inaction, and freedom from present care, were needed; and while, upon the stoppage in the first mining settlement, her husband deliberated on what should be done, one of the band succeeded in solving the question. He had found this little nook among the hills, and scarcely a mile from the settlement—so near, indeed, that, in the stillness of the warm, breezeless day, the sound of the ever-moving rocks could be heard; but, apart from that, far enough off to have been, as yet, uninvaded. It lay among the hills—a secluded, unappropriated paradise. The little stream, that ran bubbling through its centre, gave pleasant verdancy to the sward, and decked its own borders with many-colored spring flowers. The noble oak-trees that studied the plain would afford shade and shelter. The air was warm and balmy; for the closing in of the pine-covered hills shut out any roughly tempered winds, and in this sheltered nook she could remain, and rest herself from past toil; for, doubtless, in a week or so, she would be so far restored as to be able to resume her journey. Therefore, the few of the party who now remained—for many had already straggled off toward other mines—postponed for yet a day their further onward journey, that they might assist in one final contribution to her comfort. Together, they pitched the little brown tent beneath the largest oak-tree, scarcely allowing her husband to give his aid—so jealously did each one wish to do for her all that he could. They placed, conveniently at one side, and covered over, a generous supply of all such qualities of food as could be purchased for many miles around; diligently searching out for her many delicacies which it would not, at first, have been supposed the mining-towns could furnish. They gathered piles of long grass for the horse—her husband's horse, indeed, but which she had often ridden,

when tired of the hard jolting of the baggage-wagon. And then, with a few rough words of farewell—which said so little, perhaps, but meant so much in the inner depths of their earnest souls—they turned away, and, as we have seen, slowly filing out of the valley, left the two to their new life. A very pleasant life, indeed, it seemed to be: the air was so warm and balmy, with the freshness of the new spring; the green turf at their feet so soft and abundant; the babbling of the little stream so cheerfully responsive to the whole tone of their feelings, as they sat together, and, in perfect freedom from care and toil, gazed before them: and all animated nature seemed so tame and friendly; birds that were new to them, hopped closely to their feet, and, undismayed, chirruped a welcome; even the brown hare, that skipped across from one side of the valley to the other, turned to gaze at them, not as though he was frightened at the intrusion, but rather with an inquiring look, and then passed on, with no quicker gait than before. So snugly, too, did they seem shut in by the mountains from all contact with the outer world—the pine-covered hills closing in steeply around those few green acres of sward and scattered oaks; and at the further end, over a lower outline of the chain, the snow-crowned peaks of the Sierra Nevada, lifting themselves, white and glistening, like an outer line of sentries—it was like some newly found Arcadia. And, again, there crossed Ethel's mind the thought, that it would be pleasant to live there always.

"At least," she said—not as though having any thought about herself, but rather as a matter of tasteful fancy, wide and universal in its application—"at least, if not a place to live in—away from all friends—it seems a place to die and be buried in. Think, George, what a treasure of loveliness this spot would be to some large city, if within pleasant

reach. How the glories of any artificial cemetery would pale before these natural beauties! It impresses me, that if it were near our former home, long as I might live in San Francisco, I could hardly, at last, die in peace, if I were not certain to be carried back and laid here. Just here, George—beneath this old tree where stands our tent.”

Careless was her tone—the momentary prompting of a transient fancy—and as carelessly did he answer. But all the more bitterly did he afterward recall his speech. Not for many days, indeed—not during the coming week, when, cheered by the novelty and beauty of the surrounding scene, her face seemed to take upon itself new color and a brighter radiance of expression—but afterward, when again her cheek paled, and when, coming in from an hour of loitering with his rifle, he noticed that she rose more heavily and wearily than usual to greet him.

“You are tired, Ethel!”

“A little, George. It seems as though, after all, I missed the toil of the journey. This idle life is making me too inactive. But I shall be better soon.”

With this, it seemed that, for the first time, evil forebodings fell upon his heart, at first intangible and undefined, but in a moment taking crushing shape; and, turning away under pretense of further hunting, he loitered slowly along until he had passed from her sight behind the outlet of the valley; then, at a quicker pace, he sped to the neighboring mine. For, might not this be a matter of life and death? There might be more needed for her than mere fresh air and rest. Somewhere, within reach, there must be a physician. Let him be who or what he might, were there any good in him, he must be called.

And in so much the searcher was fortunate. In that neighboring mining-town there chanced to be a physician, whose name, but for his evil genius, might have

lived long in the annals of medical science: not a mere fledgeling of the past year, from some easily-satisfied college, but a man of mature age, deeply read in science, with the skill of years of successful practice upon him; with an eye and judgment unerring in their capacity to form instant and careful diagnoses; with nothing to prevent climbing to fame and fortune, except one blasting act that had driven him from civilization into that outer wilderness. This man being met with, was at once engaged to come to the little valley, but with all caution against revealing his object.

“Draw near as a stranger, as a prospecting miner, if you will, Doctor—anything, rather than as what you are; for I would not have her to suspect.”

The Doctor nodded; and that afternoon, straggling along with a rifle upon his shoulder, drew toward the tent, and asked for a cup to drink from the running brook. Then, being bidden to seat himself, he did so, and, with scarcely a glance at Ethel, ran on in discursive talk—about the prospects of the mines, about the probable politics of the newly formed State, about the expected Oriental immigration, about everything, in fact, excepting health or medicine. Then, as the sun began to sink, he rose to his feet, made his hasty adieu, and departed, accompanied a little way by the husband.

“Doctor, you find her . . .”

Those were days when, in all trades and occupations—in most of the relations of life, indeed—men were quick of speech, instant in coming to the point; no dallying gingerly with the truth, no putting off an evil day that could not be avoided. Therefore, the Doctor hesitated only a moment; and then, taking the other by the hand, looked earnestly into his face.

“You are a man!” he said. “You can bear to hear the truth, and, hearing it, can stand up under it?”

"My God! and is it so?" And the unhappy man, with that truth now so fully revealed to him, almost sank upon the earth. Then, with a great effort of fortitude, he braced himself to inquire more. "And—and, how long, Doctor—before? . . ."

"It may be soon—it may be months. I can not presume to tell about that, for certain. Meanwhile, let her remain where she now is. She has everything there that can be of service. Better here than in the city. All the cities in the world could not furnish for her this pleasant air. And I will come again."

The Doctor returned to the mine, and the husband to his tent—broken-hearted and hopeless, and yet obliged, for her deception, to wear his usual smiling face; crushed and ruined as to all that could make life a desire to him, yet forced to talk cheerfully about plans which he knew could never be fulfilled; urged each day to comfort her with vain conversation about her improving health, and to find excuses for every new symptom of ill, lest otherwise she might suspect the truth, yet ever pressing down the swelling of his heart, as he watched her cheek constantly growing more hollow, her eye more unnaturally glittering; wondering, sometimes, whether she herself realized the approaching doom, and half inclined to believe that she did, and, for his comfort, was striving to conceal it; almost wishing, that, if so, she would reveal it, if thereby, in those last few days that terrible restraint between them might be removed, and they be enabled to talk freely about the end; laying up in his heart the memory of every smile and gentle caress, as something which he could not long enjoy, and bitterly remembering every unkind speech of his in the distant past as errors for which he would fain ask pardon, but could not now, lest thereby she might be led to wonder, and so realize the truth; painfully speculating, too, with practical pur-

pose, whether he ought not now to transport her to her friends, lest, when the winter came, in which she could not stay, it would be greater pain for her to move.

There was no need, however, that, amid all his other wretchedness of thought, he should feel forced to ponder upon this last. The great change came to her very quietly and gently, and more speedily than could have been foreseen. She had not seemed worse that day—even a little stronger, perhaps. It was a fair afternoon, soft and balmy, with no wind to ruffle or disturb even the wing of bird or insect, yet sheltered from excessive heat by the surrounding hills. In that clear atmosphere, the hills themselves, somehow, appeared more verdure-covered than usual, the distant Sierra more majestic, the grass beside the little stream more green. Together the two occupants of the valley sat at the door of the tent and talked; he with his arm supporting her, she leaning upon his shoulder. They spoke awhile about their absent friends; about their plans for the future—plans which he knew could never be carried out, she being gone; about what they might do when he had made his fortune; and about when again they should revisit the East. Then, with a faint sigh, she relapsed into silence, and for many minutes he sat still, thinking that she slept. But at some slight, unconscious motion of his arm, her head fell forward; there was something in her expression that filled him with sudden affright, and, with one penetrating, earnest look, he knew that all was over. It could not have been more painless or peaceful. There could not be a more gentle smile than that resting upon her lips, telling of some inward joy at the moment of departing. But what of all that? Who, at such a time, ever comforts himself with such thoughts? She had left him—that was all he could realize; and, placing her gently inside

the tent, he threw himself at her side, and there laid, half unconscious in his agony, that afternoon and all that night—not daring to leave her alone, not knowing where to look for help. But the next morning it happened that the Doctor, sauntering that way, with rifle over his shoulder, in the assumed character of sportsman, came to the tent and found them. Calm, quiet, and resolute, he was a man who knew how to deal with grief as well as with sickness; and at once he took upon him the direction of affairs, as though he were the only person in authority.

"All now has been tried for her that ever can be," he said. "There remains only one thing to do. Where will you have her laid?"

The other gazed for a moment around, then pointed to the inside of the tent.

"There—where she now lies. She once said that, dying, she would like to rest at the foot of this oak."

"It is well. Shall we send for assistance?"

"No; only you and I. It will be enough. No one else shall touch her or look upon her."

So there they buried her; the Doctor borrowing a spade from the neighboring mine, and returning himself to dig the grave. The other stood looking on; it could hardly have been expected that he should assist. But when the grave had been made deep enough, he helped to place her in it, upon her cloak, neatly spread beneath, with her shawl folded over her face; and thus, with a prayer by the Doctor—his first prayer for many years, possibly—they gave her to the ground; not forgetting, even in the narrow confines of the tent, to mark the spot with a little mound. Then the Doctor, throwing the borrowed spade and the rifle together over his shoulder, touched the other upon the arm.

"Will you go with me?" he said.

Perhaps there was some idea in his

mind that comfort could be gained in another scene; that the companionship of other men might be of service; that the wild disorder and uproar of the mining-town might be available to drive away grief—perhaps, even, that the terrible despair might be assuaged by some reckless frolic. It might be that he himself, if in grief, would have sought some such species of consolation, so widely different are constituted the souls of men. But it was otherwise with the one now before him.

"I will stay here for awhile," was the only answer.

So the Doctor went his way, and the other was left alone. Why, indeed, should he not stay? In a civilized land, with funeral rites at a city cemetery, he would, perforce, be obliged to return home, after all had been done. But here, who or what duty was there that could order him? There, he could return again as often as he liked; here, in this far-off nook of the mountains, hundreds of miles away from any city, he knew that the parting, once made, would probably be final. Why, too, must he hurry away to duties about which it mattered little whether they were begun sooner or later, and which, in his loneliness, must ever be tedious and distasteful to him? No; he would remain a little while longer with his darling.

That day, indeed, and the next; and so on, for a fortnight. At night he slept his troubled sleep in the tent, beside the little mound, with one arm thrown over it; in the day-time he sat in front, silently weaving the hard woof of his thoughts and memories. So much was there to remind him of her, that he could not tear himself away. The worn spot in the grass where her feet had been accustomed to rest; her little bag of odds and ends, for sewing, dangling from the tent-pole; the squirrel, which she had half-tamed, and which now daily came near,

as if looking for her; even the outline of the mountain, along which she had striven to trace a resemblance to the hills of her native home. Not merely the nearer objects, indeed, but the whole valley seemed to speak of her. It was all hers, and hers alone—her abiding-place, her home; and, as he remembered what she had once said, all her grave—to be kept sacred to her alone.

So passed a month. At last it seemed to him that he must certainly rouse himself to bid that final farewell, which, delay it as he might, in the end must surely come; and, turning to his horse, he began to saddle it for the journey. But at that moment there appeared upon the scene a new party—four or five rough men, smoking their pipes, and bearing mining implements in their midst. Not knowing him or his grief, they hailed him with good-natured gruffness, inquiring whether there was any gold in the little stream that flowed near his feet.

"None," he answered—"none, that I know of. I have not tried."

At this the men laughed among themselves with pleasant humor, not believing him. It was the answer they might expect, in fact, from one who must be filling his own pockets out of the brook's bared bed, and did not want intruders.

"Trying for ourselves is seeing for ourselves, partner," they merely responded; and, dropping their implements at a point of the stream not fifty feet off, they began to turn up the sod of the banks. With mute despair and anger did the bereaved man gaze upon them. He could not drive them away, for they were too many, and, moreover, their right to be there was as good as his own. But with their labor they were now desecrating the place—the valley that belonged to her alone—her grave. They were turning into barren unsightliness the placid scene upon which she had so much loved to look. If they

found gold, they might carry their labor still nearer. Were he now to depart, they might even work up toward where the tent itself stood, and ignorantly intrude where even innocent intrusion would be profanation. No, he could not now depart and suffer all that risk. So, lifting the saddle again from the horse, he sat down moodily to watch these rough and noisy laborers.

They worked well and faithfully, lifting off the light sod, scraping away the earth to the solid foundation of the rock, and turning, at one point, the course of the stream. At times, wearied with their labor, they would sit and smoke their pipes, and their rude laughter jarred harshly upon the spirit of the lonely watcher. Once in awhile, some one of them approached the tent, on the excuse of asking for a light, but really desirous of acquaintance, yet the unresponsive and gloomy manner of the desolate man repressed them, and at last they came no more. Soon, too, it seemed as though some inkling of his story had got about among them; for, as they looked toward him, they would whisper to each other, and, for the moment, their gayety would be hushed. Even at other times, when not believing themselves conscious of his presence, they worked on in more than their accustomed silence, as though oppressed with some contagion of gloom. But, for all that, they still labored earnestly, until fifty feet of the bed of the stream had been fruitlessly turned. Then one of them approached the watcher.

"You was right, partner—all right. Not a flake of gold here, and our week's work all wasted. And so we are going back to the Stanislaus again, and sorry as we intruded."

"Can you sell me a spade before you go?" was his response.

"We don't sell, partner; but if you want one, it is at your service, and we will leave it out for you. When you get tired of staying here, why, come down

to the Stanislaus yourself and see us, and try your luck there, alongside of us. And so, good-by, partner."

With that, he retired; and, within an hour, the whole party had passed through the defile behind the pine grove, and the bereaved man was again left alone—alone, as to human companionship, indeed, but haunted by one great purpose now, that had possessed him as thoroughly as though it were a new nature. The valley—her grave—had been desecrated. Its loveliness had been partially despoiled. If her spirit were hovering near, it would feel saddened by the desolation caused in what she had so greatly loved to contemplate. For him there was now this one great duty: to restore the scene to its former beauty. It was all that he could now do for her, but it should be completed before he departed.

Therefore, with a kind of frenzy, he began his work. It was severe toil to him, even at the beginning, for he felt strangely weak. But he reflected that he had not labored for many days, and must naturally be out of the way of it; and that a little practice would soon restore him to all his wonted vigor; never, though, his mind to its olden serenity again; but his body, without doubt, to its former strength. Anyhow, the great purpose in his heart must be performed.

That week and the next he labored on in a whirl of frantic impatience, beginning early and not leaving off until the darkness compelled him—hardly stopping, indeed, for his necessary food. If, at times, he was obliged to delay and take rest during long intervals, it was lost time, which he regretted as a miser would bewail stolen treasures; for, might not Ethel be looking on, impatiently awaiting the day when the scene should glow again in sumptuous beauty as before? If daily his rests became longer, he thought not of that, ex-

cepting as it was still greater loss of time; and when he resumed his labor, he did so with increased feverishness of impulse. And, in a month, this constant application bore its fruits. He had turned the stream back to its old channel. He had filled up the deep cut made by the miners for its new flow. He had leveled the unsightly mounds that here and there had broken the natural grace of the scene. And the little brook seemed to gurgle thanks to him as it ran merrily along in its restored bed.

There was still one more thing to be done. The earth lay black and unsightly in the refilled cut, where soft, green turf and bright flowers had formerly been seen. And, therefore, with long-continued toil, broken, as before, with frequent enforced restings, he cut out fresh turf from level sources beyond the borders of the valley. It was toilsome work to carry it so far and fit it upon the dark earth; but at last this, too, was all completed—the brook in its old bed, the hillocks leveled, the cavities filled up, the turf laid neatly over the bare spots, and here and there flowers already springing up where of late there had been so much deformity. Now, at last, the whole valley—her grave—bore all its olden appearance of beauty. None could know that it had ever been disturbed, and the only token of past labor visible was the spade which he still held in his trembling and wasted hand. This, too, as an incongruous object, he now removed from sight, burying it in the deepest pool of the brook.

"Ethel will be happier now," he whispered to himself. "All is again as it should be. And I think that I will go and lie down for awhile, for I am very tired. Perhaps Ethel will be so pleased with what I have done that she will even come and visit me in my dreams."

Did she really visit him in a sweet dream? Or did he first go to her, in-

stead? No one can tell, but it is certain that in his sleep there had been no pain or sorrow; for when, an hour afterward, three men chanced to cross the valley and wandered off to his tent for information, they found him lying with such a happy smile upon his face, that, at first, they thought he was merely slumbering and enjoying a pleasant dream. It was only after a moment of expectant waiting, that they found out the truth that he would never awaken again.

No one seemed able to explain why he had died. Some said, of one thing; and some, of another. Not one of them spoke about a broken heart. But, however this might be, there was the undisputed fact of death, lying before them, and demanding their hospitable care; and about this they entered into consultation. There was none that knew him or could tell anything about him. Even at the neighboring mine he was a stranger, for the Doctor himself had by that time wandered away to other places. All that could be done, therefore, was to bestow upon the dead man, as tenderly as possible, those rites which friends and strangers can equally claim when the last enemy overtakes them. A grave

was dug beside the tent. It was there made for convenience only, for none knew of that other grave just inside, and it was only by this chance that he was now placed, as he would have wished, close beside all that he had so much loved. And after that there came further discussion, in regard to the effects he had left behind him. It was some time before the men could make up their minds to divide these; for, through some instinct of propriety, it seemed almost like plundering the dead. But, after all, there was no known heir, and there were none anywhere around, except strangers to him; and, very properly, these things should not be left unregarded or without care. Therefore, one of the men took the horse, and another the rifle and pistols, while the third, claiming the tent as his share, lifted it off the poles and carried it away; and, doing so, this last man unwittingly performed the kindest act of all, for now, the canvas being removed, the rain and the dew could fall upon the little grave that had been made within as freely as upon the one outside, and so the two mounds could equally, in the future, grow green with the fresh turf, and blossom with the sweet wild-rose.

BUSTER.

BUSTER is abroad. Buster operates in mines and mining-stocks. Born in the Atlantic States, his wits have been mineralogically sharpened in California. On Yankee "cuteness" he has grafted the western dash and swagger. Soaring above wooden nutmegs, he peddles bogus mines of silver and gold. He is very fluent. In conversation he is a breech-loader, discharging ten words to your one. He comes freighted with fragments of quartz, studded with

dull yellow gold. These are from the King Solomon Mine, Dead-shot District, Arizona.

Viewed through the glass which Buster holds before you, there are locked up in the King Solomon Mine countless millions. He unrolls highly-colored plates of mine and mill. There are the "adits," and "levels," and "breasts," the pans, amalgamators, and arrastras, engines puffing, men wheeling barrows of ore, and great piles thereof waiting to

be crushed, all yielding from \$100 to \$1,000 per ton, of which the fragment he now keeps flashing before your eyes is not a selected, but an average specimen—being really the piece which some easily corrupted workman filched from the Eberhardt or Emma vein, and sold to Buster for a consideration. It needs but a few thousands of outlay to place the King Solomon Mine and mill in good running order. The last superintendent was inefficient—"not metallurgically educated; did not understand amalgamating the ore properly." But this man Buster, before you, is the modern Midas. Every pound of rock touched under his management turns to gold.

He does not ask you to buy in the King Solomon. He only hints at the necessity for raising additional capital. It is a pity such a mine should be lying idle when a few thousands would turn out its treasure in a perpetually running stream.

You are much interested in the King Solomon Mine. You lie awake and think of it by night. No, you do not think, either. Your brain is aflame with the King Solomon vein. You see it running deep into the earth, sending off shoots and feeders, hither and thither, all crusted with rough, rich, dull yellow gold, like the fragment Buster has shown you. You are dreaming. You are in a golden trance. Buster has you under control. His "influence" is upon you. You deem yourself an independent agent—you are only a stupefied stupid, slowly, surely, and skillfully managed by Buster's art. "'Will you walk into my parlor?' says the spider to the fly." You are buzzing round and round, at every turn drawing nearer Buster's open and gilded parlor-door. Buster sits at ease within. He seems not anxious for your entrance.

But he is. To-day he hints at speedy departure. Other and vast interests call him elsewhere. Next month, he must

be in Colorado—in Central America; the month after, in London. Buster is a lively merry-go-round.

This is the last pass he makes over you. He has put you to sleep.

Buster is gone. You are the owner of one hundred shares in the King Solomon. Price—well, a year's income.

I will show you the King Solomon Mine. We travel many days in Arizona. Heat, scorpions, and alkali-dust torment you, blind your eyes, sting you. Apaches hunger and thirst for your scalp. A country bare, burned barren, desolate, treeless, and gloomy—an appropriate and gigantic vestibule to the infernal regions—stretches day after day before you. By the roadside skeletons of horses, oxen, mules, and lone graves of murdered men. By the evening camp-fire, stories of horrible Apache atrocity; of men hung by the heels, roasted and smoked to death; of men flayed alive; of men dying for days with little fires aflame all over them. These are morsels for midnight meditation, as you lie awake; and, when the full moon rises above the horizon, so does your hair, for that tall, branchless cactus, seemingly stalking across its disk, looks every inch an Indian.

At last, we reach the settlement of O-Be-Joyful—the last mining outpost, the last picket-guard of civilization—a row of tents and board shanties, every other one a bar-room, all filled with rough miners, gamblers, desperadoes, and rising American legislators settled here to run for Congress. The thermometer daily registers its 115 degrees of heat; the hot winds whirl dense clouds of alkali-dust through door and window; the water you drink is a solution of arsenic, sulphur, soda, copper; the whiskey is but colored and diluted alcohol; a cup of coffee and a plate of fried parchement, termed steak, costs a dollar; the street, from end to end, is strewn with *monte* and playing cards; there is noth-

ing to read, save last year's almanac; and every window shows one pane cracked by a bullet. Your sleeping-room is full of mosquitoes, and directly over five noisy *monte* banks, whose business commences at midnight and lasts till dawn.

Apaches ever hover about the vicinity of O-Be-Joyful. Two men shot and scalped last week by them, but half a mile from town. To be slain by Indians is not deemed a casualty; only one of the diseases peculiar to the country. The "Judge," the only genial and mild-mannered man you have met at O-Be-Joyful, confidentially exhibits his derringers, assuring you that he is not a fighting man, but carries them only when traveling, that he may blow out his own brains in case he should be captured by the Indians, and thus to escape their horrid tortures.

We have inquired at O-Be-Joyful concerning the King Solomon Mine. It does not seem well known. "Why, is there not a rich mine of that name in Dead-shot District?" Not that they ever heard of. But no one has lived in Dead-shot District for the last year. Too many Apaches. How far is Dead-shot from O-Be-Joyful? Maybe eighty miles; maybe one hundred. Now, that we are so near the location of the King Solomon, it does not seem so accessible or well defined as when Buster showed it you on his map. Then it laid between the Carambo and the Carajo rivers, in a certain valley, "well wooded, well watered, easy of access." The Carambo you have seen. It is a broad, dry bed, strewn with dry bowlders and dry cottonwood trunks, washed from the mountains. Not a drop of water has moistened it for the last seven months. The Carajo? No such river is known at O-Be-Joyful. There seems a fault somewhere. The country looked much better on Buster's map. The reality is terrible. Rough? It is rougher than an

unfinished world. It is the back-yard of creation.

But we must press forward. The King Solomon Mine, the mill, the thousands paid to Buster, the millions to be realized in the future, all beckon us on. We hire four mules and three desperadoes as a guard against Apaches. They could tell us before we started that the King Solomon mill is a myth, and the mine a fraud, but they refrain. We are still live geese; we bring golden eggs into the territory. It is only such as we who refresh its currents of finance. For this our hired desperadoes will not themselves rob and murder us, nor allow any such freedom to the Apache.

We travel many days. Flour and bacon form our only sustenance. No vegetables, no fruit. Bilious horrors accumulate daily. Our dessert lies in the pill-box.

We have found the King Solomon Mine. It is located in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—a crooked, rugged, precipitous cañon, the walls of black, volcanic rock, rising hundreds of feet, on either side, almost perpendicularly. The *strata* are twisted, gnarled, and upheaved at every angle, by subterranean force. The water, for bitterness, is Epsom salts, aloes, wormwood, flavored with soap-suds. No trees—no grass—no soil. We are stung with cactus-spines, and stabbed by the Spanish bayonet. What is that locust-like, whirling noise? A rattlesnake! There he glides, over the hot rocks. One of our desperadoes sends a bullet through his backbone; but, though no longer able to drag himself along, he rattles still—he's game. What is that, scuttling up the hill-side, yonder? A porcupine. Another bullet stops him. Down the slope he rolls; the dogs spring on him, and speedily return—their jaws and noses as full of short, finely barbed quills, as a thickly studded pincushion. Yonder shoots a horned toad; and at our feet,

clumsily crawls a hideous, hairy, black ball, on five long, slender legs—a tarantula. Everything here—insect, serpent, animal, or vegetable—carries venom, spines, thorns, and stings. What is that black shadow? A buzzard, floating in the cloudless blaze overhead—waiting for us to lie down and die, that he may pick our bones. All around, in awful stillness, rise peaks—angular, sharp-pointed, craggy, black, frowning, and gloomy.

Here is the “mine”—a jagged hole in the ledge, some four feet in depth; over it, a rough windlass, a coil of bleached rope, and a rotten tub. About, are empty sardine-cans, old boots, and shattered whisky-bottles—infallible tests of some former miner’s presence. Hard by, tacked to a board, is the following:

“NOTICE.

“We, the undersigned, claim each 300 feet on this, the King Solomon vein, by 150 feet in width, on either side of this notice, together with all its spurs, dips, angles, side and cross leads; and intend working the same at the first opportunity.

“(Signed),

BUSTER,
FLUSTER,
DUSTER.”

Buster, we now understand, is working this vein abroad. It is not always necessary to go down and labor in a mine, to get gold by it, so long as there remains money, ready coined, in credulous pockets.

Let us go hence. The King Solomon Mine is a swindle; the mill is a baseless vision. Arise, ye three desperadoes, outlaws, escaped convicts, cut-throats, Anglo-Saxon savages! Pack the mules!—hasten back to O-Be-Joyful! Buster must be a swindler. Our thought of him, at first, is very bitter. We keep pistols and daggers ever drawn upon him in our heart. Yet, Buster was an agreeable fellow. Buster, for an evening’s company, was a show, a menag-

erie, a performance, all in and of himself. He was full of original tales. He was appreciative, and keen to detect the ludicrous in everything. His laugh was rich in heartiness. Put him in a stage-coach, a railway-car, a steamboat, and in half an hour he would be the nucleus of a circle attracted by his fascinating gab. Put him in a strange household, of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and in a day he would have captivated all the girls by his dash, swagger, and boldness; at the same time winning over the old gentleman by deferential discussion with him behind the barn, on subjects doctrinal, political, and agricultural.

We see through Buster, now; he is transparent as glass. Yet, we should actually like to meet the scamp again, could we consistently do so without a flourish of angry trumpets. Besides, he never importuned us to buy in the King Solomon. He never actually declared that the mine was opened, or the mill erected. True, he showed us plates of mine and mill; whereupon we recklessly inferred them to be things of reality. Is Buster, then, to be so much scandalized? And then, after all, while honesty is commendable, and all that sort of thing, it is apt to be so dull and stupid by the side of glittering rascality. Buster did glitter; he was studded with sharp and sparkling points. He was always a sky-rocket. He never came down, a stick.

We have brought away with us some fragments of the King Solomon vein, and, when arrived in San Francisco, carry them to the assayer. He tells us, they show “traces” of gold and silver. Traces? Well, that is something. But, can we find any “trace” of Buster? We would like to analyze him. We can not. Buster is far out of sight; he has kicked over all the “traces.”

BORNEO CINNABAR MINES.

IN the very heart of the Bougon Mountains—which is one of the great chains that intersect Borneo—300 miles from anywhere in any direction, if we except the city of Kuching, with which there is no connection and to which there is no road, are situated the antimony and cinnabar mines of the famous Borneo Company. They lie in a little nook or crevice, surrounded by a labyrinth of ravines, which labyrinth has been formed by a riotous little torrent that seems not to know its own mind for twenty yards together, but rushes hither and thither, making a way for itself by overthrowing and quarreling generally with boulders and trees. Surrounded thus by ravines, they are shut in by hills of flowering creepers and ferns; and by verdure-clad mountains, which rise, pile upon pile, for more than 3,000 feet, until the faint leaves of their clinging vines are trellised against a cerulean sky. On all sides rise vast adamantine walls of limestone, crowned by millions and millions of evergreen trees and timber. There is the *bilian*, or iron-wood, which water can neither float nor destroy—impregnable alike to the assaults of insect or decay. The amphibious Dyaks make the foundations of their water-houses of it; and, because it is known that it will resist decay for hundreds of years, the Chinese use it for their most precious coffins, hoping thus to preserve their mummied ancestors till the Day of Judgment, whenever that day may be in Chinese annals. Whether this delicate little attention will be appreciated by those ancestors when the time comes, remains to be seen. The coffins sometimes cost as much as \$1,000. The Borneo Company has con-

structed its tram-roads of this iron-wood, and it answers the purpose well. Large quantities of it are also exported.

Then there is the silver-stemmed *japang-tree*, whose delicate leaves fall around it like a cloud of green lace, and shelter millions of hives, rich in golden honey, and supplying commerce annually with a very large quantity of wax. The *ka-pur*, or camphor-tree, stands here among its tropical fellows, exuding its fragrant gum, to be transported all over the world as a purifying and preserving agent. The limestone walls are also crowned by the *palaman*, from whose triangular roots a “social board” is cut in one solid slab, capable of seating around it or containing in comfortable attitudes beneath it from twenty to forty guests; by the gutta-percha tree, which yields its heart’s blood (for it has to be cut down) to preserve our marvelous Atlantic cables; by the india-rubber tree, whose uses are so infinite in number and so well known as not to need mention; by the creeper, whose slender stem overtops the tallest giants of the forest, and whose fibre makes the toughest cables known to mariners. Here, also, are the homes of the tree-fern and the orchids—those picturesque parasites, whose waxy flowers are only equaled in eccentric beauty by the wild nepenthe, which here yields its cooling draught to the agile Dyak. He is an agile Dyak, for his foot on his native mountains is as light and sure as that of his neighbor, the *mias*, or ourang-outang—who shares the proprietorship of the soil with him, attains the height of four feet eight inches, is possessed of twice the strength of a man, and who, sharing the feeling of the wildest tribes of man, refuses to be

utilized into slavery. From this seeming wisdom, no doubt, has arisen the fable that monkeys were able to speak, but refused, lest man should make them his slaves. Certain it is, that, could the *mias* be made to work, his labor would be most valuable to man. His tremendous strength and wonderful agility would clear away the jungle, build roads and bridges, cut down timber, and even cultivate the soil. Other animals have been turned to various uses, suitable to their capacity; but one with such gigantic strength, power of manipulation, and with such a keen faculty of imitation, might easily be taught to supply the place of negroes upon plantations, or of Dyaks in the forests. However, the cunning brutes refuse to take the initiatory step, and thus frustrate every plan for turning their strength to account. There can be no doubt that the monkeys have the best of the argument. The ourang-outangs rarely attack a man unless he gives the first offense, or approaches their young—which, unlike those of all other animals except man, are helpless, and require the mother's care for six months. The baby monkey lies on its back, and kicks and cries just like a human infant, and is equally difficult to rear away from its mother. Perhaps, however, the experimenters never tried the modern bottle, or "baby-jumper."*

Into this wilderness of monstrosities and magical beauties—containing alike the materials to supply our daily wants, and to satisfy our scientific requirements—have penetrated the agents of the energetic pioneering Borneo Company, ascending to the cloud-capped peak, and burrowing in the bowels of the earth, to cull the timber, the sago, the antimony and cinnabar, the gold and the diamond. Through their kindness, I was able to enter into their wondrous workshop of Nature and grand *atelier* of her indus-

try and powers. A day's journey from Kuching, in a row-boat, or *sampan*, up the Sarawak River, brought me to Busan—the first of the company's antimony works—where the ore is smelted from the solid rock. Here are the principal furnaces and the cargo-boats for conveying the purified antimony down the river to the company's wharves at Pinding, where the cargoes are generally shipped for long sea-voyages; and to Kuching, whence there is a regular steamer service to Singapore. A few miles further up the country from Busan is Jambusan, which is reached by a tramway. It is situated in a basin, surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills, with the shadowy peaks of the great mountains, twenty and thirty miles distant, looming up in the blue ether. Here the principal blasting is carried on; there are also smelting furnaces and a brickyard for the construction of the necessary buildings.

Jambusan, which is entirely sustained by the company's works, contains about 300 inhabitants, the most of whom are either directly or indirectly dependent upon the company. Another day's journey upon a mettlesome pony, which had various little dodges, with a view to throwing me out of the saddle—such as bolting under low branches, sheds, etc.—took me through one of the most glorious forests it has ever been my fortune to behold. A bridle-path, or horse-trail, had, with much engineering skill, been contrived at the foot of the mountain, following the lead of the stream; which, as I before remarked, never knew its own mind, but wriggled about like a tadpole in clean water—sometimes diving right under the mountain and bubbling up on the other side, by some hydraulic process known only to itself. Its freaks, however, had made necessary no less than forty-eight bridges in the twelve miles to Tegora, my destination. At this place, the manager kindly placed

*Since writing the above, a gentleman has informed me that he did try, and succeeded well.

his bungalow at my service, with a Chinese cook—without a chin, the materials for which had evidently gone to make extra large cheek-bones; a Malay, to wait upon me; a very small Dyak, with a very big sword, to defend me; a splendid kangaroo-dog, named Sam—something between a grayhound and a stag-hound—in whom I placed the utmost confidence; and my own special Anamite follower, Nam. These composed my retinue. I was also offered the services of a young boa-constrictor, to keep the rats away, but this I declined with thanks. Here, perched among the tree-tops, in a nook like a crow's-nest—for the bungalow or villa was situated upon a sugar-loaf of its own, about 500 feet high—I could look down upon the works below, and view the useful and practical; or, looking upward, I could gaze upon all that was romantic and grand. It was easy for me to imagine myself once more in Yosemite, without danger of snow, for the only accident which could happen here would be to be blown from the top of my Olympian mount into the Plutonic kingdom below, where Dyak vulcans were tending furnaces, which belched forth molten lava of antimony, smelted from the tenacious rock, and dazzling quicksilver, forced by the roaring flames from the ruddy cinnabar, which had been sent flying down the rocks by the force of gunpowder. When an explosion takes place, the outrage is groaned, and moaned, and sighed over, by every peak, far and near, for full sixteen seconds, as though they were incredulous of the fact that puny man could come with a small fusee, absolutely shatter their adamantine gates, and steal their pent-up treasures.

Antimony is found principally as a sulphide or sulphuret, in seams of limestone, sometimes with silver, lead, and nickel. It also occurs in bright, silvery streaks in white quartz, and specimens of it thus combined are very pretty and

ornamental. Native, or pure antimony, is also found, but only in small quantities. The metal was known to the ancients as "broad eye," from its power, when applied to the eyes, to increase their apparent size. Turkish women still use it, both for eyes and eyebrows; while the court dancers of Cambodia employ it to impart to their rather ordinary countenances that peculiar Assyrian expression which constitutes the witching charm of their performances.

The Borneo Company exports it at the rate of eighteen tons per week, most of it being sent to England. Though the least ornamental, it is perhaps the most useful of the exports; and, under the polished guise of "Britannia metal," it domesticates itself in candlesticks, teaspoons, type, and tea-pots. Its work comes back to us and finds its way even to the tops of these mountains, telling us, upon the newspaper sheets, of all that is passing in the great world below. (Not that the types always speak the truth; for I see, by one of the journals, that I am in Australia, which would imply a quality of ubiquity which I do not possess. To the best of my belief, I am now at Tegora, in the Bougon Range of Borneo, though I could not swear, even if cross-examined by the attorney-general himself, where I was last week, or a month ago; for "I take no date, and I pay no rate, under the forest-trees," and my three watches have, for the last three months, ceased to mark the time.) Around the tea-pot of antimony, how many elderly ladies will congregate, talking of by-gone years and of the scandal of yesterday! With what a world of tit-bits of family history that innocent antimony, now dug from the fresh mountain caverns, will become acquainted!

The oxide of antimony is obtained by passing flames from the furnace over the sulphate, along several chambers, in which the fumes condense upon the walls and form the oxide. This is

scraped off every few months, and is used in medicine, by some doctors, for poisoning their mothers-in-law, and for other useful purposes. Quicksilver, as I have said, is found in abundance. We all know the important part that it plays in informing us of the temperature and of the future state of the weather. Here, in its native earth, it must have plenty of running up and down to do; for there is a storm of rain, wind, thunder and lightning, as I am told, upon 350 days out of the 365—thus leaving only fifteen days for the barometer to repose. Rain, more or less, there seems to be every day; but, generally speaking, it is soon over, and the atmosphere afterward is singularly clear and brilliant. Quicksilver is found in the red cinnabar-stone, in the mountain-steeps and water-courses. These stones are the most valuable, as they contain frequently seventy-five per cent. of pure mercury; whereas, the solid rock yields little more than five or six per cent. The process of obtaining the metal from the latter is not unlike gold-quartz mining. The rock is first blasted a little below the surface of the topmost peaks, which are fast being leveled with the ravines. Should cinnabar be found in all of them, the features of the Bougon Range will exhibit a marked change in twenty or forty years hence. The Borneo Company will then find that it has been enacting the rather unexpected *rôle* of missionary, by fulfilling the scriptural prophecy concerning “exalting the valleys and laying the hills low.”

No one would guess that to be the mission of the company's people, to look at them. The *débris* from the blasting is brought down from the mountains, by a tram-road, to the stamps, which pound the broken rock into pudding, or dark, chocolate-colored dough. This is next spread over tables, or slabs, where, under the constant washing of water, each ingredient of the original rock finds its

level according to its specific gravity. Now, separated from its friends and adherents (especially the iron pyrites), it passes through a retort, and comes dripping out—that marvelous, globular fluid, known as quicksilver. It is secured in iron bottles, and, valued at about \$6 per pound, is shipped principally to China, where it is used for making vermilion—with which that country is bedizened from temples to tea-pots, from their celestial emperors to their portraits of imps. So few are the articles made in China without the use of vermilion, that it would be quite as difficult to discover them as to enumerate those that are. No representation of deity or devil is complete without it. No fair damsel, who does not seek to improve her beauty by laying it thickly upon her face. A disgraced mandarin swallows it as poison, and those in power denote their rank by it. All dragons seem to hold a mine of it in their throats, and all inscriptions are written either upon or with it; so that, to receive a scarlet letter has none of the portentous meaning that such a ruddy document would have in Ireland. What shall I say of the inestimable mirror, wherein individuals look at individual selves—which shows up wrinkles and gray hairs, gives the lie to flattering tongues, and does its best to be the “giftie” sighed for by Burns, and enables us “to see ourselves as others see us?” Mercury as a medicine, however, has nearly had its day, and salivation has become unpopular. Even at the retorts, salivation is a very rare trouble. I only heard of one case. A poor fellow appeared before the manager with all his teeth wrapped up in paper, asking what he was to do. “Have them set in gold, and put them in again,” replied the chief, deliberately. No doubt, that was the only thing to be done.

Gold is not found in Borneo in very large quantities, except here and there, where a “luck-fall” has yielded several

thousands of dollars. It is washed out of the beds of rivulets and streams. Digging is almost impracticable, owing to the excess of rain, which seizes upon any excavation, and floods it at once. Washing, by means of conduits, or flumes as they would be called in California, is carried on by the Chinese, in much the same fashion as there. The Borneo Company has about 1,000 Chinese in its service; while as many Dyaks are employed for less careful but more arduous work. The head-work is, of course, done by Europeans. The Chinese are the most sought for by the company, on account of their greater industry, ingenuity, and patience. In fact, all over the Eastern Archipelago, coolie labor is in great demand; and its importation is gradually working out the progress of the world. Not only as regards labor is this the case, but, in many instances, they manage important commercial interests, especially in Saigon and Singapore, at which places they figure among the most influential and wealthy merchants. The Mongolian mind, when once freed from the peculiar Chinese trammel, becomes extremely active and keenly perceptive. Chinese are wonderful at working out details; whereas, the Malay has more of the Italian or Portuguese *insouciance*, and there appears to be no logical sequence in his character, and no mathematical precision in his brain. The Dyaks, though they work intelligently and bravely for a time, can not be made to understand the necessity for constant labor. They believe in six months' labor and six months' play; and when they have saved enough to eke out a scanty subsistence for a time, they are off to their mountain fastnesses—the Dyak villages, perched up among the clouds. Here they plant a little *padi*, or rice, and live upon their earnings, until starvation again drives them down to the plains and labor. They, also, are the seekers for the diamond; the Dyak wom-

en patiently sifting the pebbly beds of the rivulets for weeks or months together, and then, perhaps, finding a small, transparent stone, which, to them, is a fortune. Some fine diamonds have been discovered, worth several thousands of dollars. The straw-colored is the stone most frequently found. A very fine one was offered to me for \$70. A pale green is, also, often found; but, of course, neither is so valuable as the pure water of the clear diamond. There is an abundance of small diamonds, and these may be had very cheap. The native workmen are not very skillful lapidaries, and so the finest gems are sent to Europe to be cut. As there is no organized system of diamond-hunting here, it is impossible to say whether gems can be found in sufficient quantity, and of good enough quality, to merit the attention of such a company as the Borneo; which, as yet, has devoted itself to the more self-evident wealth of cinnabar and antimony.

Peering out from my tower on high, I could also perceive, midway between zone and zenith, one of those curious habitations, like a great human nest, perched on the tree-tops, containing from 300 to 400 people, living like birds of the air or beasts of the forest. I could look down the winding path cut through the jungle, to the antimony and cinnabar works, with their numerous engine-houses, washing-houses, offices, tram-roads, and shops; and upon the engineers', clerks', and superintendents' pretty bungalows, dotted over the sides of the mountain like Swiss cottages; with the wide spreading palm-leaf roof, and the exterior stair-way. To that little world below, I may have seemed like the Lady of Shalott—substituting writing for weaving; but there was no Sir Lancelot—unless a Dyak youth, who used to steal up, generally, with the shadows of the moon, and discourse sweet music from a species of pumpkin and half-a-dozen

bamboo reeds. The melody was like the "*Cors des Alpes*," in the overture of "Guillaume Tell," and very soft and plaintive he could make it. When I made my page, Nam, hold the lantern to his face, I was rejoiced to find that his large, wild eyes—like a dog's, or a gazelle's—spoke only of tender rapture, without a symptom of desire to possess my head as a trophy. I gave him a dollar for his instrument, and commenced learning the Dyak *cor à pumpkin*. Thus, the Dyak "reapers," climbing the trees for orchids for some enterprising botanist, might have heard the wail of my pipes, and mistaken me for the *Ontons*—a sort of Dyak *banshee*; but, certainly, it would not be "in the morning, early." I am quite content to let the birds have both the early music, and the early worm. It remained a matter of wondering conjecture, to these natives, what I could possibly be doing up there, all alone. But there remained, for me, no romance of the nature of being *kris*-ed—*i. e.*, of having my head taken off, at one blow, by a Dyak scimeter; for the mountain Dyaks now prefer taking dollars to taking heads; and their great "head-house," where throve the young braves, is now only ornamented with a lot of smudgy old heads of thirteen years ago—overcooked and over-dried. The last grand *battue* was at the time of the Chinese insurrection in Sarawak, when most of the latter paid the penalty of their treachery to Sir James Brooke, the Rajah. He loosed his Dyak sleuth-hounds upon the would-be assassins, and they were hunted down in the jungles, in the forests, and even in the caverns of the limestone rocks, where the rivers play at hide-and-seek. These rivers form natural tunnels, which, had the rivers chosen to excavate in the right direction, might have saved the engineers much trouble. In most of these caves are found the edible "birds'-nests," so much esteemed by the Chinese for soups and ragouts. The

tunnels served, in many instances, for the hiding-places of the wretched, hunted epicures, who, notwithstanding the edible nests, died of hunger, and their whitened bones now attest their miserable end.

It is interesting to look down over the picturesque scene, and trace the change which, in less than two years, has been effected by the indomitable energy of the white race. First comes the pioneer, with his probing-rod, or magic wand, wherewith to discover the metal; then, the buildings begin to rise, like habitable mushrooms. But how the engine and machinery got here, seems as great a mystery as the Holy Stable of Bethlehem getting to Loretto—flying through the air by its own power of volition, or borne upon the wings of angels. But the Borneo Company does not seem to be composed of the sort of people who have miracles performed in their favor. Nevertheless, there they are—furnaces, iron jars, and cisterns in which to keep the mercury until it is sent off. It is a curious sensation, to dip one's fingers into this iron vat, and feel the quicksilver collapse as we try to grasp it; yet sustaining a five-pound weight of iron upon its glittering bosom. Tegora is yet in its infancy; but, should the cinnabar continue to be found in large quantities, it promises to be not only the most beautiful, but the richest place in Borneo. Several hundreds of persons are at work, and improvements are going on. Valuable timber is abundant, and Dyaks are not scarce—they are constantly coming in for employment. These mountain Dyaks have not the magnificent *physique* of the sea Dyaks; but though they are small, their limbs are beautifully molded, and in perfect symmetry, and all the muscles are fully developed. Their skin is so fine and smooth, yet hard, that it resembles bronze more than anything else. They also retain the special charm of eyelashes and eyebrows, which the

sea Dyaks do not; and their eyes are soft, wild, passionate, and lustrous. The nose, although broad, is straight on the bridge, and the nostrils fine and dilated, like those of a thorough-bred horse. The mouth, where not disfigured by the disgusting habit of *sirik*-chewing, though somewhat full and heavy, is yet handsome. Their undress—that is to say, out of their war accoutrements—is entirely what the word signifies; and yet, strange as this may appear, it fails to strike the European eye as indecorous. The missionaries have done little either to clothe or Christianize them, although they are the most intelligent of savages, and have no fixed religion of their own—no priesthood, and no religious worship. Omens and signs in

the heavens are their principal guides. Still, it is curious, that after thirty years of British rule (as we may call that of Sir James Brooke, as Rajah), and also accommodated, as they have been, with a bishop or two, supported by some of the Exeter Hall societies at home—these natives should, with the exception of a few children, have adhered to their own ideas and practices. I spent several weeks among them, going from mountain to mountain, and village to village, and met with more kindness and true politeness than I have ever encountered in more civilized places. With the exception of their common and uncomfortable practice of “head-hunting,” I think the Dyaks a very pleasant and interesting people.

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS OF '49.

SWIFTLY went the cars through one of our most productive and beautiful valleys, when a fellow-passenger, with whom I had been discussing the merits and demerits of country life, looked sharply at a vineyard, surrounded by lovely hill-slopes.

“What are you looking at, so intently?” I asked.

“At the old Doctor’s vineyard,” said he.

“And who is the old Doctor, may I ask?”

“Don’t know him? Art not a forty-niner! Well, *I* am, and knew him long. He was one of the ARGONAUTS.”

(This with a somewhat bitter smile.) I became curious.

“*Argonauts?* How—what do you mean?”

“Can’t tell. You had better go and see the old man, yourself.”

“Well,” said I, a little hurt at his curt reply, “I think I will.”

So, at Yount’s, I left him on the car, and walked back about half a mile, looking with a citizen’s complacency at the fields, the grazing cattle, and the pretty cottages, suggestive of rural happiness, till I came to the vineyard in question. I entered the gate, walked up the shady avenue; wondered how those short, stumpy-looking vines could bring good wine; came to a round and pretty parterre of evergreens and blossom-laden rose-bushes, of every variety; and beyond, screened by two large oaks, beheld the dwelling, unpretending but comfortable and inviting, with a broad, sociable veranda, shaded by vines, roses, and honeysuckles. An elderly man was busy at the flower-beds. When he saw me, he stood erect, with a questionable look. He took me, perhaps, for a book-peddler, or agent (a real bother, in the country); and as I carried my little valise, and looked dusty, his mistake was very natural. I introduced myself, for I

felt convinced he must be the "old Doctor." He seemed relieved.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. Please come in. But perhaps you prefer sitting on the veranda. The weather is pleasant; and, as I see you smoke a cigar, I'll light my meerschaum. By and by, we'll have a glass of 'native.' "

I sat down in a comfortable arm-chair, of a peculiar make. He brought out some wine, and settled down into a chair similar to mine.

"Mighty comfortable, these chairs," said I.

"They are; and very cheap. Bought them at auction, for \$1.25 apiece."

"In the city?"

"Oh, no; here. Captain C., a regular old salt, bought a 200-acre ranch—there, over the way—for some \$10,000; made, the following year, more than that amount out of his crop, owing to general drought (his crop having succeeded); thought next year would be drought again—it was very wet; felt disgusted, sold out, went East, and went to sea; went back East, returned to 'Californy,' and bought another ranch; sold out, and went to Humboldt County.

"Rather changeable," said I. "Was that in early times?"

"Oh, no; *he* was not an Argonaut."

Argonaut again! The Doctor seemed lost in thought; and, meantime, my head, a little muddled by the pleasures of an excursion trip, returned to newspaper drudgery. Now I began to remember, that there had been, in some daily paper, rather severe but just strictures on a lecture on the "Argonauts of '49." How could I—a newspaper man—be so careless?

"You allude," said I, "to a lecture...."

"Of course I do," interrupted the Doctor, rather warmly. "*You* certainly ought to know. Never were people more ill used than those so-called 'Argonauts

of '49' were, in that lecture. I knew them—nay, I was one of them. I lived among them; and if all who came there—after had been like them, we might have had less of the 'Roaring Camp,' and of the 'Heathen Chinee;' but there would have been less robbing, stealing, and murdering, I can assure you."

Elderly men, when excited, are apt to become very much so. A physical infirmity, I suppose. I kept silent for some time, while forming a *plan d'attaque*, or, rather, a plan of laying siege to all that this man might know of those early times. So, when the Doctor had subsided into a sort of reverie, I said, in my most insinuating manner:

"Dear Doctor! those times must have been very interesting. How I should like to know something of them!"

He looked somewhat doubtfully into my face.

"But," said he, laughing, "you are a reporter, an 'interviewer,' are you not? Well, you do much good, indeed; for you get out of prisoners and criminals what, in olden times, rack and thumb-screw could not get. They are clever—very clever—those reporters; but then, they do some wrong, now and then—laying open the secret thoughts of poor people, as the anatomist does the inward parts of his subject."

The Doctor again began to think, and I was meditating some other plan, when he said, with a start:

"But no matter; if you will accept my hospitality for a night or two, I will tell you all I know. Old people like to talk; and it does me good, in this country solitude, to meet a young man who has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel. * Come to supper now, and after that, I shall tell you all I know. But—*one condition!*"

"And that is . . . ?" I asked, with some anxiety.

"No newspaper!"

"Oh, no!" said I, with emphasis;

"no! I promise you—no newspaper!"

At this moment a voice sang out, in musical tone, "Supper is ready!" A side-door opened on the veranda, and a cheerful lady appeared. My host introduced me to his wife, who, with simple courtesy, offered me a seat at the supper-table, where she presided at the "Rebecca" tea-pot, while the Doctor sat opposite to her, before a dish of cold meat. The place *vis-à-vis* of my own was occupied by a hearty little girl, not yet in her teens—the "angel of the house," I suppose. Grace was asked briefly, but, I thought, feelingly. Indeed, there was in this country home, surrounded by vines and fruit-trees, a quietness that brings the mind far easier to think of the Giver than in our bustling city life. And when, after supper, the little girl brought the old man a Bible, and he read a chapter—then, all kneeling, asked God's blessing, even for me, a stranger—I felt once more at home, a little boy, kneeling with my face buried in mother's lap, and saying my evening prayer. I am sure I looked awkward when arising—very sure; and the old man perceived it; for he said, with a kindly smile, as he led me to the veranda, "It's a long time since . . . ?"

I understood him. "Very long," I said.

"Well, never too late to mend. Now, sit down; smoke your cigar—sorry I have none to offer you—and I'll tell you what I know about the Argonauts."

As a reporter and occasional interviewer, I have a good memory, and I shall give the Doctor's own words; shortening, however, now and then, when his tale seemed to become too personal.

"You have probably perceived, by my accent, that I am not a 'native.' Thirty years ago, I left my country, crossing the Atlantic in a Bremen bark from Antwerp, with my wife and a babe of six

months. Two months it took us to get to New York. There I . . ."

"Why did you leave your country?" I asked.

"There you have it!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Those interviewers—regular anatomists—want to know the why and the wherefore."

"Pardon me," I said, soothingly. "It was to understand better the narrative. How judge of effects, without knowing the cause?"

"Upon my word, a logician! At what university did you study?"

"Never studied; got common education."

"Indeed?" After a pause: "Well, you *do* indeed please me with your sound sense, and you may interrupt me as often as you choose. I see you'll do it to some purpose. Well, what was it about?"

"Why you left your country?"

"Ah, yes. I found myself somewhat 'strangled,' first by government niceties, then by 'ultramontane' pressure."

"*Ultramontane*, you say? How so?"

"You know the Alps divide central Europe from the extreme south? Well, there *was* an invisible power in the centre of the south which worked with incredible force on the north, especially in Belgium. It is now gone, we may hope forever."

"I understand," said I; "and that drove you away?"

"Not exactly. I *chose* to leave it, and to breathe freer in the land of the Stars and Stripes."

"And did you?"

"O yes. Air enough! But then we want more than air; we want bread and butter."

"Did you find that?"

"To be sure I did! A dozen names would not tell the number of friends whom I found in that New York city. In the midst of its overflow of business and extravagance, there is a vast amount

of hearty generosity. There I worked hard with that prolific educator of youth, Jacob Abbott, the romantic historian of Napoléon I. I was amazed at the multitude of creeds, leaving the human mind a scope as large as imagination can reach, and finally I struck at the church where Doctor Hawks preached. I heard his last sermons before he left for the south; made his acquaintance, as well as of Doctor Haight, and last of Bishop Doane, the founder of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College."

"He is dead, I believe."

"Yes; but he lives in his son, the Bishop of Albany, whom I taught when he was called Willie. A smart, fine, gentlemanly boy he was. Ministers like to be encouraged when they preach; it is a human weakness. But then, you see, that boy, now a bishop, when I had preached my last sermon in St. Mary's, came to the vestry-room and thanked me for the *good* sermon, and I always remember that with a feeling of gratitude. It was so heartfelt, so genuine."

"Doctor, how did you like his father?"

"Ah!" said he, with emphasis, and straightening himself, "that *was* a bishop. He took care of his flock, I can tell you; and of the pastors—no mistake—they had to work hard, very hard. He set them an example, I assure you; but then, their work was encouraged. I studied under him, was ordained, ministered in St. Mary's, Burlington; brought scores of delinquents to baptism, preached in time and out of time, but wished for more work. You see, that bishop's spirit was contagious. California was annexed; Governor Price showed me a request, signed by influential men of San Francisco, for an Episcopal missionary. I was asked to come; a free passage on the first steamer, to leave December 10th, 1848, was offered for me and my family. I was appointed, and ready to go, when it pleased God to lay me down

with the small-pox, then raging in Philadelphia. I was with my family at the bishop's house, between St. Mary's and the college. Through snow and cold I was transported to my former dwelling; nursed by my faithful wife; recovered so as to sit at our Christmas dinner; left in January, 1849, for New York, to find the means of getting to my post.

"Mr. Furniss, a wealthy merchant of New York, was fitting out a vessel, to sail with 300 Argonauts to the new *Dorado*. Through the Secretary of Missions, he kindly offered me a free passage, with my family.

"Serious were the doubts entertained by some of our friends concerning the safety of my going on such a long voyage, with my wife and four little children, the eldest just six years old, in company with such a large number of passengers, most all young men, and of various classes. 'But,' said the Rector of St. Thomas, now Bishop of Illinois, 'the Lord, who protected Daniel in the lions' den, will protect you.' And so He did. Yet there was a wolf among the lions."

"Forgive my interrupting you," said I; "but what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the Doctor, "that among all those men, bound on a long voyage, seeking their fortunes in a somewhat wild expectation, there was none who did not *behave* as a gentleman should, except the captain, who, without at all being a lion, had a good deal of the *feline* disposition in him. But, he has paid the debt of Nature; we are not his judges.

"At that time, San Francisco was spoken of as a rough place, with a few houses in the sand-hills, most people living in tents. So I provided myself with two tents, provisions for two months, and, on the 8th of February, 1849, my fortieth anniversary, went on board, with my wife, four little ones, and a very pretty young nurse.

"I can tell you," said the Doctor, with a mischievous smile, "it did not take *very* long before the deck was cleared, hammocks and berths filled, an ominous silence prevailing, the waves toppling higher and higher, amid strange noises!

"When all were somewhat restored to equilibrium, we had lost sight of the coast, and rapidly progressed to more temperate zones. Sunday mornings, from the first, we had regular service, well attended, and wherein I was countenanced by many gentlemen, who seemed to take an interest in spiritual matters, though Argonauts for the Golden Fleece in California."

"And how did your pretty nurse and little children get along?" I asked, when the Doctor kept silent for some time.

"Ah!" he answered, with some enthusiasm, "they were well guarded among those 300 argonautic adventurers. The children were the pets of every one, and, though a physician—whose name began with a D, and reminds me of the diamond-fields of Arizona—was rather taken up with the nurse—and no wonder!—yet never was woman treated with more courtesy and respect by him and all. I can assure you, I don't know of any one who did not come up to the standard of a gentleman, with one exception, and that was the captain, who made a fool of himself.

"And so we sailed on till we reached the equator, when some trick was played on a gentleman, whose name I forget—an innocent trick, after all, just to honor the occasion—some water-spouting, I believe. It frightened him, but did no harm.

"The weather was balmy in the tropics, and all along the coast of Brazil there was but very little wind. We went slowly on, when, approaching some islands, the captain one morning observed, far off in our rear, a vessel which seemed to gain upon us. Toward noon, after long

observation, he exclaimed, 'A black flag!—a pirate.' 'A black flag!—a pirate,' were the words passing from mouth to mouth.

"It was reported there were pirates on those coasts, hiding between the islands, where they found a safe retreat against pursuit. The *George Washington*, a pretty well known merchant-vessel, was pursued, and our safety was in hurrying off.

"But how to hurry, when there was no wind! In vain we spread topsails, and all sails; sluggishly they flapped, but scarcely did we drift along.

"The pirate came nearer and nearer, till every one could see it distinctly, with its crew on deck, and began to count the few hours it would take to board us. The captain, in nervous excitement, ordered all rifles, revolvers, etc., to be brought on the poop-deck. There was a goodly number of them. A week before, a spirit of mutiny had manifested itself among some of the steerage passengers, in league with some of the ship's crew. Then all the fire-arms, swords, pistols, etc., had been secured. Sentinels were placed. I myself was provided with a loaded gun, to defend 'my castle,' in case of necessity. A spirit of discontent was, indeed, manifest, and had been kept up to this very day. But the dread of the pirate united all parties. Some thirty men were kept alternately exercising on the deck, making great show with their rifles; an old gun was placed in a conspicuous situation, and made ready for action.

"That day there was no dinner. Cooks and stewards were busy with martial preparations. The most warlike were divided into squads, each to take position in case of attack; the less warlike walking nervously around. My wife, nurse, and children were stowed away in the second cabin.

"The sun was descending to the horizon. When the golden disk dipped in-

to the smooth waters, it seemed to cast a peculiar light; and never shall I forget the doleful words of one of the less warlike gentlemen, who, in subdued tone, said, 'That is perhaps the last time, Doctor, we shall see the sun setting!'

"It was dark; the little breeze there was entirely subsided; the vessel seemed stationary: when, all at once, the rumor went around, '*The pirate is approaching!*'

"And so it was. Slowly, but steadily, the ship, which the whole day had followed us at a distance, seemed to become animated with life. Nearer and nearer it came. The fighting parties took their stations. The 'negatives' strolled up and down, anticipating, in a low voice, the terrible results of the impending conflict.

"As for me, I must confess that I felt horrified at the mere idea of what might be the consequences for my family, in case of an overpowering invasion. They had armed me with a revolver, and I certainly intended using it. With the revolver in my pocket, I tried to employ my spiritual arms, and walked up and down, in all parts of the vessel, striving to comfort the weak-hearted, and to strengthen the combative portion of our passengers.

"The deepest silence prevailed on board. Not a sound was heard; all eyes were intently fixed on the strange ship, which was fast approaching, moved with oars. Loud and regular fell the strokes. Not a human being could be seen on its deck. It came alongside. There was a terrible suspense.

"It moved on! A momentary relief only; for the captain hinted it would swing around, and board us on its return. But the pirate kept on his course. Doubtless he had observed our warlike preparations, and had passed us to give chase to a vessel which we had seen ahead of us, more toward the coast.

"At dawn we saw, indeed, the pirate

in close proximity to the other ship; but the wind had increased, and soon filled our sails. At evening, we saw the two vessels on the far horizon, while we sped onward with relieved hearts.

"In the fair harbor of St. Catharine we anchored, and enjoyed a fortnight's rest. Our Argonauts improved the occasion. The spirit of Young America manifested itself in the town, a few miles distant. One of them came home—that is, to our ship—with a broken limb, and the general belief was that they had enjoyed themselves rather too much.

"Adjoining the town there was a fine sugar plantation, owned by the *Comandante*—an American, married to a native—where my wife and self were invited to pass the day. Language, manners, all was a novelty; and when, in the evening, our host requested his daughters 'to give us some music,' we were rather surprised to hear and see the grinding of a hand-organ. It was the 'piano' of the establishment. The young girl turned the handle with grace, and we applauded with a will.

"But we were really glad when at last the sails were hoisted, and our good ship went southward again.

"Southward! yes—but how cold it seemed, after the tropical sun and mild trade-wind! How the waves roared, when we passed the Rio de la Plata! Higher and higher they towered. Now the vessel sprang a leak—so they said, at least—and the captain came, providing my wife with swimming or floating apparel, and prophesying sure wrecking on the coast.

"'*Man overboard!*' was the cry, wild and shrieking. Sure enough, one of our passengers—a good and honest man—by the violent jerking of the vessel, had been thrown over, and there he laid, tossing in the waves, his bleeding head above water, the albatrosses swinging around, and actually plunging with their beaks at him.

"Ropes were thrown out, boats lowered, but it was impossible to do anything in this surging ocean. Yes, a few minutes, and our companion disappeared. I shall never forget the solemn silence which pervaded that ship during the whole day. The most obnoxious fault of our Argonauts was very profane swearing. This was continual and irrepressible. But *that* day not an unseemly word was uttered. A gloomy silence prevailed. It had struck me the more forcibly, as the following day the usual expletives were abundant. It had been one day's mourning! But that one day's mourning was at least sincere.

"It was now toward the end of May, with us the month of flowers and sunshine. Our May was cold and dismal, indeed! It was winter in those southern regions. Snow and hail drifted abundantly when we passed Staten Land, and hard was the labor of the poor sailors when we were rounding Cape Horn.

"One morning I said to one of our passengers: 'Well, we were here yesterday morning. How is that?'

"'Oh,' said he, 'that's the way you get round that d—d cape—backwards and forwards! Some vessels are kept adrift that way for weeks and months.'

"We backed but once. The following day we rounded the cape, and, after four months' southern travel, went north at last.

"Our Sunday service had been somewhat interrupted by the continual hail and storm. We were coasting the cheerless region of Patagonia, when, on a calm, sunny day, we had our service again. I remember having sharply rated our Argonauts for various misdemeanors. They took it fairly, and acknowledged their faults. That was the last service I held on board the *George Washington*; for, toward the middle of June, we anchored in the Bay of Valparaiso—the 'Valley of Paradise.'

"I always admired the names which those old Spaniards gave to the places they first discovered. There was a meaning in them; sometimes, a grateful recognition of providential care. Witness our Los Angeles—an abode, it is said, on good authority, fit for angels. Don't it sound better than Hangtown, Dogtown, etc.?

"Valparaiso, to me, was a real 'valley of paradise.' Five months we had been shut up in that ship, and, though I can not but praise the behavior of our fellow-passengers, the 'wolf in the fold' had made himself so troublesome as to excite the manifest reprobation of a great many. It was, then, with a sense of relief that we looked out for a week's holiday; though how to enjoy it was not clear, in my mind, as I was an utter stranger there, and had to be careful in the matter of expenses. Anyhow, with wife, and nurse, and children, we joyfully entered the boat which was to carry us to the wharf. On we walked, without any distinct purpose, when I was stopped by a man who, in good English, asked my name; and then told me that the Rev. Mr. Trumbull, a Congregational minister, wished me to take up my abode in his quarters.

"'Now, I call that brotherly love,' said I to my wife. 'Let us go immediately.'

"So, instead of returning to the vessel, we were at once 'domesticated,' and made, every one of us, as happy as we could be. Nothing could be more cheerful and refined.

"Was not Valparaiso, to me, a 'valley of paradise,' asked the Doctor, with tears in his eyes.

"It was, indeed," said I. "And how long did you enjoy this felicity?" (You see, I began to fear the Doctor might be rather lengthy on the subject.)

"Ah, well!" he answered, with a sigh; "let me tell you all about it. You see, those Argonauts were very well;

but yet, those weeks of sojourn at Valparaiso were somewhat like an oasis in the desert."

"Then the *Washington* remained longer than a week?" said I, with a slight indication of impatience.

"Oh, no! she left at the appointed time, but without us."

"Without you, Doctor! Well—how, then, did you come here?"

"I'll tell you—only be patient. You see, the passengers had made *their* acquaintances in the city, and, it seems, told all about the misbehavior of the 'wolf.' Rumors go quick, and, unlike other things, generally increase in force—*fama crescit eundo*—you know Latin?"

"A little. As you say, 'fame increases going.'"

The Doctor seemed not quite satisfied with my rendering; paused a little, then continued:

"So, as Valparaiso is not a large city, and the English-speaking population know all about one another, there was a sort of 'indignation meeting' held."

"Did you know about it, Doctor?"

"Not a bit! We counted the days when our 'vacation' should be at an end, and then, having taken leave, walked with heavy hearts to the boat which was to take us to the *Washington*. Our reverend friends accompanied us. Their cheerfulness, I thought, was meant to encourage us. At last, we climbed the ladder. The 'wolf' came forward.

"Please, Captain," said Mr. Trumbull, 'have the luggage of the Doctor carried out; he is no longer your passenger.'

"I shall never forget the Captain's face. Angry, restless, he gave orders—wondered why it was so; but the approving silence of the passengers bade him do it quickly—and quickly it was done. I took a hearty leave of those present, and we were soon returning to the wharf.

"I was passive—I did not under-

stand; but the joy of escaping from that 'prison-ship' was so great, that I kept silence. While walking home (for home it seemed to us, indeed), Mr. Trumbull said:

"You see, Doctor, we heard all about that man's behavior, and put our heads together. In two weeks' time, the *Hebe*, an American bark, commanded by Captain Stetson, a good Christian man, will sail for San Francisco. We have raised \$660; of which, \$500 go to pay your passage, and the balance in your purse.'

"Well, I must skip all the rides and entertainments, and shall only mention one event, which was rather ominous. On the night of the 3d of July, we were wakened by a terrific shake. Earthquakes are common there, and no one remains in the house when they occur. So, in a moment's time, we were all on the street, and remained there till the commotion had subsided. It is said that heart-disease is very common in Valparaiso, on this account; and no wonder!

"On the 5th of July we embarked. Captain Stetson was a good Christian man, an unflinching disciplinarian, kind and obliging to his passengers, but would not allow an improper word among them, nor among the crew; nor did I hear any during our two months' voyage to San Francisco. There were only six passengers besides my own family—nearly all Spanish or Chilenos. From one tropic to the other, we had the usual trade-winds—no pirates, no storms, no men overboard, no threats of mutiny; all went quietly on, until we neared the coast of Lower California—then it was somewhat rough. It was almost welcome—a change in the wearisome monotony. But the little bark went dapperly ahead, until, on the 5th of September, we were in sight of the 'Golden Gate.' A pilot steered us happily through, until, after much tugging and wrenching, we heard the chains rattle, the anchor splash, and the little *Hebe* was at rest in the har-

bor of San Francisco. *At rest!* yes. We had gone through the seven months—God had taken care of His messenger and his family. Soon, the friends who had called me came on board. With care and dispatch, our baggage was sent on shore. A carriage belonging to Mr. Gillespie (the only one then in San Francisco) carried us through Washington Street, along the Plaza, to Stockton Street. Many were the men who lined the street, and were standing still, who, at the sight of ladies, took off their hats; and some even shouted a lively ‘hurrah!’ On the corner of the Plaza, then a sandheap surrounded by shanties, was a group of Frenchmen. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, waved his hand, exclaiming: ‘*Voilà, Messieurs, la grande Place!*’ He thought, perhaps, of Paris.

“At length, we arrived at the handsome dwelling of Mr. Frank Ward, corner of Stockton and Green Street. Hospitality was then the great feature of those who could afford it. And our host kept, so to say, open house. Here we passed a week, which reminded us of our happy stay in Valparaiso, until quarters could be found where to take up our abode.

“There were in those days ‘boarding-houses,’ as well as now, but not quite so good as now. There was no Grand Hotel, no Lick House, no Occidental! Everything was very dear, and very primitive. Gold seemed worth nothing. A pound of potatoes cost a dollar; a cabbage was rare; a beet unknown. I said that gold seemed worth nothing. Indeed, there was so much of it, that it seemed a drug in the market. One evening, when at Mr. Ward’s, I showed some curiosity to see gold-dust—that wonderful article which the miners carried in narrow buckskin bags, and gave in payment for whatever they bought. A glass of whisky was one pinch of the yellow stuff; a shave (a rare occurrence),

two pinches; a meal, four; and so on. Well, Mr. Ward satisfied my curiosity. A large basin was brought, full of the wonderful article. It contained *thirty thousand* dollars’ worth of gold. It was looked upon with indifference by most; with critical attention by others, pronounced ‘fine stuff,’ and carried back to Mr. Ward’s apartments.

“There was no iron safe there,” said the Doctor, with some feeling, “but it was *safe*, notwithstanding. Robbery was out of the question. Now, what do you think of the Argonauts?”

The sudden question startled me a little, not seeing the bearing of it. At last, I said, “Well, perhaps they had a nightwatch.”

“A nightwatch!” exclaimed the Doctor. “Upon my word, the idea is preposterous. There were no watchers, nor detectives. I tell you, sir, those miners who went about with thousands in their pockets were honest men. Nobody thought of being robbed. There was no need of robbing. The only thing those hard-working fellows *had* to fear—and, alas! too often did *not* fear—were the gambling-tables. But I go too fast. I am rambling. What was I talking about?”

“I believe you said something about boarding-houses.”

“That is it. You reporters are smart—never lose the track. Yes, I was saying that boarding-houses were scarce, and rather *modest*. Modest is not the thing neither; nor is it *primitive*. They were a sort of made-up concern. A frame house—if house it could be called—one story high, was divided into as many partitions as there were windows; sometimes one window would do for two partitions, or bedrooms, as they were called. Each contained a bed, generally a cot, with a mattress and one, sometimes two, sheets. The blankets were commonly thin, and showed service. The furniture was a chair, sometimes

a wash-stand; may be, a small mirror.

"We found quarters at last in a respectable boarding-house on Montgomery Street, somewhere between Clay and California streets. The bay then washed up within a few feet of the door, and where now is California Street was a huge sand-hill. Though my family was rather crowded in the two small 'partitions,' divided by canvas, we contrived to make ourselves comfortable. It was equally as good as the ship's cabin. Our board came to \$500 a month! A heavy

sum for the missionary whose stipend was only \$500 a year.

"And now," said the Doctor, after a short pause, "I am getting tired, and perhaps you are tired listening. It is time to go to bed; I hear my wife bustling about, opening and shutting doors—a kind of summons, you know. In the country we observe the saying, 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man,' and so on. To-morrow, after breakfast, I will tell you something of San Francisco peculiarities of '49."

ARAB STORIES AND TRADITIONS, DOWN THE NILE.

ONE evening, just after sunset, Reis Hassein, Sheik of the Cataract, gave himself up to telling us traditions and tales of the Nile. He was a picturesque, heavy-turbaned, white-bearded gentleman, who, attended by some 200 swarthy-skinned Nubians and Berbers, had, by means of ropes and pulleys, dragged our boat safely up the falls. We had watched him all day, with the greatest interest, as, amid a Babel of shouting and clamor, invocations to the Prophet, and objurgations of each other, he had managed to make method reign among his brawny-chested tritons. As they swam from island to island with rope and cord, taking cunning advantage of still waters and back eddies; or, as they climbed jutting rocks, or scattered themselves over outlying boulders, each man, loop in hand, intent upon look or gesture of the Sheik; or, as the waters flashed against the prow of our shivering bark, as we passed through each narrow, seething channel, amid litter of porphyry rocks or jagged granite shouldering up to cliffs, while bronze figures chanted songs, or shouted together in chorus—the old man, standing on some commanding crag, his bony arms

outstretched, eyes flashing fiercely, and beard floating in the wind, seemed like an inspired dervish. Upward, from stage to stage, our amphibious convoy, directed by the Sheik, led us safely on. In cases of unusual obstinacy, he gesticulated madly; but we got safely through, and were now moored at Philæ, awaiting our supper. The changing tints on the pinnacles of the western range of mountains were attracting our attention. Fancy-built bastions and battlements sparkled like precious stones. We were saying, that orientals got their passion for jewels from these gorgeous sunsets; and that the embroidery of their fairy tales, and their taste in arrangement of colors, might be traced to the same source.

"This tradition, which I tell you, said Reis Hassein, "is many centuries old. It states, that there was, in paradise, a temple built up of precious stones. Man dared not utter its splendors. Deep in the midst of the palms of Eden it stood, angel built—a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sang their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts; for there were pillared halls, and cloisters of emerald and pearl, where fount-

ains sprang aloft in the silent noon; and long, luminous vistas, where, hand in hand, those two first lovers walked in sinless beauty. Then, there were pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing in the sunlight by day, and glittering in the starlight by night. From court and terrace, waters welled out, and iris-crested cascades fell down to cool shady dells of asphodel below; for the temple was placed far within the privacies of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward. However, sad to relate! upon the day that Adam fell, this glorious temple was shattered into a million fragments, and sown broadcast over all the earth. These fragments we now light upon and gather up with cost and care, and call them rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds; but they are, after all, only the splinters of that primeval palace. The sunset splendors and the diadems of princes, the Milky Way in the heavens and the spray that sparkles in the entanglement of a maiden's hair, are, alike, but the costly dust of that lost sanctuary—the sad remembrances of a departed Eden."

A singular resemblance to this tradition is to be found in the Bible. If the reader will turn to the rapt prophecies of Ezekiel, in the twenty-eighth chapter, where it begins, "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God," he may compare for himself.

As the twilight passed away, and we were chatting under the stars above us, the Sheik told us an Arab tale.

"Ibu Gazi," he said, "woke up one fine morning with the *muezzin's* call ringing in his ear, like a distant chime: 'Arise and pray! arise and pray! Prayer is better than sleep!'

"'I have overslept myself,' said Ibu. So he tumbled out of bed, rubbed his eyes, and stepped into his garden, where the sun was just peeping above the minarets of the neighboring town. Ibu brought out his carpet, spread it care-

fully in the direction of Mecca, and said his prayers. When he had finished, and saluted the angels to the right and left (for the sons of Islam believe that there are angels always standing by you when you pray), he shook the dust from his carpet, and was going in.

"'Ibu Gazi! Ibu Gazi!' said a neighbor; 'where are your cabbages?'—for Ibu was a market gardener, and grew plantains and cabbages, leeks and cucumbers, which he cut twice a week, and took on his mule to town for sale. He stopped, turned around, and looked to that corner of his garden where, but yesterday, a bed of flourishing cabbages grew. Alas! they were gone.

"'Neighbor,' said he, 'this is a bad world, and there are bad men in it. I have been robbed.' And he took a handful of dust, and threw it up in the air.

"'Look you—the dew is hardly brushed away,' rejoined the neighbor. 'The thief can not have gone far. Let us trace him.'

"They walked through the fresh morning fields to the town, but without sighting the spoil. Through the streets, to the right and left, they looked, and on to the market-place. Plenty of cabbages were there—two or three donkey-loads; but how hopeless the task to tell which, if any, are the stolen ones!

"'How many had you in your bed?' asked the neighbor.

"'Twenty-seven,' said Ibu Gazi; 'all fat and round, like what this merchant has packed on his ass.'

"'Suppose we count this lot,' said the neighbor.

"'Wallah! wallah!' shouted the merchant, from a door-step near by, where he was consoling himself with a dish of smoking *kabobs*; 'what are you doing with those cabbages?'

"'Thief!' retorted Ibu Gazi, 'they are my property. Thou hast stolen them! I have counted the pack—twenty-seven, exactly—the number that I lost.'

"'You old dotard!' cried the merchant, 'do you jest at my beard? Take yourself away, or I will make you kiss the dust.'

"'Softly, my friend!' said the neighbor; 'softly! This is an affair of some moment. The worthy gardener before you has been robbed, you see, of twenty-seven cabbages; and lo! here are twenty-seven on your ass. How comes that? Show us the way to the Kadi. He shall judge.'

"So they adjourned to the court. 'My lord,' said the accused, after each man had made his obeisance, 'this loutish rustic professes to have lost twenty-seven cabbages; so he comes to market, and then, because I happen to have the same number packed away on my ass—which I cut from my own bed this morning—he mocks at my turban, and dubs me a thief.'

"'Brother,' said the Kadi to Ibu Gazi, 'how can you identify these greens as your property?'

"'Allah's peace be with your worship!' said the gardener; 'I swear by the Prophet, they are mine. They are the best in the market, and the number is true.'

"'Wallah! has he blackened my face for a fancy like that?' said the merchant. 'Can not I grow as good cabbages as he, and cut twenty-seven for the market?'

"'Show me one,' said the Kadi. 'Well, this is fresh cut.'

"'Your worship, I cut it this morning,' replied the merchant, 'and before day-break, too. Here is the knife.'

"The Kadi was puzzled. At last, he called a *kawass*. 'Go,' said he, 'with this man's ass to Ibu Gazi's garden. There, if he says true, you will find twenty-seven stumps in the ground, newly cut. Look narrowly to the number, and fit each of these cabbages on its own stalk. If they will not fit, return.'

"The merchant looked blue at this. It was noticed, that he shuffled about to get near the door; but the Kadi invited him to stay. He also kept Ibu Gazi, and the neighbor. Other cases were called on; but before the court broke up, in walked the *kawass*, leading the donkey, with its load of greens. 'My lord,' said the officer, 'every cabbage fits as evenly on its own stalk as the amber on the mouth-piece of your worship's *chibouque*. The merchant is a thief.'

"'Take your cabbages,' said the Kadi to Abu Gazi; 'and let the rogue receive two-score lashes on his feet.' "

Some one of our party asked the Sheik how many lashes a man could bear.

"That depends," he replied, "upon the mode of administering the blows. Laid upon the thick part of the thigh, or the soles of the feet, a healthy, middle-aged man will stand six hundred lashes, and be lame for a few months only. But when the punishment is meant to be capital, a very few blows across the loins close the operation. The man succumbs. It is very simple."

It was, indeed, marvelously simple—a child might understand it; and this simple treatment has reduced Egypt and Nubia to what they now are—the basest of the kingdoms.

To illustrate the logical acuteness of the Arabs, the old man told us another story, which bears a striking resemblance to one that is narrated by D'Herbilot, in his "*Dictionnaire Orientale*."

"Three brethren, one day, wandered inland, from the desert, to see the country. On the road, they met a camel-driver, who inquired if they had seen a stray camel in the path. The eldest brother, avoiding a direct answer, inquired if the beast were not blind of one eye? 'Yes,' was the reply. The second asked if she had not lost a front tooth? 'Yes.' The third, whether she did not limp? 'She does.'

"Now, the owner of the animal—not doubting, for a moment, that the three men had seen his property, asked peremptorily where she was? 'Follow on our road,' they replied. After a time, as they journeyed, carefully observant of the ground, the eldest exclaimed, 'She is loaded with wheat.' The second added, 'She carries oil on the left side.' By and by, the third chimed in, 'She has a load of honey on the right.' The astonished camel-driver again asked what had become of the beast; and when the three brethren declared, that they had neither seen the camel nor been told what had become of her, he became infuriated, and caused them to be dragged before the Kadi.

"'How,' asked his highness, after having heard the complaint (addressing the three brothers)—'how, being innocent, could you tell so much about the missing camel?'

"'We observed,' said the eldest, speaking for the rest, 'that on one side of the path the thistles had been eaten, but not on the other; then we knew the beast must be blind of an eye. These thistles, on examination, showed notches; which proved that her middle tooth was gone. In the dust, the mark of a trailing foot pointed out her lameness. Then, the prints of the forefoot were close upon the prints of the hindfoot; caused by the swaying of the grain. As to the oil and honey, they had each leaked out—the ants, on the one hand, running away with the first; on the other, the flies swarming, as they only do on honey.'

"The Kadi dismissed the complaint."

Away some twenty miles north of Ipsambul, rising sheer up from the water, is a huge, beetling cliff, rampart crested, that frowns menacingly over the stream. The deserted city of Ibream is edged on its summit. We tethered our *dahabee-yah*, one morning, to the western bank,

and rowed in the felucca across the river. Toiling up, by crag and stair, we found a ledge half-way, by which, taking a circuit, we climbed to the ruined wall, and passing under a gateway, entered the silent city. Jackals hid there, and scorpions lay brooding among the ruins. The quick-eyed lizard, basking in the sunshine, glanced inquiringly as we trod the voiceless streets. We spent the day among the crumbling courts and tenantless halls, and, near evening, watched flights of soft, rosy clouds hastening toward those fiery vortexes in the west, whither the sun was fast going down—vortexes of amber, that deepened into crimson. To the old Egyptians, the fabled gates of Amenti were there—the abode of unending felicity, whither Osiris had gone.

As twilight is treacherous in Egypt, we hurried down the scarped rock, and soon gained our boat. Once on the water, the horizontal rays of sunset burned like fire upon the highest ledges of the palisade, and the crag pinnacles were transfigured into the semblance of a fair city. Saïd, our half-spoiled Arab boy, affably volunteered to tell us a tale, in his broken English. So, as Abdallah's measured strokes carried us homeward across the river, in the deepening dusk, the lad edged close to us, in the bottom of the boat, and repeated the tradition.

"As the sun goes down, a host of *Djinns* enter the forsaken halls of the city, and change tenement and wall into precious stones. Tall phantoms, white-stoled, with long, gray beards and piercing eyes, march, two and two, slowly through the street. Each one carries a golden lance. A dog, a bird, and a beetle, follow each pair. When the perambulation ceases, a raven comes, and croaks, '*You may sit down.*' The phantoms and their followers then seat themselves. Next, a vulture swoops down, and screams, '*You may talk.*' Then the ghosts hold high conclave—the dogs

howl, the birds sing, and the beetles hum. At cock-crowing, a stork enters, and, standing on one leg in the midst of the assembly, begins to utter the Musulman creed, '*Illa il Allah*,' and all vanish."

"But what do they eat up there?" inquired an irreverent listener. "You shall go, some night, Saïd, and bring us back diamonds and emeralds."

"I can not tell what they eat," replied the boy, half frightened. "If I go up there, they will kill me; and, if you please, I would rather stay with you." And with that he bent over the boat, and dipped his hands in the ripples.

At a point in a long wood of palm-trees, that stretches for leagues below Syene, our boat stopped to take a sailor on board. He had been left, as we came up, to greet his friends. Father, mother, sister, brothers—a troop of poor people, rustic enough, but dowered with the eastern birthright of grace and dignity of carriage—attended him down to the bank. They formed a homely group there, under the palms—bare-chested, bare-legged, bronzed, half-clad, but wearing their rags about them as if they had been the royal purple. When the little boat drew nigh to the bank, and the moment for parting had come, the old sheik, heart-sore, threw himself on his son's neck, and kissed him. It was a touching sight. It took one back to the patriarchal times—old Jacob's weary farewells, when his sons left Canaan for Egypt. Mother, brothers, and sister, stood aside, as if in respect for the old man's sorrow; but presently they came forward and embraced him, also. As for the sister—willful, fair, and fifteen—she clung about her brother, and sobbed pitifully. She resented his going. A cruel school it often seems—that school of adversity—until faith discovers a face of love behind the mask. As the young sailor stepped into the boat, the old sheik turned away, lifted up his voice, and wept.

After sailing under the stately temple of Kom Ombos—which, perched aloft over the tide, seems, Narcissus-like, forever absorbed in the contemplation of its own mirrored beauty—we came into the straits of Hajar Silsilis. The two limestone ranges here press in, cliff-like, right and left, and narrow the Nile by one-half. You sail for miles between ledgy precipices. Everywhere above you are galleries in the rock, fashioned into tombs. They look down upon you cheery and inviting, quiet resting-places out of earshot of the noisy world, where, in the pilgrimage of life, you, if weary, might be fain to lodge—as many a hermit has before—perhaps sleep—until the pilgrimage was over. Within hail of Esne—the old Latopolis—a town of 2,000 present population, we made for the shore, and concluded to stay over for a day. The stake was no sooner driven to the bank, than our sailors, who had already donned their gay turbans and holiday attire, jumped ashore, and scampered away, like boys to a playground.

The streets of Esne are narrow and intertwisted. Houses reared at random, of unburned bricks—sun-blinds of reeds and fibre slung from house to house—the potter plying his wheel, the slipper-maker his awl, and the coppersmith his hammer, outside the doors; donkeys and dromedaries picking their way among the craftsmen and treading warily; mud porches, through which glimpses are sometimes caught of inner courts, where palm-trees grow; and sweltering broods of goats, poultry, and babies—make up the impressions one carries away of the entirety of this considerable Egyptian town. As we threaded our way through the thoroughfares, our ears were at one time greeted with the hum of the village school, and we looked in, dubiously at first, fearing to intrude. Fifty children, squatted in rows, sat learning to write, the sunlight filtering upon them through

the flickering palm leafage above. They were learning to write with reed pens on little squares of zinc, dipping their ink out of a sponge. As they turned from writing to read the verse from the Koran which had been their copy, they swayed their bodies to and fro, as is the custom of the East. The master was a weak-eyed man, black-robed, and turbaned, with a writer's ink-horn stuck in his girdle. No sooner were we discovered, than the whole school burst out incontinently with the cry, "*Backsheesh—backsheesh, howadji!*" The teacher, hitting right and left with his willow wand to still the uproar, came simpering forward with the usual greeting of peace. "Their worships' servant was an ill-used man, across whose path shadows had fallen darkly; but this visit from a far country was like the advent of day. Would we take a pipe?"

Esne is famous for its dancing-girls. They are Almehs, a race as distinct from the Egyptian as Basque or Gipsy, and boasting an ancestry rooted in some remote antiquity. Cleopatra was of their caste, and the girl Salome, that danced at Herod's revel, was taught in their school. Some half-dozen of them loitered carelessly in our wake, dressed in a glimmer of gauzy stuff from the waist upward, with numberless necklaces, bracelets, rings, and tinkling ornaments about the feet where the trousers were tied. Their modern dances are very like those that are portrayed on the Theban tombs, and the costume and features are the same. They dance before Pharaoh on the pictured walls of three thousand years ago, the same sisterhood of an outcast race—for even modern Egyptian society does not recognize them.

After a long stroll through copse and grove, we emerged into an open space by the city wall. There we met the Governor, taking an afternoon airing on a divan placed under a spreading sycamore. Haroun took us up to him, and,

no doubt, told sad fables of our greatness, for his excellency made much of us, seating us in honor on either side of him, and dispatching a servant in hot haste for pipes and coffee. "My respects to their lordships," said the Governor, through Haroun; "happy is the day that sees them at Esne." He was a fine-looking man, this satrap, with a high, intelligent forehead, deep-set eyes, and ample beard. His showy turban was bonneted gracefully on his head, and his dun robe girt with a Damascus scarf. A well-bred man, too—as, indeed, are most oriental officials—of exquisite polish; though, when he got angry, the cast of his features would alter unpleasantly. "*Wallah,*" he cried, "here is more work," as two shop-keepers, attended by a *kawass*, came up to receive judgment. It was a matter of disputed debt. The litigants were friends who had quarreled. "Friendship," the Governor observed, aside to us, "is weak and wavering as the shade of the acacia-tree." They addressed him deferentially. He listened patiently to the pleaders between his puffs of smoke. They were impassioned, but he was calm. Finally, without turning his head to look at them—for they stood behind him—he gave judgment in a word. "Let the debt," said he, "be paid before Ramadan, or give the debtor a dozen lashes on his feet, and repeat them weekly until the debt is paid." The pleaders walked away musingly, and the *kawass* lighted his pipe. It was a sentence without appeal.

Just then the hubbub of a *fantasia* hard by woke up the tranquil silence of the evening, jarring on it like a jest on a solemn thought. "*Wallah,*" said the Governor, "it is a wedding." We got up and walked to a little garden near, where they were about celebrating some marriage festivities with dances and song. We went in. About forty guests had arranged themselves under a spread-

ing sycamore, around two dancing-girls. Some few half-naked children, free of their mothers, were romping about, but otherwise the company within that tropic bower was as decorous as you might confront in any city drawing-room. There was a small square carpet in the midst of the circle, and the dancers in turn plied their limbs vigorously thereon to the sound of pipe, and lute, and tomtom. It was a strange scene, and the by-standers contemplated this and the masquerading of some hired buffoons with exemplary patience.

By a strange coincidence—one of those chances that suggest hidden meanings, and set thoughtful men musing—while all this was going on, a clear, full-lunged voice rang out the call to prayer. Sharp as a bugle it cut through the evening air, solemn and musical. A *muez-zin*, from the gallery of one of the Esne minarets, his face flushed by the after-glow of sunset, was summoning the faithful to worship. "Allah is all in all," he cried. "Allah knows all. There is no God but Allah." At vesper, the true Mussulman—be he at home, or in the fields, or journeying in the desert, or tossed at sea—bethinks him of his prayers, and stops to worship. Prostrate toward the holy city, he bends and prays; it may be but for a moment, but nevertheless the great God is recognized.

But, to return to the Governor's court of justice, this may be remarked, that there is truly wonderful simplicity in eastern law. Whatever else lacks, judgment is expeditious. There is no law's delay. A *mauvais quart d'heure* for the prisoner, face to face with his judge, during which anyone standing by, by first making obeisance, may offer a suggestion, or plead for or against, and then a sentence, without appeal. To an American there is a fascination in this justice that strikes home at once. "The clear-headed judge," says the Koran, "must have eyes to see everywhere." And,

truly, to disentangle the subtileness of an Egyptian, or Turk, or Arab, so as to pick out the white thread of truth therefrom, requires an acuteness of perception and an equipoise of judgment that pass into a tradition.

For example, Haroun al Raschid had a way of masking himself and parading the Bagdad streets in disguise, so that his courtiers could never deceive him as to what was going on in his capital. One day, thus bent, he came upon a madman holding forth to an open-mouthed crowd that he himself was Allah. Wishing to ascertain whether the man was really insane, or simply an impostor, Haroun had him brought to the palace. "My friend," said the Caliph, sitting on his divan of state, "I want a word with you. Tell me your opinion. There came lately to my court a man who wished to pass for a prophet. I had him put in prison. When he came before me a second time, he told me the same tale, and I ordered him to be beheaded. Was I right?" The madman replied: "Thou hast well done, O Caliph! I acknowledge thee as one of my faithful servants. The sentence was just, for I had not accorded the gift of prophecy to that impostor." This, of course, settled all doubts that the man was mad.

We spent a second day at Esne, and again visited the Governor. Several cases came before him while we were sharing his pipes and coffee. The last was of a man who had cheated a purchaser by selling dates short weight. The accuser read the charge, and two or three by-standers said a word for or against the accused. "Let the man receive sixty lashes," said the Governor, "and make good the weight twice over." The officers laid the culprit on the ground, made his feet fast between a brace of reeds lashed together by a cord, raised the naked soles upward, and the *rorbaj*, with a tapering rod of rawhide,

administered stroke after stroke. Though the Governor and people in court appeared callous to it, the sight to us was sickening. The feeling that has a devilish pleasure in the sight of suffering, and that, ghoul-like, feasts on blood, is universal among the Egyptians.

Among the mosques in Old Cairo is one, now in ruins—the most ancient known, save that of Mecca—built by Amer during the caliphate of Omar, in the seventh century. The land on which it stands was owned by a widowed Jewess. Amer offered to purchase it, but she refused. After all endeavors had failed, he sent a messenger into Arabia to consult Omar. The Caliph was taking an evening stroll outside the city wall when the ambassador presented himself. Listening attentively to the message of Amer, Omar picked up the bleached skull of a sheep, and, dipping his finger in the ink-horn slung to his girdle, slowly traced upon the cranium a straight and an oblique line. "Take this," he said, "to Amer Ben-el-as, servant of the one God." When Amer received the hieroglyphic, he was puzzled to understand its meaning. Then, all at once, as if illuminated by some sudden revelation, he cried out: "O Caliph! thou art right. We must follow the *straight* path, which is that of Allah, and fly the *oblique* path, which is that of Satan."

Amer renounced his evil project of taking the land by force. But, with an Arab's subtlety, he did what was nearly as bad. He sent for the Jewess and offered to buy as much of her field as the skin of a newly slain bullock could compass. She agreed; but Amer, like Dido, cut the hide into thin strips, so that it included all the space upon which the ruined mosque stands. You go into it as into a deserted city. Scorpions lie under the stones; lizards and snakes on its sunlit flagging. Swallows have built villages of nests among the columns.

Of these many are fallen, some standing, and others toppling to their fall. But there is one pillar, in fine marble with red stripes in it, about which hangs a tale. One day, the Caliph Omar was walking in the cloisters of the Meccan mosque, and his thoughts fell upon Amer, and upon the building of this Cairo temple. The Caliph was gifted with Solomon's fabled powers; so it was easy for him to look across the desert and see how the works were going on in Egypt. He perceived at that moment that the masons were setting up a pillar, which, from the weakness of its grain, would one day crumble and compromise the solidity of the entire edifice. At this, he turned toward one of the columns by his side. "Go," said he, "take flight for Cairo, and set thyself up in the faulty place." The column oscillated slightly, but would not stir from the spot. Omar, astonished, pushed it violently with his hand, and reiterated the command. The column then took to trembling, and, like one still unconvinced, turned half around and again settled to its place. Omar, furious, struck it with his whip, and cried out, "In the name of the Most Clement and Merciful, go!" "Why, then, didst thou forget that invocation at first?" asked the pillar. Then it swung out of its place, launched itself across desert and sea, and quite naturally settled before the *keblah* in this mosque of Old Cairo. There it is now, still standing in the tumble-down place, and with the mark of the Caliph's whip traversing it like a wheel. Nothing will make it fall. There it stands, to prove the fact. If you doubt, your Mussulman guide will pity you. He believes it utterly, and if you ask him how it could possibly have got across the Red Sea, he will look up quietly, and say: "*Allah achbar! Allah achbar!*"—God is great!

There are two other columns here of some note. They stand both together

on the same pedestal. In the palmy days of Mussulman faith, it was supposed that if a man could pass between them he might hope to pass the gates of paradise. If he were too stout—if the good things of this world had so increased his fleshly frame that he might not squeeze through the narrow passage—why, then, it was sure that no houris, with their green veils floating, would ever wave him into the abode of bliss. These columns are much worn by the struggles of the faithful who have pushed themselves through.

In a chamber over an old gate-way, hard by this mosque, is an ancient Christian sculpture, of the date of Diocletian, well preserved. There is a representation of the Deity sitting in a globe supported by two winged angels—a figure that recalls the Egyptian symbol of the globe with its overshadowing wings, set over the lintel and engraved on the architrave of every temple along the thousand miles of the Nile.

It is too late to go back to our grand old Governor of Esne, even to describe the Theban donkey-girls. They are little women, got up in short, sleeveless tunics, and plentiful bead necklaces, who, as they run by your side, will look drolly up to your face and ask how you like being coached about Thebes by “small gal?” “Small gal’s donkey better than small boy’s, eh?—more go—more go!” and the “small gal’s” eyes and teeth will sparkle and laugh, and she will jingle along by your side in full trot through copse or corn-field, by the hour together, and keep her donkey up to its paces, too, without a suspicion of fatigue. Poor little Fatima! who often left us to woo the passengers on other boats, but as often came back, at last, piteously moaning, “Me be always you donkey-gal—one moon, two moon, every moon!” must now be seventeen, and mother of a whole family of Thebans.

At Cairo, we visited Ali-ben-Ismael, the Damascus merchant, in the bazars. He was sitting in his cupboard of a shop, meditatively smoking. “May peace attend your path,” was his welcome. “May your steps be fortunate! By my father’s beard, let us light our *chibouques* in company before you depart;” so we tucked up our feet beside him, and a little black-amoor came round with coffee and *latakia*. Ali was a philosopher, but he was a merchant as well. “We were favored of the Prophet,” he said, “in having visited him at the moment when a caravan had just brought him silks from Syria.” We purchased from his wares, sipped his coffee, and watched the jostling camels, turbaned dignitaries, veiled women, Abyssinian slaves, solemn *mollahs*, dervishes, water-carriers, and grimy-fingered *gamins*, as they passed before us in the shifting colors of the half-shaded street. Old friends of the “Thousand and One Tales”—the barber and the barber’s wife who threw stones, Barmecide with one eye who quarreled with Hunchback, Princess Badoura shopping on a snow-white mule—were all there. We sat until fresh customers compelled us to depart.

The Nile at Cairo is a calm sea of waters. There are no signs that the stream has been vexed with the strife of the cataracts, or swept past the ruins of an empire, or sung dirges over the thousands of millions of dead that are buried on its banks. To its granaries asses laden with sacks of corn, dromedaries burdened with gums and spices, long lines of horses weighted with the products of Arabia, are perpetually coming in. Wheat-fields stretch far away on both sides of the river. And yonder, above that spectral fringe of palms on the desert frontier, looming in the sunset of green, and crimson, and gold, like watch-towers of the wilderness, are the mysterious Pyramids.

WITHIN FOUR WALLS.

I.—MORNING.

LADIES and gentlemen! here you have a glimpse of Old Pendulum by sunrise! Rather close quarters. Sailor bunk on one side; window opening into a deep court, full of gray morning shadows; little hanging garden of books, with a toy ship grounded on the top shelf; and then, clocks, clocks—clocks everywhere; with a work-bench, a dozen of tools, and a disemboweled clock strewed over it. Evidently a clock-dissecting room; and, no doubt, old Pendulum can tell a thing or two about it.

Meanwhile, the red disk of the sun floats upward, and a thousand moist roofs begin to look golden and beautiful in the slanting light. Over head, a thin mist, as of sleep and dreams, is separating. There is a sound as of swinging doors and sliding windows; down in the deep hollow of the court the tramp of feet is heard, and a milkman, with a fresh country voice and a can that clatters pleasantly, wakens the tenants of the basement story to the first duties of the day.

Old Pendulum ought to be up and doing. It is his wont to greet the morning with uncommon reverence, and to watch the beginning of the world each day with the air of one who is personally responsible for the same. Evidently it is something uncommon for the old gentleman to oversleep himself; for one after another of the tenants, who are still sunk under the shadows of the court, comes out and looks up at Pen's window, with a glance of surprise which is rapidly assuming a serious expression of concern. Perhaps the sun misses its faithful worshiper, and, as soon as convenient, it sends a messenger of light into the little room, that goes feeling along the whole length

of Pen's unconscious body, creeping slowly toward his eyes all the while. Some pigeons, who disapprove of their godfather's negligence, flutter at the window, making low bows, and turning round and round on their coral legs like snow-white dervishes; and seem to be saying, in their queer, muffled voices, "O, O, Pen! O, O, Pen!"

At last, the sunbeam steals across Pen's lips, climbs his nose, slides down the bridge of it, and kisses him on both eyes with such a golden and miraculous kiss, that the lids fly open like magic, and the sleeper starts up in bed as one guilty and accused.

"Well," says he, "how's this?" and he turns to the one reliable clock in his motley collection, and finds that he is twenty minutes behind sunrise, and no possible excuse for it. In a moment, the bewildered man regains his self-possession, and, with a cheerful and patronizing air, he says, "Good morning!" to his books, his clocks, the toy ship on the top shelf, and the pigeons in the window, who are waltzing like anything now, and nearly bobbing their heads off with delight at discovering that Pen has, at last, come to a realizing sense of his iniquity.

Now Pen opens a queer locker under his bunk, and gives a handful of wheat to his feathered children; makes his comical toilet with uncommon haste (for he is trying to catch up with the sun); touches a secret spring in the door at the end of the room (which is no secret at all, yet pretends to an air of mystery that is quite enchanting), and open flies the door, disclosing a diminutive stove, together with all the appurtenances of a ship's galley. Nothing can be cozier!

Pen lights his fire, steeps his tea, toasts his bread, and poaches his egg; and then, with a womanish nicety and handiness, sets all things to rights, so as to give his complete and undivided attention to the clocks.

The old fellow sits close by the window, where the pigeons are having a time of it. Now and again, he glances down into the deep court, watching for a sign. The shadow-tide is slowly falling down the dull walls, and by noon they will have a little bit of dry sunshine on the pavement of the court, but not for long; up again, slowly but surely, the tide rises, and the people must live and breathe as best they can, down at the very bottom of it. Pen looks at his responsible clock, from time to time, and looks at it as though it were to blame for everything that goes out of the common way. He grows more and more restless; he feels that something is wrong somewhere, and, being himself a man who goes like clockwork, as it were, he feels called upon to keep the neighborhood in running order. So Pen writes a telegram to Mrs. Blarney, the mother of it all, and heaves the line—that is, he drops the note, by a thread, down the great wall of the building. It swings in front of Blarney's door for a minute, but attracts her notice, and is shortly taken in hand. The message reads something like this:

"Mr. Pendulum's compliments to Mrs. Blarney, and would like the loan of that boy."

Blarney answers, by word of mouth, that she will be up directly. Pen winds in his line, takes down the toy ship from the top shelf, produces a small roll that looks very like a new picture-book, and returns to his work-bench to compose himself. Presently, a heavy step is heard mounting the long stairs that lead to the clock-tower. Pen rushes to the door, in a state of happy excitement, and calls from the upper floor to cheer the ascent of the pilgrims. Blarney climbs upward,

with a heavy, swinging gait, and a ponderous breast quaking with her strong breathing. Blarney is large and rosy, anyway, and carries with her a penetrating odor of warm suds and ironing. In her massive arms, stripped to the shoulder, and looking spongy, and half-boiled, she bears a pale, large-eyed little fellow, called Robin—a cripple from his birth—a saint, if there be such now-a-days—an armful of human patience and suffering, whose young life has been one long, bloodless crucifixion.

Blarney says, in her loud, motherish way, that "Rob is not so well as common, and that's why I didn't come earlier." Pen thinks it enough that she has come at all, and hastens to uncoil a hammock from some unheard-of place, and swings it across the breadth of his chamber. Filling it with pillows and comforters, he makes a nest for Robin, and deposits him safely within it.

Blarney hastens back to her duties. Robin looks after her with helpless, trusting eyes. Old Pen sets the hammock swinging, and chats away in his cheerfulest strain; while the nestling seems only half to listen, and half to be lost in a reverie. Pen realizes the youngster isn't well as usual, and it distresses him; for he finds all his heart-comfort in the simple *spirituelle* life of the deformed child. Perhaps the mysterious roll will work better, thinks the old clock-mender; and, with the delightful air of one who knows how to idealize life, and make it a kind of fairy thing such as children thrive on, he slowly unrolls the parcel, and produces the book—glorious in big type and gorgeous-colored prints. Robin brightens a little, and laughs—like one from heaven, who is trying very hard to be satisfied with things earthly; but, somehow, his tender eyes drift off again into limitless spaces, and fasten upon the distant shores, that are so beautiful and beguiling, but visible to him alone.

The nautical clock-mender is as much at sea as in the brave days of old; and, having vainly sought to cheer Robin into something like a song, he relapses into hopeless and pathetic silence, broken only by the flutter and cooing of the pigeons, who know Robin, and love him, as well as pigeons can. Old Pen abandons work; for again and again the wheels go wrong, and he feels how useless it is to try to be himself, when his heart is wrecking on the broken image of his angel, swinging to and fro, to and fro, across the bars of sunshine in the narrow confines of that attic loft.

II.—NOON.

This is how they met. You see, Blarney's clock ran down, and, spite of coaxing and threats, she couldn't get it up again. Something had to be done; for Blarney did everything on time, and there wasn't a moment in the day that she could afford to lose. The whole court knew of it; everybody had a hand in everybody's business, and the clock affair was the talk of the tenements. Some one had seen the little old sailor sunning his invalid clocks in the width of his window, and said as much to Blarney; who at once resolved to seek this clock-man, and, with his help, begin life anew. Up she climbed into the clock-loft, and there the whole matter was settled. Pen knew, at a glance, the nature of the ailment; and in twenty minutes the wrong could be righted, and the world roll on as usual.

Blarney's heart went out to the little man; and, having seen how lonesome and seafaring a life he must be leading in the "maintop" (as he sometimes called his attic), she asked him down to sup, like a man among men, so soon as the machinery was well in motion. So down he went, clock in hand, and supped beneath Blarney's roof. Everything was dingy, and steaming, and sudsy—such was the substance of Pen's observations

the moment he entered the door. Blarney's man was away somewhere—had been away for years; and it was well for them that he tarried, for he was one of those fathers by circumstance, and not by nature—such as never do well at home. All that was left of the domestic trouble was a little bundle of nerves and helplessness, called Robin. Pen saw the youngster, and loved him. Pen had a shell on him like an oyster; but oysters yawn sometimes, and within they are nothing but juicy flesh. So Pen opened his shell, took Robin to his heart, and never deserted him, for a moment, from that date.

The old fellow vibrated between the "maintop" and Blarney's for days after that. He pretended to be nervous about the clock, and kept a close eye on it; but you could see that it was Robin who called him thither, and Robin who finally grew to expect him, and to fret if he failed to come. Pen brought tribute to the child—toys, fruits, and candies, and, finally, the liliputian ship, that was a creation of his own, and marvelous in the eyes of Robin.

At last, it was suggested that a kind of air-voyage to the "maintop" would be a very pleasant episode in Robin's monotonous life; and such it must have been, for he was no sooner nested in Pen's hammock than his lips were unsealed, and he chattered in a wonderful fashion. It was something to be out of the steam and shadows of the court; it was something to be atop of the roofs, where the air was sweeter and the outlook inviting; but it was more than all to be in the atmosphere of one who loved him, and who fed him continually with healthful and life-giving magnetism.

Pen told the whole romance of his life to Robin, and told it in such curious and entertaining installments, that it lasted a very long time, and was better than anything Robin had ever heard before. In exchange for these travels and adven-

tures of the youthful Pendulum, as narrated by himself, Robin used to talk, in his way, and tell of his experiences; and marvelously strange they were, some of them—dreams by night and by day—walks and talks with the angels, such as startled Pen when he first heard them, and made him fear the child's mind was unsteady; but he grew to understand and to believe in them, for he felt their truth every day more and more. These angels of Robin's were what made a very lovable martyr of him. They were continually whispering to him words of encouragement, and opening before his eyes visions of loveliness, such as he sought in vain to describe to old Pen, who would turn to him, clock in hand and spectacles on forehead, lost in admiration of the child's prophecy.

Robin didn't meddle with worldly affairs. He told no secrets; he gave no clues to hidden wealth—his angels were not of that order. But he spoke such truths as once astonished the elders in the temple, and uttered wisdom such as no child may utter without the inspiration of the larger spirit that has suffered, and is freed through its sufferings. Almost daily they saw each other, and entered into their singular communion. We may not know how closely the souls of these two spiritual hermits became united, on account of a common isolation from their fellow-men. Every hour the ties grew stronger; every moment the comfortable companionship increased. It was natural to look forward to some change in the conditions of life; for without this change, there would be nothing but stagnation and decay.

The sun blazed overhead; the roar of business rolled up from the city streets in low, continuous thunder; the pigeons sailed away on long foraging cruises, but returned again toward evening, furling their feather sails in the shelter of the window, and subsided into a row of plump, puffy creatures, up to their bills

in feathers. The factory whistles screamed; clouds of steam rushed under the sun, sweeping the roofs with swift shadows; there was a clatter of dishes in the court below, now half in sunlight—the other half never yet knew how blessed a thing the sunlight is. Old Pen arose, brushed aside the wheels, and springs, and litter, made a luncheon that was dainty and tempting, awoke Robin, who was lost in a deep day-dream, and together they laughed and chatted like two children, in the meridian happiness of high noon.

III.—NIGHT.

Dusk in the hollow court, and deeper dusk in the "maintop," for the shutter is up and there is a bit of crape hanging at the door-latch.

In the afternoon there was a little train of mourners that wound out into the noisy street, bearing a piteous burden, and, by and by, they returned again into the gloom of their homes, empty-handed and empty-hearted.

Robin's mother was noisy in her grief, but, after a little, she drowned her misery in soap-suds, and washed on to the end of her days. There were other children in the court, who seemed suddenly to develop various juvenile attractions that had been quite-overlooked, by reason of Robin's sorrowful greatness; they soon filled the vacancy, and the world wagged much in the old way. Nature generally manages to patch the wounds she makes, but not always! There was one whose main-spring snapped short off when Robin and his angels deserted the "maintop."

I suppose, were it not for the headway we happen to be under when a great calamity occurs, plenty of us would die before our time; but, somehow, we manage to run on, spite of everything, more slowly, perhaps, and, by and by, something gives us a new impulse, and we survive.

There was nothing left for old Pendulum to do but to run down gradually, and that he did like a clock. It took him some time to do it, for he was well-regulated—one of those eight-day affairs, anyhow, such as live simply and last long, and are good to depend on, which is about all that can be said of them. He slept late of mornings, sometimes forgetting to feed the dervishes, who whirled in vain all over the window-sill, and twisted their necks dreadfully trying to attract his attention. He never again heaved the lead with a note fluttering at the end of it—a note requesting the “loan of the boy;” he saw few people, and seemed to have shut his shell against the things of this life, growing all the while more like a waxwork, and hobbling about with the jerky movement of an automaton.

Sometimes he fancied that Robin’s ghost was swinging again in the misty hammock of the air; sometimes he heard a whisper that seemed to *sparkle*—it was so unlike anything human. This he took to be Robin’s voice, and it comforted him, although he was never able to distinguish a syllable it uttered. People thought him strange, and left him to his delusions, as people are very apt to do. They had always thought him uncommon, and, as though that were a curse rather than a blessing, they pitied him, little knowing how infinite are the entertainments of queerness when it is not interfered with by the meddling world. Some people might have questioned the propriety of his flying a crape signal of distress at his door-latch when

Robin left him, and he felt that he was going down like a sinking ship; but he knew the justice of it, for in the sight of God he was a truer father to Robin than was the man who called him into life, and Robin’s natural home was in Pen’s heart, and nowhere else.

Night drew on apace, the thunder of the streets subsided, the thick clouds of humanity separated, the tempest of business and worry was over, and out of the hollow court came no sound of life, save the uneasy and muffled trot of some dog who prowled in the darkness below. Overhead the stars blinked merrily and afar off. There is little sympathy in starlight; and old Pen realized it as he closed the shutters, for the last time, not caring to take a second look at any of his surroundings. He did nothing rash, but he was too cunning a clock-mender not to know when one’s machinery is worn out. Pen straightened his bunk, put off his garments with a kind of sacred ceremony, as though, link by link, he was parting the chain that bound him to the earth. Having set all things in order, he stretched himself in his narrow bed—and slept!

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Dust on the window, through whose closed shutter sift threads of golden light; dust on the hanging garden of books, and on the rigging of the toy ship, wrecked on the upper shelf; dust on the forehead, and on the thin hair, and on the pale hands folded in rest—dust unto dust, and chaos come again, in that small world within four walls.

THE THIRD NAPOLEON.

DYING in exile, after an overthrow more complete and sudden than any since the days of Pharnaces, Napoléon III. had yet the consolation that the page in history, for which he longed in his youth, was secured to him. Nor can we believe that his mind was tortured with any anxiety as to the character of the record on that page. For more than twenty years, he had been the master of a great nation, had been known and feared to the ends of the earth; and to men like these,

“When even the shade

Of that which once was great has passed away,”

there will never be wanting apologists and flatterers.

Mr. John W. Dwinelle has published in this magazine, “the facts bearing upon the history of Napoléon III., never made familiar or readily accessible to the large class of readers in the United States.” He adds that “the current judgments passed upon his (Napoléon’s) imputed follies, perjuries, crimes, and failures, have been mostly dogmatic, and without any concurrent presentation of clearly ascertained and pertinent facts.” If this be true, it constitutes, we take it, a reproach against the large class of readers; for, to any man interested in the contemporary history of France, the materials for information have always been at hand. Moreover, why should not the general reader accept the dogmatic judgments of others against Napoléon III., when a critic, who objects so strongly to these judgments, calls upon us to believe, on his own dogmatic authority, that Mr. Kinglake’s “facts are pure inventions,” and his work “a willful falsification, from beginning to end?” Are there two measures, one for the pro-

fane general, and the other for Napoléon’s advocate?

The apology for Napoléon III. commences by inviting attention to the fact that the Bonapartes are the only rulers who have ever appealed to the popular vote in France. The statement is literally true; but it is certainly not in accordance with a presentation of clearly ascertained and pertinent facts to leave it without explanation. The elder Bonaparte, if the dogmatic history we have read may be relied upon, was not a born emperor. He came from the ranks of the people, and became first consul, then consul for life, then emperor. We even remember to have seen some such expression as this, from his own imperial mouth, “Soldier, consul, emperor, I owe everything to the people.” There, but only because he had no other, was the title of Bonaparte. Napoléon felt his way; and, even at the most dizzy height of his greatness, he never forgot to flatter his subjects with the semblance of regard for their will, by heading his decrees and stamping his coin in the name of “The French.” “Louis XVIII. and Charles X.,” it seems, “held their thrones by the grace of God and of foreign bayonets.” It is not added, as it might be, that they were of the ancient line of French kings, who held only by the grace of God; the foreign bayonets (Louis XVIII. had them all to himself) having been brought upon France by that extremely popular and liberal sovereign, Napoléon I.

Louis Philippe accepted the crown from 200 deputies; but he accepted it in the name of the French people, and he reigned, with unexampled respect for the rights of the nation, as “*Louis Phil-*

ippe Ier, Roi des Français." The counsel for the Bonapartes possesses a coin of the republican Napoléon I.; and it might be worth his while to procure one of Louis Philippe's. Moreover, since a point is made of the recognition of the people by the Bonapartes, it is the duty of their counsel to explain, if he can, the assumption of the title of Napoléon III. by Louis Napoléon. There never was a Napoléon II. recognized by the French people. On what ground, other than that of a dynastic right, inherent in the family, and independent of the national will, did Louis Napoléon call himself Napoléon III.? His conduct in this matter precisely resembles that of Louis XVIII., with this difference in favor of the latter, that he was consistent with his own theory of divine right, in supposing a king and a reign that had never existed; while Louis Napoléon, on the contrary, professing to exist as emperor by the free choice of the nation, declared, by the very title he bore, that he held his place by right of birth.

"In May, 1870," we are told, "the dynasty of Napoléon III. was confirmed by a popular vote of unprecedented unanimity." This does not accord with the facts. The votes for the empire, in 1851, were 7,439,216 against 640,000 noes, and 1,500,000 electors who abstained from voting. The result of the *plébiscite*, in May, 1870, gave 7,336,434 votes for the dynasty, 1,560,709 against it, and 1,400,000 withheld. We do not know what meaning the counsel attaches to the word "unanimity;" but it is quite clear, from a comparison of the figures above given, that the empire had lost ground in the public confidence between 1852 and 1870. The loss was vastly greater than appears in this comparison. The elections of the year 1869 resulted as follows: For the government, 4,455,271; against it, 3,643,271; abstained from voting, 2,216,958. The government, very justly alarmed by the eloquence of these

numbers, made haste to bring forward its long-promised measures of liberal reform, for the "crowning of the edifice." The people, willing to believe in the sincerity of the Emperor's intentions, so far relented in their hostility as to strengthen his hands, by the vote of 1870; but no one can shut his eyes to the fact that the reconciliation was merely temporary and contingent. If, as is only fair in the matter of such an election, we question the more intelligent centres of public opinion, such as the great cities, we find that the vote of May, 1870, was a declaration against Napoléon's government. We believe that he so understood it. The contrast between the votes of 1852 and 1870 must have been all the more appalling to him, that he had under his eyes the returns of the elections in 1857, 1863, and 1869, and was able to read in them the steady and menacing growth of the opposition, and the corresponding decline in the number of his adherents. It is impossible to believe that he cherished any illusions as to the promise of the future for his dynasty; but we admit that France did undoubtedly seem to approve his policy by the vote of 1870.

In July of the same year, we are next told, "the Legislature sent him, most unwilling, to the Prussian war." We are lost in astonishment at the cruelty of the Legislature and the docility of Napoléon.

We are constrained to treat this matter as if it were open to argument, and we beg pardon of our readers for doing so. It is a fact, then, that the *Corps Législatif*, or Legislature, of France (for the Senate was less than nothing) was the mere creature of Napoléon's will. There were in it seventeen members of the opposition, through whose speeches, garbled and mangled though they were by the censors, the world learned, from time to time, something of the hopes, and wishes, and aspira-

tions of France; but that was all. On any questions of policy or legislation, internal or external, the will of Napoléon was the law; the *Corps Législatif* often going through the solemn mockery of debate and vote on matters which the Emperor had settled and closed before they met. This is the plain truth, known to all the world for the past twenty years.

During the debates on the question of war with Prussia, one of the opposition members rose and said, "Let the Minister of War mount that tribune and tell us that he is ready, and we give way and vote for war." M. Thiers interposed, with the declaration: "No; though you all go against me, I still say No. I oppose the war." The war minister, the Duc de Grammont, then mounted the tribune, and made his too-famous statement, "Yes, we are ready, to the very last button on the soldiers' gaiters." If, leaving the recorded facts in the Prussian war as if they had not been, we look simply at the history of France during the reign of Napoléon III., we shall find that it is summed up in Napoléon. What he wished was done; what he did not wish, was left undone. Every well-known fact, every indication, relating to the origin of the Prussian war, makes it a matter, first of all, personal to the Emperor.

It is hardly more necessary to bring forward authority for this than for the existence of such a person as Napoléon III.; but we are quite willing to bring authority. M. Renan, who is not a republican, and who has a higher opinion of Napoléon's personal character than any other sensible writer, deliberately lays the charge of the war upon him. He refers, as proof that France did not wish for war, to the investigations made by the prefects of departments, and published in the *Journal des Débats*, of October 3d and 4th, 1870, a month after Sedan. After analyzing, with the intuitive skill which is peculiarly his, the

character of the Emperor and his position, M. Renan says, on page 21 of "*La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale*:" "La guerre déclarée au mois de juillet, 1870, est donc une aberration personnelle, l'explosion, ou plutôt le retour offensif d'une idée depuis longtemps latente dans l'esprit de Napoléon III.; idée que les goûts pacifiques du pays l'obligeaient de dissimuler, et à laquelle il semble qu'il avait lui-même presque renoncée. Il n'y a pas un exemple de plus complète trahison d'un état par son souverain, en prenant le mot trahison pour désigner l'acte du mandataire qui substitue sa volonté à celle du mandant. Est-ce à dire que le pays ne soit pas responsable de ce qui est arrivé? Hélas! nous ne pouvons le soutenir. Le pays a été coupable de s'être donné un gouvernement peu éclairé et surtout une chambre misérable, qui, avec une légèreté dépassant toute imagination, vota, sur la parole d'un ministre, la plus funeste des guerres." We endeavor to translate:

"The war declared in the month of July, 1870, is therefore a personal misstep, the outbreak, or rather the active revival of an idea, long latent in the mind of Napoléon III.; an idea which the peaceful inclinations of the country obliged him to conceal, and which, it seems, he himself had almost given up. There is not an instance of more complete betrayal of a state by its sovereign, if we take the word *betrayal* to mean the deed of an agent who substitutes his own will for that of his principal. Is this equivalent to saying that the country is not responsible for what has happened? Alas! that we can not maintain. The country is guilty of having chosen for itself an unenlightened government, and especially a pitiful chamber, which, with a levity beyond conception, decreed, on the mere word of a minister, the most fatal of wars."

Words like these, coming from such

a man as Renan, would be weighty, did they but embody an opinion; enforced as they are by facts known to the whole world, they pronounce the judgment of history.

The counsel for the Bonapartes is eloquent in denunciation of the "mob" which assumed to overturn the government of Napoléon, after Sedan, and establish one of its own; and he insists, perhaps not too strongly, upon the arbitrary character of the authority which now rules France. We know that the Parisian mob is at once ingenious and desperate; but we can not go with the counsel when he charges it with overthrowing Napoléon's government. Our own reading has taught us that the Germans did that work at Sedan, and by no means negligently.

The present government of France is a republican government in name, but its acts are arbitrary. It has not appealed to the people; it suspends, for causes held to be sufficient, the various guarantees of liberty, personal and political; and we, who denounce the despotism of the French Emperor, may well declare that the republic is no less despotic than he. But Napoléon's advocate has no right to be heard in this cause. He has constituted himself the champion of the empire, and he may not desert his flag. If the Commune was a wolf, which Napoléon held down by the ears, it is none the less a wolf because Thiers takes the place of Napoléon. If it was right for the empire to hold the press in subjection, and to silence opposition by deportation, it can not be wrong for the republic to do the same. Finally, if there were causes in the social and political life of France which made the repressive policy of the Emperor essential to the well-being of the country, when his only task was to maintain a government already in operation and established, the repressive policy of the republic must be far more indispensable to the

salvation of France, after the unparalleled disasters and convulsions through which she has passed within two years. We do not so look at the matter; but Napoléon's advocate is obliged to look at it in this light, and in no other. He uses this language: "The anecdotal history of France is almost wholly fabulous;" and he proves the statement by telling us that Victor Emmanuel has ceased to feel any emotion arising from politics; that Rochefort, who wrote scandals against Napoléon III., married his mistress under moral compulsion; and that the amatory correspondence of the Emperor, published by Jules Favre, must have been forged, because Favre was convicted on his own testimony of violating the plain law of morality. We lay no stress on the fact of Napoléon's profligacy; he is not the first or the greatest sinner in that line. But how does the misconduct of other men disprove the charges of personal immorality brought against Napoléon III. throughout his life? Is it not a little odd, at the very least, in a critic who condemns as false a whole body of history (much of it autobiographical, and written by men of unspotted honor), to expect his readers to receive with perfect trust a scrap of anecdotal history, respecting the personal appearance and child-like laugh of Napoléon III., as he appeared to the critic himself? We, who believe in some of the recorded anecdotes of the world, have full faith in the charming portrait of the Emperor, with his drooping eyelids and unshed tears, and music on the lips; but how can the critic who tells it believe his own anecdote?

Napoléon was nothing less than an Admirable Crichton. We are told that "he was more extensively and more thoroughly educated than any other prince who ever ascended the throne. He spoke French, German, English, Spanish, and Italian, like a native. He

was a good classical scholar, profound in mathematics and physics, and in mechanics both skilled and inventive," etc. All this, if true, is so far honorable to the Emperor; but how are we to know whether it is true? Is our informant so intimately acquainted with the acquirements of all the princes who ever sat upon thrones, that he can decide this great matter, in the turning of a phrase? On what authority, other than that of French anecdotal history, does he arrive at the knowledge of Napoléon's transcendent attainments? However arrived at, the information is very gratifying, and it gives us especial pleasure to have the counsel's own testimony that the "Life of Cæsar" . . . is held by the critics to be a most scholarly history of the Augustan epoch," and that the Emperor's "style is curt, condensed, and forcible; in its Doric simplicity, more English than French, and abounding in sudden logical conclusions, which, like wit, produce a kind of electric thrill." If the writer were not so positive in his assertions, we should feel inclined to doubt the learning displayed in the "Life of Cæsar;" for we have tried faithfully to read it, and have been uniformly repelled by its utterly uncritical and feeble scholarship, no less than by the wearisome jerkiness of a style, which may be English Doric, since it certainly is not elegant French. The electric thrills we entirely missed. They were mere negative electricity for us. Under these circumstances, we came to the conclusion that the French Academy, in persistently refusing to admit the Emperor as one of its members, possibly looked upon him as a very mediocre scholar and writer; and this conclusion was strengthened, when we found in the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, 1866, this judgment on Napoléon's classical and historical acquirements: "As a record of the series of events in the foreign and domestic annals of Rome which preceded and led to

the civil war (political significance apart), it is unsatisfactory to the last degree. The author seems to have really approached his task without any preparation for it beyond a superficial knowledge of a few classical authors, and of the modern compilations on the subject which were popular in ordinary education fifty years ago. He does not even exhibit the appearance of knowing that such further qualifications could exist, or could be required . . . In short, and to put the case as plainly as possible, he seems to believe, that, in order to be capable of forming his own favorite political deductions, which are the true essence of all history, a student needs no more acquaintance with facts than might have been acquired at school, with the help of ordinary school-books."

Before dismissing the question of Napoléon's scholarship, we should be glad to know how the "Life of Cæsar" can properly be called a "history of the Augustan epoch." We can not find, in any of the criticisms which we have consulted, that the Augustan epoch, as ordinarily understood, is more than alluded to; and, in looking through the book itself, we have been met continually by almost everybody but Augustus. Some one is evidently at fault in this matter, and a little historical explanation, anecdotal or other, would be a great boon.

The crimes chiefly imputed to Napoléon III. are, as we are told, "his alleged perjury in overturning the Republican Constitution of 1848, and his slaughter of innocent people in the streets of Paris, on the occasion of his *coup d'état*, in December, 1851. But many of our readers will be surprised to learn that Napoléon III. did not overturn the Constitution of 1848, and that most of those who were killed in the streets of Paris, in December, 1851, were at the moment engaged in the laudable occupation of killing other people." These assertions are followed by extracts from the Constitution, in

the original and translated, and special attention is called to the fact that universal suffrage was guaranteed to the people, but that the National Assembly assumed to pass, on May 31st, 1850, a law annulling universal suffrage, and striking from the voting lists 3,000,000 out of 10,000,000 voters. This act necessarily overthrew the Constitution, according to Napoléon's advocate, and he quotes from M. Eugène Ténor a passage, which undoubtedly sustains the statement, in part. But, in making the extracts from M. Ténor's work, he must have turned over two pages at once, and therefore failed to notice what we now take pleasure in bringing to his attention. The passage in his quotations which ends, "By a stroke of the pen, struck out 3,000,000 electors," is followed, not by the words which he gives, but by these: "In this decisive circumstance occurred a fact which the historian would be culpable in not bringing to light. The President, Louis Napoléon, acted in accordance with the majority. It has been said that he showed a very great repugnance to this proposition to restrict universal suffrage. The facts contradict this assertion. The ministry of October 31st [1849]—a ministry instituted, as the presidential message said, to strengthen more especially the personal responsibility of the President of the republic, to show 'the hand, the will of the elect of December 10th'—this ministry claimed the honor of presenting in the name of the executive power the law which mutilated universal suffrage." We do not quote the rest of the two pages, omitted by Napoléon's advocate. They help his case no more than the few lines we have copied; and the book, which is everywhere accepted as trustworthy, is to be had at any library. It was the President's ministry who took the first steps, on May 3d, 1850, to draw up the new law. A commission, chosen among the "various shades of

the reactionary right," reported on May 18th. The discussion followed, the ministry acting throughout with the reactionary party, and the law was passed May 31st, as already stated. The law was made by the Assembly; but the first conception of it was in the mind of the President, and by his active aid it took final, historical form. We are quite content to let the Assembly share the responsibility of this measure with the President, since, grave though the attempt on the Constitution was, the real question is, "Who finally succeeded in overturning the Constitution?" Mr. Dwinelle's excellent translation of the first article of the Constitution furnishes the answer. It says:

"Art. 1. Sovereignty resides in the whole body of French citizens. It is inalienable, and can not be lost by prescription. No individual, nor any fraction of the people, can exercise it."

Louis Napoléon, on December 2d, 1851, became the absolute ruler of France. Did he, or did he not, violate the Constitution, which declared that "no individual" could exercise sovereignty? The act of May 31st was an attempt on the Constitution; but it can not be said to have abolished that instrument. Any one who maintains that the Constitution of the republic ceased to exist by virtue of the act named, must tell us by what right Louis Napoléon continued to exercise authority as President under an organic law which had disappeared. The Constitution was not overthrown till Louis Napoléon made his *coup d'état*. If, as Bonapartist writers say, this was forced upon him by his duty to society and to the people, why did he not, the factious Assembly once suppressed and his stern duty accomplished, resign his power into the hands of the people, once again free to re-organize the republic he had saved? Napoléon's advocate says, that the "people killed in the streets of Paris were en-

gaged in the laudable occupation of killing other people." We do not agree with him, even as to the propriety of killing other people; and the facts do not agree with his statement. M. Ténot tells us, on page 36 of the translation of "Paris in December, 1851," that the *coup d'état* was already determined upon, in principle, in the beginning of 1851, and that Louis Napoléon was busy, at that time, with measures to carry it into effect. He quotes, to support his assertions, several Bonapartist writers. On page 57 he tells us, that immediately after the proposition of the *questors* (on November 6th, 1851), "the President took his final measures for an evidently very near event." On page 84 we are told, that the principal measures were:

"1st. The nocturnal arrest of the representatives; above all, the generals whose influence seemed the most to be feared. This was the part of the task reserved to the Prefect of Police, and to his agents.

"2d. The nocturnal occupation of the palace of the Assembly; distribution of the troops at the strategic points of the capital.

"3d. The printing and publication of the decrees and proclamations of the President; seizure of the republican or parliamentary newspapers."

"It was agreed, that these various operations should be accomplished in the night. As it was winter, the moment of execution was fixed between half-past five and half-past six o'clock in the morning—the hour when Paris sleeps."

There were 60,000 carefully selected troops in Paris, with 30,000 more near at hand, who could be brought in within twenty-four hours.

Some of the citizens became indignant, and were rash enough to attempt resistance, when they found that the chief officer of the law was a midnight assassin, and they were shot down. They, together with unsuspecting foot-passen-

gers (some of them women and children), were, no doubt, as we have been told, "killing other people." There are many details of that day's atrocious crime in M. Ténot's book; but we must say, at the risk of offending the counsel for the Bonapartes, that there is no need of special treatises on the *coup d'état*, for the general public of America, or of any part of the civilized world. The massacres of December 2d, 1851, were not perpetrated in Greenland, nor near the undiscovered sources of the Nile; they were done in the streets of Paris—in the centre of the world, under the eyes of men of all nations. It is not permitted, even to an admirer of Napoléon, to presume upon the ignorance of his readers in a matter of history so familiar. Nor can we congratulate him on his declaration that "it would be beneath the dignity of any but a sensational newspaper narrative, to gather up the brains that are scattered, to collect the blood that is shed, or to count the victims, on such occasions. . . . The only question for the historian is, whether the necessities of the case were those of a just and vigorous statesmanship." There is nothing new in this serene regard cast upon other people's death. It would be astonishing, if it were not so common, to see with what fortitude men, comfortable enough in their own homes, bear up against the knowledge that, here and there, other men have been murdered, for no fault greater than that of being in the way. Louis Napoléon murdered the people of Paris because he wished to be the sole master of France; and all the vile adulation that has waited on him for twenty-five years, shrivels into nothing before that fact.

To say that the French people, alone, were those who had the right to accuse Napoléon III. of perjury and treason, is a statement we can hardly treat with gravity. It is exactly as though one should say, that it is for the family of a

murdered man to accuse his murderer ; and that, if they fail to do so, there is no murder.

Mr. Dwinelle evidently admires the "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," and quotes, in a condensed form, the principles laid down in that work, by the future Emperor. The author himself is not more extinct than his book ; and the most compendious criticism on both is embodied in one of its commonplace phrases : "It is a fatal error, to believe that a mere declaration of principles suffices to constitute a new order of things." Napoléon III. professed to establish an inherited new order of things in France ; he merely went back to the old formula of kings, who rule "by their own good pleasure." Such policy as he had was unquestionably bad, if a policy is to be judged by its results ; but only a fanatic would deny, that some good was done during his reign. The great commercial movement which began under Louis Philippe, was continued and largely increased under the empire ; but, though the sovereign gave his personal attention to the development of the material resources of France, we must be careful not to ascribe to his sagacity what was due to the general activity of the civilized world. The period covered by the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoléon III. witnessed the rise and the continually advancing growth of the application of steam-power on land and sea. The commercial inclinations of every people were more and more stimulated, from day to day ; and not France only, but the whole of Christendom, shows for those forty years an amazing increase in acquired wealth and comfort.

The empire certainly repressed, with a strong hand, the so-called dangerous classes. It did more ; it re-discovered, after the fashion of all heaven-sent governments, a class especially dangerous to the saviors of society—the class of men who think and hold opinions ; and

these it repressed with singular success and energy. Popular education the Emperor declared to be a Napoléonic idea. He took good care that it should never become more than an idea under his government. Those who are not dazzled by the glitter of wealth, would pronounce the irrevocable condemnation of the empire from the single indisputable fact, that while it lasted, the science, the literature, the philosophy, and the art of France, were to be found in the ranks of the opposition. The distinctive literature of the Second Empire is typified in Flaubert's "*Salambô* ;" its art in Offenbach's degraded music. There is profligacy in nearly all capitals ; but the coarse and passionless profligacy of Napoléon's court was all the more shameful, that it followed immediately on the decorous reign of Louis Philippe. We have said, that we laid no stress on the personal immorality of Napoléon III. ; nor do we, so far as such a characteristic is supposed to imply special baseness in him ; but as an element in his political scheme, it is impossible to overlook it. Laxity of morals is one of those famous Napoléonic ideas which belong to the catechism of despots, in all ages of the world. We believe there is not an instance of a real autocrat who did not encourage, by example or by indulgence, and often by both, a decided dissoluteness of morals in those about him ; well knowing, that what the court did would be aped, and that men addicted to sensuality are rarely capable of unselfish devotedness or of lofty thoughts. The two Napoléons—the "elect of the people," as their admirer calls them—required no lessons in the application of this rule. Napoléon III. rested his power on the popular ignorance, on the love of money and of ease, and on the army. It is not strange that he kept it so long. His physical ailment aside, he might have enjoyed power to the end of a long life, but for the voice in his ear, perpetually

whispering, "a Napoléon must shake the world." The fatal necessity of his origin was upon him. As Gustave de Beaumont said: "The first Napoléon talked of his star; the third believed in it." The saying is a key to Napoléon III.'s foreign policy, with its strange impulses of energy, and continual lapses into feebleness. A profound sense of his own intrinsic worthlessness, coupled with a belief in the destiny which made him a Napoléon, seem to have swayed him by turns. His alliance with England, which is looked upon as a master-stroke of policy, was, in fact, England's alliance with him; for it was Palmerston who imagined it, not Napoléon. He drifted about, in every war he entered on, as helplessly as a Merovingian king. It required the continued personal insults of Nicholas to spur him into the Crimean war; and it may well be doubted whether he would have undertaken it, at last, even with the assured neutrality of Prussia and Austria, and the alliance of England, had not Turkey, by sustaining single-handed and victoriously, for more than a year, the shock of the Russian power, proved how far that power had been overestimated. In the Italian war, even with the alliance of the Sardinian army and the high spirit of the Italians to strengthen him, he was disappointed and frightened because Hungary did not revolt, and paralyze the Austrian forces. It was the same in Mexico, where honor, and pride, and shame should all have counseled him to act with energy, and push his evil enterprise through by sheer weight; he did his work by halves, striving to show a bold front, while his craven heart quaked within him. He undertook no war, even against a far weaker enemy, without allies; until he was driven, by the righteous doom which sometimes overtakes the guilty, against the iron strength of Germany. His miserable weakness and unsteadiness of purpose were perfectly well known to the

statesmen of Europe, and they were uniformly victorious against him. The superiority of Bismarck is the superiority of a great mind and a great character; but, in addition to these, he was always backed by a strong military power. Cavour's mastery over Napoléon is a far more remarkable proof of the intellectual and moral poverty of the latter. Cavour was the minister of a small, feeble kingdom, practically at the mercy of France, hated by Austria, and protected only in a loose way by the public law of Europe; but he was able to make Napoléon bend to his will, and assure the creation of the kingdom of Italy. Napoléon saw his mistake, when too late, and tried, in his characteristic way, to repair it, by proposing a federated Italy, under the Pope—a proposition made only to be laughed at.

The counsel for the Bonapartes holds Napoléon III. to have been the greatest ruler of France. A great ruler must be a great statesman. We have been told how thoroughly Napoléon III. was educated. It is known, that his principal studies, from his youth up, were politics and war. As the heir of the great conqueror, who was overthrown principally by the uprising of the indignant national spirit of Germany, he must have known, and appreciated at their true value, the organization, the spirit, and the military power of the Germans. The critical questions of his foreign policy were pointed out to him before 1848. His relations with Germany and with Italy were those which called for statesmanship; and it is precisely those relations which he mismanaged from beginning to end; so that, long before the war of 1866, he had succeeded in proving to the Italians that he was their most dangerous enemy, and to the Germans, that war with France was necessary for their security. On his own side, Napoléon, complete master of the resources of France for twenty years, made no preparation for the struggle

which every thinker foresaw. Two years before the thunder broke, he began to think about increasing his military power, in order to meet an enemy who had been ready for forty years. It is enough to name Italy and Prussia, to answer those who call Napoléon III. a great ruler.

His admirer thinks Napoléon was not outwitted by Bismarck, because he secured a treaty with Prussia, which gave him what treaties usually give to sleepy men who contract with vigilant enemies. But 1866 gave him also an opportunity to declare, in that "curt, condensed Doric" which Bonapartists so much admire, that "the voice of France was sufficient to arrest the victor at the gates of Vienna." Pity that that mighty voice, asking shortly after for the left bank of the Rhine, should have been met by a "No!" even more superb than the one the first Napoléon heard from the Portuguese nobles!

Napoléon's advocate is in error as to the Mexican expedition. The first idea of that enterprise is to be found, not in M. DufLOT de Mofras' book, but in the book of Joshua, where it is told that that great chieftain sent two men from Shittim, "to spy secretly, saying, 'Go, search out the land, even Jericho.'" Any difference there may be is in favor of Joshua, who made no hypocritical pretenses about "decent government," but merely said the land was a rich one, and he wanted it. If anything can intensify one's contempt for Napoléon's feeble conduct in this pretended redemption of Mexico, it is the contrast it offers to the English struggle with the Indian mutiny. It is the fashion with small politicians to sneer at England's military power; but, separated from India by a distance three times as great as that which divides Mexico from France, with no hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers at home, she completely subdued, within two years, a revolution al-

most universal among 120,000,000 men, possessing large and highly disciplined armies, fortified places, abundance of war material and stores, and fighting, like the Mexicans, for their own homes; while the "greatest ruler of France," with every advantage of numbers and means, was unable to complete his far lighter undertaking, and withdrew precipitately at the first rough word from the United States.

"It was from no unfriendliness to us," we are told, "that Napoléon wished to recognize the Confederacy;" and the proof is, that he was kind to our citizens. There can be no doubt that Napoléon III. was personally amiable; but so was the first Napoléon, when he pleased—so was Ali Pasha. Napoléon's letter to Marshal Forey, his letter to Seward, and his continual efforts to gain England's consent to join with him in the recognition of the Confederacy, are more than enough to show his love for the United States.

It seems that we Americans are not permitted to allude to the corruptions of the Second Empire, because our own condition is so very bad. Why limit the application of a rule so ingenious? It is quite clear, that any one who dares to look into a history of the Roman empire, or of the Papacy, or of Louis XV., or of Philip II., must expect very short shrift.

By Napoléon's advocate, M. Thiers is made responsible for the "pernicious teachings of his histories of the Consulate and the Empire." We hold very much the same opinion of M. Thiers' histories; but, in an admirer of Napoléon, it is "flat burglary" as ever was committed. He has written two articles to prove that Napoléon III. did more for the good of France than any other sovereign she has had; and Napoléon III. proclaimed himself the heir and the complement of his uncle; and, but for that very wide-spread and pernicious

teaching of the French mind by M. Thiers' histories, it is morally certain that Napoléon III. might have missed his opportunity to do so much good to France as we have heard of. M. Thiers was, really, the John Baptist of the great political Messiah.

How shall we find words to express our sympathy with the counsel for the Bonapartes, in the melancholy reflections with which he closes his generous argument? "There is not, never has been, nor ever will be, any good human government in this world. All forms of government have been discussed, since the beginning of history—have been tried, and have successively failed."

It is too true; but will the counsel be good enough to explain why human governments should *not* be subject to the laws of human life? A good human government, which will not change

and decay, would be a very excellent thing to have; but we may not hope to see it, since men treated with such base ingratitude the only perfect ruler Heaven ever sent us, in the person of Napoléon III. Nevertheless, if perfection be beyond us, there are several existing governments which we dare to call good, in the ordinary, common-sense meaning of the word; because they secure to the governed life, and property, and liberty, and genuine progress. Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria, all have good governments; and we must confess, even at the risk of disagreeing with Napoléon's admirers, that we believe France has done with providential rulers, and is now laying the solid foundation of a really human government, not less good than the best of those we have named.

SHADOWS OF SHASTA.

In the place where the grizzly reposes
Under peaks where a right is a wrong,
I have memories richer than roses,
Sweet echoes more sweet than a song;

Sounds sweet as the voice of a singer,
Made sacred with sorrows unsaid,
And a love that implores me to linger
For the love of dead days and their dead.

But I turn, throwing kisses, returning
To strife and to turbulent men.
I learn to be wise, as unlearning
All things that were manliest then.

ULTRA-WA.—No. VIII.

THE QUEST.

JOHNS Jenny and Jenny's John have settled matters. Their romance has ripened to practical arrangement.

Jenny has 'ceased to chant in high poetic vein, and condescends to chatter; for Jenny's John, having determined the main question months and months ago, has, for the last hour, been pressing many minor questions, in manner and form as follows, to wit: How seven hundred per annum and a parsonage can be made the most of, and whether "a giving visit" be a substitute for a paying visit; whether, at "a donation party," the party be sacrificed to the "donation," or the "donation" devoured by the party; whether old Mrs. Berumpt, the peppery saint and hallowed "mother-in-Israel" vixen of Haldon, "will ever, under the sun, take a shine" to the proposed Mrs. Bendleton, and, in case she should not, whether this Rev. is going to let "my wife" be trampled under foot, rode rough-shod over, and made a tool of—which varied processes may be supposed to be with difficulty combined in one; whether the Misses Angie and Effie Matilda Stout will adore the Rev.'s sermons quite so much, when, "like Peter, he shall lead about a sister—a wife;" whether the settlement would be better, at Bay Coast, where said Rev., having preached once or twice, has ardent admirers, having also one or two critics who blame him for being so young, and feel, withal, a sacred fear lest he be wearing his collars too low in the neck, so as to render his sermons too high-flown; his sainted predecessor, Rev. Rempton, having worn his stiffly standing, and thereby done much good; whether Jenny shall be married in a traveling dress, and whether any one shall stand up with the pair, besides

Calla and Arthur, "whom, of course, we want." When things get so far as this, they become commonplace.

Mr. Mansfield's old horse, deliberating at a distance of two miles, finds them extremely tedious, not to say trivial. Said steed has been standing at said distance from the lake ever since the morning, for the simple reason that it has been impossible to drag the old wagon any further, through the brush and tangle, in that direction. Said steed has occupied a reversed attitude all the livelong day, being tethered to the hind part of the wagon—a position of "review," but not of "control"—overlooking his sphere of duty while nibbling his hay. Now, "put out" from the shafts, he has had enough of this, and is further "put out" by the delay.

"It's getting to be four o'clock, and it is high time to see after those foolish young folks," Jenny remarks, with a matronly air, in right of her more mature engagement.

Bendleton hoists the stone anchor, pulls from behind the clump of an islet, and the merry water of the lake shows its whole surface of beauty. Seeing no boat, they "halloo-oo-oo," and "ho-ho," and "yah-hoo," and "O-O-O!" and "I say-a-ay," practicing such noises as would do credit to a party of war-whooping Indians, or a camp-meeting of "cullud pussons." But it is of no use. "Yah-hoo," "tally-ho," "I say, o-o-over there," "where are you-oo-oo?" and the like, go clattering on the rocks, and scurrying among the boughs, only to come back as "no-no-no," and "woo-woo-oo!"

Arthur and Calla are now as silent to these calls as they had been insensible to their cry for help. Nature once more

murmurs to herself concerning the matter, and settles her mind to say nothing about it.

John rows around upon the lake, in an uncertain way, glancing nervously up each little cove, and renewing an occasional bellow, alike unclerical and useless. Before long, however, they spy the chafed and tumbled sand, where the other boat had been beached when the lovers went after the flowers, where also their life-love had found hues of carnation, violet, and white. The indentation is unmistakable, for the sinking keel, imbedded in the ooze, has found it hard to get afloat again upon its native element, even as a life that has bounded out of its sphere finds it difficult to regain its elastic way.

"John, dear, here they are—here they are, John!" cries Jenny. "I see their footsteps!"—and, in her gleeful relief, she takes to poetry again, sandwiching the stanza with observation of facts: "'And departing,'—John, you goose; don't you see them?—'leave behind us'—Calla's foot, I'd know it anywhere; it's just the least mite smaller than mine—'behind us'—she always wears. No. 2—'foot-prints'—call loud, John—'foot-prints on the shores of'—the most absurd thing to keep us so late—'on the shores of'". . . .

"Calla Conrad!—you must be crazy!"

. . . . "'Shores of time.' See anything of them, John?"

John does see something of somebody. Footfalls certainly are heard, making such a tramp as would be apt to leave decided foot-prints on any sands, reasonably susceptible. Miss Perley's virtuous vexation is prepared with sharpness of tone, "Mr. Ranier, sir, you are a pretty one."

But the figure that pushes out from the woods is by no means "a pretty one"—rather the reverse of pretty. It is the gaunt, bony form of a woman, with a stalking gait; a bronze, yellow skin;

features masculine and grim, harsh enough to be fierce in their expression, were it not for a quaint waggishness that twinkles in the gray eyes, and at intervals illumines the whole countenance; sinewy limbs of unusual length, lank and slab-like; and a voice, the staple of which would have done credit to a baritone of the opera, while through it, or rather across it, there run, every now and then, fibres of feminine shrillness, quivering and keen.

The reader may be at no loss to recognize Mrs. Sally Veck; but to the youthful couple, who are as pigmies in her presence, the wild giantess is like a creature of fable. This intruder gazes a moment at these wayfarers in a scornful manner, as at a remote speck on the shore, and accosts them thus, "You won't git no white blue-bries here!" then seats herself upon the ground. Putting a pellet of opium between her lips, with all the ease with which a man would enjoy his tobacco-quid, "Sel Vick" relapses into a brown study of the water.

Bendleton endeavors, in his most insinuating tones—such as he hopes may one day win parishioners unfavorably disposed—to remark aloud to Jenny, by way of respectful hint, "This lady may give us some information of our missing friends;" which she does, to this effect, "No one don't git no wite blue-bries here!" Sally Veck's theory is, that all of human birth compose a coming race bound on one mad and impossible hunt for the secret haunts of the white blue-berries, which it is her life-work to conceal.

John and Jenny, never having heard of such a contradictory fruit, are stunned to silence. John makes one more attempt at conciliation, and, with extreme politeness, reverts to classic English, "Pray, madam, may I"—"Pray yourself," Sal replies, "onto your own marrer-bones, if you've sot out to; no-

body henders; but don't pray for no wite blue-bries here."

Abandoning the conversation, Bendleton and Jenny go looking through the grove in a dolorous style, and piercing the thicket as far as brambles will permit—Jenny scratching her face, but disdaining to cry out; John slipping on a rock and bruising his shin, but making light of the limp that ensues—and with that singular thoroughness which leads us in looking for the lost, whether it be a lost purse or a lost human body, to search quite as keenly the impossible coverts as those most likely, John peers under the evergreens, and Jenny, in an absent way, looks sharply between the tufts of grass, possibly suspecting the lost companions to have become either elves or grasshoppers.

Sal utters now and then a sardonic jeer, her eyes twinkling with mirth at their absurd way of looking for white blue-berries. "You'd best take off them there shoes, for when them there pilot-snakes bites through the leather, you can't git 'em off. Your feet'll swell up so, they won't never come off, and you've got to hev 'em imputed with 'em on." And again, to Jenny: "You jist drop that feller. Sack him, I say; he don't amount to nothin'!"—a conclusion in which Jenny does not altogether coincide.

The search and outcries failing, our young friends loiter, in a confused way, and look so distressed, that Sal's vengeance may be said to be glutted. They will evidently make no further onslaughts on the white blue-berries, nor incite other profane visitors to such unhallowed invasion.

Mrs. Veck becomes more communicative now, with a view to soothe them. "Did you hear the little Viffer? You'd orter seen that ere hawk, how he skummeled up when he heered the little Viffer. He hed a dove, right in under him. He'd riz his claws for it"—holding

out her own, with dangling fingers, that made no inexpressive gesture—"but, Lor', how he did scummel up! He ran-sagged clean over and over; and, didn't he scream? You bet; you jist!"

Presently, Sal sees tears in Jenny's eyes. Jenny's agitations, like her aspirations, are very gushing and visible. It is evident that Bendleton has been saying something to cause this. He has, in fact, been trying to cheer her, and persuade her that they will have to start for home before dark, and trust their lost companions to the care of a kind Providence. But this sight rouses Sally to a very fury. She starts to her full height, like another being. She has seldom seen a woman's tears. Perhaps the sight recalls the days of her girlhood, and her own first sorrow. She glares on Bendleton, and her arms are very much akimbo. But she addresses Jenny: "Wot are you foolin' round with him for? Let them doosid men alone; there ain't nothin' to 'em. Let him scoot!"

Jenny, not perhaps understanding that process, and Jenny's John manifesting some reluctance thereunto, there is a pause, which is broken at length by their explaining all the circumstances to Mrs. Veck, whom, in an undertone, John denominates "that old scratch."

Sal relaxes at once, her face fusing with a new light of kindly feeling. In sympathy with Jenny, her shell-like nature scrambles to expeditious service. At her dictation, Jenny seats herself upon the rocks, while Sal takes her place in the boat, beside Bendleton, to go over the lake once more. "Now, youngster," she exclaims to that grave Rev., taking the oars from his hand, "there's ben enough of this here skimmerin' round. You set stock still and watch. Ef there's ben ennybody drowned, I know where the current hes took 'em. There never wuz no man could row a boat es it orter!" which astound-

ing statement she proceeds to confirm, by making the boat dart with incredible swiftness, but also with a splash and plather which certainly have never yet been preceded by any man. They make for an angle where the lake embays a little. A cuneiform rock stretches out on one side; while on the other, tree-roots dip beneath the wave, fluttering to feel after the earth that it washes from them, as lives for lost opportunities. A swirling eddy sets this way, which would be apt to catch any floating object, and hold it for a time. Sal stands up in the bow, and looks about her. No trace—no trace. Back again to the mid-water, where the depth is great, but the water is so clear, that for a distance round about them they can scan distinctly the slabs and shingle on the bed beneath. Still no trace. Making up now to the corner, near the sand-bar, they observe the surface becoming suddenly agitated, and a black bulk comes upon it, and, twirling slowly round and round, drifts in their direction. They hasten to seize it, and find it to be, indeed, the mangled frame of the old boat, which, having broken from the weight of water that held it, by breaking its own heart—like a good despair relinquishing a false hope—floats bottom upward.

"It is their boat," groans Bendleton, becoming very pale. "They have gone down!"

Sal, with a rigid countenance, peers through the fathoms. Laying down her oars, she grasps with both hands the drifting wreck, and examines its tattered plight, then gives it a shove that hurls it lurching toward the shore; apostrophizing it so fiercely, that it seems to sneak, and cringe, and shiver, like a guilty wretch. Assuredly, Mrs. Veck could not have dealt more personally with any human culprit. "Slam-bang you! you're a pretty thing, now, ain't you? Comin' up agin, be you? You hed no call. I'm

a mind to set you afire. Wot do you want up here now, *agin*? You crank-slanktious old fool!" she yells; "go to the devil, where you belong! I say," she roars after the receding timber, with a voice like a gale of wind, "don't you show your blarsted face agin, or I'll . . . Hush!" she suddenly adds, in a hoarse whisper, with manner all subdued.

"Hush!" says Bendleton, in the same breath. "Hush!"

A distant cadence, as of some one singing trilling, gladsome notes—happy, happy tones—far, far away. But how does it come to be heard out here? Is there a cottage anywhere at hand, where a young mother is singing her baby to sleep? Is there a grotto, where a lover listens, entranced, to the song of the dearest voice? Can there be a bird whose carol resembles that of a human throat? Or, might these be the strains of any musical instrument, such as an organ? or, could they be the tones of a martial band, wafted from some military post, or march, upon the highway, and so spent by distance, that the sweet harmonies, frayed through the air, are sprinkled in this finest spray of melodies? The strain is so tender and reviving, that Bendleton says, "Hush, hush!" and feels his spirits rising, in spite of his dismay.

The effect on Mrs. Veck, however, is curious indeed. Her rough visage relaxes, and brims with a kind of gaiety. She bursts into a brisk laugh. "Youngster!" she says, "they ain't no more drowned than we three fools. They're gone with the little Viffer."

A subtle hope of their safety, however illogical, penetrates Bendleton's brain, but stifles his words. Sal breaks out in very odd piety, and, with curious severity toward a young clergyman, pronounces this stern admonition: "Don't say no more there ain't no God! Cuss it! you orter know better! I'm agoin' ashore."

They find Jenny dejected, and beginning to be alarmed about her own situation. Already the first film of twilight droops upon the landscape beauty. Water-fowl are seen returning from land excursions, alighting noiselessly upon the shadowy bosom of the lake, like shapings of the shadows flitting into living creatures; and, brooding for a little while, as it might be to re-assure themselves that their familiar haunt remains to them, with its serenity secure—then, gliding with the current rather than by spontaneous motion, take their peaceful way toward the secret places on the shore where they nestle for the night. Dun forms of timid quadrupeds, moving on the rocks at the verge, cast reflections in the darkling waters, that emblem pensive thoughts, then hie away to their retreats. Latest of all, in the very blank of solitude and silence, a pair of wilder eye-balls glitter from the woods, and a huge brown bear steps to the limpid brim, and drinks so placidly, you might suppose it to be changing its nature, and becoming grateful that there are no innocent and helpless things at hand to become its prey—dreaming, mayhap, of some recurrent Eden, or some millennial prime, in which beasts of prey shall be privileged to graze and live in peace with all the world. The tree-tops rustle gently, and the sedgy splashes lisp whispering replies.

Jenny's John is a man of nerve; and John's Jenny is a girl of sense, in spite of her gushing impulses. Both of them have prose enough to support their poetry, and poetry enough to enchant their prose, under the prospect of being detained in the forest all night. What must be, must be. At all events, they will be together; and, while Mrs. Veck is deaf to all their hints about a shelter in her house, for the two-fold reason—first, that Mrs. Veck's house is not within their reach; and next, that if it were, it could not, with the least convenience,

hold them all—she lingers by them, and her gruff companionship becomes a wary guardianship, in the weird wilderness; like a grim sentinel pacing before a fort—the more relied upon, because the less communicative. They seat themselves together on a rock, to deliberate; while Sally's massive proportions lean in full relief against a neighboring tree.

It is dark for a short time only. Presently the coming moon, like coming love, kisses the water into dimples; and then, ceasing to coquet, bursts forth in romantic rapture of full-orbed declaration; to which the face of the water, enameled with reciprocal delight, renders an undisguised return. All at once, they hear the sound of voices and of footsteps approaching. Looking in the direction of the sand-bar, they see two men carrying a boat between them—a porterage light to their brawny muscles—and, dipping it like a cup into the marge, cut with the keel a silver line through liquid moonshine, which cleaves to the prow like frosted silver, move to the rock, and come ashore.

These two are messengers from Ultrawa—stalwart young men, who have made good time. They bring loving messages from the vanished, and a cordial invitation from the host; at the same time tendering their services to conduct the belated pair in either direction which they may resolve upon. It is finally concluded, that one of them shall proceed to Mr. Mansfield's with the equipage, and thence hasten to relieve any concern of the senior Perleys; while the other will guide John and Jenny to the hidden hamlet. Bendleton remembers well his previous visit to such a spot. Sal offers either to take the place of the escort, or enact the part of the courier to Haldon—in any case, to go alone; but as to entering into partnership with either of the guides, "Sel Vick wants nobody to scromple round with her—she hes no call. The critters and

the trees know Sel Vick, es well es any-thing." Mrs. Vick stalks off abruptly, while these benighted pilgrims proceed toward Ultrawa.

Before following them in that direction, and witnessing the delight of their discoveries, this narrative must take a run to the somnolence of Morford, and the house on the outskirts, where Conrad himself is passing summer weeks.

Thurwaldsen Conrad, Calla's father, has of late faded from these pages, simply because it has been his way to shrink from these scenes. Recluse, rather than ascetic, he has given himself up for years, since his wife's death, to the study of the stars of heaven and the stones of earth. Months he spent under an Arabian sky. A later period found him, as we have seen, exploring for himself cañons of the Rocky Mountains and the wilds of the far distant Colorado, which were at that time almost unexplored, and even now have many tracts untouched. The home to which he returned has been made bright for his daughter, and he has found evident delight in her vivacity. But so soon as he sees her well away in some pleasure-seeking, or sparkling in the society of friends, it is his habit gently to disengage himself, and, in a room at the top of the house, furnished quaintly with curiosities of the old world, specimens gathered in his tours, and certain rare volumes (several of which are in black letter), dream the hours away. His walks are usually taken in the small hours, especially when the moonlight is melting into early morning. He has a habit, then, of halting at the brink of a stream, or on the summit of a hill, and studiously inspecting pebbles—common pebbles—holding them up, in that mixed light of day and night, as if reading them, or reading by them; a species of harmless superstition, or monomania, in singular contrast with his clear eye and philosophical bearing. Whenever Calla is in

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his company, you might take him to be a man younger than he is. Then, his whole face lights up. But whoever sees him at other times, and especially when he is absorbed in study, reckons him advanced in years. There is one other occasion when this pensive student is aroused to the utmost enthusiasm—when the meteoric shower, which is looked for in the autumn of the year, occurs. Conrad is on the alert for it with intense expectancy, and goes striding over hill and dale, with impetuous steps, hunting fresh fragments of possible aerolites, as greedily as a boy ransacks a barn-yard in pursuit of new-laid eggs. For some reason, unknown to us, he attaches vast importance to the freshness of these fragments when they first descend, as furthering his studies.

At the present moment, Conrad is sitting in his study, with a look of mild vexation on his countenance—partly puzzled, partly amused. Before him lies an open letter, superscribed, "Revered and Honored Sir," and signed, "Your candidly apologizing, but hopefully devoted servant, William Whample." This letter Conrad takes up between thumb and finger, like some specimen in natural history, twirls it in perplexity, examines the corners of it, inspects the signature, and lays it down, unable to make anything of the contents; and no more able to recall the writer's name. We print the letter:

"REVERED AND HONORED SIR: Having, for a considerable space of time, experienced the sensations of admiration, affection, and regard toward and for that lovely young woman of whom you are the ever-to-be-esteemed paternal parent, I had held but little confidence of winning the suit (meaning, of course, my suing for her affections), or gaining the case of her rendering her heart in deed of trust to my poor self; but circumstances, 'ever mighty' (as the poet says), have now transpired, and hereinafter may and do transpire, which put it in my power to press claims and considerations upon the attention of your Honor, such as may have a bearing upon the issues of this case.

"The supposed property of the late Mrs. Stewart, bequeathed by her to your angelic daughter, has been

claimed by one of our clients in behalf of his wife, through a prior title, as next of kin to an uncle of Mrs. Stewart, whose title has been found to supersede that of her father, from whom she inherited.

"Being employed, as representative of our firm, to ferret out the case, I have found that the title of Mrs. Stewart is invalid, and that my partner would inherit. Certain documents showing this came into my hands. But, inasmuch as these papers were not distinct to me, and the matter, at the time, involved litigation, my partner was induced, for and in virtue of a due consideration to him in hand paid, to relinquish and assign to me said claim or title, by quit-claim deed. I am, therefore, revered and honored sir, the claimant, at these presents, to have and to hold. At the same time, see, in me, a more ardent, not to say arduous claimant, or suitor, in the court of love, for the hand and heart of that angelic creature, who can share and share alike with me by our mutual nuptial compromise, in which all parties will be satisfied with the verdict.

"I must also beg to say, beloved sir, that much of the adjacent property, including the Old DeLissey Place, which you now occupy, will share the fate of the suit; the same having been deeded by Mrs. Stewart's father, when supposing himself to be the rightful owner, which he was not. But, in case of affection's smiling upon me, then the party of the first part becomes the party of the second part, and all goes well.

"My love to Miss Calla—may I not say, my darling Calla?—who will see the propriety of speedily making me the happiest man.

"Please destroy this letter. I will be on hand in a day or two—ostensibly for a fishing and hunting trip, but, really, to pay my devotions and secure your most beautiful and adored daughter.

"Your candidly apologizing, but hopefully devoted servant,

"WILLIAM WHAMPLE.

"New York, Oct. 8th."

While Conrad sits bewildered by this compound of legal force and epistolary fondness, Franz puts his woolly head within the door, with this announcement: "Massa, dat dere Sham, de big man, wot used to be afoolin' so, is down-stairs in dis bery house, dis bery minnit. He say he got to see you."

"What does he want, Franz?"

"Dunno, Massa. 'Specs he done gone come afoolin'."

"Didn't you tell him that I see nobody to-day?"

"Yah, Massa—no good tell him nofin. He say he got a house inter his pocket for our Missy Cally; an' ef I don't fotch him you, he shet me up in dat, an' den frow it away; yah—yah!"

Mr. Cham is ushered up to Mr. Conrad's apartment. Mr. Cham was never prolix, and he is not now. "Good morning to you, Colonel!" he says, with perfect *sang-froid*. The word "colonel" is in keeping with Mr. Cham's peculiar style of entitling every person as he esteems their aspect and demeanor to warrant. Not a bad method that, if it could be carried out by all, to all. Cham, for example, never could bring himself to call Dr. Plunk anything but "Mr. Plunk, sir." It was his discrimination, also, that baptized Job Toll "Old Job Toll," and old Mr. Begg "Farmer Begg"—as farmer *par excellence*. Mrs. Caddington he frequently styled "Square Caddington;" whereas, her spouse never can get any prefix whatever from his lips. Calla he never names, but always speaks of her as "the young lady." Thus he now addresses the stately and kindly gentleman before him—"Good morning, Colonel! I think this here paper belongs, somehow, to you, and has something to do with the property of the young lady. Them cusses nigh got it; Teun Larkin giv it up, though, when I made him yelp. But I begin to suspicion that that there Whample is behind this business, like a scallawag. Whample," he adds, quietly, as a passing remark, "is about as much of a tom-cat as he's anything. But here's the paper. Enough said. Good morning, Colonel!" And Mr. Cham is gone.

The paper in question is a parchment deed—a simple deed of release or quit-claim, given by an uncle of the late Mrs. Stewart to her father, who was his younger brother. For a very trifling sum of money, as we should reckon it nowadays—a sum estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence—a very large tract of land (covering, indeed, several of the choice farms on Bay Coast, which, when the deed was signed, had been mere woodland and marshland) is conveyed by Albert Swift to his beloved brother,

Thomas Swift, and all claim against it henceforth resigned, for himself, the party of the first part, his heirs, and his assigns. The document is as technical and dry as any such. What can there have been about it, to make such confusion? There has been this about it: The property which Mrs. Stewart's father had thus received from his brother Albert, and bequeathed thus to Mrs. Stewart, by this time has become exceedingly valuable. Before the execution of the deed in question, Albert had made a will, bequeathing to his brother Thomas all property, real or personal, of which he might *die possessed*. Clearly, his intent had been, to secure to Thomas the Bay Coast lands. This will had been admitted to probate, and, of course, the deed became needless, as bestowing a portion of what was thus inherited; and the document was thrust away among the old papers of Thomas Swift. When Mrs. Stewart became her father's heirless, and an executrix, she had not known of the existence of such deed. It turned out, however, that Albert Smith, before his death, feeling satisfied that he had amply provided for his beloved brother by direct process of such a deed, and learning that a favorite cousin of his, resident in England, had a daughter whose marriage was likely to prove unfortunate, took it into his head to make a later will, bequeathing whatever property he, the said testator, might then *die possessed* of to that daughter, should she ever remove to this country. By this will, he intended to give to that child remnants of estate, of no great value in themselves, but likely to afford a plain home, located chiefly in the West. In due time, the cousin's daughter, having become a widow, under sad circumstances, removed to this country, and set up a boarding-house in the city of New York. There she struggled with fortune, contriving, by dint of great industry, to educate her two children de-

cently. One of these children, a girl of some beauty, has won the affections of a Mr. Bardolph, a grandson of that very Bardolph who married Charlotte Corton Monard, after, if not before, the death of her husband, Felix Monard. This Bardolph, junior, is now a partner with William Whample, in the well-known firm of Stevens, Whample & Bardolph—a firm well known for that sort of fidelity to their clients' interests, and their own, which never suffers scruples of conscience to interfere with business matters. Bardolph has made a discovery, among his wife's effects, in regard to that will which supersedes the title which Mrs. Stewart's father inherited. None of these documents appear to have been properly recorded. The firm have at once taken up the case, employing Whample—as he well describes, in his own proceedings—to “ferret out” the matter, in the neighborhood. From hints received in his gossip with an old Bay Coaster, who has reminiscences of a conversation with Mrs. Stewart, the shrewd attorney gets wind of the possible existence of the deed, which, if it can be found, will, of course, explain the will and demolish his case. He readily conjectures that such a document may be unknown to the Conrads themselves, who hold under the first will; no mention having ever been made of such a title-paper by the lawyer of Mrs. Stewart, Henry Harmer, Esq., who was also co-executor with her in her life-time. Whample having stated his misgivings to Bardolph (who, as a heedless, free liver, would rather lose much than take any trouble), has readily induced that young man, for an exceedingly small amount in hand, to assign to him (Whample) the disputed claim. Thereupon proceeds William Whample in the devious and tortuous ways which these chapters have attempted to track.

When the burglary (which Whample had secretly planned) failed to bring

this deed to light (for the reason that the envelopè containing it had dropped out of the little chest, or trunk), the failure set Whample on another track; for, among the old papers in the chest, which he came upon in the course of his thievish ransacking that night at the Long-Shore Tavern, were a couple of memoranda which threw much light upon the missing document. One, in Mrs. Stewart's handwriting, referred to a list of papers to be given into the careful keeping of Adelaide Monard. This memorandum had been drawn up before that lady's death. The other memorandum (really written a good while later) contained an obscure reference to some paper, or packet, which had been interred with the body of this young lady.

Although these memoranda were disconnected, and not quite clear, they had been so thrown together, in the jostle of the chest at or before its seizure, that nothing could be more natural than the conclusion that they had reference to the same document. Hence Whample's ghostly ways, and Jarker's unsuccessful errand to the regions of the

dead, which has caused such upheaval, not of the ground alone, but of the Bay Coast press and public, and has brought to light, not the deed, but something altogether different.

By this time, William Whample persuades himself, not without misgivings, that the paper may have been destroyed, and proceeds, as we have seen, to show a bold hand for the alliance of the Conrad family, in person and property.

Thus it comes about, that the Conrad household, by a whole chapter of accidents, and current of complex conspiracy, have simply come into conscious possession of a title, which had been lying long before in their own house, in their unconscious keeping. Is not this the way with all of us? What else is earthly life to any one of us, or what need it be, but this: the discovery of rights concealed—of wealth, prospects, endowments, provided and secured—of which carelessness has been rendering us unconscious?

William Whample's letter falls upon the floor. Conrad muses, and presently renews his studies.

ETC.

Results of our Indian "Peace Policy."

The terrible sacrifice of General Canby's life by the Modocs, and the circumstances attending his death, seem to have been necessary for the solution of a long-vexed question of great moment to the settlers in our frontier States and Territories. During the last quarter of a century, the soils of Arizona and New Mexico have been sodden with the blood of our murdered fellow-citizens, and the deep wail has gone up, unceasingly, from the bereaved families and friends of our hardy pioneers slain by irreclaimable savages. But vain were these multiplied examples of treachery; vain the cries and groans of suffering victims; vain the utterances and teachings of men

deeply versed in Indian character; vain the expostulations of the entire press west of the Rocky Mountains, while the plausible sophistries of men who were never within a thousand miles of a war-whoop, found favor at Washington. At length, a man of mark, a brilliant soldier, a noble gentleman, whose history is a record of faithful service to his country, is struck down by Indians at the very moment that he is endeavoring to render them important favor, and the national heart is paralyzed with affliction. Now, the vicious tendency of a "peace policy" is made manifest, and it becomes as clear as noonday that our savage tribes can only be controlled through fear, and that prompt, vigorous, and efficient

demonstration of power is indispensable to procure that result. If a man's flocks were harassed and torn by wolves, would he regale them with his fat sheep, in the hope of converting them into faithful watch-dogs? In the presence of the Rev. Dr. Thomas's dead body, exclusively peace advocates must stand silent and rebuked; but the blood of thousands who preceded him, equally the victims of savage treachery, only excited their clamor and opposition to sound policy, until it has culminated in irremediable national affliction. If the loss of our murdered general shall provoke a change of management in our Indian affairs, he will have died rendering his country the last, but not the least important service of his life.

Conversation as an Art.

A good talker is often met with in our social round of interchanges—entertaining, brisk, quick, and variable in the selection of topics; more or less given to egotism; cognizant of men and things, in a degree; superficially acquainted with the incidents of the hour; posted as to the latest publications, and skimming over them with easy versatility; touching here and there upon personality, but leaving no deep impressions, no striking or suggestive thoughts to germinate and ripen in the mind of the listener; with a semblance of erudition, making careless allusion to numerous authors, and sometimes not inaptly quoting a passage. The good talker is always adaptive, bends easily in the direction of different minds, and sways back as lightly as a willow wand—is not often found discussing politics; avoids science, but takes kindly to art and literature, without any very positive knowledge of either. But, alas! the cistern holds no water. The stream runs freely, while it runs, but it is far from continuous, and a sodden silence too often succeeds the rapid flow which has been so bright and sparkling.

The good conversationist, on the contrary, is a rare and exceptional individual. With the exquisite tact and fine breeding which seeks to draw out the thoughts of others, rather than to infuse his own, he introduces such topics as are of general interest; while his finely comprehensive mind measures the

intelligence of those surrounding him, and gradually, with artistic skill, draws to a focus the intellectual forces within his circle, and, with an apt diffusiveness, allows each its full measure of expression. Centripetal, yet sympathetic, he becomes the potent leader, by no assumption of superiority, but simply by the natural intuitions of those who realize his pre-eminence. He is never self-assertive; but, with kindly reference to opinions advanced by others, draws them into intimate relations with his own more progressive thought, until, gradually, a broad range of subjects present themselves, and a delightful interchange of sentiment is the result.

To persons of cultivation, of aspirations, and refined sensibilities, conversation is one of the greatest and most positive pleasures; and those centres of reunion which make it the basis of enjoyment are always found to be more attractive than the social gatherings devoted to recreation only. When we read of those lady-like and self-poised women who held within their charmed circles some of the finest minds of Europe, and contrast what is called the "society" of our times, with its enervating and feverish excitements, we query what shall be done to awaken some leading interest in life beyond and above the social dissipation which is familiarly called "going into society."

How many refined and beautiful girls are growing up totally incapable of the art of conversation—altogether untaught in that subtle fascination, which is of more value to themselves, as women, than any mere personal attractions can possibly be. The silly little nothings which float about in a ball-room, like sparkling bubbles, evaporate and are gone with the lights and the decorations. The nameless aroma of youth and beauty gives them a passing currency; but they are small coin, and belong only to the time and the occasion. The influence which a charming woman exerts in her own home, depends less upon peculiarly lovely endowments of person than upon those conservative forces which encourage and foster or repress the elements, good or bad, which have their germ in the hearts of those over whom she has control.

In our schools, at our firesides, in our social assemblies, conversation, as an art, ap-

pears to be totally neglected. Slang goes unreproved, rude and uncultivated speech is permitted; when prompt correction, persistently pursued, would in a short time eradicate the habit, and the old adage, that "gentleness of language makes gentlemen in manners," would be found to be wholly true. A false idea appears to have obtained, that cultivation of conversational talent induces affectation, and some show of pedantry. We follow methods of study in other directions; we labor long and assiduously to compass some problem in mathematics; we spend years in acquiring knowledge, often impractical and superficial, and of little avail for the future: why should we not study speech, to fit the outward to the inward type, and hold words as our vassals?

We find, continually, some fair text marred in the pulpit, by an ambiguity of style as laborious as it is unpolished; and the perfect idea is so often flawed by the rough edges of the words in which it is set, that it becomes less like a pearl of great price than an immature development of no especial value. Ruskin says, that "hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavor to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose." The apathy of an audience is frequently to be attributed to the weariness of listening to unmeaning and inelegant words; and the addresses of some of the wisest of men leave behind them no flavor of wisdom, simply because the listener is bored by the tedious processes of their speech. The distinction of quality is lost in quantity. There is a palpable aristocracy in language, measured one scarcely knows how, but placing an individual at once in the rank he is entitled to. We hearken, not to find our own thoughts expressed, but to adapt ourselves to those of others, so that they shall become a part of our education. We interpret the meaning of ideas according to the language in which they are clothed; a fine thought becomes ephemeral or otherwise, according to its word-power. You carry away with you, from some earnest talker, the intention of a purpose; you take into your heart, from the lips of a rare conversationist, a purpose itself—because you have been called in your highest and best sense to reciprocate.

While many are possessed of a persistent

reticence which prevents them from utterance, in the main mankind are only too ready to find hearers; but the types of their speech are not always types of their deepest thought—and words should, at least, indicate the vein which would yield the richest treasure. Thus, instead of inaccuracies, mispronunciations, and haggling of proper speech, we should have musical accents, liquid intonations, and "words fitly spoken—like apples of gold in pitchers of silver."

Masqueraders.

The world is full of them! We meet them at every turn. It is not unlikely that we may catch a glimpse of one as we consult the mirror. At all events, we need no calcium light to discover them, in their hateful prominence. They hunt in couples; they gather in squads; they perambulate in single file—most dangerous when alone.

We may learn a lesson of the motley throng that goes sweeping and swirling around the brilliantly lighted hall, feet and eyes a-twinkle in the festal dance. It is only for the nonce that they decline to reveal the charmed secret of identity. Their masquerading is no life-study, it is not perennial. It is a prettily conceived by-play, mutually understood and enjoyed. Gleaming lights and flashing mirrors, entrancing music and fragrant flowers, classic motion and rhythmic revolution. There are wondering fancies and odd guesses, hints of familiar accent, and magnetic suggestiveness of touch and movement. There are little rainbowed recognitions, pretty flowerets of congratulation, and opening buds of dainty compliment. There is sweet subtlety of gesture, bewitching mystery and reserve, with an occasional delicious dash of defiance at conventional proprieties. It is by common consent that they keep up the battledore and shuttlecock game of masked mystification, until, weary of longer acting a part, they tear off the disguise with a sort of ferocious disdain, and friend clasps friend in mutual joy of re-established selfhood.

The Religious Masquerader, who "prays cream and lives skim-milk," first claims attention. Off with the disguise! It is high time that the heated, feverish soul got a few good sniffs of the fresh, pure air of heaven.

The moral nature needs oxygen. "The liv-
ery of the court of heaven" is ill-suited to
the service of the devil. As well wear furs
at the tropics, or gossamer at the poles. The
seemly drapery can neither comfort nor adorn.
It is but the ruffled and embroidered "sham"
that hides the unwholesome pillow, where
the head must drop in agony when the shad-
ows fall. It is but the shapely fender thrust
before the grate, when the fire has already
died out. There is a show of beauty and pro-
tection, but the vestal part waxes faint and
feeble to the very chill of death. Throw off
the hateful masquerade of misrepresentation,
and kindle anew the fire of a genuine love on
the hearthstone of the heart! Be what you
would seem to be!

The Political Masquerader is tricked out
with skull-cap and domino, and is so agile of
movement as he scuds and skims, and swoops
and swirls, that

"You can not tell, when on the track,
If he's going on or coming back."

With conscience elastic, and credit mobiler
still, he offers perpetual incense at the shrine
of the goddess Opportunity. His character
is soluble and gelatinous, his disposition sac-
charine and pliable, so that he runs easily in-
to any inviting mold of personal emolument.
If, in the bedizening whirl and flurry, he be
rudely jostled and "spilled out," he meekly
endeavors to gather up his jellied remains, as
best he can, while he exhibits the unseemly
scar upon his honor as the sacrificial wound
received in heroic service of his country.
Plenitude of patriotism stands proxy for pov-
erty of intellect; obsequious servility to bet-
ters atones for arrogant assumption toward
the helpless and oppressed; justice is hood-
winked with mock integrity; corruption en-
folds itself in the garb of saintly morality, as
the frisky masqueraders deploy to the music
of rich prospective contracts, or rendezvous
at the reveille for public plunder. What
boots it to peer beneath these masks of illu-
sive excellence? Why not bring the art of
political masquerading to a higher degree of
perfection? It is not the act, but the expos-
ure, that causes all the flutter; a little more
dexterity, and the hallucination will be com-
plete.

The Social Masquerader takes his turn,

with his divers titles of Colonel, Captain, and
Honorable. He is the glorified hero of the
tea-table and the promenade. Silly women
lisp his praises with secret jealousies and cov-
ert plottings. He drives a thrifty business,
and cuts wondrous dashes on the gracious
loans of moneyed weaklings, who measure a
man by the cut of his coat. He parades mar-
velous appearances upon the slenderest of
premises, and the devotees to style bow ob-
sequiously to his *dictum*. His dainty coat-
sleeve is a magical cestus to the simpering
belle of the ball-room, who is utterly obliv-
ious of the fact that the arm inside is not
equal to the needs of a rag-doll. She turns
up her dainty little nose at the honest trades-
man and the thrifty mechanic, while with
sickly sentimentality she prattles about this
moonish masquerader, whom she exultantly
takes for better, or for worse—and gets the
latter. Poor soul! these masqueraders have
such a horrible knack of precipitating them-
selves and others from "the rapture of a rain-
bow to the remorse of a sewer."

The Medical Masquerader. You see him
literally enveloped in cards, notices, signs,
advertisements, puffs, certificates of cures,
nostrums, pill-pouches, and cases of surgical
instruments, until, lost in bewilderment, you
are left to staringly wonder whether it be
not, after all, a lay figure for the exhibition
of absurdities that you are invited to consult.
He heals every disease scheduled in the cat-
alogue of human infirmity, even to leanness;
he himself being a perpetual illustration of
his curative skill in this last-named direction,
in both a physical and financial sense. For,
with all his rare gifts and genius, he could
not be expected to perform prodigies of heal-
ing, without money and without price, what-
ever be his devotion to mankind. He is sure
of success in two particulars—namely, of se-
curing the devout patronage of weak, credu-
lous, hysterical women, who are slowly dy-
ing of chronic *ennui*, and gouty, disquieted
men of easy habits, who are a little uncertain
as to the immediate whereabouts and extent
of their posterity; and, also, of swelling his
generous coffers to an amazing fullness.
Even so—if the regular practitioner *will* per-
sist in a truthful diagnosis of disease, and a
candid avowal of the same, let him content
himself with meagre returns, while the hap-

py and more astute masquerader holds high carnival in the "paradise of fools."

The Legal Masquerader holds forth anon, and, with high-sounding verbiage and metaphorical flourish, atones for the paucity of legal lore. He darts and flashes through the aqueous argument like startled gold-fish through an *aquarium*, and to quite as little purpose. There he sits—the judicial masquerader—a mere manikin upon the bench, with his seemly white rabbit-skin doing duty for the judicial ermine. Behold him, as he dispenses, with dainty dignity, his whipped syllabub of constitutional edict and enactment, and belches forth little harmless spurts of traditional jurisprudence, with which, tricked out in a delicious coquetry of counsel, and strident intonation of meaningless advice, he manages to "pluck justice by the nose."

The Domestic Masquerader. There he goes, radiant with smiles on the promenade, and black with frowns in the bed-chamber; blushing and winsome at the reception, but crimson with rage in the dressing-room. Society says, "What a charming companion?" Home-folk say, "What a despicable tyrant?" At charity balls, an angel of mercy; at the domestic fireside, an avenging Nemesis. Full of gentle prattle and palaver outside; fiercely busy sticking the bodkins of despotism into the dwellers at home. Domestic Masqueraders! hobnobbing with the wives of other men—making slaves of their own. Paying generous tribute for unlawful smiles, but ruthlessly rejecting the smiles at home, until they are sealed forever in love's sepulchre. Domestic Masqueraders! dancing attendance on the husbands of better and

lovelier women. Without, sipping the sparkling champagne of flirtation and folly; within, quaffing the dead lees of an utter and hopeless alienation and disgust. Sweet-voiced hope lies dead—smothered in the sweeping draperies of the perpetual masquerade.

The Literary Masquerader struts and swells in his ill-befitting garments, as with brazen effrontery he prowls about to

—"steal a thought,

And clip it round the edge, and challenge him
Whose 'twas to swear to it."

He makes a great display on a very small capital, but ingenious audacity does wonders for him. His shibboleth of vicarious humor and second-hand pleasantries constitutes his stock in trade. He stands out in bald and bold prominence among the *pseudo literati*, and, even though occasionally picked up for his harmless little peccadilloes, he graciously forgives the over-sensitive author who claims his own, while he soothingly suggests, "Go thou and do likewise!" He has a bowing acquaintance with the prominent classical authors, but when pressed too hard, takes refuge in a reserved fund of suggestive reticence, or a sullen sagacity. He is masquerading his way to fame. Why not give him a chance?

Verily, "all the world's a stage," and wherefore scrutinize too closely, or peer too curiously beneath the graceful drapery where-with Vice robes herself in compliment to Virtue. Why not accept the tribute that Falsehood pays to Truth, until, by and by, she learns that it is far easier, sweeter, richer, and more blessed to *be*, than to *seem to be*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. New York: Holt & Williams.

In a few brief prefatory notes, the author of the present compilation gives the reader to understand that the volume consists of short-hand reports of extempore sermons—some standing verbatim as delivered, others being more or less modified. He refers to them as

having been preached without notes, and several of them as reported without a view to publication. This, doubtless, accounts for the evident lack, here and there, of that dignified and finished scholarship, and cultured grace, which from other portions of the work the reader is bound to expect. There is a certain incongruousness, and a kind of presumptuous superficiality in his treatment of im-

portant subjects, that invites criticism. To see cultured vigor, profound yet gentle wisdom, and close logic, suddenly displaced by slipshod garrulousness, impetuous assertion, and mere theological speculation, is, to say the least, a serious disappointment. There is generous evidence of a large catholicity of Christian sympathy, with a fine scorn for mere ecclesiastical polity, with yet enough of the motive-force of the evangelical, to recommend the work to the careful perusal of the more thoughtful and established.

The themes treated by Mr. Haweis are, "The Liberal Clergy," "The Idea of God," "The Science of God," "The Character of Christianity," "The Essence of Christianity," "The Essence of the Bible," "The Doctrine of the Bible," "The Trinity and Original Sin," "Predestination and the Church," "The Lord's Day," "Preaching," "Pleasure," "Sacrifice," "The Law of Progress," "In Memoriam" (Frederick Denison Maurice).

As will be seen from the contents-table, the themes are both eminently speculative and practical, and must necessarily traverse popular and controverted ground. A religion that is to spread and endure, must meet the moral and intellectual wants of those to whom it addresses itself. This fact is coming to be better understood every day. Hence, enlightened theologians of to-day are wisely addressing themselves to the work of harmonizing all real truth with all real religion. Man's limited knowledge, and almost unlimited bigotry, have seemed bent on a severance of natural and revealed religion; but "let God be true, and every man a liar"—rather, let truth, free and unfettered, ride forth conquering and to conquer.

The subjects most carefully treated and most satisfactorily expounded, in the present volume, are those on "The Idea of God" and "The Science of God." The chapters devoted to "The Essence of the Bible" and "The Law of Progress," are scarcely second in interest, but are less skillfully handled. The writer shows much power, possibly a little rashness, in his treatment of doctrinal, ecclesiastical, and social themes; but there is an unmistakable fidelity to conviction, a depth and intensity of faith, and a fearless devotion to principle, that exact an approving recog-

nition from the reader. Mr. Haweis occupies advanced ground, in common with Rev. Stopford Brook, Bishop Colenso, Canon Liddon, Archdeacon Pratt, and others, who accept *all* truth as divine, and who believe in the unlimited progress and development of the human soul; who believe, too, that Christianity, in its conflict with its adversaries, has nothing to fear from liberty or truth, and should comply with the terms they impose, while exacting like conditions in return. The author pleads for progress—progress in religious truth, in common with all other forms of truth. A strong point for which he contends is, that ecclesiastical law can not be reformed unless its expounders are permitted to show that reform is needed, and to indicate where. He does not object to church formulas and discipline; but claims, that as in times past both have been modified, so in the future both may be modified. He says: "The very essence of Protestantism is, that we have protested once, and that we mean to protest again. We claim our right to re-examine and to recommend reform, whenever re-examination and reform are needed. The greatest re-examination of the truth was the promulgation of Christianity itself; and the greatest freethinkers were the apostles." He has no sympathy with that class of tremulous, would-be defenders of the faith, who insolently trample on all that is new, and endeavor to silence whatever they fail to understand.

Some of the author's best thinking and closest reasoning is to be found in the chapter on "The Idea of God." If in other portions of the volume he is, at times, regretfully discursive and rhetorical, here he is logical and argumentative. He makes a nice distinction between thought and consciousness; showing that the latter transcends the former, and that the confession of this consciousness, common to both science and religion, provides a ground of reconciliation between the two; inasmuch as both science and religion assume a consciousness of the Unknowable as an indispensable basis of thought. From the chapter devoted to "The Science of God," we quote the following, in regard to the soul's craving after God: "Athwart the mists and fogs of ages, men have been looking on to Him. Athwart the roar and dark-

ness of a world confused with sin, men have been looking on to Him. Athwart the despair of the heart, the outward trouble of life, the pain and cruelty of life, men have been looking on to Him. And still He is seen to shine more brightly as the heart is more pure, and as the mind is more clear, and the ways of the soul more in conformity with the divine, unchangeable laws of the spiritual life. Yes, it is the understanding of spiritual laws, the deep perceptions of love, the life in the heart, the recognition of the soul's wealth and the soul's desire, the sympathy with human experience—these things make God possible, and reveal His nature to man; not the mere teachings of dogmatic theology—not arguments founded on texts, nor the decrees of church councils. In such temples made with hands, He dwells not. He is the great open Secret." And then he pleads most eloquently for that moral and sympathetic law of being, that has prevailed and will prevail, to enable men, as individuals, to resist lower forms and choose the higher, to find pleasure in pain, to find gain in loss, to find triumph in defeat, to find bliss in sacrifice, to find life in death.

As we before hinted, other subjects of deep import are treated with an undisguised roughness, a superficial flippancy, all the more discreditable to the author, from the unmistakable proofs he gives of rare capability to grapple satisfactorily and successfully with scientific and philosophical skepticism. To see metaphysical acumen, theological erudition, and intellectual prowess suddenly give way to unconsidered utterances, hasty induction, and crude, inchoate thought, is a disappointment shared most largely by an author's warmest admirers. Our remembrance of a former work, by the same writer (*Music and Morals*), is, that it, also, is obnoxious to criticism in like respects—namely, incongruities of style, recklessness of thought, and defective and desultory reasoning. Such rare gifts as the author possesses are entitled to more appreciative consideration on the part of their possessor. Feeling bound to express this much of disfavor, we feel bound, likewise, to commend the work to our readers, for its many excellencies and its broad catholicity.

A MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHEBE CARY; with some of their later poems. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

To the delicate touches of an artistic pen we are indebted for this revelation of literary excellence and most noble womanhood. By those who have had the pleasure of knowing the Cary sisters, as they were familiarly called, this volume will be cherished as a precious *souvenir* of sunny and delightful hours irradiated by the genial warmth of Phebe and the gentle and gracious manner of Alice, whose very presence seemed like a benediction. Of the many advantages the sisters were deprived, by the early uncongenial conditions surrounding them, they were themselves painfully aware. But it is well in the author to show that the plant which has sprung into glorious bloom in the midst of sterile surroundings, and under conditions unfavorable to growth, is not the less beautiful for standing a single representative of its species, and is perhaps more enduring in its quality than that which favoring circumstance has fostered into fuller development.

The opportunities for mental culture in the youth of the Carys were extremely limited. A narrow household, narrow ways, and domestic infelicities, marred the hours which might otherwise have been devoted to self-improvement. But their partial biographer has presented them, under unusual difficulties and protracted struggle for intellectual growth, as *never despairing*, and sending out sweet strains of untutored music from their simple home, amid privations and labor which only served to increase their aspirations for that fuller and better life which they afterward attained.

The æsthetic nature of Mary Clemmer Ames has fully met and comprehended that of her friends, and the results of her character studies interest the reader as much in herself as in the subjects of her memoir. The sympathetic soul is *en rapport* with that of the tender friends she so lovingly portrays; and, while she strives, with true womanly delicacy, to keep the author of this book in the background, one gets such glimpses, here and there, as to create the thought that a more extended life of the sisters might have been given to the public, had it not been for

the extreme modesty of the friend into whose hands the grateful task has fallen.

That labor is the condition of growth is made very apparent in these pages. The spontaneity of genius soon subsides under constant pressure, and receptivity is a necessary condition of any who attempt to utter themselves for the world. Feeling this, the sisters were intent upon making for themselves a home in one of the great centres of thought and action, and were singularly fortunate in finding among their first and fast friends such men as Horace Greeley, John G. Whittier, and others, who recognized at once the genius which craved outlet from obscurity, and sought to throw off unnatural restraint and crushing want of appreciation. The Carys seem not at first to have cared so much for name and fame as for the sweet liberty of independent action, freer range for thought, and attrition with kindred minds. They were fair, beautiful women, in the highest sense of the word—not, perhaps, so attractive in person as possessed of that nameless charm emanating from truth and earnestness of purpose which drew toward them superior minds. The soft touch of Alice's hand, the frank tone of Phebe's voice, were irresistible, and one can readily comprehend the feeling which prompted a struggling young artist, in the fullness of his gratitude for some simple but gracefully proffered service, to say, "There was a heaven of rest in their presence, which calmed my turbulent soul into steadfast peace."

The consideration of the influence they possessed as women is made more important by their biographer than that of the popularity they gained as writers. There are so many fine writers; so few perfect women. The keen sensitiveness of the poetic temperament is so often united to unlovely personal attributes, to slovenly domestic surroundings, or to unkindly irritability of temper, that a literary woman is often very unjustly considered deficient in the qualities which make a loving companion or a happy home. Mary Clemmer Ames has revealed in her description of the home of these poetesses. She has thrown open the doors to the world, as they threw them open to the smaller world revolving around them: the spacious parlor, the delicate curtains of shimmering lace,

looped back from crystal-clear windows; the exquisite altar-pieces in their embrasures, "from an old church in Milan;" the fine Venetian scene from Turner, hanging over the white marble mantel; Guido's *Aurora*, brought by a friend from Italy; lovely Madonnas and other rare paintings covering the walls; the broad mirror rising from floor to ceiling; carpets of velvet, in deep crimson and green; cushioned chairs of various blending hues; and, we quote, "The most remarkable article in the room was the large centre-table, made of many thousand mosaics of inlaid wood, each in its natural tint. Clusters of pansies of the most perfect outline and hue formed the border of the table, while the extreme edge was inlaid in tints scarce wider than a thread. It was a work of endless patience, and of the finest art. It was made by a poor Hungarian artist, who used nearly a life-time in its construction. . . . It passed from various owners before it was bought by Alice Cary, and placed in her drawing-room as its central shrine, around which gathered her choicest friends. On a small stand within the bay-window were dainty books, the gifts of the authors who wrote them. The library, furnished in oak, its walls frescoed in oak, with panels of maroon, shaded to crimson; a window of stained glass, where gold and sapphire lights commingled; a mirror, set in ebony and gold; a thousand volumes of standard works; a table piled with choice and costly books; and the tea-table, with its delicate, egg-like cups, and exquisite old China."

From the kitchen to the garret we are led, finding, in all the appointments of the home, elegance and order. Into the private apartments of these vestal sisters we tread softly. We picture the fair forms once nestled in that "bedstead of rosewood, traced with a hand of coral, and set with arabesques of gilt, its coverlet and white pillow-cases edged with bands of delicate embroidery." It is here we listen to the anguished cry of Alice, the desolate moan of a lonely life, the yearning for that completeness of existence which only happy wedded love can give. It is here, at this rosewood desk, that tender poesy laid soothing hands on the weary brow, and lifted the aching, empty heart over the chasm of desolation into a serene atmosphere of

trust and resignation. With a skillful suggestiveness, the biographer says, "On one side of the alcove was an engraving of Correggio's Christ; on the other, a copy of The Huguenot Lovers." We can well imagine how the heart traveled from one to the other of these representations, with its appeal from the human to the Divine.

Let us contrast this home—the result of their own hands and brains—with that of their childhood, and study well the lesson of energy and force of will it teaches. Alice says: "For the first fourteen years of my life it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work. The whole family struggle was just for the right to live free from the curse of debt. My father worked early and late. My mother's work was never done. Rhoda and I pined for beauty, but there was no beauty about our homely house, but that which Nature gave us. We hungered and thirsted for knowledge, but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf—not a library within our reach. There was little time to study, and no chance to learn, save in the district school-house down the road. I never went to any other—not very much to that. It has been a long struggle."

It was during this long struggle that love came into the life of Alice Cary, in the profoundest, deepest sense, and was succeeded by a disappointment cruel and bitter. "I waited for one who never came back," she said; "yet I believed he would come till I read in a paper his marriage to another. Can you think what life would be, loving one, waiting for one, who would *never* come? Can you think what life would be?" And what a bleak, dreary desolation it would have been for this noble-hearted worker, but for her equally gifted though less industrious sister, Phebe. Phebe took the place—inso-much as one woman can take it to another—of companion, friend, sympathizer. Never obtrusive, always delicate, there is something infinitely more touching in the friendship of these sisters than even in their struggle for the competency which gives independence. "Nothing could have been more absolutely harmonious than the daily abiding intercourse of these sisters. Each obeyed one inflexible law. Whatever she felt or endured, because of it, she was not to inflict any suffering on

her sister." The two-fold life became one, and is traced to its closing hour by the author, with a fidelity and distinctness which has left no prominent trait in the background. In the sacredness of home, in the relation to friends, in the broad hospitality which included not alone the rich and gifted, but the poor and lowly, in the religious aspirations (the most lightly touched upon), in the poetic fervor which gave to their natures a perpetual youth, she has, step by step, led us on to the still ending; and, all the more for what precedes the closing pages of poetry, do we appreciate the tender and beautiful lyrics which have floated to us during the past twenty years from the hearts and intellects of these truly gifted women; for we can almost hear the triumphant response by angel voices to Phebe's question:

"How will life seem when fear, nor dread,
Nor mortal weakness chains our powers?
When sin is crushed, and death is dead,
And all eternity is ours?"

BACK-LOG STUDIES. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The papers comprising this volume were most of them published in *Scribner's Monthly*. In book form they are even more readable and attractive. There is not so much real wit in the world, that even that which has been a little diluted is likely to be undervalued. *Back-log Studies* will be taken for all they are worth on that score. Not only is there a pleasant vein of wit, but this is seasoned with not a little of that philosophy which appeals to the average intelligence. Writing upon that level, one is sure of a large constituency of readers. Writing below it, there is still a large class who will be interested. The cheap papers, like the *New York Ledger*, illustrate this fact. Tupper had an immense reading constituency, because he wrote on their level, and dealt in their commonplaces freshly dressed up. Ik. Marvel and Warner appeal to a class who like quiet humor, something to be read in gown and slippers as a mild sedative, better than coffee or cigars after a hard day's work. There was a great deal of quiet humor in *My Summer in a Garden*; and, because nothing

therein stated was above the average experiences of most people who have done a little amateur gardening, while it hit off a great many absurdities, it tickled the midriff of the public—who read it, laughed over it, and the popularity of the book was insured. It was a summer salad seasoned to the public's taste.

There is more ripe thought and less humor in *Back-log Studies*. The wisdom is scrappy, suggesting the patch-work of a bed-quilt. We discover the intention of making a book from the outset, and that the writer himself does not know where he is coming out. But with all these qualifications, the book is probably one of the half-dozen books of the season—one which will do to carry in a side-pocket, and read on the top of a rock or in a cool glen in summer time. It can be laid over the face for an after-dinner nap, and the thread of the discourse, if there is any thread, resumed on awaking. It has the quality of good companionship, genial and wise, without straining a point to attain this level.

The illustrations are grotesque, and if they were all dropped out, nothing would be lost. The mechanical execution is otherwise all that could be desired.

LARS: A Pastoral of Norway. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Taylor is an industrious and conscientious worker. We constantly see traces of his diligence in the various magazines of the day, and are no longer surprised at the announcement of a new volume from his pen, though his last may still be the theme of criticism in some provincial journal, where perhaps they are more accustomed to regarding the author as a traveler than as a poet. We prefer the poet Taylor to the traveler, and are satisfied to await the metrical effort that shall prove his strength. We have already had sufficient evidence of his skill.

Lars—a simple story, sweetly told, though less ambitious than the *Masque of the Gods*—is not unworthy of the poet. It may add nothing to his reputation, but it will detract nothing. Brita, a Norwegian lass, beloved of Lars and Per, knows scarcely which of the two youths to choose. On a *fête* day she arrays herself coquettishly, and is decked with

an antique brooch—a treasure of her grandmother's, who has memories, and the sight of which heirloom

"Gave her slow heart its girlhood's pulse again,
Her cheek one last leaf of its virgin rose."

Brita sets forth for church with a troop of friends,

— "to climb the stubborn fell
By stony stairs,
 and where the slides
Of ice ground smooth the slanting planes of rock,
Strong arms drew up and firm feet steadied theirs.
Here lent the juniper a prickly hand,
And there they grasped the heather's frowsy hair."

Brita finds it most agreeable, and makes the two lovers equally miserable; while

"Along her path the unconverted bees
Set toil to music."

Later in the day, there is a division in the party. Some return home by sea, in charge of Per, who asks Brita's company, and she, in turn, asks all present to join her, which is more than Per desires.

"He set his teeth and muttered, 'Caught this time,
But she shall pay it!' till his discontent
Passed, like a sudden squall that tears the sea,
Yet leaves a sun to smile the billows down."

"They scarcely sailed, but soared as eagle soars
O'er Gonsta's lovely peak with moveless plumes.
 the vessel sprang and leaned
Before the sudden strain; but Per and Bjorn
Held the hard bit upon their flying steed,
And, laughing, sang: 'Out on the billows blue
You needs must dance, and on the billows blue
You sleep, a babe, rocked by the billows blue!'"

Lars, full of scorn for Per, strides homeward over the cliffs, swearing vengeance. The world goes round; Lars and Brita meet at a wedding party, and,

—"sweeping in the dance,
They whirled and tossed, as if a mountain gust
Blew them together, tossed, and tore apart.
And ever, when the wild refrain came round,
Lars flung himself and sideways turned in air,
Yet missed no beat of music when he fell."

All of which is more than Per can endure, and he challenges his rival to a duel with knives. Per prepares for battle:

"His body bare to where the leathern belt
Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.
 the low daylight clad
Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now
Of life, so warm, and ripe, and glorious, yet
So near the beauty terrible of Death,"

Per falls. Brita, who is witness of it all, cries :

— "O, too late I know
I love thee best, my Per, my sweetheart Per !

"His mother next unrolled the decent shroud
She brought with her, as ancient custom bade,
To do him honor; for man's death he died,
Not shameful straw-death of the sick and old."

Book II. Lars flies the country; is buffeted about at sea; drifts over to America, and seems to be wandering aimlessly, when he finds himself among the Pennsylvania hills.

"The sun was low, when, with the valley's bend,
There came a change. Two willow-fountains flung
And showered their leafy streams before a house
Of rusty stone, with chimneys tall and white;
A meadow stretched below;
Then Lars upon the roadside bank sat down,
For here was peace that almost seemed despair,
So near his eyes, so distant from his life
It lay; and while he mused, a woman came."

Ruth, a Quakeress, was the coming woman. Of course, he settles; wears out his peace of mind; is hated by a lover of Ruth—one Abner Cloud—who watches him closely, discovers some odor of blood about him, and wrings from the unfortunate refugee a confession that is soon noised about. Ruth, however, persuades the unhappy man to attend a meeting of Friends, where he is melted by a prayer, and unburdens his heart before the world in this wise :

"I am a sinful man : I do repent.
I see the truth, but in my heart the lamp
Is barely lighted, any wind may quench.
Bear with me still, be hopeful, that I live !"

There is smoother sailing after this. Lars marries Ruth.

Book III. Married life becomes monotonous. Lars longs for Norway, and persuades Ruth to brave the seas with him. They approach his native land.

"At first a cloud stood fast, then spread away
To flanking capes, with gaps of blue between;
Then rose, and showed, above the precipice,
The firs of Norway climbing thick and high
To wilder crests that made the inland gloom.
In front, the sprinkled skerries pierced the wave;
Between them, slowly glided in and out
The tawny sails, while houses, low and red,
Hailed their return, or sent them fearless forth :
'This is thy Norway, Lars; it looks like thee,'
Said Ruth."

Lars is not well received. His quaint wife, his quainter garb; and then Thorsten, broth-

er of the murdered Per, cries for blood. But Lars positively declines to defend himself, on the highest moral grounds, and, consequently, by his example, works the sudden conversion of Thorsten and all present. The forlorn Brita is recognized—a mere shadow of her former self—and luckily at this moment she discovers upon the seashore the ancient brooch which was lost in Book I, and the loss of which seems to have been the negative cause of all the unpleasantness. So Brita, Lars, and Ruth withdraw into a pleasant corner, and end their days in peace.

"Here now they fade. The purpose of their lives
Was lifted up, by something over life,
To power and service. Though the name of Lars
Be never heard, the healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful."

We confess to a fine appreciation of Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, but anything that seems to echo it likes not us. Probably from this date all writers of blank verse will feel the necessity of frequent alliteration, transposition, and a general air of rhetorical high-pressure, in order to produce the modern poetical effect. This, however, may be avoided by writing more sweetly and simply to the melodious echo of rhyme. Mr. Taylor is a master of this form of expression, and we beseech him to preserve his individuality, and avoid the dreadful mannerisms of the verse that is too often little better than stilted prose.

SALLY WILLIAMS, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.
By Mrs. E. D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a pleasant and wholesome book for the young, and what the author has undertaken has been well done. The simple and healthful story is prettily told. The scene is laid in New Hampshire, and Sally Williams, the heroine—in her life of orphanage, aspiration, and struggle—has been strongly and carefully drawn. There are strokes and touches of word-painting that suggest the true artist. Simplicity and earnestness constitute its chief charm. There is much of stirring incident and crisp dialogue; but these fortunately are not made to do duty as clum-

sy vehicles to lug in the author's preconceived notions or ideas. The moral (for what would a book for the young amount to without the inevitable moral?) is neatly and delicately interwoven throughout the story. There are some character sketches of unusual truthfulness, exhibiting the writer's familiarity and sympathy with the toilers and strugglers of whom she writes. She enters, with keen appreciation, into the very depths of their thoughts and feelings. The writer's power of characterization is manifest in her delineation of "California Joe" and "Aunt Jerusha," as well as in the heroism, self-sacrifice, and patient devotion of the long-suffering heroine.

ENGLISH AND CHINESE LESSONS. By Rev. A. W. Loomis. New York: American Tract Society.

To the successful and conscientious author or compiler of a really valuable text-book, the world is under lasting obligation. If this be true in regard to the preparation of a work in one's own native tongue, much more is it in regard to a work that involves years of laborious study in the conquering of a foreign language. And primary works, like primary schools, are among the most important, being the strategical points upon which turns the success of the scholastic campaign. As primary schools should have the most skillful teachers, so, also, should they be equipped with the very best planned and constructed text-books. "Oh!" says the foolishly economical parent, "a cheaper, second-rate music-master will answer just as well for my child, who is only in the first rudiments;" and discovers his error only after he finds that two years are required to break up the faulty execution contracted in the first year of study. "A novice will do to look after my plants and trees, while they are so young," says the unpractical householder; but he subsequently finds, to his sorrow, that the only remedy for his mistake is the purchase of a completely new stock.

The chief charm and value of the work before us is its evident adaptability and singular fitness to the purposes for which it is designed—namely, to facilitate the acquisition of the English language among the Chinese, and to

furnish a suitable text-book for general use in the instruction of the Mongolians among us, whether in the Sabbath-schools, day-schools, or in the family.

This book meets a want that has long been felt by all who have labored in this field. As most of the Chinese who will use it have arrived at an age when their minds are more or less mature, it is so arranged as to carry them forward through the different stages of advancement, beginning at the alphabet. In the line of progress, the subjects of the lessons are so designed as to interblend facts and truths of a valuable character; thus ingeniously combining profit with pleasure, and moral development with intellectual growth. The work bears obvious marks of conscientious industry and skill in preparation; and after a careful examination of its plan and method, we can heartily commend it as a manual of instruction in the important work of education and civilization which, with such commendable vigor, is being carried forward among the Chinese element in our country, and more particularly on our own coast.

The author is well known from his work titled *Confucius and the Chinese Classics*, and other publications, as well as from his many able and interesting articles which have appeared, from time to time, in the *OVERLAND*, since its first establishment.

JOSEPH NOIREL'S REVENGE. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated from the French by Wm. F. West, A.M. New York: Holt & Williams.

The publishers are doing the public a very great service in issuing this series of brilliant and portable volumes. One after another their translations are announced, and we find a novel of such freshness and vigor, that we are half inclined to depreciate our native talent, and look to the importations for the surer entertainment. *Joseph Noirel's Revenge* is characterized by a graphic delineation of character and a sense of subdued power that fill the reader with admiration and confidence. We find it a skillfully told story, suggestive and thoughtful, with that breadth of quiet humor, not unmixed with amiable cynicism, which we begin to suspect is the patent of the French novelist.

HIS LEVEL BEST, and other Stories. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Hale always writes with a full head of steam on. If he did not rush things—if he were not brilliant, suggestive, racy, and incoherent—we should not accept the article as genuine. He is a good ventilator. He throws the windows wide open; if they are inclined to stick a little, he deliberately smashes them. He thinks you need air, and he means you shall have it, at any cost. He is capital company for dull folk. There is no lack of energy when he sets forth, with pen in rest; he will slay something or other, and display considerable dramatic skill in the action. "His Level Best" is a good tract for young people; "The Brick Moon" is delicious fooling; "Water Talk" is rather misty; "Mouse and Lion" is a brilliant trifle; and so on, throughout the book.

Mr. Hale is by no means equal to all emergencies—probably no man is; but he is always

fresh, and breezy, and animated, and there is a kind of magnetism about him that makes the blood tingle, and a man rises from his last sketch with the inclination to do something that he had not thought of before.

LIZA; a Russian Novel. By Ivan S. Turgénieff. Translated by W. R. S. Ralston.

Liza, by the author of those charming stories, *Fathers and Sons* and *Smoke*, is a valuable addition to the "Leisure Hour Series" of Messrs. Holt & Williams. In point of style, this translation of *Liza* is noticeable for its ease and grace. The author excels in those touches of genius that give life and reality to his pictures. Some of the briefer chapters are complete poems, that leave the reader in a reverie at the close of them, so vivid and impressive is their atmosphere. We are glad to see the announcement of several fresh translations of the works of this charming author.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MODERN DIABOLISM. By M. J. Williamson. New York: Jas. Miller.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF BRET HARTE. Diamond Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE. By W. R. Greg. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

LARS: A Pastoral of Norway. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

PHILIP EARNSCLIFFE. By Mrs. Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.

ON THE EVE. By I. S. Turgénieff. New York: Holt & Williams.

THE WISHING-CAP PAPERS. By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

PARTINGTONIAN PATCHWORK. By B. P. Shillaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Compiled by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND KEY TO PHILOSOPHICAL CHARTS. By Frank G. Johnson, M.D. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

THE POLYTECHNIC. A new collection of Music. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

THE ATHENÆUM. A new collection of Music. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

Miscellaneous:

JERUSALEM, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Rev. Israel P. Warren. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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THE COMSTOCK LODE.

THIS masterly and world-renowned gold and silver bearing lode is situated in the western part of the State of Nevada, at a point sixteen miles north of Carson City, and about the same distance east of the California State line. It lies on the easterly slope of the Washoe mountains, an outstanding and lower range, running with the meridian, and separated from the main Sierra, which here trends to the north-north-west, by a series of small, fertile valleys, skirted on either hand by straggling and sterile foot-hills; the most of this depression being a mere sage-barren. This stretch of mountains, which, beginning near Carson City, runs thence north thirty miles to the Truckee River, has a mean elevation of about 6,000 feet, many portions of it reaching a much greater altitude; Mount Davidson, its loftiest peak, being 7,827 feet high. It is a dry, rugged, and timberless range, its summit serrated with gaps, and its sides eroded with deep and scraggy cañons. It was once covered with a sparse growth of

piñon and juniper; while at the head of the ravine west of Gold Hill, stood a grove of larger timber, with another on its crest further south; but these scanty forests were long since felled by the woodman's axe, and with them disappeared the only feature that even so much as partially redeemed these arid and cheerless mountains from utter desolation.

Confronting the Washoe chain on the west, the Sierra Nevada lifts itself—tall, precipitous, and dark—with its wealth of woods; while, afar off to the north and east, this range looks out upon the mountain-embossed and basin-like plain, where the Carson, the Humboldt, and the Truckee, its only inflowing streams, mysteriously disappear. Here lies the Edom of the western world—a weird and gloomy waste, where Nature delights to exhibit herself in a way altogether fantastic and phenomenal. This is the land of the sinks and the sloughs, of the alkaline-flats and the salt-fields, of the bitter waters, dead seas, and lost

ivers—where the cloud-burst breaks on the mountains and the sand-storm darkens the air, while the ever prevailing dust, caught up by the whirlwind, stalks in majestic columns over the desert. Silent, inert, and dreary, all is deathlike, primitive, and crude, there being as little here to delight the eye as there is to quicken vegetable or sustain animal existence.

Over this blasted region the Comstock looks down from its lodgment at the base of Mount Davidson, the peaks above and the country about it being often covered with snow or enveloped in the mists that roll down from the Sierra, while the sunshine lies pleasantly on the parched and barren plains 2,000 feet below. Out on this field of desolation stand black and misshapen volcanic buttes and basaltic hills, while the mountains beyond, arranged in tiers, recede further and further, till they seem to mix with the blue sky above them; or, draped in the garb of winter, look so cold and white, and yet so cloud-like and so far away, we might almost believe the celestial hosts had come and pitched their shining pavilions there. Resting thus on the threshold of the wilderness, this repository of metalliferous wealth indicates a purpose, as it were, on the part of Nature, to make amends for the forbidding aspect and the general poverty of the land it overlooks.

The discovery of the Comstock Lode, like that of gold in California, was an altogether fortuitous occurrence; the finder in either case having been at the time wholly unaware of the importance of the incident, and ignorant even of the character of the substance he had stumbled upon. As before remarked, the sides of the Washoe range of mountains are cut by many deep ravines, which, starting near the summit, descend to the plains at its base. Two of these ravines, named respectively Gold and Six-mile cañons, afforded, for a pe-

riod of ten years prior to the summer of 1859, a considerable amount of placer mining. In the spring of 1858, the miners working in Six-mile Cañon found, as they approached its head, their rockers clogged with particles of a dark-colored mineral, which, on account of its weight, it was difficult to separate from the gold. This "black stuff," as it was called by these gold-washers, consisted of small pieces of the rich sulphureted silver ore that had been released from the Comstock Lode, which crossed the ravine a little way above. Being ignorant of its value, however, these men threw this material away with the tailings, giving utterance, at the same time, as may well be supposed, to some pretty strong expressions of disgust at its presence.

Among these pioneer miners was one, who, for reasons unexplained, had taken unto himself the cognomen of Fennimore, which his associates, having first contracted into "Finny," had afterward corrupted into "Virginny;" and, being an elderly person, he was at the time we are speaking of, generally known as "Old Virginny," most persons so designating him under the impression that "the Mother of Presidents" had been the honored State of his birth—as, perhaps, she was, though the way this epithet came to be applied to him was as above set forth. Having worked up as far as this lode, the source from which the cañon below had been enriched, and finding nothing above, the old man set about examining the croppings, which, being much decomposed, were found to carry a good deal of free gold; and he proceeded to take up a claim along them, locating it, after the custom of placer miners, in a rectangular shape. This claim covered a portion of what is now the Mexican and Ophir grounds—for some time; at first, the most productive and valuable section of the Comstock Lode. Not until the following spring, however, did the character of the depos-

its at this point become fully known; a couple of miners, sinking a hole here at that time to gather water for their rockers, having discovered that this stratum of decomposed ore was not only very rich, but that it extended to a considerable depth beneath the surface. As soon as this became known, the belt of croppings on both sides of this spot was taken up for a long distance.

Among the comrades of Finny there was numbered one Henry P. Comstock, who, though not a person distinguished for astuteness or business sagacity, was yet so much the superior of the old man in this respect that he offered to buy his claim, tendering him, in part payment, a certain Indian pony—old and bob-tailed—of which he was then and there possessed, the balance consisting of a whiskey consideration, which made a portion of most transactions of the kind at that day. This appearing to the simple-minded Finny a fair proposition, he made over to his friend, “in consideration of the premises,” a property which, in less than a year after, sold for more than a million dollars. How little the purchaser himself appreciated its real value is made apparent by the fact that he shortly after disposed of his interest therein for some five or six thousand dollars, a sum that his liberal and thriftless habits soon financiered into the pockets of others.

In the second sale the claim was described as the “Comstock” ground; and, being at the time supposed to cover the most important part, the name came soon after to be applied to the entire lode. And thus was poor Finny doubly defrauded—first, out of his interest in the lode itself, and secondly, out of the honor to which he was entitled as its original discoverer. To atone for this wrong, the miners, when they came to select a name for the new town to be laid out here, called it “Virginia”—out of all which has grown this twofold in-

congruity: the great Washoe lode bears the name of one who had nothing to do with finding it; while, in the attempt to confer a merited honor upon the real discoverer, a name not his was applied to a town in the founding of which he took no part and had no interest.

But the naming of the town or the lode after these men was no affair of theirs, nor did they trouble themselves much about it. Living as before, strangers to luxury and careless of fame, both died poor not very long after. Finny, having survived for a couple of years—during which he was mainly supported by his old companions, or such new-made friends as hoped to profit by his superior knowledge of the neighborhood—finally succumbed to the combined effects of old age and a rather free use of bad whisky; while Comstock perished by his own hand, having shot himself through the head during a fit of delirium, brought on by the sufferings and hardships to which he had been exposed in the winter of 1869, while on an exploring expedition through the mountains of eastern Montana. Though possessed of little education, and marked by rough manners, these men exhibited many redeeming traits of character, having been quiet, hardy, and uncomplaining, while their associates accorded to each a good reputation for honor, courage, and generosity.

An earlier date has sometimes been claimed for the discovery of the Comstock Lode than that here assigned, it being supposed by some that the silver ore found in this vicinity a couple of years before, and afterward exhibited by the Grosch brothers, came from the mother lode. That this is a misapprehension, however, a brief notice of the operations of these parties will suffice to show. These young men, educated metallurgists and practical miners, leaving California in the summer of 1852, went over to the then Territory of Nevada,

and there engaged in gold-digging, spending also much of their time in prospecting for other metals. Having, in 1857, found a vein of silver-bearing quartz running across a high bench at the junction of Gold and American cañons, they sank there a deep shaft, and, extracting a quantity of ore, erected near by a rude furnace for smelting it. This spot is about two miles below the Comstock Lode, the excavation made there being now known as "The Lost Shaft." While engaged at work there, one of the brothers inflicted a severe wound on his foot with a pick, from the effects of which he died soon after. The following winter, the survivor, while making his way across the mountains into California, having been overtaken by a snow-storm, was frozen so badly that his injuries, in the course of a few weeks, resulted fatally. Before leaving, this brother took pains to demolish the rude furnace, and to otherwise obliterate the evidences of their labors, filling up the shaft in a manner evincing a desire to conceal its actual depth, as well as the character of the developments made in it. For these reasons, there is little doubt that the young men considered their discovery important, and that this was really the spot where they obtained not only the ore experimented on in smelting, but also such samples as they might have exhibited to their friends. Had they ever found any of the rich Comstock ores, being competent to judge of their value, they would not have spent their time on this comparatively worthless lode, nor suffered the secret to perish with themselves. While conceding, then, to these enterprising brothers the credit of being the first to find argentiferous ore in Nevada, it would be flying in the face of reason and facts to contend that they were the actual discoverers of the Comstock itself, or that they had any knowledge of its existence.

After the greater portion of the Com-

stock vein had been located for placer mining, in the manner described, it was yet some time before its value as a silver-bearing ledge became known or generally suspected. Along in the spring of 1859, some samples of the ore having found their way to San Francisco, these fell under the notice of Richard Killaly, an experienced miner and skillful metallurgist, who, struck with its apparent richness, proceeded at once to make an assay of it. The result was so gratifying that this gentleman determined to start the very next day for the locality whence it came, hurrying his preparations accordingly. The following morning the intelligent and amiable Richard Killaly was found dead in his bed; but his opinion of the Washoe ore spreading abroad, others soon started off on the errand that he would himself have set out upon had his life been spared.

About that time, Melville Atwood, of Grass Valley—a gentleman also thoroughly conversant with the character of silver ores—had made an assay of this Washoe product, and found it so rich, that Judge Walsh, his neighbor, the pioneer mill-man of Grass Valley, hurried off over the mountains, and, being about the first man to visit the Comstock Lode who had any proper conception of its value, succeeded in securing large interests along it at merely nominal prices.

As the summer wore on, adventurers continued to arrive from California, the immigration becoming quite active along in the fall, when it received a temporary check through the advent of a severe and early winter. Before the next spring had come round, much distress was experienced throughout the Washoe country; men suffering greatly from want of food as well as adequate shelter, and many thousand head of cattle dying from cold and starvation. But this did not avail to stay the tide of immigration, which, renewing itself with the disappearance of the snow on the mountains and the

abatement of the Indian war inaugurated that spring, had, before the close of the season, carried more than ten thousand people over the Sierra into the wilds of Nevada; and with such persistence was this movement kept up, that within the next two or three years a population of nearly 40,000 was planted in that Territory, almost the whole of it drawn from the neighboring State of California.

Prior to the examinations made by Messrs. King and Hague, charged with the exploration of the Fortieth Parallel, not much was accurately known of the structure of the Comstock Lode, or the geology of the country adjacent. According to this standard authority, four-fifths of the Washoe range consists of volcanic rocks, which have almost inundated and now cover up the granite, syenite, and other material that compose the primeval and underlying mountain chain. Only where these superimposed masses have been cut away by the deep cañons, or where the higher peaks of the primitive mountains obtrude through these volcanic flows, as in the case of Mount Davidson, Mount Butler, and similar elevations, is opportunity afforded for inspecting the earlier eruptive series.

This Washoe chain, arranging the rocks that compose it in the order of geological time, was built up in the following manner: First and earliest was the metamorphic group, comprising the uralitic and mica schists and the limestone. These, after becoming so firm that they would no longer yield to the pressure exerted upon them, were rent asunder by the igneous and gaseous agents of the interior, and through the vents were ejected vast quantities of syenite and granite, which, flowing over, covered up the older rocks almost everywhere to great depths. These fiery floods, hardening into rock, formed the foundation work of the earliest mount-

ain chain. But after a time this, too, was burst open at many places by the irrepressible power of volcanization, and in turn was inundated by immense flows of igneous matter, which, being deposited on its eastern slopes, formed the masses of propylite, andesite, trachyte, and basalt overlying each other in the order mentioned. While this process of mountain building was going on, the greater part of the present valleys was covered with fresh water, which, entering the crevices wherewith the earth was abundantly fissured, and there coming in contact with the molten rock, created the *solfataras* and thermal springs met with in so many of the valleys of the Great Basin. The lava flowing down into or being erupted under these sheets of water, accounts for the presence of the tufaceous rock, also common along the edges of these valleys.

Then followed the period of glacial action, with its torrents of rain and its terrific floods, eroding the sides of the mountains, as we now find them, and filling up the valleys with sedimentary deposits. After this came the present more tranquil era, with its desiccating and fructifying agencies, drying up the lakes and converting their beds into alkaline-flats and salt-marshes, planting the stunted forests on the mountains and the bitter sage on the plains, and sowing everywhere the wild grass seed.

The features of this geology that have exerted a controlling influence in the formation of the Comstock Lode were the underlying masses of syenite and granite, sloping sharply toward the east; the overflow of propylite; the thin column of andesite, standing on the contact plain of the propylite and the more ancient rocks; and, finally, the solfataric action, to which the vein is mainly indebted for its existence, its formation being assignable to the period that intervened between the outflow of the propylite and that of the later andesite.

The thermal action inaugurated at the commencement of the volcanic period, though continued long after the powerful *solfatara* that created the lode had exhausted itself, is now in its last stages. Notwithstanding this *solfatara* expended its energy so long ago, the lode itself has continued subject to intense chemical and dynamic action up to comparatively recent times. Under the pressure of former disturbances, caused chiefly by the eruptions of trachyte and the basaltic overflows that afterward ensued, the quartz in many parts of the lode has been crushed into small fragments, and in some places almost ground into powder. But this force, while ample to pulverize reefs of quartz nearly one hundred feet thick, was yet insufficient to cause any actual faulting of the lode itself.

Mount Davidson and several other peaks and high ridges arising precipitously over the Comstock Lode on the west are composed wholly of syenite, there being evidence that a broad extent of this material underlies the later eruptive rocks. The original outline of these elevations has undergone but little change; the west wall of the lode, which is simply the downward projection of this syenitic slope, agreeing in contour at the greatest depths reached in the mines very nearly with the angle of the mountain above. The formation for some distance to the north, east, and south of these syenitic masses consists almost wholly of propylite—the rock commonly known among the miners as porphyry.

The Comstock, though spoken of as a single lode, is rather a broad metalliferous belt or ore-channel, carrying a congeries of lodes, disjointed *strata*, bunches and chimneys of ore, all reposing in as many distinct clefts, separated by "horses" and dikes of porphyry, seams of clay, masses of quartz, and other mineral substances, making up a body of vein matter scarcely paralleled for complexity or magnitude in the history of

mining. The general strike of the lode bears north 25° east, varying at different points along it to an extent of thirty or forty degrees in its efforts to conform to the trend of the inclosing mountain. It pursues its course for two-thirds of its length along a sort of bench or plateau making in against the easterly face of the Washoe range, having Mount Davidson, Mount Butler, and other lofty eminences, overlooking it on the west. The crest of the lode is about 1,600 feet below the summit of Mount Davidson, and 1,900 feet above the plains that skirt the Washoe range on the east. To the north of Ophir Ravine, it is walled on both sides with propylite. From that point south the line of contact of the propylite with the syenite marks its position as far south as the Gold Hill Divide, where it once more enters the propylite, not again touching the older metamorphic rocks, except at a few points in the west wall.

Commencing at Seven-mile Cañon—the most northerly point at which the presence of the lode has been recognized—it passes thence south, with the deviations mentioned, across the slope of Cedar Hill, under Virginia City, along the base of Mount Davidson, and, continuing on through the town of Gold Hill to the vicinity of the Belcher ground, there, according to the now commonly received opinion, bears off to the south-south-east, pursuing its course in that direction down Gold Cañon. The theory formerly entertained, and still held by some, is, that the lode deflects at the Belcher ground to the south-south-west, and, striking across by American Flat, there loses itself, that depression having created conditions unfavorable to its further development. That there is a lode, and possibly a heavy and fertile one, deflecting near the Belcher and running toward American Flat, is well established. But that it is connected with the main ore-channel is not so certain; while

the developments lately made in the lower levels of the Crown Point and Belcher, and at various points along Gold Cañon, seem to denote that this channel curves here toward the south-east.

It has been customary to consider a reach of about one mile on the south—occupied by the Overman, the North American, and the Baltimore American grounds, and lying between the Belcher and American Flat—as a portion of the Comstock Lode. If this is included, then the latter, commencing with the Utah claim on the north and reaching to the Baltimore American on the south, traverses a linear extent of 22,000 feet; the whole of it originally divided into forty-five sections, each one of which constituted a separate mine or company claim, a few of them having since been consolidated. These claims are of very unequal dimensions, varying all the way from ten to two thousand feet in length, there being a dozen or more in the vicinity of Gold Hill that run from ten to sixty feet. Upon all of them more or less work has been performed, some having been very extensively developed, and turned out large quantities of ore; while others, with almost an equal amount of exploration, have yielded comparatively little.

Upon several extensive claims at the north end of this stretch no great amount of work has yet been done, nor have any ore bodies of large value been developed here; while nearly one mile at the south end, though a good part of it has been quite thoroughly prospected, has failed to disclose anything of high value, there being also several intermediate spaces of considerable length that have as yet proved barren, or nearly so, under very extensive exploitation. The really fertile portions of the vein cover a space of scarcely more than two miles, nor does even so much as one-half of this show, at the present time, a free and profitable production. From the point where the

principal channel appears to make this determinate bend toward the south-east, a broad metalliferous zone extends nearly all the way to Carson River, a distance of six miles. The croppings along it are much scattered, and as explorations have not yet been prosecuted to any great depth, it is too early to hazard a positive opinion as to whether any such rich *bonanzas* as exist further north will be found here or not. Several very promising and two or three steadily paying mines have been developed along this stretch, the ores being of the same class with those of Gold Hill.

The main ore-channel in which the system of fissures and vein material that make up this great lode is lodged, is of very unequal width, the walls approaching each other at some points to within 100 feet or less, and separating at others to a distance of six or eight hundred. While the west wall is tolerably uniform in both its slope and strike, the east manifests such eccentricities, and is so invaded by the country rock, that its position or even presence can not always be determined with certainty. In its upper portions, the main cleft, holding the entire body of vein-matter, assumes nearly the form of an inverted pyramid; the western or foot wall inclining to the east at an angle varying from 40° to 50° , while the hanging wall stands somewhat steeper, and at an angle that brings it in contact with the foot-wall at depths varying from six to twelve hundred feet—this point depending upon the irregularities of the surface and the flexures by which the upper wall is marked. In the vicinity of Gold Hill, the lode stands somewhat steeper, the angle of inclination varying from 45° to 70° , and it is the case that many of the irregular features noticeable near the surface conform everywhere to more normal conditions in the lower chambers of the mines.

This triangular mass of vein-matter is gashed by two masterly fissures; the

more westerly, from the fact of its being situated at the line of junction between the contents of the vein and the country-rock below, being designated the "contact fissure;" while the other, which carries nearly all the valuable deposits found in the lode, is called the "ore-channel." From this latter, and its minor connections, have been extracted more than nine-tenths of all the wealth that has conferred on the Comstock Lode its well-deserved fame. The contact fissure—though, like the other, filled with almost continuous bands of quartz, lined on both sides with sheets of clay, and carrying here and there a few bunches of fruitful ore—has as yet proved of but little value. It has, however, shown itself to be persistent in depth; while the other fissure, except at the spots where the fertile outbursts of ore occur, has been found to terminate on the face of the foot-wall. Where these chimneys stand—as at the Ophir, Savage, Hale & Norcross, Chollar-Potosi, and the Gold Hill group of mines—this fissure, instead of ending in the manner alluded to, curves to the east, assuming a position and pursuing a direction parallel to the lower wall; so that it may be expected that the ore-chutes it carries will, at these points, be found to continue indefinitely downward.

While considering this latter a true fissure, Clarence King—who has examined the Comstock Lode under more favorable conditions than any of his predecessors, bringing to the discharge of his task, at the same time, an equal fitness—gives it as his opinion that it will, with the exceptions mentioned, prove to be cut off in depth by the underlying foot-wall. Should this be the case, many considerable sections of the Comstock Lode must, ultimately, disappoint the hopes now entertained of them.

The wedge-shaped mass of propylite standing between the two principal fissures, is to be regarded as a "horse" of

vast dimensions, every portion of it penetrated by irregularly arranged bunches of clay and quartz—some of the latter ore-bearing, and others not. Whenever this quartz is productive, it is due to the effects of former solfataric action, and will be found to connect itself, by means of a clay band, with the contents of the main ore-channel. The most of this horse has now become soft and porous, having lost, in a great measure, its porphyritic texture through the disintegrating effects of the fumes and gases acting upon it. From the manner in which it has been shattered and subdivided by longitudinal crevices, bands of quartz and clay, and other separating material and causes of fracture, this might, with propriety, be called a series or system of horses, rather than a single formation.

Besides being pervaded by these several substances, this horse is curved by conchoidal fractures, with their convexity to the west; these usually breaking joints with each other, and occurring most frequently along the central portions of the vein. In addition to these lesser, there occurs a system of general curves bending toward the east, which, being connected at their extremities with the west wall, form the chain of *bonanzas* that mark the site of the ancient solfataric vents. One of these is occupied by the Gold Hill series of mines; another, by the Bullion and part of the Chollar-Potosi; a third, by the Virginia group; and a fourth, by the Consolidated Ophir. If other chimneys exist, either to the north or south of these, explorations have not yet brought them to light. While the entire vein was formed by one general *solfatara*, the mineralization at different points along it discloses that each of these ore-chutes became a separate outlet toward the subsidence of this solfataric activity. That the latter was long kept up is evinced by the heavy accumulations of quartz and clay, and the extensive decomposition of the ob-

truding propylitic mass. This last process is still going on, the whole interior of the lode being pervaded by a moderate chemical action; and even an immense dynamic power is, at the present time, exerted on the inclosed masses of clay and porphyry. The great heat experienced in the lower levels of the deeper mines, results from solfataric energies not yet wholly abated, and may, therefore, be expected to augment as its original source is approached.

Almost from the surface, the temperature in these mines has increased in the ratio of the depth attained. For the first 700 feet, it averaged a little more than 70° ; while at 1,700 feet, the greatest perpendicular depth yet reached, it ranges from 110° to 120° —converting the lower levels into a vast sweat-house. Steaming and stifling air, penetrating every part of the underground works, renders it impossible for the miners to continue operations for more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time; one set giving way to another, and repairing to a spot more thoroughly ventilated, and cooling off preparatory to renewing their labors. The quantity of clothing these men wear while at work, it is needless to say, is reduced to a minimum. The trouble experienced from heat and foul air is not so great as formerly, owing to the effective system of ventilation introduced into most of the leading mines. The water coming up from below is usually several degrees warmer than the rock or the atmosphere in these deep levels; indicating the source of the heat to lie in that direction.

The Comstock Lode is not, then, as we have seen, like most metalliferous veins, a compact body of quartz or other gangue occupying a single well-defined and regularly walled fissure; nor does it conform in many of its other leading features to the common run of veins. Besides its enormous proportions, the magnitude of its ore-chutes, and their eccentric modes

of occurrence, it is marked by many other idiosyncrasies that render the ordinary rules, to which questions of vein structure are referable, inapplicable to it. In general terms, it may be said to run magnetically north and south; to pitch toward the east at an average angle of 50° —the principal ore-chutes generally standing in the vein-matter at a much steeper angle than the main walls of the lode—and to have been definitively traced along a linear extent of three miles, with almost conclusive evidence of its presence for a distance of four or five miles further toward the south-east. Owing to the capricious course of the easterly wall, the channel between the two outside walls is extremely irregular, varying from 50 to 800 feet in width. The entire body of vein-matter occupying this space resembles, in shape, a tunnel lying over on its side toward the west; hence its rapid contraction downward, the flatness of the lower and the greater steepness of the upper wall, and the obvious reason why the latter must come in contact with and be cut off by the former, except at the points where the fertilizing solfataric vents occur—these, coming up from great depths below, having curved the upper toward the east, causing it to conform to the lower wall. At these points, therefore, and at these only, may permanent bodies of ore be looked for on the Comstock Lode. Gashing this mass of vein-matter, which consists mostly of propylite or porphyry, are two longitudinal fissures, filled with quartz—the one nearly barren, but persistent in depth, lying next to and pitching with the foot-wall; and the other commencing near the east country, and descending at an angle that brings it in contact with the opposite wall at depths varying from 300 to 600 feet. Scattered irregularly throughout the upper portions of the latter occur deposits of silver-bearing ore; these being separated from each other by barren gangue, or very low-grade ore. At

the points where this fissure opens out into the deep solfataric chambers, more extensive bodies of ore are apt to come in. These, so far as explorations have cast light on their size and manner of occurrence, appear to be oval in shape, stand nearly vertical, are arranged one above the other, and increase in magnitude downward.

In some of the leading mines, these prolific masses of ore have been found to renew themselves in the manner mentioned; while in others they have as yet failed to do so, under very deep and thorough exploration. In the Crown Point Mine, for example, two ore-bearing *strata* of quartz presented themselves on the surface, the more easterly inclining from 45° to 80° toward the east. Under subsequent explorations, this proved itself persistent and prolific to great depths, the productive portions of it recurring in the shape of separate masses standing in the main body of quartz. The other pitched to the west, at an angle of about 60° , and, descending to a depth of nearly 500 feet, was there terminated by a smooth bed of rock, faced by a heavy clay gouge; both having a slight easterly declination. This floor of clay, from the point where it cuts off the west vein, reaches east till it almost touches the selvage of the vein on that side; these *strata* of quartz being cased on both sides with clay linings, from one to three feet thick. The more westerly showed a mere seam at the surface, but gradually widened, until it reached a thickness of fifty feet at the bottom. This sheet of quartz, which extended from the Crown Point north through the Kentuck some distance into the Yellow Jacket, afterward afforded these companies a considerable amount of valuable ore.

This clay gouge having been followed east, was found to connect itself with a heavy body of rich ore lying close to the country rock, which, after holding to a depth of 350 feet (bringing it a little

below the 800-foot level of the mine), gave out, having been cut off by barren quartz and floors of clay. A thorough search was prosecuted in every direction, without bringing to light anything of value, and further explorations were abandoned on this level. After a long time, a drift having been carried south into the Crown Point ground from the 1,300-foot level of the Yellow Jacket Mine, an immense chimney of high-grade ore was opened up, standing directly under the exhausted *bonanza*, and separated from it vertically by a space of less than fifty feet. This chimney constitutes the rich and extensive body of ore now being worked in the lower levels of the Crown Point Mine, whence it reaches south into the Belcher, as it will also be found, no doubt, to run north into the Kentuck and Yellow Jacket—it appearing to pitch in that direction. This *bonanza* commences a little above the 900-foot level, swelling out laterally. It has already been explored nearly to the bottom of the 1,400-foot level, where it shows a thickness of eighty-five feet, with no sign of contraction. Longitudinally, it extends across the entire length of the Crown Point Mine, a distance of 540 feet; but it has not yet been determined how far it reaches into the claims contiguous. This is, by far, the most important body of ore yet developed on the Comstock range—its presence at so great a depth constituting a feature of special interest. As most of the other prominent companies operating on the Comstock have heretofore encountered these isolated masses of ore, under conditions analogous to those existing in the Crown Point Mine, they entertain the not altogether unwarranted hope, that persistent prospecting may reward them with a like success; hence the steady prosecution of these exploratory labors, year after year, under heavy expenditure, and, except in a few instances, without determinate results.

Two methods of exploitation have been adopted for working and prospecting the Comstock Lode; one being by means of perpendicular shafts, and the other of adit-levels, or tunnels, driven through the eastern country, and designed to tap the lode in depth. Although a great number of these tunnels were at first run, only one (that of the Gould & Curry Company) ever proved of much practical use—nearly all the ore from that mine having been found through this, its channel of exit. Large sums of money were spent on works of this kind, without achieving any good end; many of them having been abandoned before completion, while of those that reached the lode, nearly the whole intersected it at barren sections, or at depths too inconsiderable to render them available, to any great extent, for the purposes of ore extraction and drainage. The shaft, however, was the means of exploitation most resorted to from the first. Misled by the false pitch of the eastern wall, and a slight westerly inclination of the upper ore bodies, it was then supposed that the normal dip of the vein was toward the west; and therefore most of the shafts were sunk on the croppings. As a consequence, these works soon came in contact with the foot-wall—those about Virginia, when down from 400 to 500 feet; and those near Gold Hill at somewhat greater depths. When it became apparent that the permanent pitch of the vein was toward the east, the plan was adopted of putting down these shafts at points 800 or 1,000 feet to the east of and below the croppings, except in the vicinity of Gold Hill, where the most of them have been continued at the places of their first location. Thus, enumerating only some of the principal mines, we have standing in the east country rock, and designed to strike the lode at great depths, the shafts of the Ophir, Consolidated Virginia, Gould & Curry, Savage, Hale & Norcross, Chollar-Potosi, and the Empire-Imperial companies; while the Bullion, Yellow Jacket, Kentuck, Crown Point, Belcher, and most of the other mines in the vicinity of Gold Hill, are still working through the shafts originally started in or to the west of the croppings. The most of these shafts consist of four compartments, three being used for hoisting and one for pumping purposes. They are twenty-four feet long and six feet wide, making each compartment six feet square. They are timbered from top to bottom, in the most substantial manner, and supplied with steam hoisting-works, the driving-power of some being furnished by three effective engines. There are from thirty-five to forty of these establishments erected along the line of the Comstock Lode, nearly every company claim being furnished with one. In the Yellow Jacket, Hale & Norcross, Savage, and Gould & Curry, the several shafts have now reached a perpendicular depth of 1,700 feet; in the Belcher, Crown Point, Kentuck, Empire-Imperial, and Ophir, about 1,400 feet; in the Overman, Chollar-Potosi, and most of the small claims at Gold Hill, from 1,000 to 1,300 feet; the other mines along the course of the lode being, in like manner, opened up to depths varying from 300 to 1,000 feet. All of these shafts are vertical—at least, in their upper portions—several of the deeper ones inclining toward the lode at points between the 1,000 and 1,200 foot levels. At intervals, usually of 100 feet, drifts or tunnels are run off from the shaft, for the purpose of extracting the ore or prospecting the ground; these horizontal passages being called levels. Only from a few of the leading mines—as the Chollar-Potosi, Crown Point, and Belcher, is any large amount of ore now being raised from their lower levels. The quantity and value of that daily extracted, from the more productive mines, ranges about as follows: Crown Point, 500 tons—assay value, about \$100;

Belcher, 400 tons—\$100; Kentuck, 30 tons—\$75; Chollar-Potosi, 60 tons—\$32; Hale & Norcross, 160 tons—\$30; Savage, 100 tons—\$27; from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the assay value being saved in milling. In the Comstock bullion, the average proportion of gold is about thirty per cent. of the entire value; that produced from the present lower levels of the Crown Point and Belcher carrying a much larger percentage of gold than that from the mines further north. From a number of mines that formerly turned out considerable, and some of them large, quantities of valuable ore, very little is now being extracted, and almost none at all from their lower levels. In this category may be included the Mexican, Ophir, Gould & Curry, Savage, Hale & Norcross, Imperial, Yellow Jacket, and several of the smaller mines in the vicinity of Gold Hill. The principal part of the ore taken from these mines, for some time past, has come from the old stopings, or upper levels, and has generally been of low average grade. For example, the ore extracted by the Hale & Norcross Company during the year 1872 (nearly 40,000 tons in amount), milled but a fraction over \$16 to the ton—not enough to pay cost of extraction and reduction. Yet, most of these companies continue pushing explorations actively downward, in the expectation of developing new bodies of ore.

The total production of the Comstock Lode, up to this time, may be set down at \$160,000,000. Prior to January 1, 1870, the receipts of twelve of the leading mines amounted to \$70,871,000. Of this sum, \$5,378,000 was raised by assessments, the balance having accrued from the reduction and sale of ores. During this period, \$16,543,500 were disbursed in dividends; the rest of the money realized from the product of the ores and the assessments collected, having been

spent in the erection of hoisting-works and sometimes, also, of crushing-mills, and in opening up the mines, extracting and reducing the ores, etc. Since that time, the ratio of assessments, as compared with production, has been increased, while that of the dividends has been diminished.

The annual yield of bullion from the Comstock Lode has been approximately as follows: In 1860, \$100,000, arising from the sale of ores (there being, as yet, no mills in the country); 1861, \$2,000,000; 1862, \$7,000,000; 1863, \$14,000,000; for the next two following years, \$17,000,000 each; 1866, \$13,000,000; 1867, \$14,500,000; 1868, \$9,500,000; 1869, \$8,000,000; for 1870 and 1871, each about \$13,500,000; 1872, \$16,000,000; the prospects of the present year entitling it to be credited with about an equal amount. For the first two or three years, the greatest portion of the bullion turned out came from the Ophir and Mexican claims, and the group of small mines at Gold Hill; then, the Chollar-Potosi, Gould & Curry, the Savage, and other mines at Gold Hill, began to produce—the Hale & Norcross, Yellow Jacket, Crown Point, and Belcher, coming in a little later.

All of these mines have had their prosperous eras, holding for two or three years, and sometimes for a longer period, to be followed by seasons of restricted production. Just at present, the out-turn of the Comstock Lode, owing to the large yield of the Crown Point and Belcher mines, is at the rate of over \$20,000,000 per annum; and, while it can hardly be expected that these two mines will be able to keep up their present rates of production throughout the year, it is more than probable that others along the range, now doing but little, may meantime come into *bonanza*—making up the deficiency from this source should any occur.

AN OLD FOOL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE annual rain-fall on the lower Columbia River is upward of eighty inches—often almost ninety; and the greater amount of this fall is during the winter months, from November to March, generally the least intermittent in December. I mention this climatic fact, the better to be understood in attempting to describe a certain December afternoon in the year 186—.

It lacked but two days of Christmas, and the sun had not shone out brightly for a single hour in three weeks. On this afternoon the steady pour from the clouds was a strong reminder of the ancient deluge. Between the rain itself and the mist which always accompanies the rain-fall in Oregon, the world seemed nearly blotted out. Standing on the wharf at Astoria, the noble river looked like a great gray caldron of steaming water, evaporating freely at 42°. The lofty highlands on the opposite shore had lost all shape, or certain altitude. The state-ly forest of firs along their summits were shrouded in ever-changing masses of whitish-gray fog. Nothing could be seen of the light-house on the headland at the mouth of the river—nothing of Tongue Point, two miles above Astoria; and only a dim presentment of the town itself, and the hills at the back of it. Even the old Astorians, used to this sort of weather and not disliking it, having little to do in the winter time, and being always braced up by sea-air that even this fresh-water flood could not divest of their tonic flavor—these old sea-dogs, pilots, fishermen, and other *amphibia*, were constrained at last to give utterance to mild growls at the persistent character of the storm.

A crowd of these India-rubber clad,

red-cheeked, and, alas! too often red-nosed old men of the sea, had taken shelter in the Railroad Saloon—called that, apparently, because there was no railroad then within hundreds of miles—and were engaged in alternate wild railings at the weather, reminiscences of other storms, and whisky-drinking; there being an opinion current among these men that water-proof garments alone did not suffice to keep out the all-prevailing wet.

“If ’twant that we’re so near the sea, with a good wide sewage of river to carry off the water, we should all be drowned; thet’s my view on’t,” said Rumway, a bar pilot, whose dripping hat-rim and general shiny appearance gave point to his remark.

“You can’t count on the sea to befriend you this time, Captain. Better git yer ark alongside the wharf; fur we’re goin’ to hev the Columbia runnin’ up stream to-night, sure as you’re born.”

“Hullo! Is that you, Joe Chillis? What brought you to town in this kind o’ weather? And what do you know about the tides?—that’s *my* business, I calculate.”

“Mebbe it is; and mebbe a bar pilot knows more about the tides nor a mountain man. But there’ll be a rousin’ old tide to-night, and a sou’wester, to boot; you bet yer life on that!”

“I’ll grant you thet a mountain man knows a heap thet other men don’t. But I’ll never agree thet he can tell *me* anything about *my* business. Take a drink, Joe, and then let’s hear some o’ your mountain yarns.”

“Thankee; don’t keer ef I do. I can’t stop to spin yarns, tho’, this evenin’. I’ve got to git home. It won’t be

easy work pullin' agin the tide an hour or two from now."

"What's your hurry?" "A story—a story!" "Let's make a night of it." "O, come, Joe, you are not wanted at home. Cabin won't run away; wife won't scold." "Stop along ov us till mornin';" were the various rather noisy and ejaculatory remarks upon Chillis' avowed intention of abandoning good and appreciative company, without stopping to tell one of his ever-ready tales of Indian and bear fighting in the Rocky Mountains thirty years before.

"Why, you ain't goin' out agin till you've shaken off the water, Joe. You're dropping like a Newfoundland;" said Captain Rumway, as Chillis put down his empty glass, and turned toward the door, which he had entered not five minutes before. This thoughtfulness for his comfort, however, only meant, "Stay till you've taken another drink, and then maybe you will tell us a story;" and Chillis knew the bait well enough to decline it.

"Thankee, Captain. One bucketful more or less won't make no difference. I'm wet to the skin now. Thank ye all, gentlemen; I've got business to attend to this evenin'. Have any of you seen Eb Smiley this arternoon?"—looking back, with his hand on the door-knob. "I'd like to speak to him afore I leave, ef you kin tell me whar to find him."

"You'll find him in there," answered the bar-tender, crooking his thumb toward a room leading out of the saloon, containing a tumbled single-bed and a wooden settee, besides various masculine bijoutry in the shape of boots, old and new, clean and dirty; candle and cigar ends; dusty bits of paper on a stand, the chief ornament of which was a black-looking derringer; coats, vests, fishing-tackle; and cheap prints, adorning the walls in the wildest disregard of effect—except, indeed, the effect aimed at were chaos.

Into this apartment Chillis unceremoniously thrust himself through the half-open door, frowning as darkly as his fine and pleasant features would admit of, and muttering to himself, "Damme, I thought as much."

On the wooden settee reclined a man thirty years his junior—Chillis was over sixty, though he did not look it—sleeping the heavy, stupid sleep of intoxication. The old hunter did not stand upon ceremony, nor hesitate to invade the sleeper's privacy, but marched up to the settee, his ragged old blanket-coat dripping tiny streams from every separate tatter, and proceeded at once roughly to arouse the drunken man by a prolonged, and vigorous shaking.

"Wha'er want? Lemme 'lone," grumbled Smiley, only dimly conscious of what was being said or done to him.

"Get up, I say. Get up, you fool! and come along home. Your wife is needin' ye. Go home and take care of her and the boy. Come along—d'ye hear?"

But the sleeper's brain was impervious to sound or sense. He only muttered, in a drowsy whisper, "Lemme 'lone," a few times, and went off into a deeper stupor than before.

"You miserable cuss," snarled Chillis, in his wrath, "be d—d to you, then! Drink yerself to death, ef you want to—the sooner the better;" and, with this parting adjuration, and an extra shake, the old mountain man, who had drank barrels of alcohol himself with comparative immunity from harm, turned his back upon this younger degenerate victim of modern whisky, and strode out of the room and the house, without stopping to reply to the renewed entreaties of his friends to remain and "make a night of it."

Making directly for the wharf, where his boat was moored, half filled with water, he hastily bailed it out, pushed off, and, dropping the oars into the row-

locks, bent to the work before him; for the tide was already beginning to run up, and the course he had to take brought him dead against it for the first two or three miles, after which the tide would be with him, and, if there should not be too much sea, the labor of impelling the boat would be materially lessened.

The lookout from a small boat was an ugly one at three o'clock of this rainy December afternoon. A dense, cold fog had been rolling in from the sea for the last half hour, and the wind was rising with the tide. Under the shelter of the hills at the foot of which Astoria nestled, the wind did not make itself felt; but once past "The Point," and in the exposed waters of Young's Bay, the south-westers had a fair sweep of the great river, of which the bay is only an inlet. One of these dreaded storms was preparing to make itself felt, as Chillis had predicted, and as he now saw by the way in which the mist was being blown off the face of the river, and the "white-caps" came instead. Before he arrived off the Point he laid down his oars, and, taking out of his coat-pocket a saturated yellow cotton handkerchief, proceeded to tie his old soft felt hat down over his ears, and otherwise make ready for a struggle with wind and water—neither of them adversaries to be trifled with, as he knew.

Not a minute too soon, either; for, just when he had resumed the oars, the boat, having drifted out of her course, was caught by a wave and a blast on its broadside, and nearly upset.

"Steady, little gal," said Chillis, bringing his boat round, head to the wind. "None o' your capers now. Thar is serious work on hand, an' I want you to behave better'n ever you did afore. It's you an' me, an' the White Rose, this time, sure." And he pressed his lips together grimly, and peered out from under his bent old hat at the storm which

was driving furiously against his broad breast, and into his white, anxious face, almost blinding and strangling him. His boat was a small one—too small for the seas of the lower Columbia—but it was trim and light, and steered easily. Besides, the old mountaineer was a skilled oarsman, albeit this accomplishment was not a part of the education of American hunters and trappers, as it was of the French *voyageurs*. Keeping his little craft head to the wind, he took each wave squarely on the prow, and with a powerful stroke of the oars cut through it, or sprang over it, and then made ready for the next. Meanwhile, the storm increased, the rain driving at an angle of 45°, and in sheets that flapped smotheringly about him like wet blankets, and threatened to swamp his boat without assistance from the waves. It was growing colder, too, and his sodden garments were of little service to protect him from the chill that comes with a south-wester; nor was the grip of the naked hands upon the oars stimulating to the circulation of his old blood through the swollen fingers.

But old Joe Chillis had a distinct comprehension of the situation, and felt himself to be master of it. He had gone over to Astoria that day, not to drink whisky and tell stories, but, to do a good turn for the "White Rose." Failing in his purpose, he was going back again, at any cost, to make up for the miscarriage of that effort. Death itself could not frighten him; for what was the Columbia in a storm to the dangers he had passed through in years of hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains? He had seemed to bear a charmed life then; he would believe that the charm had not deserted him.

But, O, how his old arms ached! and the storm freshening every minute, with two miles further to row, in the teeth of it. The tide was with him now; but the

wind was against the tide, and made an ugly sea. If he only could reach the mouth of the creek before dark. If he could? Why, he must! The tide would be up so that he could not find the entrance in the dark. He worked resolutely—worked harder than ever—but did not accomplish so much, because his strength was giving out. When he first became aware of this, he heaved a great sigh, as if his heart were broken, then pressed his lips together as before, and peered through the thick gray twilight, looking for the creek's mouth while yet there was a little light.

He was now in the very worst part of the bay, where the current from Young's River was strongest, setting out toward the Columbia, and where the wind had the fairest sweep, blowing from the coast across the low Clatsop Plains. Only the tide and his failing strength were opposed to these; would they enable him to hold his own? He set his teeth harder than ever, but it was all in vain, and directly the catastrophe came. His strength wavered, the boat veered round, a sudden gust and roll of water took it broadside, and over she went, keel up, more than a mile from land.

But this was not the last of Joe Chillis—not by any manner of means. He had trapped beaver too many years to mind a ducking more or less, if he only had his strength. So when he came up, he clutched an oar that was floating past him, and looked about for the boat. She was not far off—the tide was holding her, bobbing up and down like a cork. In a few minutes she was righted, and Chillis had scrambled in, losing his oar while doing it, and regaining it while being nearly upset again.

It had become a matter of life and death now to keep afloat, with only one oar to fight the sea with; and, though hoping little from the expedient, in such a gale—blowing the wrong way, besides

—Chillis shouted for assistance in every partial lull of the tempest. To his own intense astonishment, as well as relief, his hail was answered.

"Where away?" came on the wind, the sound seeming to flap and flutter like a shred of torn sail.

"Off the creek, about a mile!" shouted Chillis, with those powerful lungs of his, that had gotten much of their bellows-like proportions during a dozen years of breathing the thin air of the mountains.

"All right!" was returned on the snapping, flirting, fluttering gale. After this answer, Chillis contented himself with keeping his boat right side up, and giving an occasional prolonged "Oh-whoo!" to guide his rescuers through the thickening gloom. How long it seemed, with the growing darkness, and the effort to avoid another upset! But the promised help came at last, in the shape of the mail-carrier's plunger, her trim little mast catching his eye, shining white and bare out of the dusk. Directly he heard the voices of the mail-carrier and another.

"Where be ye? *Who* be ye?"

"Right here, under yer bow. Joe Chillis, you bet your life!"

"Waal, come aboard here, mighty quick. Make fast. Mind yer boat; don't let her strike us. Pole off—pole off, with yer oar!"

"Mind *your* oars," returns Chillis; "I'll mind mine"—every word spoken with a yell.

"What was the row, out there?" asks the mail-carrier, making a trumpet of his hand.

"Boat flopped over; lost an oar," answers Chillis, keeping his little craft from flying on board by main force.

"Guess I won't go over to-night," says the carrier. "'Taint safe for the mail"—the wind snatching the word "mail" out of his mouth, and scattering

it over the water as if it had been a broken bundle of letters. "I'll go back to Skippanon"—the letters flying every way again.

"Couldn't get over noways, now," shouts back Chillis, glad in his heart that he could not, and that the chance, or mischance, favored his previous designs. Then he said no more, but watched his boat, warding it off carefully until they reached the mouth of the creek and got inside, with nothing worse to contend against than the insolent wind and rain.

"This is a purty stiff tide, for this time o' day. It won't take long to pull up to Skippanon, with all this water pushin' us along. Goin' home to-night, Joe?"

"Yes, I'm goin' home, ef I can borrow an oar," said Chillis. "My house ain't altogether safe without me, in sech weather as this."

"Safer 'n most houses, ef she don't break away from her moorin's," returned the mail-carrier, laughing. "Ef I can git somebody to take my place for a week, I'm comin' up to spend it with you, an' do some shootin'. Nothin' like such an establishment as yours to go huntin' in—house an' boat all in one—go where you please, and stay as long as you please."

"Find me an oar to git home with, an' you can come an' stay as long as the grub holds out."

"Waal, I can do that, I guess, when we git to the landin'. I keep an extra pair or two for emergencies. But it's gittin' awful black, Chillis, an' I don't envy you the trip up the creek. It's crooked as a string o' S's, an' full o' shoals, to boot."

"It won't be shoal to-night," remarked Chillis, and relapsed into silence.

In a few minutes the boat's bow touched the bank. "Mind the tiller!" called out both oarsmen, savagely. But as no one minded it, and it was too dark to see what was the matter, the mail-carrier

dropped his oar, and stepped back to the stern to *feel* what it was.

"He's fast asleep, or drunk, or dead, I don't know which," he called to the other oarsman, as he got hold of the steering gear, and headed the boat upstream again. His companion made no reply, and the party proceeded in silence to the landing. Here, by dint of much shouting and hallooing, the inmates of a house close by became informed of something unusual outside, and, after a suitable delay, a man appeared, carrying a lantern.

"It's you, is it?" he said to the mail-carrier. "I reckoned yer wouldn't cross to-night. Who ye got in there?"

"It's Joe Chillis. We picked him up outside, about a mile off the land. His boat had been upset, an' he'd lost an oar; an' ef we hadn't gone to his assistance it would have been the last of old Joe, I guess."

"Hullo, Joe! Why don't you git up?" asked the man, seeing that Chillis did not rise, or change his position.

"By George! I don't know what's the matter with him. Give me the lantern;" and the mail-carrier took the light and flashed it over Chillis' face.

"I don't know whether he's asleep, or has fainted, or what. He's awful white, an' there's an ugly cut in his shoulder, an' his coat all torn away. Must have hurt himself tryin' to right his boat, I guess. George! the iron on the row-lock must have struck right into the flesh."

"He didn't say he was hurt," rejoined the other oarsman.

"It's like enough he did'nt know it," said the man with the lantern. "When a man's in danger he doesn't feel a hurt. Poor old Joe! he wasn't drunk, or he couldn't have handled his boat at all in this weather. We must take him in, I s'pose."

Then the three men lifted him upon his feet, and, by shaking and talking,

aroused him sufficiently to walk with their support to the house. There they laid him on a bench, and brought him a glass of hot whisky and water; and the women of the house gathered about shyly, gazing compassionately upon the ugly wound in the old man's delicate white flesh—white and delicate as the fairest woman's.

Presently, Chillis sat up and looked about him. "Have you got me the oars?" he said to the mail-carrier.

"You won't row any more to-night, Joe, *I* guess," the carrier answered, smiling grimly. "Look at your shoulder, man."

"Shoulder be d—d!" retorted Chillis. "Beg pardon, ladies; I didn't see you. Been asleep, haven't I? Perhaps, sence you seem to think I'm not fit for rowin', one o' these ladies will do me the favor to help me put myself in order. Have you a piece of court-plaster, or a healing salve, ma'am?"—to the elder woman. "Ladies mostly keep sech trifles about them, I believe."

Then he straightened himself up to his magnificent height, and threw out his broad, round chest, as if the gash in his shoulder were an epaulet or a band of stars instead.

"Of course, I can do something for you," said the woman he had addressed, very cheerfully and quickly. "I have the best healing salve in all the country;" and, running away, she quickly returned with a roll of linen, and the invaluable salve.

"I must look at the wound, and see if it wants washing out. Ugh!—O dear! it is a dreadful cut, and ragged. You will have to go to the doctor with that, I'm afraid. But I'll just put this on to-night, to prevent your taking cold in it; though you will take cold, anyway, if you do not get a change of clothes;" and the good woman looked round at her husband, asking him with her eyes to offer this very necessary kindness.

"You'll stop with us to-night, Joe," said the man, in answer to this appeal, "an' the sooner you git off them wet clothes the better. I'll lend you some o' mine."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Chillis, you must get out of these wet things, and put on some of Ben's. Then you will let me get you a bit of hot supper, and go right to bed. You don't look as if you could sit up. There!" she added, as the salve was pressed gently down over the torn flesh, and heaving a deep sigh, "if you feel half as sick as I do, just looking at it, you will do well to get ready to lie down."

"Thankee, ma'am. It's worth a man's while to git hurt a leetle, ef he has a lady to take care o' him," answered Chillis, gallantly. "But I can't accept your kindness any furdur to-night. Ef I can git the loan of a lantern an' a pair o' oars, it is all I ask, for home I must go, as soon as possible."

"Ben will lend you a lantern," said the mail-carrier, "an' I will lend you the oars, as I promised; but what on earth you want to go any further in this storm for, beats me."

"This storm has only jist begun, and its goin' to last three days," returned Chillis. "No use waitin' for it to quit; so, good-night to you all. I've made a pretty mess o' your floor," he added, turning to glance at the little black puddles that had drained out of his great spongy blanket coat, and run down through his leaky boots on to the white-scoured boards of the kitchen; then, glancing from them to the mistress of the house—"I hope you'll excuse me." And with that he opened the door quickly, and shut himself out into the tempest once more, making his way by the lantern's aid to the boat-house at the landing, where he helped himself to what he needed, and was soon pulling up the creek. Luckily there was no current against him, for it was sickening work

making the oar-stroke with that hurt in his shoulder.

He could see by the light of the lantern, which he occasionally held aloft, that the long grass of the tide-marsh was already completely submerged, the immense flats looking like a sea, with the wind driving the water before it in long rolls, or catching it up and flinging it through the air in spray and foam. His only guide to his course was the scattering line of low willows whose tops still bent and shook above the flood, indicating the slightly raised banks of the creek, everything more distant being hidden in the profound darkness which brooded over and seemed a part of the storm. But even with these landmarks he wandered a good deal in his reckoning, and an hour or more had elapsed before his watchful eyes caught the gleam of what might have been a star reflected in the ocean.

"Thank God!" he whispered, and pulled a little faster toward that spark of light.

In ten minutes more, he moored his boat to the hitching-post in front of a tiny cottage, from whose uncurtained window the light of a brisk wood-fire was shining. As the chain clanked in the ring, the door opened, and a woman and child looked out.

"Is that you, Eben?" asked the woman, in an eager voice, made husky by previous weeping. "I certainly feared you were drowned." Then seeing, as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, that the figure still lingering about the boat was not her husband's, she shrank back, fearing the worst.

"I'm sorry I'm not the one you looked for, Mrs. Smiley," answered Chillis, standing on the bit of portico, with its dripping honeysuckle vines swinging in the wind; "but I'm better than nobody, I reckon, an' Smiley will hardly be home to-night. The bay's awful rough, an' ef I hadn't started over early, I shouldn't

have ventured, neither. No, you needn't look for your husband to-night, ma'am."

"Will you not come in, by the fire, Mr. Chillis?" asked the woman, hesitatingly, seeing that he seemed waiting to be invited.

"Thankee. But I shall spile your floor, ef I do. I'm a perfect sponge, not fit to come near a lady, nohow. I thought," he added, as he closed the door and advanced to the hearth, "that I would jest stop an' see ef I could do anything for you, seein' as I guessed you'd be alone, and mebbe afeard o' the storm an' the high tide. Ladies mostly is afeard to be alone at sech times"—untying the yellow cotton handkerchief and throwing his sodden hat upon the stone hearth.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Mrs. Smiley, embarrassed, yet anxious. She stood in the middle of the room, behind him, with that irresolute air an inexperienced person has in unexpected circumstances.

He turned around with his back to the blaze, while a faint mist of evaporation began to creep out all over him, and occasionally to dart out in slender streams and float up the wide chimney.

"There's no danger *now*, an' mebbe thar won't *be* any. But the tide will not turn much afore midnight, an' it's higher now than it generally is when it is full."

"What's that?" cried Willie, the boy, his senses sharpened by the mention of danger.

"It's the wind rattlin' my boat-chain," returned Chillis, smiling at the little fellow's startled looks.

"Your boat-chain!" echoed his mother, not less startled. "Was it your boat that you were fastening to the hitching-post? I thought it was your horse. Is the water up so high, then, already?"—her cheeks paling as she spoke.

"I dragged it up a little way," returned Chillis, slowly, and turning his face

back to the fire. He was listening attentively, and thought he caught the sound of lapping water.

"Have you just come from Astoria?" asked Mrs. Smiley, approaching, and standing at one corner of the hearth. The fire-light shone full upon her now, and revealed a clear white face; large, dark-gray eyes, full of sadness and perplexity; a beautifully shaped head, coiled round and round with heavy twists of golden hair, that glittered in its high lights like burnished metal; and a figure at once full and lithe in its proportions, clad in a neat-fitting dress of some soft, dark material, set off with a tiny white collar and bright ribbon. It was easy to see why she was the "White Rose" to the rough old mountain man. She was looking up at him with an eager, questioning gaze, that meant, O, ever so much more than her words.

"Not quite direct. I stopped down at the landin', an' I lost a little time gittin' capsized in the bay. I left about three o'clock."

"Might not Eben have left a little later," the gray eyes added, "and have been capsized, too?"

"He wouldn't *try* to cross half an hour later—I'll wager my head on that. He can't get away from town to-night; an', what is worse, I don't think he can cross for two or three days. We've got our Christmas storm on hand, an' a worse one than we've had for twenty years, or I'm mistaken."

"If you thought the storm was going to be severe, why did you not warn Eben, Mr. Chillis?" The gray eyes watched him steadily.

"I did say, there would be a sou'-wester uncommon severe; but Rumway laughed at me for prophesying in his company. Besides, I was in a hurry to git off, myself, and wouldn't argue with 'em. Smiley's a man to take his own way pretty much, too."

"I wish you had warned him," sighed

Mrs. Smiley, and turned wearily away. She left her guest gazing into the fire and still steaming in a very unsavory manner, lighted a candle, set it in the window, and opened the door to look out. What she saw made her start back with a cry of affright, and hurriedly close the door.

"Your boat is this side of the hitching-post, and the water is all around us!"

"An' it is not yet eight o'clock. I guessed it would be so."

Just then, a fearful blast shook the house, and the boat's chain clanked nearer. Willie caught his mother's hand, and shivered all over with terror. "O, mamma!" he sobbed, "will the water drown our house?"

"I hope not, my boy. It may come up and wet our warm, dry floor; but I trust it will not give us so much trouble. We do not like wet feet, do we, Willie?"

Then the mother, intent on soothing the child, sat down in the fire-light, and held his curly head in her lap, whispering little cooing sentences into his ear whenever he grew restless; while her strange, unbidden guest continued to evaporate in one corner of the hearth, sitting with his hands on his knees, staring at something in the coals. There was no attempt at conversation. There had never, until this evening, been a dozen words exchanged between these neighbors, who knew each other by sight and by reputation well enough. Joe Chillis was not a man whose personal appearance—so far as clothes went—nor whose reputation, would commend him to women generally—the one being shabby and careless, the other smacking of recklessness and whisky. Not that any great harm was known of the man; but that he was out of the pale of polite society, even in this new and isolated corner of the earth. He had had an Indian wife in his youth; being more accustomed to the ways of her

people than of his own. For nearly twenty years he had lived a thriftless, bachelor existence, known among men, and by hearsay among women, as a noted story-teller, and genial, devil-may-care, old mountain man, whose heart was in the right place, but who never drew very heavily upon his brain resources, except to embellish a tale of his early exploits in Indian-fighting, bear-killing, and beaver-trapping. It was with a curious feeling of wonder that Mrs. Smiley found herself *tête-à-tête* with him at her own fireside; and, in spite of her anxiety about other matters, she could not help studying him a good deal, as he sat there, silent and almost as motionless as a statue; nor keep from noticing his splendid *physique*, and the aristocratic cut of his features; nor from imagining him as he must have been in his youth. She was absorbed for a little while, picturing this gallant young White among his Indian associates—trying to fancy how he treated his squaw wife, and whether he really cared for her as he would for a White woman; then, she wondered what kind of an experience his present life would be for any one else—herself, for instance—living most of the year on a flat-boat housed in, and hiding in sloughs, and all manner of watery, out-of-the-way places. She loved forest and stream, and sylvan shades, well enough; but not well enough for that. So a human creature who could thus voluntarily exile himself must be peculiar. But Joe Chillis did not look peculiar; he looked as alive and human as anybody—in fact, particularly alive and human just now; and it was not any eccentricity which had brought him to her this night, but a real human reason. What was the reason?

What with his mother's cooing whispers, and the passing of her light hand over his hair, Willie had fallen asleep. Mrs. Smiley lifted him in her arms and laid him on the lounge, covering him

carefully and touching him tenderly, kissing his bright curls at the last. Chillis turned and watched her—he could not help it. Perhaps he speculated about *her* way of living and acting, as she had speculated about his. Meantime, the tempest outside increased in fury, and the little cottage trembled with its fitful shocks.

Now that Willie was asleep, Mrs. Chillis felt a growing nervousness and embarrassment. She could not bring herself to sit down again, alone with Joe Chillis. Not that she was afraid of him—there was nothing in his appearance to inspire a dread of the man; but she wanted to know what he was there for. The sensitive nerves of the man felt this mental inquiry of hers, but he would not be the first to speak; so he let her flutter about—brightening the fire, putting to right things that were right enough as they were, and making a pretense of being busied with household cares. At length, there was nothing more to do except to wind the clock, which stood on the mantel, over the hearth. Here was her opportunity. "The evening has seemed very long," she said, "but it is nine o'clock, at last."

Chillis got up, went to the door, and opened it. The boat was bumping against the floor of the tiny portico. She saw it, too, and her heart gave a great bound. Chillis came back, and sat down by the fire, looking very grave and preoccupied. With a little shiver, she sat down opposite. It was clear that he had no intention of going; and, strange as she felt the situation to be, she experienced a sort of relief that he was there. She was not a cowardly woman, nor was her guest one she would have been likely to appeal to in any peril; but, since a possible peril had come, and he was there of his own accord, she owned to herself she was not sorry. She was a woman, any way, and must needs require services of men, whoever they might be.

Having disposed of this question, it occurred to her to be gracious to the man whose services she had made up her mind to accept. Glancing into his face, she noticed its pallor; and then remembered what he had said about being cap-sized in the bay, and that he was an old man; and then, that he might not have had any supper. All of which inspired her to say, "I beg pardon, Mr. Chillis. I presume you have eaten nothing this evening. I shall get you something, right away—a cup of hot coffee, for instance." And, without waiting to hear his faint denial, Mrs. Smiley made all haste to put her hospitable intentions into practice, and soon had spread a little table with a very appetizing array of cold meats, fruit, bread, and coffee.

While her guest, with a few words of thanks, accepted and disposed of the refreshments, Mrs. Smiley sat and gazed at the fire in her turn. The little cottage trembled, the windows rattled, the storm roared without, and—yes, the water actually lapped against the house! She started, turning to the door. The wind was driving the flood in under it. She felt a chill run through her flesh.

"Mr. Chillis, the water is really coming into the house!"

"Yes, I reckoned that it would," returned the old man, calmly, rising from the table and returning to the hearth. "That is the nicest supper I've had for these dozen years; and it has done me good, too. I was a little wore out with pullin' over the bay, agin the wind."

Mrs. Smiley looked at him curiously, and then at the water splashing in under the door. He understood her perfectly.

"A wettin' wouldn't hurt you, though it would be disagreeable, an' I should be sorry to have you put to that inconvenience. But the wind *and* the water may unsettle the foundation o' your house, the chimney bein' on the outside, an' no support to it. Even that would not certainly put you in danger, as the

frame would likely float. But I knew, ef sech a thing should happen, an' you here alone, you would be very much frightened, an' perhaps lose your life a-tryin' to save it."

"And you came up from the landing, in all this storm, to take care of me?" Mrs. Smiley exclaimed, with flushing cheeks.

"I came all the way from Astoria to do it," answered Chillis, looking at the new-blown roses of her face.

"And Eben..." She checked herself, and fixed her eyes upon the hearth.

"He thought there was no danger, most likely."

"Mr. Chillis, I can never thank you!" she cried, fervently, as she turned to glance at the sleeping child.

"White Rose," he answered, under his breath, "I don't want any thanks but those I've got." Then, aloud to her: "You might have some blankets ready, in case we are turned out o' the house. The fire will be 'most sure to be put out, any way, an' you an' the boy will be cold."

Mrs. Smiley was shivering with that tenseness of the nerves which the bravest women suffer from, when obliged to wait the slow but certain approach of danger. Her teeth chattered together, as she went about her band-box of a house, collecting things that would be needed, should she be forced to abandon the shelter of its lowly roof; and, as she was thus engaged, she thought that the place had never seemed so cozy as it did this wild and terrible night. She put on her rubber overshoes, tied snugly on a pretty woolen hood, got ready a pile of blankets and a warm shawl, lighted a large glass lantern (as she saw the water approaching the fire-place), and, last, proceeded to arouse Willie, and wrap him up in overcoat, little fur cap, and warm mittens. When all was done, she turned and looked anxiously at the face of her guest. It might

have been a mask, for all she could learn from it. He was silently watching her, not looking either depressed or hopeful. She went up to him, and touched his sleeve. "How wet you are, still," she said, compassionately. "I had forgotten that you must have been uncomfortable after your capsizing in the bay. Perhaps it is not too late to change your clothes. You will find some of Eben's in the next room. Shall I lay them out for you?"

He smiled when she touched him—a bright, warm smile, that took away ten years of his age; but he did not move.

"No," said he, "it's no use, now, to put on dry clothes. It won't hurt me to be wet—I'm used to it; but I shall be sorry when this cheerful fire is out."

He had hardly spoken, when a blast struck the house, more terrific than any that had gone before it, and a narrow crack became visible between the hearthstone and the floor, through which the water oozed in quite rapidly. Mrs. Smiley's face blanched.

"That started the house a leetle," said Chillis, lighting his lantern by the fire.

"Could we get to the landing, do you think?" asked Mrs. Smiley, springing instinctively to the lounge, where the child lay in a half-slumber.

"Not afore the tide begins to run out. Ef it was daylight, we might, by keepin' out o' the channel; but the best we can do, now, is to stick to the place we're in as long as it holds together, or keeps right side up. When we can't stay no longer, we'll take to the boat."

"I believe you know best, Mr. Chillis; but it's frightful waiting for one's house to float away from under one's feet, or fall about one's head. And the tide, too! I have always feared and hated the tides—they have been a horror to me ever since I came here. It seems so dreadful to have the earth slowly sinking into the sea—for that is the way it appears to do, you know."

"Yes, I remember hearin' you say you were nervous about the tides, once, when I called here to see your husband. Curious, that I often thought o' that chance sayin' o' yours, isn't it?"

Mrs. Smiley's reply was a smothered cry of terror, as another blast—sudden, strong, protracted—pushed the house still further away from the fire-place, letting the storm in at the opening; for it was from that direction that the wind came.

"Now she floats!" exclaimed Chillis. "We'll soon know whether she's seaworthy or not. I had better take a look at my boat, I reckon; for that's our last resort, in case your ark is worthless, Mrs. Smiley." He laughed softly, and stepped more vigorously than he had done, as the danger grew more certain.

"All right yet—cable not parted; ready to do us a good turn, if we need it."

"We shall not be floated off to the bay, shall we?" asked Mrs. Smiley, trying to smile too.

"Not afore the tide turns, certain."

"It seems to me that I should feel safer anywhere than here. Unseen dangers always are harder to battle with, even in imagination. I do not wish to put you to any further trouble; but I should not mind the storm and the open boat so much as seeing my house going to pieces, with me in it—and Willie."

"I've been a-thinkin'," replied Chillis, "that the house, arter all, ain't goin' to be much protection, with the water splashin' under foot, an' the wind an' rain drivin' in on that side where the chimney is took away. It's an awful pity such a neat, nice little place should come to grief, like this—a real snug little home!"

"And what else were you thinking?"—bringing him back to the subject of expedients.

"You mentioned goin' to the landin'. Well, we can't go there; for I

doubt ef I could find the way in the dark, with the water over the tops of the bushes on the creek bank. Besides, in broad daylight it would be tough work, pullin' agin' the flood; an' I had the misfortin to hurt my shoulder, tryin' to right my boat in the bay, which partly disables me, I am sorry to say; for I should like to put my whole strength to your service."

"O, Mr. Chillis!—say no more, I beg. How selfish I am! when you have been so kind—with a bruise on your shoulder, and all! Can not I do any thing for you? I have liquor in the closet, if you would like to bathe with it."

"See—she moves again!" cried he, as the house swayed yet further away from the smoldering fire. "I've heard of 'abandonin' one's hearth-stone;' but I'd no idea that was the way they done it."

"I had best get the brandy, any way, I think. We may need it, if we are forced to go into the boat. But do let me do something for you now, Mr. Chillis? It seems cruel, that you have been in your wet clothes for hours, and tired and bruised besides."

"Thankee—'tain't no use!"—as she offered him the brandy-flask. "The lady down at the landin' put on a plaster, as you can see for yourself"—throwing back the corner of a cloth cape the woman had placed over his shoulders, to cover the rent in his coat. "The doctor will have to fix it up, I reckon; for it is cut up pretty bad with the iron."

Mrs. Smiley turned suddenly sick. She was just at that stage of excitement when "a rose-leaf on the beaker's brim" causes the overflow of the cup. The undulations of the water, under the floor and over it, contributed still further to the feeling; and she hurried to the lounge to save herself from falling. Here she threw herself beside Willie, and cried a little, quietly, under cover of her shawl.

"There she goes! Well, this isn't

pleasant, noways," said Chillis, as the house, freed with a final crash from impediments, swayed about unsteadily, impelled by wind and water. "I was sayin', a bit ago, that we could not git to the landin', at present. There are three ways o' choosin', though, which are these: to stay where we are; to git into the boat, an' let the house take its chances; or to try to git to my cabin, where we would be safe an' could keep warm."

"How long would it take us to get to your house?" asked Mrs. Smiley, from under her shawl.

"An hour, mebbe. We should have to feel our way."

Mrs. Smiley reflected. Sitting out in an open boat, without trying to do anything, would be horrible; staying where she was would be hardly less so. It would be six or seven hours, still, to daylight. There was no chance of the storm abating, though the water must recede after midnight.

"Let us go," she said, sitting up. "You will not desert *me*, I know; and why should I keep you here all night, in anxiety and peril? Once at home, you can rest and nurse yourself."

"So be it; an' God help us!"

"Amen!"

Chillis opened the door and looked out—placing a light, first, in the window. Then, coming back for a basin, he waded out, bailed his boat, and, unfastening the chain, hauled it alongside the doorway. Mrs. Smiley had hastily put some provisions into a tin bucket, with a cover, and some things for Willie into another, and stood holding them, ready to be stowed away.

"You will have to take the tiller," said Chillis, placing the buckets safely in the boat.

"I meant to take an oar," said she.

"If you know how to steer, it will be better for me to pull alone. Now let us have the boy, right in the bottom here.

with plenty o' blankets under and over him; the same for yourself. The lanterns—so. Now, jump in!" "I believe he did. Are you quite ready?"

"The fire is dead on the hearth," she said, looking back through the empty house, and across the gap of water showing through the broken wall. "What a horrible scene! God sent you, Mr. Chillis, to help me live through it." "Quite; only tell me what I must do. I wish I could help you." "You do?" he answered; and then he bent himself to the work before him, with a sense of its responsibility which exalted it into a deed of the purest chivalry.

A PICTURE.

Once, morn by morn, when snowy mountains flamed
 With sudden shafts of light that shot a flood
 Into the vale like fiery arrows aimed
 At night from mighty battlements, there stood,
 Upon a cliff high-limned against Mount Hood,
 A matchless bull fresh forth from sable wold,
 And standing so seemed grander 'gainst the wood
 Than wingéd bull that stood with tips of gold
 Beside the brazen gates of Babylon of old.

A time he tossed the dewy turf, and then
 Stretched forth his wrinkled neck, and long and loud
 He called above the far abodes of men,
 Until his breath became a curling cloud
 And wreathed about his neck a misty shroud.
 He then, as sudden as he came, passed on
 With lifted head, majestic and most proud;
 And lone as night, in deepest wood withdrawn,
 He roamed in silent rage until another dawn.

What drove the hermit from the valley herd—
 What cross of love, what cold neglect of kind,
 Or scorn of unpretending worth had stirred
 The stubborn blood and drove him forth to find
 A fellowship in mountain-cloud and wind—
 I ofttime wondered much; and ofttime thought
 The beast betrayed a royal monarch's mind,
 To lift above the low herd's common lot,
 And make them hear him still when they had fain forgot.

OVERLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1527, Spain was in the height of her glory. The fall of Granada had driven the Moors from their last stronghold, and Charles V. had undisputed sway over the richest domain in Europe. The discoveries in the far west, and especially the brilliant results of the conquests of Cortez, had filled the land with the spirit of adventure, and stories of the fabulous wealth of the newly conquered territories beyond the sea inspired thousands of restless spirits with the desire to explore, for themselves, the Dorado around which the charm of distance cast such a bewitching halo. If Ponce de Leon had failed to find the fountain of youth, others flattered themselves that their search would be more successful; and the knowledge that hundreds of their fellow-countrymen had perished miserably on the shores of the newly found continent, did not dampen the ardor of the eager thousands who rushed to follow in their footsteps.

The breath of spring had wakened the beauty that slept in the valleys and on the hill-sides of Andalusia. Through the plains of olive the blue Guadalquivir went singing to the sea; and on its banks the old capital of Cordova reared its stately towers to the bending sky, that had looked-down on the victory and defeat of the Moorish invader, in this his sacred city. In the thousand-columned mosque, that once echoed the call of the *muezzin* among its pillars of porphyry and jasper, the cloud of incense from Christian worship now floated; and the gilded arches and fretted roof that had been the glory of the Moslem, only served to remind the lingering remnant of the once proud possessors of the soil that the fair land was theirs no longer.

Time, the great healer, had blunted the sharpness of defeat, and the descendants of the conquered race mostly accepted their lot with stoicism, and conformed, outwardly at least, to the customs, civil and religious, of their victors. They could not well do otherwise, when, although the royal word had been pledged that the Moors should be free to practice the rites of their own worship, it was afterward decided, as a Spanish historian records, "to *solicit* the conversion of the Mohammedans, by ordering those who did not wish to embrace the Christian religion to sell their property and leave the kingdom." Thus it was, that in the midst of outward tranquillity, many there were, in the once proud palaces of Cordova, who remembered the ancient glories of their race, and secretly writhed under a sense of bitterness and wrong which they dared not openly express.

Among all the maidens who graced the court, or brightened their own sombre dwellings, none were more lovely than the Moriscas (as the Spaniards styled the daughters of these Christianized Moors); and of these, fairest among the fair was Xarifa, who lingered in the soft May twilight among the fragrant beauties of her garden, where the air was laden with the perfume of orange and citron trees, and the oleander opened its rosy blossoms beneath the shadow of the stately palm.

Xarifa sat by the fountain, dreamily watching the fall of its silvery spray, when a step broke her reveries, and a voice spoke her name. It could not be a brother's voice that brought the soft flush to her cheek, and the tender light to her dark eyes; for no trace of Moorish blood marked the features of the

Spanish cavalier who stood beside her.

"Have you no word of welcome for me, Xarifa?"

"Has faith or memory failed you, that you need words to assure you of your welcome, Alvar?"

"Nay, sweet lady, I meant not to chide. I would that hope held for me as many treasures as memory."

"Surely, hope can not but smile on so loyal and valiant a knight as the Señor Cabeza de Vaca. Rumor says, that none stands before him in royal favor, and his future must be well assured."

"What is royal favor to me, if Xarifa will not listen to my suit? The humblest peasant, who can call the mistress of his heart his own, has a greater treasure than all my sovereign can bestow; though he has, indeed, given me much honor, and even now offers me still further advancement, for the acceptance or refusal of which I only await the answer that your lips may give."

"Why think of me in your decision? The path to fame and honor is open before you. Win them, and none more than Xarifa will rejoice in your success, though she may not share it."

"O, Xarifa! is there no recall to your hard decree? Must I abandon all hope of the coming of a day when I may call you mine? Surely, if your proud father believed your happiness to be at stake, he would relent."

"No, Alvar, he can not belie his word; and he were an unworthy descendant of a long line of kings if he let aught of personal interest or feeling stand before the honor of our house. He can not forget the ancient glories of our race, and has vowed never to make alliance with our conquerors. Your very name would be a constant reminder to him of the day when your ancestor* pointed out to the hostile kings

the key to our last stronghold, and they poured through the mountain-pass to our defeat."

"But *you* have made no vow, sweet one, except the tender one from which you have not asked release—the vow that your heart and your love were mine. O, come with me to some distant land, where the ancient enmities of race will be forgotten in the devotion that shall make your life as bright as our southern sky, and as tranquil in its flow as our beautiful Guadalquivir!"

"Tempt me not, Alvar. More binding than any vow of mine is the heaven-appointed tie uniting father and child. No blessing from above could fall on me, if I forgot my filial duty. Though priestly lips might pronounce the words of benediction, divine sanction would be wanting. I am conscious of wrong in daring even to think how fair such a lot might be as that to which you allure me. Do you think it easy for me to resign it?"

Xarifa's voice trembled, and a dewy moisture gathered on her long eyelashes. Yet, if Alvar fancied, as his next words implied, that she wavered in her decisions, he had ill-estimated her character, which blended in itself much of the combined tenderness and firmness which marked the Moorish race. But still he urged his prayer:

"Then listen to the pleadings of your own heart, sweet one, and do not send me a hopeless exile beyond the seas."

"Beyond the seas! What mean you?"

"In twenty days, the fleet of De Narvaez leaves San Lucar for the golden regions of the new world. I am offered the post of king's treasurer to the expedition, and to-night must decide my answer. Give me but one word of hope,

tin Alhaja, showed them a way of approach, and put up a cow's head for a sign. They routed the Moors; and the King of Navarre knighted Alhaja, by the name Cabeza de Vaca, which signifies, "cow's head."—*Narrative of Cabeza de Vaca.*

* In 1512, the Christian army advanced against the Moors at Castro Ferrel. They found all the passes occupied by the enemy; but a burgher, named Mar-

and all that wealth and power can offer shall not tear me from your side. Must I go, Xarifa?"

A storm of conflicting emotions rent the maiden's heart, but she only answered, "I have no right to bid you stay."

We need not linger over the parting scene; but we may well believe that the sweet May moon scarcely looked down that night, in all her course, on two sadder hearts than those that watched the play of her beams in the fountain under the palm-trees, in the old city of Cordova.

The next morning, Cabeza de Vaca rode slowly toward the south, to join the company of Panphilo de Narvaez, whose ship lay anchored in the harbor of San Lucar, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir—not a hundred miles from the little port whence Columbus had sailed, thirty-five years before, to open the new highway to the West.

On the 17th of June, 1527, the five ships, with their 600 men, set sail for the distant shores of the new world. A favoring breeze bore them rapidly away, and long before nightfall the receding shores of Spain had disappeared below the horizon. Cabeza de Vaca watched the lessening line that divided the sea and sky, till it vanished from his sight, and, bidding a long farewell to love and its tender hopes, turned to the new life of peril and adventure that awaited him.

With the usual alternations of cloud and sunshine, tempest and calm, the fleet made its way across the sea, and neared the Florida coast. The imperfect charts of those early navigators, added to the dangers of the coast, brought shipwreck and disaster to the fleet of Narvaez, and only a remnant of the 600 landed on the shores to which they had looked with such high hopes.

It was near the middle of November. The bleak northers, which at that season

sweep across the Gulf of Mexico, chilled frames already exhausted by the privations they had experienced. Instead of the splendid cities and gilded palaces their imaginations had pictured, they found only a few wretched wigwams, tenanted by Indians, who harassed them continually. The horses which escaped shipwreck had long since been consumed for food, and, after wandering on foot for nearly 100 miles, amid untold privations, they reached a point on the gulf (probably near Mobile Bay), and, as a last forlorn hope, put to sea in some crazy boats, of the rudest construction, which were never heard of more.

Cabeza de Vaca and two companions refused to tempt the stormy November sea, and remained for six years in captivity among the tribes near the gulf. Of the two who joined their fortunes to the fair Morisca's lover, one was a Moor, who had been from childhood an adherent of her family, and was well known to De Vaca, having been the bearer of many a tender token from him to the lady of his love. We can imagine, that, during the long years of bondage, De Vaca found solace, for many a weary hour, in listening to the tales which Dorantes could tell of the fair lady of Cordova; and that, when almost ready to despair, remembrances of her nerved him to new efforts for freedom and return to his own sunny land.

The Indians made of their Christian slaves mere beasts of burden, and demanded of them the most menial offices. They brought wood and water on their naked backs through the dense and tangled swamps; barefooted across the burning sands they dragged the canoes of their taskmasters, from bayou to bayou; and, not daring to leave them behind, lest they should make their escape, the savages forced them to join in their hunt for deer, and if they lagged in the race, spurred them on with unrelenting cruelty. In his narrative, De Vaca

tells us, that, in eight days, a company of fifty or sixty Indians captured 300 deer, by running inland as the animals strayed toward the water, and, when the wind blew off the sea, chasing them into its waves, where they drowned and were borne to the shore by the inflowing tide.

The three captives had long meditated their escape. They were led to believe that to the north-west lay the rich cities, which still receded from their baffled gaze like the mirage of the desert, and thither their footsteps turned, when chance gave them the desired opportunity. Their six years of bondage had developed muscle and sinew. Their powers of endurance had increased with their necessities. Habit had accustomed them to the food of the savages. They had obtained a knowledge of various Indian dialects, and had become, in a measure, familiar with the geography of the country. With such provision of dried venison as they could encumber themselves with, they started on their north-west journey in the spring of 1534. We can trace their course to the mussel shoals of the Tennessee River, westward to the Mississippi, which they crossed near the point where Memphis now stands, and still westward to the junction of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers. Imagination fails to picture their journey through the wastes beyond. On, through the blinding sands of the desert, under the fiercely burning sky, through the wild Apache land, by mountain pass and swiftly rushing torrent, they kept their westward way, sometimes giving up all hope of ever again seeing a face of their own color, and often tantalized by rumors of White men, and cities, and ships, and the great sea beyond. Sometimes, for months, they were delayed among Indian tribes, who saw in the White strangers heavenly visitors, in which opinion they were confirmed by some simple efforts of medical skill on the part of the weary wayfarers. At

such times, their progress was an ovation, and the wondering Indians followed them from village to village, offering them the best gifts in their possession. They learned to look for the prickly pear in its season, to dry its fruit like figs, and beat the peel to a powder, which, moistened and baked, made a not unpalatable meal. They learned the roots which they might eat with safety, and built the encircling fires around the hunted deer. Now, huge walls of perpendicular rock hemmed them in, and they wandered for weary miles to find the mountain pass. Again, over leagues of scorching alkaline sand, they sought in vain for cooling stream or grateful shade. Sometimes the desert mirage raised its mocking shadow before them, only to leave them more hopeless, as it receded from their eager gaze.

History has immortalized the retreat of the 10,000 through a hostile country, and our hearts thrill as we recall the march from Atlanta to the sea; but who shall fitly tell the heroism of the three men, who, after five years of toilsome wanderings, at length accomplished the first overland journey, from ocean to ocean, and, in 1539, stood once more among men of their own country, on the shores of the Gulf of California?

But how had these twelve years sped with Xarifa in her home by the tranquil Guadalquivir? The strength which enabled her to put aside the great love which filled her heart for the higher claims of filial duty, helped her to bear the heavy burden of desolation which rested upon her as the weary months went by and no news came from her lover across the sea. She tended her flowers, her taper fingers busied themselves with her embroidery, she read with her stern and scholarly father the books which he prized, and studied the rare and choice manuscripts of their ancestors, which had escaped destruction at the hands of the Spanish army. No

word of reproach ever told him that she suffered, yet perhaps he noted the wistful look of her dark eyes, and the mechanical, aimless way in which she took up her daily duties, as if the motive-power of life was gone, leaving only a kind of galvanized vitality, without soul or sensation. Her chief solace was found in long hours of devotion at the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows, and the religion which had been enforced upon the humiliated Moors came to her with a power of soothing sympathy wholly lacking in the more sensuous creed of her ancestors. To the divine mother she could unburden her sorrow-laden heart, and send up petitions for the safety of her lover, whose lengthening absence gave her ever-increasing cause for anxious thought. So, for six years, she watched, and waited, and prayed. Then her father died, and, moved by some hidden spring, dying, revoked the vow which had separated her from her Spanish lover.

She had heard that he had escaped the shipwreck which engulfed the fleet of Narvaez, and still clung to the hope of his return; but, as year after year went by, and no word or token came from the wild western world, at last the waning light went out. After ten years of patient expectation, she retired to a neighboring convent, and, while Cabeza de Vaca was rejoicing among his countrymen on the Pacific Coast at the termination of his terrible pilgrimage, Xarifa pronounced the vows which forever separated her from him and the world.

With the first returning vessel of Cortez, De Vaca and his companions sought the land of their birth, and, after thirteen

years of absence, saw again the green slopes and rocky summits of their beloved Spain rising above the eastern horizon. Who can tell the varying emotions of hope and fear, longing and apprehension, that filled the heart of De Vaca, as, riding along the banks of the Guadalquivir, he caught sight once more of the spires of Cordova and the familiar outline of the rocky and rugged Sierra Morena beyond? Who can tell the terrible awakening from the dreams of hope and love that had sustained him through all those years of weary toil, when he learned the living tomb that enshrined Xarifa? It was a bitterness that turned all the currents of his life to gall. He remained three years in his native land, and then, having obtained the appointment of Governor of one of the Spanish colonies on the La Plata, he once more set sail for the western world.

We read of him, in after years, as a stern, disappointed, and reckless man, who gave himself to a life of scheming ambition, striving to forget, in wealth, and rank, and power, any hour in the buried past, when softer dreams and more tender hopes allured him; when the gleam of a dark eye outshone all the gold and gems of El Dorado, and the throne of a loving heart was the end of his loftiest ambition.

His name has been almost lost among those of a host of adventurers, who, at that period, sought the newly discovered continent; but, surely, Californians will take a degree of pleasure in rescuing it from total oblivion, and will remember the story of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who made the journey overland in the sixteenth century.

MARGARET HEMMING.

THERE was a half-holiday at Howe's Flat, and the people were gathered at the express and post offices, to await the arrival of the semi-weekly mule-train with its express and mail matter, and customary freight of passengers.

The occasion of the holiday and concourse was the expected return of John Hemming, who had gone to the "Bay," to meet his wife and child upon their arrival from the "States."

John was held in great consideration at Howe's Flat, not only because he was the chief owner in sundry very important mines, but for the reason, as the miners expressed it, "He came as near being a White man as any they make."

A cloud of dust announced the coming of the train. In the advance rode the conductor, accompanied by a bright-eyed lad of some eight years, who saluted the people with "Good evening, gentlemen, I am Johnny Hemming; please help me down." Johnny was helped to dismount, was passed from hand to hand, surveyed, and commented upon with the freedom which distinguishes the miners of California. Johnny took no offense at these liberties, but, with natural boyish impudence, strengthened by his journey's experiences, bore up under criticism, and, in return, opened a battery of questions relative to all he saw peculiar in the dress and manner of the people before him.

While Johnny was fast making friends by his prattle, his audience was called away by a loud shout from the street, and the exclamation, "John Hemming in a biled shirt and a plug hat, or I'll be d—d!" to which there was a chorus of voices, with a falling inflection, "Well, I swear."

Hemming and wife, who had lingered in the rear of the train, to keep out of the dust, now rode up—she, to be introduced to, he to encounter the greetings of, his numerous friends.

John, having ordered a free bar for the night—the usual method of celebrating memorable occasions in the mines—took his wife and child to the cottage he had fitted up for their reception, where, during the evening, they were waited upon by such of the people as had not been so fortunate as to be on the street at the moment of arrival.

Some of the callers were refined, cultivated people, accustomed to good society in other lands; while many of them, awkward and boorish, entered without knocking, addressed Hemming's wife as "Mis'" Hemming, stared her out of countenance, asked how she liked California, and took their leave with a swagger, and an abrupt "Waal, so-long!"

The comments of the people upon Mrs. Hemming were altogether favorable; not so hers upon them. "Barbarians!" was her sententious remark.

Margaret Hemming was an intellectual woman—not that she was entirely wanting in womanly sympathy, or in a spiritual nature, but these lay within her uncultivated—her intellect alone was developed. Married and left by herself while yet scarcely more than a child in years, she had calmly surveyed the situation. She hoped John would return from California with a fortune, and she determined to qualify herself for the position which wealth gives in every community.

She thought, also, of the possibility of his failure of success, and of his death, even, and said to herself, "Then, for the

sake of the unknown future, and that I may make the most of life, I will achieve what I may; acquisitions never come amiss."

Her own earnings as a teacher, and, after a time, John's remittances, had given her sufficient means to prosecute her studies, and to preserve her standing in good society in a New England town, where the democratic tendencies of the people are such, that the fact of a person's being engaged in labors producing a direct money return, does not bar him or her from the company of their natural associates.

Undertaking literary pursuits as a means to an end, Margaret came to love them for their own sake—came to judge men and women from a purely intellectual standpoint. Had they knowledge, power of thought, wit, tact, and taste? Wanting these, they could be nothing to her.

She could see clearly the seven prismatic colors in the rainbow, and appreciate the rare beauty with which they shaded one into the other; could listen, delighted, to the music of the rolling thunder, deeming it an exposition of force, the laws of which she fully understood; but she had no sympathy with, and nothing but contempt for, those who see more than is to be seen in the arch of promise, hear more than is to be heard in the thunder's reverberations. "Dreamers, all," said she.

Impelled by a logical charity, she could relieve suffering; with a due regard to the welfare of society, could labor for the reformation of criminals; but of a divine love for those that suffer, a divine compassion for those that sin, she had no conception.

Under other influences, John had obtained his development. Neither books nor cultivated people informed his mind, or polished his manners; but he had seen the world and had learned that there are more things in heaven and earth than

are dreamed of in philosophy. He saw that every man and woman is more sinned against than sinning, and his heart was inspired with love. He struggled with difficulties, and acquired faith; encountered life's varied experiences, and learned charity.

When these two people met in California, after their long separation, it was to be bitterly disappointed. To John, Margaret was a statue, done in ice—clear, glittering, cold; to Margaret, John was an image of clay—dull, heavy, wanting.

Her manners were refined; his were coarse. Grace distinguished her every motion; he was awkward and ungainly. She was mistress of all the arts of pleasing; while he had no deft ways, but rather a blunt sincerity, often offensive, even in the performance of the kindest acts. How could there be harmony. His genius rebuked by that of his wife, John could find no comfort in her presence, but fled from it to the more congenial society of the miners.

Margaret, all unconscious that John had qualities and faculties that lifted him up and made him the chief personage among men in his vicinity, saw only that he lacked what she prized, and felt for him a profound contempt she scarcely strove to conceal.

Time wore on; a year had passed. The Hemmings, preserving the outward relations of husband and wife, were scarcely on speaking terms; and, when words were interchanged, it would have been better if they had been left unsaid. Margaret bitterly lamented her situation. "Is it to be ever thus?" said she. "Am I always to endure life in this wretched place, shut off from all congenial society, hearing nothing from human lips but thrice-told tales—lies from the first, creations of poverty-stricken imaginations—and seeing no faces but those that are blanker than the dead wall of a church?"

Then John would answer: "By and

by we will leave this place for 'Frisco, or the States. Not now, for our wealth is mainly prospective. The claims must first be worked out. We must realize. Have patience."

"Patience," sneered Margaret. "Have patience, while my best years are wasting, while I am growing old before my time, while rust is corroding all the faculties of my mind. Have patience, to endure the horrible sameness of existence in this miserable town, in quiet respectability. No, no; I can not endure simply to be. I must live; must have. If the society and surroundings I crave are denied me, I will make the most of what is at hand. I will not be immured in a living tomb. Society is here a chaos, but there shall be balls and gatherings. What matters it that they will be frequented by the lowest and the vilest, from contact with whom I have always shrank with horror. Their envy and admiration is better than stagnation; and, if I meet man or woman, saint or devil, who can provoke within me even a momentary interest, he or she shall be my chosen companion, until, like a squeezed orange or a faded flower, they are cast away. I may not find happiness, but I will make-believe; perhaps, I can cheat myself. My soul shall not utterly starve."

Then John would answer, dreamily, "Happiness is from within."

Margaret fulfilled her threat. Ball succeeded ball. Motley crowds of people were drawn together, and over the assemblages she reigned a queen. At her house was found a welcome for all those brilliant men with whom the mines were infested, who, their imaginations being in the ascendant over their judgments, suffer shipwreck early in the voyage of life, and ever after live by their wits, becoming gamblers and sharpers. For a time, to save appearances, Hemming escorted his wife when she went out, and tolerated at his own house the

presence of unwelcome guests, but this could not last. The time came when he said to her, that, for the future, he should neither do one nor the other.

"As you please," said Margaret; and the evening following, with other escort, she attended a dance. The next morning, Margaret saw that a storm was at hand, and she braced herself for its coming.

John said, "I have interests at Jasper Creek. I shall go there to attend to them, and shall be absent some time, perhaps all winter."

"Very well," said Margaret; "you can not go too soon."

"I shall take Johnny," said he.

Margaret smiled incredulously.

John repeated, "I shall take Johnny."

"Do not think," said she, "to frighten me with an idle threat. Let me at least retain what respect I now have for your good sense. I am not a child, to be frightened into compliance with your wishes."

"It is not an idle threat," returned he; "nor do I appeal to your fears to control your actions. It is my fixed purpose that the boy shall go with me, and I only speak of it that I may not be apparently guilty of the meanness of stealing him away."

Margaret rose to her feet, and said: "Is it possible, that beneath all that show of homely goodness lurks a spirit so mean as to take from a miserable woman all that she has? That child is mine, John Hemming, not yours—not yours. A wanderer and an adventurer, you noted not the weary months of toil I gave to him; the sleepless nights and patient days, when I stood alone, with only him, in a condition more desolate than that of widowhood. Human law is with you, but there is a higher law that will overtake, and, with inexorable clutch, squeeze dry the hearts and lives of those who come in between the mother and the child she has borne."

John was unprepared for this cry of anguish from his wife. For a moment his resolution wavered, but the purpose which had been months in crystallizing, could not easily be shaken. He could but give his reasons for so decided a step, which he did, gently but firmly: "Margaret, we have no thoughts or hopes in common, nor can we labor for a common purpose; hence, it is best we part. It is inevitable; if not to-day, another day. It is a custom of the country that wives from the States shall seek divorces and form new alliances when they come into the mines. I accepted the common fate for you, months since."

Margaret covered her face with her hands, and John continued: "For this, if for no other reason, I go now; but, before I go, let me say, that, conceding your superiority in all things that strike the world, I envy not what you are. Could I, by a mere effort of the will, place myself on a level beside you, the effort would not be made. There is a higher knowledge than comes from books—a better grace than is learned in society. I do not take the boy to be avenged on you; nor because I think you will lead the life of a wanton, for I have no such belief; but because his character is to be formed, and I would not have it developed under your influence, even at your best."

Margaret sank into a chair, and gave way to a flood of tears. When she aroused herself, it was to find that her husband and little Johnny had disappeared. A letter she found, coldly stating that her checks would be honored at the bank for a monthly sum sufficient for her needs.

That Johnny should have so readily accompanied her husband, without one word of adieu to her, did not surprise Margaret. The manifest preference of the boy for his father rather than herself had for months been an occasion of grief to her. She was conscious that the fact

existed, but could not understand the philosophy of it. She thought, as the sole recipient of her love, he could do no less than place his chief affections upon her in return; that the debt of gratitude due for the care she had lavished on him from his birth, should have bound him to her by bands not admitting of even a temporary separation. But reason can not discern the laws that control the affections. Hearts lay hold upon hearts. The loving are those who are beloved. Children are both clairvoyant and reciprocal. Johnny could not help but know his father's love for humanity, his mother's indifference; and, being himself a part of that humanity, he could not help but reciprocate the one and the other.

The parting interview was fraught with a revelation to Margaret. Had John put off the form of a man and put on the appearance of an inhabitant of another planet, her surprise could not have been greater. She mused deeply, but her musings were more in sorrow than in anger. John had grown in her estimation—had outgrown contempt—and yet she could not hate him.

When Margaret realized that there was a separation, her first impulse was to continue her wayward course of life, but somehow, she could not tell why, the spirit was wanting. Balls were held, but she was not present; and her doors were closed to all visitors. Companionless, save her maid-servant of all work, whose stout husband served as warder to her castle, Margaret sat down to consider whether there were things in life that had so far escaped her notice.

John Hemming, at the newly discovered mining-camp of Jasper Creek—busy in the day-time with his mining interests, and in the evening with the recitations of his son, to whom he was teacher (the school-master, in the absence of children at that precinct, being abroad)—tried to think himself happy—tried to think himself content with the

inevitable; but the consciousness of the inevitable heals few griefs, and John was sad.

Not sad was little Johnny. Rosy with health, exuberant with the joyous spirits of childhood, idolized by his father, the pet and special care of the packers and miners, life to him so abounded in pleasures that he had no time to grieve for the loneliness of his mother. Like a bit of sunshine on a rainy day, Johnny dropped upon the miners in their diggings, or darted into their cabins, to be petted by fathers as proxy for their own children far away, and to be caressed by time-worn bachelors in gratification of a dormant but not dead parental instinct. It is inherent in the nature of man to love children, and Johnny was the recipient of the affections of a camp; and so it was when the days grew short, near the close of the year, and the boy fell sick of the mountain fever, the labors of many were forborne and business was in part suspended, that the miners might sit watching around his sick-bed, or stand waiting in the hope of an opportunity to do him service.

Slowly the disease triumphed over health and strength; slowly the lad wasted, until, one evening, at the close of his visit, the doctor called Hemming from the bedside to an adjoining room, and said, with averted face, "Johnny will die." As Hemming returned to the sick-room, Johnny opened his eyes for the first time in twenty-four hours, and said, "Papa, take me to my mother."

"Yes, Johnny," said he, "I will. God forgive me that I ever took you from her."

It was the fall of 1861—the beginning of that season which has passed into history as the wet winter of California. For thirty days it had stormed almost incessantly—rain in the valleys, snow on the hills. The lowlands bordering the Sacramento River were inundated; the summits of the Sierra were burdened

with twenty feet in depth of snow. All communication of mountain towns with each other, or with the plains below, was shut off. Trails for animals could neither be made nor kept open; and the usual winter method of transit by means of snow-shoes was forbidden by a dense pall of clouds, so obscuring the vision, that the hardiest mountaineers deemed it madness to attempt even a five-mile journey over a familiar trail. So, when it was announced that Hemming proposed to carry the sick boy thirty miles across the country to Howe's Flat, the miners said, "It is madness." The doctor—familiar with travel in the mountains, in winter as well as summer—deemed it next to an impossibility for a man to find his way between the two points; and discouraged the attempt, saying, "It matters nothing to Johnny—his stupor will continue, with scarcely any interruption, till death ensues; then why should you peril your life for what, if successful, he can not appreciate?"

John answered: "It is not for the boy alone; it is due to his mother that I make this attempt. Whether she kiss the living child's lips, or I lay down my life, the effort, perhaps, will atone in part for the grievous wrong I did her in taking away her child."

There were not wanting heroic spirits who volunteered to accompany John on his journey; but this he sternly forbade, saying, "Every man who sets forth, risks his life; while the chances of a speedy success are no greater with a thousand than with one. I go alone."

The preparations for the journey were made with the assistance of many ready hands. Blankets were cut, shaped, and sewed, to shelter and support the boy, and attach him to his father's shoulders; while the champion of the snow-shoe adepts of the district volunteered his favorite pair for John's use, and made them ready by applying his choicest "dope," the composition of which was a

well-guarded secret. These snow-shoes were not what are popularly known as such in the Western States—harp-shaped frames, woven with thongs of leather or raw-hide—but were staves of white ash, four inches wide and ten feet long, turning up slightly at the foremost end. For racing, these shoes sometimes attain the extreme length of fourteen feet; but for ordinary traveling, those from seven to ten feet are preferred. The doping consisted in applying a waxy substance to the bottoms, which gave a surface as smooth as glass, and, in contact with the snow, very nearly as hard.

When the dawn of Christmas Day appeared, John, with his burden, sallied forth. Hemming was fully conscious of the desperate nature of his undertaking. Thirty miles in a short winter's day, dragging heavy snow-shoes through the moist, yielding, new-fallen snow, and bearing such a burden as he carried, he well knew was sufficient to tax to the utmost the physical powers of the hardest man. He feared that his strength was unequal to the task; but this fear was as nothing to the greater one of losing his way. The shroud of snow obliterates all landmarks. The landscape of summer can not be identified in its winter robes, even in the bright sunlight; and then there was no sunlight. Vapors, of which the snow-flakes and the hoar-frost are born, veiled the Sierra in a mantle of gloom, shutting off the view of distant objects, and so distorting those at hand, that the most familiar things could not be recognized.

"Were the perils a thousand times what they are," said John to himself, "still would I venture. She has borne and nurtured the boy, and, if he lives till night, she shall see him once again, alive; or else he and I will sink into these snows, to lie chill and frozen until spring—then to feed the coyotes and buzzards."

From many standpoints, the summit

of the Sierra Nevada, near the sources of the various forks of the Yuba River, seems to the observer a vast, nearly level plateau; but when progress in any direction is attempted, the continuity of the seeming plain is found to be broken by tortuous ravines, that wind in every direction, and by occasional cañons, thousands of feet in depth, with sides of steep incline.

Hemming had "raised the hill," as the mountaineers term it, from the bottom of the cañon where Jasper Creek lies hid; and now, safety and success were dependent on his always choosing (when the frequent alternative was presented) the ridge which led to Howe's Flat, and avoiding that which led astray; in crossing the numerous ravines at the proper point; and, finally, in making, at or near the proper place, the hazardous descent from the mountain's brow to Howe's Flat in the depth of the cañon below. Swiftly he moved, with watchful care, seeking to recognize familiar objects, but finding none, and often consulting a pocket-compass, to be in part secure of his general direction. Hour after hour he toiled on, in doubt and uncertainty, his only guide being what the sailors call "dead-reckoning." He grew faint and weary, and still, with a will that conquered bodily weakness, he slid swiftly down into the ravines, to struggle up the opposite slope, and to resume the weary monotony of shuffling along the flat. Ever and anon he listened for the troubled breathing of the boy, and sometimes, in his anxiety, he spoke to him; when the faint "Yes, papa," that came from little Johnny's lips, fell on his ear like a knell.

Admonished, at length, by the fast-falling shadows of night, as well as his rapidly waning strength, John determined to make the descent into the cañon from the mountain along the brow of which he had for an hour toiled. He felt no certainty that Howe's Flat lay below;

indeed, he scarcely dared hope so much. "But what matters it," thought he, "whether we perish on the hill above or in the abyss beneath?"

In the haste of preparation, John had forgotten nothing. He undid from his own waist a wide band, or surcingle; passed it around Johnny and himself, outside of all wrappings, and buckled it as tight as he dared, to prevent the boy being thrown from him in case of accident. He shuddered to think of himself groping for the lad deep-buried in the snow, where a disaster would hurl him.

Hemming was too familiar with the mountains in that vicinity, and with the use of snow-shoes, to attempt to pick his way down the cañon's side. He knew, that whatever there was of valley lay at least two thousand feet, as the plummet falls, below where he stood, and that the descent to that depth must be made in a traveling distance of a little more than one mile. No man could keep his footing, at a leisurely pace, on such an incline. There was but one way, and that was, to make a dash. With cautious steps, and rigid muscles, Hemming approached the mountain's brow, and launched himself on its slope. Away he sped, swifter than the torrents of spring, that course down those hill-sides—swifter than the flight of an eagle, as he stoops on his prey. Scarcely seen in advance, and deftly avoided with a skill known only to the adept in the use of snow-shoes, the few scattering trees fled up the steep incline behind him as cloud-shadows course across the plain on an April day—faster and faster. And now the even grade is broken by sheer precipices of ten, fifteen, or twenty feet, over which he rode scarce conscious of the breach of continuity under his feet. With lungs still distended with the breath inhaled at the top, he reached the bottom, the impetus of the descent carrying him

far out on the level. With a murmured thanksgiving, John realized that the immediate peril was past. "Whither now?" said he. The anxious question was answered on the instant; for he saw immediately before him, looming out of the mist, the outline of a house, which, as he approached, took upon itself a wondrous familiar look. The orchard tree-tops peering above the snow, the green blinds, and the porch, over which a now leafless vine wound its long, naked arms, told him that he stood at the door of his wife's cottage.

Margaret, sitting at the window, had for hours gazed out into the gloom—had for hours watched the idle snow-flakes, as they sauntered to earth, and listened for the occasional sigh that betokened a rising wind; but her thoughts were elsewhere. Fit time for retrospection! She had once again reviewed her whole past life: had thought of her girlhood; of the days of courtship; of her fierce, tumultuous love for John; of her marriage at eighteen; of her husband's determination to visit California; of his preparation and departure for the land of promise; of the birth of little Johnny, on the day of which this was the tenth anniversary; of her struggles with poverty, while fortune frowned on her husband, sick and destitute in the land of gold; of the days when she earned bread for herself and boy, by school-teaching, whereby was formed the habit of self-reliance; of her persistent self-culture in all matters pertaining to the intellect, the fruitage of which, at her old home, had been, not firm friendships nor warm affections, but envy on the part of women, admiration on that of men; of John's joyous letters, announcing his prosperity in California; of her journey thither; of the glad meeting, and her after bitter disappointment at finding that a great gulf existed between herself and husband—that her tastes, thoughts,

and desires were not his—that while her purposes in life were definite and fixed, his were dreamy and uncertain—that while she lived in the world of mind and logic, he lived in the senses and feelings—while the key-note of her character was to *have*, that of his was to *be*. From retrospection to introspection: was she quite secure that her standard of excellence was higher than that of John? Was it not logical, that the true point lay between the extremes? Even admitting the errors of her husband's ideas of life, and the desirability of his adoption of her views—had she done her duty by him. Should she not, by gentle influence, have led him step by step into the clearer light; instead of which, had she not, by ill-concealed contempt and entire want of patience with his ideas, driven him from her side, to seek companionship and social enjoyment elsewhere? She thought of his fidelity to her in the long years of separation—of his endurance of sickness, privation, and suffering—and her heart softened toward him. But then came in the thought of his coldness and neglect for months preceding the parting, and of his taking away the boy; and her heart repented of its momentary weakness. “Still, one act of kindness,” said she—“one generous deed for my sake, to restore my belief in the nobleness of his nature, to assure me that his love for me has not wholly died out, and I will forget the past and strive for the future. Yes; and putting aside all past convictions, I will

study life's great lessons anew. But till then....”

Even as she spoke, the door opened, and John, with his strange burden, entered. Margaret neither spoke nor moved; a great fear and dread laid hold upon her, and paralyzed every muscle. Hastily, Hemming freed himself from his load, removed the rubber coat and the many blankets that had sheltered and supported the boy, and placed him on her lap. The pale, suffering face lighted up with joy, and, with a glad cry of “Mother! my mother!” he kissed her on the lips and either cheek, clasped his hands about her neck, and rested his head upon her bosom. The mother's arms closed around him, and fondly would she have clasped him there forever; but she felt the hands loose their hold, the limp form weigh heavier in her arms, and she knew that Johnny was with the angels.

Other children have since been born to the house of Hemming, and for them the waters of love flow from the never-failing springs of parental affection. But dearer far than the living is the dead boy who slumbers in the shadow of a giant pine—whose white tombstone gleams out of the night, and over whose grave roses shed their petals and honey-suckles distill their fragrance—whose young life was demanded that the parents might live, and whose memory is to them ever an admonition and a benediction.

THE MAN-FANCIERS.

WANDERING, some years ago, in the mountains of eastern Tennessee, in search of health and recreation, I made a longer stay than was usual with me, in a little village three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing very remarkable about it, except that it was surrounded by the most delicious scenery, and the atmosphere seemed to me to be clearer and more bracing than any that I had ever yet come across.

The intercourse with the landlord of the hotel where I stopped, was, as is usual in the South, very cordial, and entirely different from the relations which exist elsewhere between traveler and hotel-keeper. Indeed, if deference manifested itself at all, it generally came from the guest.

"Well," said my singular but at the same time agreeable entertainer, as we sat one evening smoking on the veranda, which overlooked the village, "I understand, from one of the boys, that you are going to leave us to-morrow."

"Yes," I responded; "I have an idea of going in the direction of Nashville to-morrow morning."

"I am certain," continued my host, "that we shall all miss you very much. Your visit has been a very agreeable one, all around. My wife thinks a great deal of you. But I think you should not at least go till you have seen the Bounderbys."

"But," said I, "who are the Bounderbys? I thought I had seen all your curiosities. Are the Bounderbys to be classed among them?"

"Well," answered my genial companion, letting out a larger puff of smoke than usual, and speaking with great de-

liberation, "they are a curious set. They have, beyond question, the finest horses, cattle, chickens, and dogs, in the country. But that is not all. They have for generations been applying the same system of improvement to themselves, and a wonderfully splendid-looking set of men and women they are. They say that if no disaster should happen to sweep them all out of existence, the Bounderbys are yet destined to govern the world. As for myself, I would not be surprised if they were a little crazy on the subject."

The statement interested me greatly, and, as time was no object with me, I made up my mind at once to pay these extraordinary persons a visit.

"Do they live far from this place?" I asked.

"A matter," replied the landlord, "of ten or fifteen miles up the mountain. The road to their place is a very picturesque one, and will pay you, if nothing else does, for your trouble."

"Are they accessible to strangers?" I further inquired.

"Bless your soul," responded my companion, "there is no such thing as inhospitality in these 'ere regions. They will welcome you heartily, and converse freely with you upon any subject you choose. They have a mighty nice place, too."

Next morning early saw me on my road up the mountain to Woodland Farm, which I was told was the name of the place of the singular family of which I was in search. It was one of those glorious days in spring when joyousness seemed to pervade the face of the earth. The birds hopped from twig to twig, and from branch to branch, war-

bling gayly their most delicious notes. The trees and shrubs were everywhere putting forth their buds and leaves. The road was a winding one, shaded on each side with hedges and sycamores. Three hours' pleasant ride brought me to a view of the place for which I was seeking; I having little difficulty in recognizing it from the description which had been given to me. It was situated on a gentle slope, with a thick forest in the background. The first impression which it left upon me was not a pleasant one. There was evidently too rigid a mathematical arrangement of the grounds and flower-beds which lay in front of the house. The house also partook of the same character, and all the surroundings. It was one story, with a veranda all around. Two wings shot out from each side, precisely similar, though smaller in structure, and with the same ornamentation. There was at first sight a bewildering wealth of right lines and angles, in fences, out-houses, and dwelling, but after a short time the beautiful symmetry of the whole began to dawn on the mind. No one part of the place could be fairly judged without taking in the whole. A nearer approach brought to view curves and circles, but in happy combination with the right lines. There was no arrangement that was not in close and intimate relation with something contiguous, running into it and blending with it, and nothing uncertain, indeterminate, or purposeless.

The more I gazed upon the wonderful landscape before me, the more fascinated I became with it. If any fault could at all be found in it, it was in a certain subordination of Nature to Art. If there were not some deep purpose in view, no one who had the skill to lay out such a place would have accorded to Nature so inferior a position in his plans. Nature, though not obliterated, was at every point forced to struggle for recognition. Riding up to the front-door,

a colored boy came forward to take my horse, when I asked if Mr. Bounderby was at home. Just at that moment the gentleman himself appeared on the steps leading up to the hall-door. I asked if I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bounderby? He responded, with affability, in the affirmative. I then told him that further down the mountain, at the village of —, I had heard of the fame of his blooded stock, and, as I was a great connoisseur in matters of that kind, I had ventured to intrude upon him. At the same time I handed him a letter of introduction from Mr. Lackering, my late host. While he was reading the letter, I had an opportunity to make a survey of his person. I had probably never laid my eyes upon a finer or more commanding looking old gentleman. He was, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age, but, advanced as he was, his *physique* had suffered little in its splendid outlines, except probably in the greater curvature of his waist. He stood as erect as a whip. His shoulders were straight and his chest as well developed as that of a young man. Though a long white beard descended from his chin, there was yet a youthful ruddiness in his complexion and a fire in his eyes that spoke of unimpaired vigor. Indeed, the first impression was that he was a young man whose hair and beard had grown white by some freak of Nature. He was clearly of the Anglo-Saxon type, square-featured and massive. If the most searching criticism could find fault, it would be because of a slight—a very slight—deviation from the right line in his nose, and a certain largeness of hand and foot, but a largeness which did not at all imply a want of symmetry. There was about him a certain air of conscious superiority rather than of personal conceit or vanity, which, though repellent at the first sight, had nothing offensive or grating about it. It was manifested in the calm, commanding glances which he cast

about him, and in the precision and conscious power of his movements.

It was impossible for me to resist the conviction, as I gazed upon him, that I was in the presence of a superior person, if not a being of a higher and more perfect race than myself. Having read the letter, he courteously invited me to dismount and enter the refreshing shade of his mansion, for by this time the sun was pouring down with fierce intensity. Accepting his kind hospitality, I proceeded with him into the parlors, and there sat down for awhile. I noticed that the same exquisite arrangement pervaded the furniture and ornamentation of the rooms that was observable in the grounds outside. Each apartment had its own autonomy, and was complete in itself, though presenting some general features which allied it with that which adjoined *en suite*. There was everywhere noticeable a certain perfection of form and adaptation. If the room was oblong, the furniture partook of the same form. If there was an oval centre-table, there was a pattern in the carpet or a figure in the frescoing of the ceiling which justified it. I noticed, also, a great wealth of statuary, disposed with the finest taste, but all of the very best models. There were copies of the Farnese Hercules, the Dying Gladiator, the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus of Milo, Powers' Greek Slave; but an evident preponderance of male figures. The house was rather artistic than luxurious in its appointments and arrangements. In all the living-rooms there were waxed floors instead of carpets. Nothing attracted my attention so much as the ingenious methods of ventilation which revealed themselves almost at every turn.

Having chatted for a short time on indifferent subjects, my host led me to the stables, and exhibited to me his horses, then his cattle, his chickens, and his pigeons. The same evidences of clean-

liness, ventilation, and perfect adaptation were observable in all the out-offices of this most singular and charming abode. The same idea forced itself upon me when viewing the decidedly superior forms of animal life by which I was surrounded, as when I first cast my eyes upon the proprietor. The horses had a nobler arch to their necks, more exquisite limbs, broader chests, thinner flanks, and more shiny coats than any other horses that I had ever seen. The cattle were evidently of the short-horned Durham variety, but they had finer forms and more distended udders than I had ever come across before. As for the fowl and pigeons, they were in endless variety, but in all cases strikingly peculiar and splendid. I exhausted my whole dictionary supply in giving expression to my admiration of what I saw, but in the most general terms, through fear that my assumed character of a connoisseur in blooded stock might be exploded. To tell the truth, I was amazed at what I beheld, and for a time was not at all sure that I had not stumbled, by some lucky chance, into a new and entirely superior world to the one in which I had been living. I rubbed my eyes several times, stubbed my toes, and slyly barked my knuckles upon some convenient jamb or gate-post, to make sure that I was not dreaming. The horse upon which I had ridden to the place, which, upon starting, seemed to me to be a very fair specimen of the equine species, now looked to be a sort of architectural steed, too poor and miserable for a Rosinante. The Newfoundland dog which accompanied me, and in whose powerful chest I had gloried a short time previously, appeared to be a scraggy fright beside the calm, colossal, and splendid animal of the same kind, that was reposing on the door-step, his nose on his paws, when I arrived. As for myself, though sallying forth in the morning with the impression that I was a tolerably fair specimen of

my race, I now shrank from every mirror that came in view, lest it might give back some misshapen and miserable monster, with whom I never could again be on terms of amity. The sense of my own inferiority and the inferiority of everything I possessed was becoming absolutely unbearable and oppressive.

Having seen everything, I was about to call for my horse and take my leave, but my host would not consent to what he considered so abrupt a departure. "You must at least," he said, "stop for dinner. We dine here at the plebeian hour of four o'clock, but I presume you can forego your city habits for one day. I should also like to introduce you to Mrs. Bounderby and my family."

Though I was really anxious to get away as speedily as possible from a place which had so cruelly lacerated my self-love, I readily accepted the invitation, in the hope of getting some information upon the subject which had brought me to Woodland—namely, the improvement of the human race itself, of which I had such positive evidence in Mr. Bounderby, by means of scientific selection.

Returning to the house, we found Mrs. Bounderby standing on the front steps, waiting for her husband. She was really a magnificent woman, though she could not be less than forty-five years of age, but there was not that immeasurable distance between her and hundreds of other women whom I had seen, that there was between her husband and all other men. I felt, the moment I laid my eyes upon her, that she, in a human point of view, was a sister, and that I could cordially shake her by the hand. There was nothing of that indefinable but at the same time palpable superiority about her so painfully manifest in Mr. Bounderby. She was a glorious woman, in every sense of the term, but clearly of the ordinary and usual type. I observed her closely every chance I got. If there was anything especially remark-

able in a form and face so healthily handsome and good, it was the exquisite proportions of the nose and the smallness of the hands. Indeed, the latter were small almost to the point of deformity. The incongruity did not probably exist when she was younger and more slender than she was now. She also belonged to the same variety of the human family as her husband. She had light-brown luxuriant hair; blue eyes, celestial in their depth and brilliancy; and an exquisite complexion, not strictly pink and white, but rather a creamy white, with the blush of the peach.

Mr. Bounderby introduced me to his wife, who received me with great cordiality. I could not resist giving her hand a slight pressure when she placed it in mine, for I felt there was some kinship at least between her and me, reckoning from Adam. She bade me welcome to Woodland with that air of healthy and unconstrained hospitality which is so taking, and then led the way to the grateful shade of her rich parlors. There we found two young ladies—one seated at the piano, and the other reading in an easy chair. I had no difficulty in at once coming to the conclusion that the young lady at the piano was the daughter of my kind host and hostess. In her there was, to the close observer, a happy blending of both parents. Whatever in them was antagonistic and opposite, was toned down to a sweet and harmonious accordance. The other was, in every respect, a contrast. She was rather below than above the medium height. She had blue eyes, blue-black hair, and the most brilliant complexion that I had ever seen. I observed that there was about both of them that same air of quiet superiority displayed by Mr. Bounderby, but a superiority which rather deprecated and apologized than asserted itself. I concluded that the young lady with the dark hair was a visitor—perhaps a distant relative—but my sur-

prise was complete when Mrs. Bounderby introduced her to me as her eldest daughter Melissa. The other was Mary, and was only nineteen years of age, though, from her commanding and well-rounded figure, I took her to be the older of the two. "My son," said Mr. Bounderby, "is off on one of his mountain excursions, and will not be home till evening." After spending a short time in that commonplace conversation which usually precedes a repast, dinner was announced, and we all proceeded to the dining-room. The dinner was as unique as the mansion in which it was given. It was a compound of the plainest and simplest fare with the most exquisite luxuries. There were cracked wheat and *pâté de foie gras*, a *châteaubriand* and boiled ham and cabbage, molasses and mullagatawny. The wines were not in great profusion, but they were of the richest and rarest quality.

As soon as the ladies retired, I turned the conversation upon the subject of the success which had evidently attended his efforts to improve the breed of animals in which he had taken an interest, in the hope of getting something from him on the more important topic of human advancement, physically and morally, by means of scientific selection. I found that he was not at all disposed to be reticent in the matter. On the contrary, he plunged at once *in medias res*. "Yes, sir," said he, "we are all men and animals, under the same system, here. There is a saying, which has been held to be true in all ages, but without any very clear conception of its meaning: it is, that 'Blood will tell.' It was a conviction of this kind that has led men, at all times, to consent to have sovereign power held by a single family. They thought that the great characteristics which induced them to accept the first member of the family as a leader or emperor, would be perpetuated in his line. But never was there a greater mistake.

The elevation to which these gifted men attained, was productive of nothing so much as the grossest immoralities. The so-called 'old families' of the world are precisely those that have the least continuity about them. The mere name was regarded as everything, while the actual facts of descent were totally ignored. We have a most signal instance of this absurdity in the present Emperor of the French. He is the son of Admiral Verhuel, of the Dutch navy, and Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. There is not a drop of the true Bonaparte blood in his veins. His very appearance is all that is necessary to prove this. He has not a feature in common with the family to which he pretends to belong. He may play Napoléon, but he never can be one. Indeed, for my part, I think he is more of an actor, or theatrical manager, than an emperor. The same is, also, measurably true of all the reigning and aristocratic families of the old world. They are simply masquers, possessing not a single quality of the great dead. It is owing to this fact that we see dynasties and aristocracies everywhere decaying. Blood, in their cases, evidently is not 'telling' anything that is very intelligible; and for the simple reason, that there is not any blood worth speaking of. The aristocracy of money—which, to all appearances, is taking the place of the pretended old families, is not destined to make any very deep impression on the world, for the reason that it is necessarily ephemeral. The man becomes rich because of some special qualities—certainly worth perpetuation, but which are shortly lost, because there is no necessity upon the rich man's son to exhibit any great quality, except it be that of amusing himself. The general rule is, that a rich man's son is not only a spendthrift, but utterly worthless—just as the parson's son is usually a scape-grace. But there must be rulers and leaders of

men. The world is getting too scientific to allow itself to depend upon chance in this matter. As we have seen, the aristocracy of mere names, without any of the qualities which originally rendered them illustrious, is an absurdity; an aristocracy of money, a mere vulgar delusion. The aristocracy of the future will consist of men of the noblest forms and the most brilliant minds. If the horse, by scientific selection, can be improved—if the good qualities which he inherits can be brought out in stronger relief, and the bad ones eliminated—why can not the human race be improved in the same way? I perceive, sir,” said he, turning short upon me, “that you wear glasses. Are you near-sighted?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I am very near-sighted; I have been so from infancy. My father and my grandfather were also near-sighted.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Bounderby, “there it is again! If your forefathers had applied themselves to the law of selection, they might have eliminated this defect, entirely, from their descendants. The Bounderbys have been engaged in the business of improving their race for the last four generations. They commenced, too, with very indifferent materials. The name of my great-grandfather was Josiah Bounderby. He was a native of the county of Kent, in England. He had accomplished what were then considered some very curious results in the breeding of pigeons, to which he was passionately devoted. He arrived at such a knowledge of the business, that he could produce almost any kind of pigeon desired, within certain limits. The idea struck him, that what was possible with pigeons might not be wholly impracticable in man. He was a very ordinary person; though our record of him is, necessarily, very brief.”

Mr. Bounderby then rose, and proceeded to a safe of extraordinary thickness and solidity, which had been let into

the wall. Opening it, he took therefrom a large book, bound in Russia leather, and held together with massive brass clasps. The leaves, as he opened it, I perceived, were not of paper, but of parchment, and were yellow with age.

“This,” said my host, resuming, “is the family record. The entry in relation to my great-grandfather, and traced with his own hand, reads: ‘Josiah Bounderby; born in the county of Kent, England, in 1710; died, 1785. Hair, red; nose, short; right foot, clubbed; slight curvature of spine; five feet six inches in height. At the age of thirty-five, measured thirty-two inches around the chest, and thirty around the waist; at forty-five, measured forty inches around the waist.’ I said,” continued Mr. Bounderby, “that this record was traced by himself; and so it was, with the exception of the date of death, which was, of course, left blank, to be filled by his heir. Indeed, that has ever since been the custom of the representative of each generation. We have no likeness of my great-grandfather, except that silhouette which you see on the wall, yonder. From it, he evidently was not a very imposing specimen of humanity.

“Here, now, is the record of my great-grandmother: ‘Annabel Lee; born in the county of Lincolnshire, in 1721; died, 1792. Hair, brown; features, regular. Five feet eight inches high; comes of a very tall and erect family.’ We have not,” continued Mr. Bounderby, “even a silhouette of my great-grandmother. The tradition of the family is, that she was a woman of magnificent form. My grandfather was a much more presentable man than my great-grandfather. There is an oil-painting of him on that wall. The lady beside him is my grandmother.”

Referring to the entries relating to them in the great family record, he pointed out their merits and defects, and showed, that in the next succeeding gen-

eration, these defects, by careful selection, had been either eliminated or greatly modified. An examination of the family portraits exhibited, plainly enough, a grand progress toward beauty of form.

"My grandfather emigrated to America," continued Mr. Bounderby, "and settled in Connecticut. My father moved to Virginia, and I came here. We have all been engaged in producing blooded stock, of various kinds, as well as improving ourselves."

"You will pardon me for remarking it," I said, "but you do not seem to make much account of the women in these family records."

"The fact is," replied Mr. Bounderby, "our female descendants soon get beyond family influences. They share, in each generation, the general improvement of the family; but when they get married, they forget family traditions, and are subjected to other ideas. I admit that it is a waste; but in the present condition of society, it can not be avoided."

"You will also pardon me," I said, "if I inquire why there is so great a difference between the two young ladies, your daughters?"

"I have not the least objection to explain it. It all came of a mistake made on the part of my father. He reached the conclusion, that to produce certain results, it would be necessary for him to marry a woman of the Italian race; but we are now all satisfied, that races so diametrically opposite as the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon and the dark-eyed Latin can not be judiciously blended. The only result that came of it was, that I had black hair instead of brown; which, as you may now perceive, faded away prematurely. The Latin type, however, seems to have reproduced itself in a most mysterious manner in my eldest daughter. You may also have noticed a certain peculiarity in the arrangement of my grounds, and the

plan of my house. The predominant feature, you must have observed, is that of a rigid, mathematical regularity. I resolved upon that arrangement because I believe that the surroundings exercise no inconsiderable effect upon both men and animals. I believe that the people of Philadelphia, both men and women, owe that regularity of feature and teeth, for which they are remarkable, to the mathematical precision with which their city is laid out. The idea of regularity and just proportion is, there, always before the mind."

Mr. Bounderby was proceeding in further illustration of this branch of the subject, when he was interrupted by a few notes of the richest and fullest tenor that I had ever heard; and immediately thereafter there burst into the room a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, of noblest mien and most perfect form. He was about six feet high, and broad-shouldered. His face was covered with luxuriant brown beard, and was almost divine in its classic beauty. Throwing his broad-brimmed hat aside, he said, addressing his father: "I have had a more than ordinarily long ramble about the mountains, and am hungry as a bear. But I see the dinner is over, and I suppose I must apply myself to the larder."

Having been introduced to me, he shook hands warmly, and asked me how I liked the mountains of East Tennessee. He seemed, at every breath, to throw off a surplus vitality. I observed, that the one or two slight personal defects of his father were entirely eliminated in his person. The hands and feet were small, and the nose was perfect in its outline.

When he had retired, Mr. Bounderby said: "That young gentleman, sir, is the product of three generations of careful selection. He is as nearly perfect, physically, as a human being can well be—at least, according to our present conceptions. There may be higher models

to which we may yet attain ; but we are satisfied to rest upon what we have already achieved, in the way of personal beauty and perfection of form. We do not know but that, by future experiments, we may be able to secure a toughness of fibre which will give us a longevity not hitherto enjoyed by mankind. You may probably have observed, that my son's forehead is low, but square and massive. We have here the basis, at least, of a magnificent intellectuality ; and that is the second point upon which we propose to experiment in the future. I confess to you, that this is the most intricate branch of the study upon which we have yet entered. It is easy enough to determine upon physical excellencies and defects, in making our selections ; but it is more difficult with the mind. We hope, however, by a patient investigation running through generations, to solve even this problem. We are now forced to rely on phrenology ; but we only take its revelations sparingly. I am afraid, that when it descends to too minute details, it loses itself in its own technicalities."

Thinking that I had here discovered a weak point, by which the whole labors of the family might be neutralized, I interrupted him, saying: "But how do you know that your son will be sufficiently tractable to accept the wife that you may scientifically select for him? How can you tell that he will not be led to bid defiance to your suggestions, in consequence of some wayward fancy?"

"Impossible, sir," he replied. "Every man who gets married had some pre-existing ideal. When he finds the woman who, in some dim way, fills this ideal, he takes to himself a wife. This ideal is often suggested by the reading of a chance piece of poetry, or a reverie. He pursues the phantom until he clutches it in flesh and blood. But it is different altogether with us. It has been the custom, in our family, for father and son to

examine the question dispassionately—determine upon the excellencies which are to be enhanced, and the defects which are to be eliminated. We, in this way, form the ideal in a perfectly natural way. Why, sir, my son is now deeply in love, but it is with a woman he has yet to find. I myself spent ten years hunting for my ideal. I propose that my son shall devote the same length of time to the pursuit. Our idea is, that the Bounderbys, in time, shall be the rulers of the world. They will attain to that pre-eminence, not by intrigue or skillful combinations, but by a universal acknowledgment of their superiority, mentally and physically, to all other men. We have obtained such a start, now, that I have no fears for the future, and no apprehension of rivalry. And in all that we have done, and propose to do, we conscientiously believe that we are fulfilling the divine mandate. Everybody admits that it is the duty of each individual to improve the talents which God has given him. This is exactly what we are doing, though we operate in the larger line of a family. The family, sir, is as superior to the individual as the race or nation is to the family. A family may survive for a thousand years, or more. Our system may be summed up in a few words: improving and developing what good we originally found, and eliminating defects. That we have made some mistakes, I do not deny ; but we are learning something every day. One very patent and satisfactory result of our operations is, a moral tone for which you will search long elsewhere. Immorality and dissipation are unknown among us. We are not working for ourselves, nor for to-day ; but for future generations, and, for aught we know, for all time."

Having spent some further time in this sort of conversation, I withdrew, thanking my kind host and hostess, and their family, for the pleasant day which I had spent.

Returning down the mountain, I found myself in a state of bewilderment that it would be impossible for me to describe. Whatever self-respect I had, was entirely obliterated. I felt that I belonged

to a decaying and moribund race. If it were the rule of this thing we call life, that the fittest should always survive, the Bounderbys of the future would have it all their own way.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

NO. VIII.—THE MODOCS.

MEN best acquainted with this tribe, say that their true name is Moãdoc—a word which originated with the Shasteecas, who applied it indefinitely to all wild Indians or enemies. Subsequently it was abridged to its present form, and narrowed in its use to the tribe now bearing it.

Their proper habitat is on the southern shore of Lower Klamath Lake, on Hot Creek, around Clear Lake, and along Lost River, in Oregon. They sometimes came out as far west as Butte Creek, in summer, to dig roots, and occasionally, though seldom, made an incursion into the unoccupied and disputed territory west and south of Goose Lake. Since the almost total destruction of the Shasteecas, the Hot Creek Modocs have been in the habit of coming down to the Shasta River every summer, to fish for salmon, which are not obtainable in their own waters. They generally arrive down about the 4th of July, so as to be in Yreka on that great occasion of gunpowder, cakes, and beer; and when that little city was so disastrously burned on the national anniversary of 1871, the Modocs were present, and several of them did yeoman's service in manning the engines.

The great plains around Goose Lake were densely inhabited of old, as is demonstrated by the number of stone mortars—fashioned with a sharp point, to be inserted into the ground—which have

been plowed up on Davis Creek and elsewhere; but within the historical period they have been deserted. The Indians assert, that, long ago, the Modocs, Piutes, and Pit River Indians contended for their possession in many bloody battles, but none of them ever gained a permanent advantage, and at last they abandoned the ferocious and wasting struggle from sheer exhaustion, leaving nothing settled concerning the title to the land. Always afterward, even when the all-equalizing Americans had arrived, none of them ever ventured thither, except now and then a band of warriors, armed to the teeth, on a hunting or fishing excursion of a few days, slipping through with haste and with stealth. It had become a savage Golgotha, a place of skulls, through which they passed with shuddering and with bated breath.

In physiognomy, the Modocs present more rugged and stolid strength of feature than the Shasteecas, or than the California Indians proper. Their cheekbones are rather large; hair remarkably thick and coarse; faces heavy and drowsy, much like the faces in Sacramento Valley, but not wrinkling so excessively in old age; eyes dullish, and frequently yellow where they should be white. Though living at a higher altitude than the Shasteecas about Yreka, they are darker colored, probably because of their proximity to large bodies of water. Unlike all other tribes in the State, the

men as well as the women paint themselves with various pigments formed from rotten wood, different kinds of earth, etc., making smears and blotches of color in most grotesque fashion.

Taken altogether, they are rather a cloddish, indolent, ordinarily good-natured race, but treacherous at bottom, sullen when angered, and notorious for keeping Punic faith. Their bravery nobody can dispute. They are churlishly exclusive, having no reciprocity or cartel with other tribes, like the blithe-hearted, joyous Wintoons; inviting none to their dances, and receiving no invitations in return. In fact, they have hardly any merry-makings, like the unnumbered acorn, clover, pine-nut, and salmon dances of the southern tribes; but chiefly the gloomy and truculent orgies of war, of the scalp, and of death. They attained of old to a great infamy as slave-dealers, their principal victims being the timid, simple, joyous races of California, and especially those of Pit River, though now the latter have forgiven the ancient crime, and heartily wish them well in their fight with the American. They have a toughness of vitality which corresponds with their character. In 1847, the small-pox destroyed about 150 of the tribe; they were forever at war with the Shasteecas until the Whites intervened; they have run many a foolhardy tilt against the Americans; and yet, as a nation, they are probably increasing slowly to-day! In 1851, they were less numerous than the Shasteecas; now they number about 250, and the latter thirty-five or forty.

The squaw Matilda, often mentioned in the dispatches as one of the chief mediators, is a woman of no mean capacity. Living with an American, she keeps his house tight and snug as any White woman could, and whenever not occupied with her household cares, she is busy over her pencil and paper. She has a voluminous roll of sketches, partly cop-

ies, but principally original drawings. With a stump of a pencil and any casual scrap of paper, she will strike off at sight an American, an Englishman, a German, a Chinaman, a Modoc, or any eccentric character she may chance to see; and her heads are wonderfully correct and graphic. If she had received an education, or enjoyed any privileges except those afforded by the rudest backwoods, she would have been heard of in the art world. Matilda is a woman of a strong, dark face, glittering eyes, slow and deliberate in speech, and of an iron will—a good type of her race.

For a foundation to his wigwam, the Modoc excavates a circular space from two to four feet deep, then makes over it a conical structure of puncheons, which is strongly braced up with timbers, frequently hewn and a foot square. The whole is warmly covered with earth, and an aperture left atop, to which the inhabitants ascend by a centre-pole. Both sexes dressed themselves in skins and furs, like the Oregon Indians, before they ever saw an American. For galadresses, they tanned large-sized skins, and inlaid them with brilliant-colored duck-scalps, sewed on in various figures, making very handsome, if rather evil-smelling, robes.

Fish are caught with gigs, pointed with horn or bone, and with various kinds of seines. They formerly had dug-outs, generally made from the fir, quite rude and unshapely concerns, compared with those of the lower Klamath, but substantial, and sometimes large enough to carry 1,800 pounds of merchandise. Across the bow of one of these canoes the seine was stretched, bellying back as the craft was propelled through the water, until the catch was sufficiently large, when it was lifted up, emptied, and then replaced for another draught.

In these canoes they also gather the *wocus*. This is an aquatic plant, with

a floating leaf very much like that of a pond-lily, in the centre of which is a pod resembling a poppy-head, full of farinaceous seeds. These are pulled in great quantities, and the seed thrashed out on shore, forming an excellent material for bread or panada. Americans sometimes gather and parch them, then eat them in a bowl of milk with a spoon—a dish which is very relishable. The Klamath lakes are the only waters, I believe, on which this singular plant is known to exist, and it has been well suggested, that, if transplanted to other swamps and lagoons of California, it might become a cereal almost as productive and nutritious as rice. It constitutes a large source of winter supply for the Modocs. Another vegetable product they depend on largely is the *kice*, or *kace*—a root about an inch long and as large as one's little finger, of a bitter-sweetish and pungent taste, something like ginseng. Early in June, they quit their warm winter-lodges, and scatter about in small parties and families, encamping in brushwood booths, for the purpose of gathering this root. They find it in moist, rich places, near the edge of swamps; and, with a little fire-hardened stick in her hand, and a basket, a squaw can root it out fast. It is washed and eaten raw (the children and men are munching it all day), or dried and sacked up for winter. An industrious woman will put away many bushels of it in the attic of the lodge. They also set much store by *cammas*, which is gathered and preserved in the same manner. Thus it will be seen that the Modocs are more properly "Diggers," though not generally classed as such, than the California Indians thus called.

In Lost River, desert stream though it is, the Modocs find a remarkable supply and variety of fish. There are black, silver-sided, and speckled trout, of which first two species specimens are taken weighing twenty-five pounds; buffalo

fish, from five to twelve pounds; and very large, fine suckers—such only in name and appearance, for they are not bonier than common fishes. In spawning-time, the fish school up from Clear Lake in extraordinary numbers, so that the Indians have only to put a slight obstruction in the river, when they can literally shovel them out. But the salmon, king of the finny tribes, they have not. That royal fish ascends the Klamath only to the first rapids below the lake, for above there is no gravel suitable to spawn in. The Modocs smoke up small stores of fish for winter consumption, and that principally from the little, white lake-fish; for they return from their summer pilgrimage to the Shasta empty-handed. From these facts may be learned the secret of the Modocs' strong attachment to the banks of Lost River.

The Modoc squaws make a beautiful fashion of baby-basket. It is of fine willow-work, a little longer than a baby, shaped like a cylinder with half of it cut away, and the ends rounded. It is intended to be set up against the wall or carried on the back; hence the infant is lashed perpendicularly in it, with his feet standing on one end, and the other arching over his head for a canopy. In one which I saw this canopy was supported by standards, spirally wrapped with gay-colored calico, with looped and scalloped hangings between; and the body of it being woven of the finest willows in variegated colors, and the little cub pinioned in it, neat, clean, with his nose wiped, and standing straight up as an arrow—it was quite a fashionable turnout. Let a squaw black her whole face below the eyes, including the nose, shining black; thrust a goose-quill three inches long through the *septum* of her nose, don her close-fitting skull-cap, and start for town with her baby-basket lashed to her back; then she feels the pride of maternity strong within her. The little fellow

is swaddled all around like a mummy, with nothing visible but his head, so that he can sleep standing. From the manner in which the tender skull is thus banded back, it often results that it grows backward and upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, as if it had been compressed between two boards. Among the Muckalucs, a closely related tribe, I have seen a man of fifty years whose forehead was all gone, the head sloping right back on a line with the nose. Yet his faculties seemed nowise impaired. Again, the basket is so shaped that the baby, when riding on his mother's back, seems to be inserted into a tiny pulpit. All this conspicuous pains-taking which the Modoc squaws expend on their baby-baskets is good; it is a hopeful thing. Not unfrequently a Digger woman will set her baby carelessly in the top of a conical basket—the same in which she carries her household effects—leaving it loose and liable to fall out. When she has a baby-basket, it is not ornamented; and one tribe contemptuously call it “the dog’s-nest.”

The Modocs have a hereditary chieftainship, and they are something less democratic and independent than the California Indians proper. But their surly and intractable character reveals itself occasionally. Sconchin, the lineal and rightful Chief of the whole tribe, and perhaps the most conscientious and honest Modoc the Americans ever knew, together with the famous Laylake (after whom a branch of the nation is called), made a treaty of peace with Captain Jesse Walker in 1854, and again with the Government in 1864, and both of them he kept religiously. He remained on the Klamath Reservation, as he had promised, and it was partly his fidelity to his pledges which finally brought about Captain Jack's secession and all the subsequent troubles of this year. In 1870, Captain Jack, a coward and a braggart, set up the standard of insur-

rection, and led away from the reservation all but a hundred of the Modocs, who remained and still remain loyal to their legitimate Chief. He had given no pledges for himself, and he declared that Sconchin had no authority to bind him.

It is sometimes asserted that the Modocs have improved in disposition since the American conquest. B. F. Dowell, for instance, states that, twenty years ago, they were all roving, hostile, barbarous savages; while now more than half of them are loyal, very kind, and many of them speak good English. This is a rank delusion, common to American egotism. Their “loyalty,” as with a great majority of Indians, is simply fear; they are neither more nor less kind than they were as savages—if anything, less generous to each other; and experience gives painful proof of the fact that the younger and English-speaking generation are less truthful, less honest, and less virtuous than the old, simon-pure savages.

I will give an instance of conspicuous shabbiness in their modern treatment of one another. When Captain Jack revolted and left the reservation, he and his band went down to Lost River and engaged in gambling with Captain George and his Muckalucs (Klamath Lake Indians). The latter were successful, and eventually won twenty-odd ponies, besides other articles. When the time of reckoning came, Captain Jack flatly refused to give up the ponies, and proposed that they should try a shooting-match for them. Captain George had fewer followers than he, and they were not armed; so, after much fierce jangling, he was forced to consent. Then Captain Jack turned bully, began to bluster like a pirate, openly threatened Captain George's life, and finally drove the ponies coolly off!

On the other hand, how admirable was the conduct of Sconchin, in contrast.

He and his faithful hundred were afterward removed to the Yainax Reservation, and, in the spring of 1872, they departed on a two-months' leave of absence, to gather roots and fish. The day before I reached the reservation, Sconchin's furlough expired, and the old Chief mounted his horse and rode forty miles through the desert to get it renewed, though he knew well there was not a bayonet on the reservation, and that the whole matter was an unmitigated farce.

When going into battle, the Modocs generally strip themselves naked, and hideously besmear the front of their bodies with blood-colored streaks and splashes of paint. Every frontiersman knows and dreads the terrible significance of red paint when employed by an Indian; it is the black flag of savage warfare. Their women often go forth to battle with them. Alvy Boles relates the following story, which may possibly be a little apocryphal, though the accounts received from the front during the present war go to confirm it: In 1854, when Captain Judy was campaigning against the united bands of the Modocs and Shastecas, on the Klamath, north of Yreka, women were frequently seen among the Indians, fighting, and sometimes found among the dead. One day, the enemy came suddenly upon him, advancing rapidly over the brow of a hill, and filling the air with a perfect shower of arrows. But not a male barbarian was in sight. Before them, in solid line of battle, their women were moving to the charge, while the warriors slunk along behind them, discharging their arrows between. For a moment, the Americans were taken aback. Their traditional gallantry, not a whit diminished by residence on the frontier, forbade them from firing on the tender sex. But what could be done? They could not shoot a bullet at a right angle over the women's heads, though

they would doubtless have done that if they could. Then the gallant Captain gave the order, "Break down the breast-works!" It was done. In his report of the battle, Captain Judy mentioned that "a few squaws were killed by accident!"

One custom the Modocs have which is peculiar. In the morning, at day-break, before any one has issued from his wigwam, they all arise in their rude couches and join in an orison, a kind of chant intoned with that haunting and mournful cadence—that hoarse, long, wailing sound—which is so infinitely saddening in all the music of the American Indians. It would seem to be a kind of invocation to that Great Being (Komoðse) whom the Modocs vaguely recognize as the Creator. This was related to me by N. B. Ball, a soldier under Captain Jesse Walker, who listened to it one morning with a strange feeling while he lay close along the brow of a hill before the battle, glancing down his gun-barrel and waiting for the daybreak to show the nick in the sights.

All the Modocs were absent from the reservation and widely scattered over the country, at their summer labors; hence, I saw none of the chiefs, and did not get a perfectly satisfactory account of the tribe. But the Muckalucs, known to the Americans as the Klamath Lake Indians, have the same language and the same customs, and their history will supplement the other. They divide themselves into two main bodies, the Eócskinnes and Blykinnes, which names mean respectively "lowlanders" and "uplanders." The Eócskinnes dwell around Klamath Lake, the Blykinnes on Sprague River. Though they have intermarried a good deal with the Modocs, giving rise to a border race called Cóm-batwash, they have warred on them even more, and beaten them time out of mind. They are deadly hereditary enemies.

We have come, now, into the real Or-

egon races, who have produced great chiefs, mighty warriors, organizers of government, men of old renown. Perhaps the most celebrated of these was Cumtucne, who died about 1866. He was rather a peace-chief—that is, a great orator, prophet, and rain-maker. Not only among the Muckalucs and Modocs, but through all the surrounding tribes, he was known and dreaded, and Indians traveled two hundred miles to consult him. It was believed that he could poison water or food by his simple volition, and many other wonderful things could he perform. At the present time, Captain George is Chief of the Muckalucs, without a rival, and he can muster 250 warriors. He wields over his subjects an authority such as few, if any, California chieftains dare attempt. On one occasion, not long ago, two of them were somewhat the worse for fire-water; in consequence of which they were whooping and running riot, and not only refused obedience to Captain George, but insulted him. Thereupon, the despotic old savage coolly drew his bow and shot them both unto death, where they stood; and none of their relatives ever dared bring him to judgment. Among these, the Chief also assesses, arbitrarily, the number of ponies, or the amount of shells, which must be paid as blood-money, in case of murder.

There is a war-chief, and a peace-chief or medicine-man, besides a great number of petty local head-men, whom the two leaders keep well in hand. One of the principal functions of the medicine-man is to "give the people a good heart," which he does through the instrumentality of a speech, sometimes protracted to a length of three hours. He has a repeater, who repeats every sentence after him, though he himself speaks with sufficient loudness to be heard.

As these Indians are braver and more despotic than their southern neighbors,

so they are more virtuous—or were, in their native state. It was a primitive custom among them, to destroy any woman who had commerce with a foreigner; which can be affirmed of only two or three tribes in California. Polygamy is tolerated, and the women have not so much influence as among the Shasteecas, though they possess considerable. They participate freely in all the war-dances, and other Spartan exercises; they have most of the medical practice; and they conduct, in person, nearly all the quarrels or fights which arise out of jealousy or polygamic discord. In all that relates to medicine, midwifery, bathing, etc., they are notably modest. A whole family sometimes enjoy a sweat-bath together, in their small ovens, heated with hot stones, but it is conducted with perfect propriety. The Modocs enjoy a privilege which must render them the envy of civilized men; and that is, the privilege of killing their mothers-in-law. To prevent misapprehension, it is necessary to say, that this is not a common practice; but if an Indian resort to it, his liberty is nowise curtailed, nor his character sullied. A widow inherits no property from her deceased husband, merely retaining the baskets and personal ornaments which she has herself made; and if any of his property is left unburned, it is divided among his relatives. So religiously do they destroy the possessions of the dead, that, some years ago, when an American named More, who had consorted with a Muckaluc woman, died, they burned up a large quantity of fence-rails he had lately split. To the backwoodsmen this seemed gratuitous, as rails cost a good deal of hard work. The dead are buried in a recumbent posture, and the relatives dance, in a wailing circle, around the open grave. A pile of stones, or a tent, is erected over it, to prevent wild animals from exhuming the body. When one dies at a distance, he is burned, for

convenience of transportation, and his ashes are sacredly carried home, and scattered on the graves of his ancestors; for there is nothing for which the dying savage so earnestly pleads with his companions, as their promise to carry him home to rest; and nothing from which he so piteously adjures them to deliver him, as the dishonor of being buried in alien soil.

This nation were even worse than the Modocs in the rapacity and cruelty with which they prosecuted the slave-trade. To secure a supply of slaves, they generally made war on the timid and peaceful Indians of Pit River. Of the captives taken, they retained as many as they wished for their own service, and sold the remainder to the tribes about The Dalles and Des Chutes. It was by means of this barter that they first obtained a stock of ponies, which their northern neighbors had learned to use before themselves. These slaves, like all other property, were sacrificed upon the death of the owner, though the practice is now discontinued. The last instance when they attempted it was at the death of Captain George's daughter, from the effects of a burn, when they wished to immolate all her slaves; but the Whites intervened, and prevented it.

When a maiden arrives at womanhood, her father makes a kind of party in her honor. Her young companions assemble, and together they dance and sing wild, dithyrambic roundelays; improvised songs of the woods and the waters—as thus:

“Jumping echoes of the rock;

Squirrels turning somersaults;

Green leaves, dancing in the air;

Fishes, white as money-shells,

Running in the water, green, and deep, and still.

Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!

Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-hay!”

This is the substance of one of the songs, as translated for me, and I have imitated the rhythmical movement as nearly as possible. For five consecutive

nights, the maiden and her chosen companions, locked arm in arm, with wristlets and anklets of the chanize-bush, walk to and fro, on the same line, all night, rattling amulets of deers' toes, chanting and singing, continually. The Indians, occasionally, stand decorously by and look on; but, unlike the California Indians, they take no part in the exercises, and profane them by no obscene remarks. When the ceremony is ended, the father makes liberal presents to the maiden's friends who have attended her; sometimes, even, being obliged to sell a horse to enable him to carry out his generous impulses.

From various paragraphs before written, it will readily appear that these Indians are more attached to their children than most tribes in California. So poignant and so overwhelming is the grief of a father on losing his son, that he sometimes rushes away in midwinter, ascends the highest mountain, plunges himself in the snow, and fasts—weeping, and beating his breast. It would seem that, if his friends did not follow him and bring him back, he would perish.

They hold, that fire was once lost throughout all the world; but that the coyote and the wolf stole it, from some quarter, and restored it. The coyote had the secret principle of fire in his toenails, and he imparted it to the turtle, then carried him up into the mountains, where the turtle communicated it to the flints and trees; so that an Indian can now extract it by percussing the one or drilling the other. Blydelknelókke (the Chief above) gave them, as they believe, all things that they possess, and taught them their uses and names. He showed their ancestors how to make elk-skin hats, and boots or leggings, and that they should pluck out their beards; and he instructed the squaws in the art of weaving skull-caps, etc. When an Indian walks on the high hills or mountains, he carefully refrains from displacing

or rolling down any stones, because Blydelknelókke walks on the mountains, stepping from stone to stone, and he would be offended at the absence of a single one.

THE WOMAN OF STONE.

Before the Muckalucs fell from their first estate; they were a happy people. Blydelknelókke gave them freely all things to enjoy, without the toil of woman's hands. Pleasant roots had they, and all manner of flesh—of elk, of deer, of antelope, of fish—with many green and goodly herbs which the earth abundantly produces. All these things did they eat, without sweat, or toil, or chase. Their days were full of songs, and their nights of sweet love, and laughter, and the dance. Their medicines talked with the Chief on high, and their words were wise. No pestilence, no black death, nor blight, nor deadly pains, ever passed among their villages. But a maiden of the Muckalucs wrought an odious thing in the sight of men. In wrath and vengeance, Blydelknelókke slew her with his hammer, wherewith he created and fashioned the world. He smote her unto death, on the spot; but her guilty lover escaped. She was turned into stone, on the mountain-side, and the great hammer likewise, beside her. There they have lain through many, many, many snows, plainly visible on the mountain—an everlasting reminder to the unhappy Muckalucs of the folly and weakness of woman, and of the once happy estate which they lost forever through her wickedness. On the mountain, towering high, which they call "Naylix," just at the edge of the chafing and leaping waves of Upper Klamath Lake, is seen the gigantic form of the Woman of Stone, extending far up the slope, and beside her head, the Hammer of Creation. And ever since that fatal day, the hapless Muckalucs have been condemned to labor and to pain—all because of the primal sin of woman.

There are some people whose egotism of race, or bigotry of religion, will never let them rest until they have demonstrated, to their own satisfaction, that all such legends as that above rehearsed are exotic, imported, conveyed to the Indians by some early missionary, or caught up by them from some recited Bible lesson, or kitchen story. They will not accord to the Indian any inventive power whatever. Out upon such miserable cant! A man who will thus endeavor to filch away from the savage whatever he has that is characteristic, is more to be despised than the lowest barbarian. If anybody possesses the requisite ingenuity to hunt this story back into a distorted version of the tale of Eden, he is welcome to it. I envy him not the talent. Why not allow that the Indian sages also, in their meditations, may have grounded hard and fast on that old, old rock of shipwreck—"Whence came disease and death into the world?" And surely the Muckaluc legend is no more discreditable than the Hebrew, for both shoulder all the blame upon the woman—the one, upon her curiosity; the other, upon her frailty. The inventors of either attributed to her whatever they considered her besetting sin.

Concerning the reservation, the secession therefrom, and the subsequent and present troubles with the Modocs, a very brief and simple statement will suffice. In 1854, they ceded all their lands, by treaty, to the United States Government, and agreed to go upon the Klamath Reservation. In 1864, the substance of that treaty was renewed. This reservation is fifty by forty miles in extent, lying east of Upper Klamath Lake, and including the fertile and magnificent valley of Sprague River. It is only justice to the Modocs to say, that they never were permitted to live happily on this reservation. The Klamath Lake Indians—their bitter and hereditary en-

emies, and greatly outnumbering them—were placed on it with them, together with several hundred Piutes. The Klamath Lake Indians were still on their own ancestral soil, while the Modocs were not; and the former continually taunted them with that fact, flung at them as interlopers and beggars, hectoring and bullied them, obstructed their fishing operations, insulted and beat their women whenever they could do it safely, and, in short, did everything that savages are so ingenious in doing to make another tribe miserable. Brave and honest old Sconchin bore it all like a Spartan, having regard to his promises, though the clamors and laments of his people dinned day and night in his ear, as the cries of Israel came up to Moses and Aaron in the desert. Only the presence of the troops prevented bloody outbreaks from occurring continually. But at last, as before stated, in 1870, Captain Jack—although a man of mean quality, a coward, and a thorough-paced rascal—won the majority of the people from old Sconchin by siding with them against the treaty; and, finally, presuming upon the imbecile rule of the reservation, boldly marched away from it, and returned to the Modocs' ancient home on Lost River. Some weak attempts were made to induce him to return; but, presently, the whole matter was dropped, and he and his followers were allowed to roam whither they would. To remedy the ineradicable hostility between the Modocs and the Klamath Lake Indians, a new set of reservation buildings was established on the eastern end of the reserve, in Sprague River Valley, and called "Yainax Reservation;" to which the remaining 100 Modocs, still loyal to Sconchin, were removed. But, with fatuousness worthy of the Indian Bureau, 700 Klamath Lake Indians were also brought with them; and thus the old elements of discord were perpetuated.

There was a third band of the Modocs

split off, numbering only about forty, called the "Hot Creek Modocs," who acknowledged neither the authority of Sconchin nor of Captain Jack. Ranging on Hot Creek, Lower Klamath Lake, and Butte Creek, under the *quasi* protectorate of Messrs. Fairchild and Dorris, they deported themselves with comparative propriety, and were quite inoffensive.

Meantime, for two or three years, Captain Jack and his renegades roamed, without let or hindrance, throughout the whole region along Lost River, Clear Lake, and the adjoining waters, and even penetrated, sometimes, as far east as Goose Lake, slaughtering certain cattle strayed away from the herds owned by settlers on the eastern shore of the lake. They drove with them everywhere their immense bands of ponies—over Government lands, over reservation lands, over claims of settlers—contemptuously indifferent to all complaints and remonstrances, and depasturing vast bodies of grass to no good purpose. Many of the residents of these claims were bachelors, necessarily absent a good part of the day herding their cattle; and into their cabins the Modocs would force their way, and commit petty depredations, or perpetrate unmentionable indecencies. If the settler left a wife behind him, they would compel her to serve them, fling water about the house, whoop, yell, bang the doors, snatch articles out of the cupboard, and behave generally with outrageous and abominable indecency. For several months, every summer, Sconchin's Indians would be furloughed from the reservation, and come down on Lost River and the lakes. They would also bring hundreds upon hundreds of ponies along, to graze, though leaving many behind upon the reservation; but, aside from this offense, they behaved well enough generally. It was the universal sentiment of the settlers, that they would make very little complaint over the loss

of the pasturage; for that country is large enough, and rich enough in grass, heaven wot, to maintain all that will ever get into it for the next twenty years. But what they did vigorously protest against was, the promiscuous running to and fro of the impudent savages, and the intolerable pother they made in their families. As early as the summer of 1872, there was a fierce and menacing undercurrent of talk running among all the settlers of that region, especially on the Oregon side. It was evident, that there was needed only a slight occasion of mis-chief-doing to bring forth a bloody outbreak, or massacre.

On the part of the reservation, what were the manifestations? It was and is argued, that the altitude of the whole Klamath Reservation is so considerable as to preclude any useful cultivation of the cereals, and hence, notwithstanding the enormous dimensions of the reserve, it was necessary to furlough the Indians a good while every summer, to gather roots and fish outside of it. But no excuse was made, or could be made, for not bringing back Captain Jack—at least, during the winter. As things were managed in that latitude, the Indians were not at all to be blamed for wanting their annual furlough; for it was with them absolutely one of two things—dig roots, or starve. If they had had sense enough to keep cattle instead of ponies, they might have subsisted fatly on their flesh; but they had not, and there was no one to advise them. Yainax may be too frosty for the successful production of wheat, and require to import 40,000 pounds of flour a year; but it exhibits a fine, spacious field of that cereal in an advanced stage of growth, and a new thrashing-machine. It is a good latitude for hotel-keeping, and Government rations are cheap to the traveler at fifty cents a meal, when there is no other stopping-place for sixty miles on one side, and twenty on the other. The In-

dian, with his one annual shirt and his stomach half-full of roots, on a frosty and nipping morning looks into the cozy dining-room and sees a pampered Chinaman serving a reservation family and guests (the travelers) with hot, greased cakes of Government flour. It would not answer to have an Indian in there cooking, for he might surreptitiously hand victuals out of the window to his countrymen, and the hotel larder be bankrupted.

But every intelligent reader knows, too well, the sickening story of the average Indian reservation. Who blames Captain Jack for not wanting to go back to it, if he could help himself—back to this accursed pest-house? It was a miracle of savage fidelity, that Sconchin voluntarily rode forty miles to get his furlough renewed. The Modocs were a chained tiger, tampered with by fools. They let him play to the end of his chain; they pulled it, they coaxed him, they threatened, they threw him crumbs, they let him go again. He sparled, and they coddled him. They begged him to come back; they advised him to come back; they sent agents to urge him to come back. From first to last, there has been brought to bear on the solution of this question a mixture of shilly-shally imbecility and paltering. The Modocs know a man's metal when they see him; they have done nothing, all their lives, but read faces. They know George Crook from another man. They are no dotards; they are no whiners. They judged the Great Father, in Washington, by his sons whom he sent; and the latter they caught, and cast them out of the vineyard, and slew them. I once overheard a poor, simple-witted Digger Indian telling his comrade about some terrible invention of the White man—evidently a repeating-rifle. He wound up by saying, "When he shoot a man, he hit him same time before, behind." But the Modocs know which end of a Henry rifle

the lead comes out of. I glory in that supreme audacity which armors its breast only with a little red paint against a sixteen-shooter. If men will fool with a chained tiger, and let him at large certain days, let them not squeal if they are bitten. The pity of it is—the grievous pity—that it was the settlers who were bitten, and not the reservation people. No doubt the Modocs are a cruel, revengeful, and implacable race; but they know the master, when they see him.

Ah, for one day, for one hour, of George Crook! The blood of those poor murdered women and children lies not more upon the bloody-minded Modocs than it does upon the wretched, slabbering, paltering policy which let them loose. What the Modocs need, more than anything else, is that tremendous thrashing which one brave man gives another, and which they can understand; after that, impartial justice—no swindling, no foolery, no generosity.

MARAH.

“The song were sweeter and better
If only the thought were glad.”
Be hidden the chafe of the fetter,
The scars of the wounds you have had;
Be silent of strife and endeavor,
But shout of the victory won!
You may sit in the shadow forever,
If only you’ll sing of the sun.

There are hearts, you must know, over tender
With the wine of the joy-cup of years;
One might dim for a moment the splendor
Of eyes unaccustomed to tears:
So sing, if you must, with the gladness
That brimmed the lost heart of your youth,
Lest you breathe, in the song and its sadness,
The secret of life at its truth.

O, violets, born of the valley,
You are sweet in the sun and the dew;
But your sisters, in yonder dim alley,
Are sweeter—and paler—than you!
O, birds, you are blithe in the meadow,
But your mates of the forest I love;
And sweeter their songs in its shadow,
Though sadder the singing thereof!

To the weary in life’s wildernesses
The soul of the singer belongs.
Small need, in your green, sunny places,
Glad dwellers, have you of my songs.
For you the blithe birds of the meadow
Trill silverly sweet, every one;
But I can not sit in the shadow
Forever, and sing of the sun.

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS OF '49.

SECOND PAPER.

EARLY in the morning—I believe, at five—I heard a bell ring; summons, as I thought, to get up. Hard work this for city folk, who enjoy a few days' country vacation. But the sun was just casting a streak of light on Mount St. Helen, the birds were singing, Nature revived from its slumber, and, following suit, I jumped up at once. With all my dispatch, however, I was scarcely "ready"—and that takes a city man much longer than those primitive country people, who know very little about shaving, shirt-collars, glossy boots, etc.—when I heard a second bell ringing. Instincts said, "That is breakfast." Down I went, and found the Doctor in the parlor, sitting with his Bible opened before him. I contrived to hide my astonishment, and tried to get up as much spiritual appetite as I had carnal. The spiritual man having been satisfied—at least, mine was—the carnal man received his share. It again reminded me of home, and, somehow or other, breakfast tasted not the worse for it.

"Light your cigar," said the Doctor, "and I'll go on with my Argonauts. Can you stay over this night?"

"Certainly," I answered, "if it is not inconvenient."

"Inconvenient!" exclaimed the Doctor. "You city people think long before you invite a friend. Everything must be just so. It won't look well! And so a friend becomes a burden instead of a blessing. We in the country are glad to have one come at any time. We give what we have; and what is lacking in fashionable accommodations—so-called 'modern improvements'—is made up by joyful nature, sunshine, and birds' song. But now sit down on the veranda. We

are in the way here; they must sweep, you know."

"I should like to know what was your impression of San Francisco?" said I, after a pause.

"My impression? Well, none at all," replied the Doctor. "To have an impression, I suppose there must be something to impress you with—that seems logical. Now, there was no San Francisco."

"No San Francisco!"

"No, there was *not*," he exclaimed. "There were sand-hills, tents, huts, and some muddy places, which were called streets; but nothing to impress you—nothing, indeed."

Keeping silence, I began to think the Doctor was somewhat erratic, to use a mild term.

"You can not understand that," continued he, "you, who live perhaps in the Grand Hotel; but, I tell you, there was no San Francisco."

"But, Doctor, there were . . ."

"There were men, that is all; there were Argonauts. There were men, ready to build, to lay out streets, to pave them, to make sewers, to level hills hundreds of feet high, to make a San Francisco. Do you understand now?"

"Yes, Doctor, I do." The Doctor was on his hobby, the Argonauts. "But then what did it generally look like?"

"Well, nothing is nothing, and looks like nothing, I should say. During my stay at Mr. Ward's, I used to walk around; not far, as I was recovering from a severe attack of illness during the last days of our passage. From his house, which I was told was the corner of Stockton and Green streets, I saw nothing but a

sort of valley, where stood a shanty with a wooden cross. That was the Roman Catholic Church, now St. Francis. Further up, on the top of Telegraph Hill, there was nothing but the clumsy telegraph, with its moving limbs, or arms. A little to the east, I could see what was then called the North Beach Cemetery, where Mr. Ward's young wife had been buried a few months before. All around were a few huts, shanties, and tents.

"When I boarded in Montgomery Street, I climbed the nearly hundred feet high sand-hill, which terminated what was called California Street, and from there had a fine view toward Rincon Point and the entrance of Happy Valley. Where now stands the Mercantile Library building was a beautiful sort of cove, surrounded by oaks and shrubbery. There was the residence of Frémont. It was, indeed, a beautiful spot. Crossing two very high sand-hills, where Union Square is now with its surrounding church edifices, and where then was an immense hog-ranch, I came to Happy Valley—thus named, because it was, indeed, highly picturesque. All that was full of tents, where the primitive San Franciscans lived, in pursuit of their various occupations. Not going further than where St. Ignatius College and church now stand in solid brick, I returned along the slope of a very desert-looking valley. There I saw half a dozen faithful Sisters, living in a very poor shanty, and preparing the work which they so grandly accomplished in the Orphan Asylum, now carried further up. Truly, those Sisters—in their solitude, among such a mixed population—preached me a sermon worth a dozen of the best of Beecher's—and they are generally very good."

"But, Oakland—did you see that?" I asked.

"Oakland?" said the Doctor, with a smile. "Oakland?—I suppose that you know, of course, what Oakland means?

It means a land of oaks. There were oaks there—and very small, scrubby oaks at that. Some two years after, there were a few houses, and I was pressed to preach there. I got some twenty-five to listen, not enough to build a church. Oakland?—well, my good friend, be patient; San Francisco first."

"Did you see the Mission?" I asked.

"Well, yes; a very old, rickety adobe building, and a wilderness of scrubby oaks around. Nobody thought much of the Mission then. There was very little, indeed, of San Francisco. But, you see, there were men. There were some 4,000 or 5,000 men, camping in sheds, tents, any way, and ready to build it."

"How in the world was any order kept in such a community?"

"Such a community?" answered the Doctor, with some indignation. "They were the Argonauts, sir—the Argonauts; Americans, mostly pure Americans. Their gold-dust, their provisions, their tools, were safer in their tents than if the whole police force of New York kept watch. There were no disturbances, no rows, no murders. The only place where there was sometimes a lively scene was in the gambling saloons round the Plaza, now Portsmouth Square. But even that was very seldom. They gambled, but they gambled *honestly*. You smile, but yet what I say is true. When they lost, they knew where to get the 'stuff,' with some labor and hardship. There was no sneaking and crawling around. In fact, there were no poor men. And they had some sense of religion, too. For instance, one afternoon I walked, with my wife, along the North Beach Cemetery. The sun was setting behind Russian Hill. There was a crowd standing near a newly dug grave. The coffin had already been lowered. One of them saw my somewhat clerical dress, approached me, hat in hand, and said:

"'Reverend sir, would you say some prayers over the poor man we are bury-

ing. He was a good fellow; got the worst in a row, day before yesterday; but he was a good fellow, sir.'

"The tears stood in the miner's eyes.

"'Certainly,' I said, 'certainly. But it is a poor end for a Christian man.'

"'O, he was a good fellow, sir—a very good fellow!'

"With his coat-sleeve the man wiped his tears away, while going to the grave, where I followed him.

"I have buried many hundreds since there, and then at Yerba Buena—where the City Hall is being built—and later at Lone Mountain; but I never had a more decent, attentive audience. With uncovered heads, they stood around and listened to the prayer which I offered for the dead and for the living, and many deep-toned voices echoed my 'Amen.' And when, as is my custom at burial, I remained in solemn thought until the grave was filled and the little hill finished, they all stood with uncovered heads. Leaving them with a hearty 'God bless you,' they responded, with an accent of much feeling, 'Thank you, sir—thank you.'

"I suppose you buried a great many in San Francisco?"

"Many, indeed; but few have impressed me as much as this, my first burial service."

"Then there was material to preach to, it seems?"

"Material!" exclaimed the Doctor—"material. You call human souls, left to themselves, battling with the world, sin, and the devil, 'material?' Young man, those Argonauts were more than material. They were 'living souls;' most of them, if not all, educated by Christian parents; without home, without relatives, without the blessed influence of woman. Woman, though first to fall, is first to rise, first to love, first to believe, first to worship, first in everything but wrong. I mean that a community without women is apt to become a pandemonium;

and so I believe somewhat in nunneries, but not in monasteries."

Surely, the Doctor was off the track. What had nunneries and monasteries to do with the Argonauts?

"Ah!" continued he, "you think of women as young men are apt to. I think of them in a different way, when reading in the gospel of Mary, and Martha, and Magdalene. There were not many such at that time. Those young men may have remembered them, but they had not their example, their kind words, their whispered advice. They had nothing but the dry preacher before them. Yet they came to the dry preacher! Sunday after Sunday, I preached on board a ship, lying along the wharf. They were very attentive and very well behaved."

"Had you no regular preaching?"

"Well, I don't know what you mean by 'regular preaching.' If you mean church service, yes, I had that. About two weeks after my arrival, Mr. Gillespie and Captain (now General) Keyes came to ask me to preach for Rev. Mr. Mines. They were wardens of Trinity Parish, organized a few months before my arrival."

"I thought you were the first missionary?"

"So I was," said the Doctor, smiling; "but I had to go the long way, and he was sent the shorter way by Panama. Well, no matter about that; I preached for him in a building on Stockton Street, then called the American Hotel, afterward the State Marine Hospital, and had a very good audience—nearly all men, perhaps two or three ladies. In the meantime, those who had called me from my sweet retreat at Burlington were building a chapel, near the corner of Powell and Jackson streets. While that was going on, I held regular services in the house of Mr. Ward, on the corner of Green and Stockton streets. The rooms were always filled, and the communion

received with as much earnest devotion as I have ever observed in any fashionable church."

"Were there any other preachers at that time?" I asked, when the Doctor kept silence, which he seemed inclined to do, as if the remembrance of those early times impressed him with sadness.

"Other preachers? Certainly there were. Do you think Christ forgets human souls? Do you think those Argonauts were heathen? Some people, who came years after, and happened to see the agglomerated scum in far-off mines, have made you think so. But the fact is, that, some ten months before I arrived, there was a Protestant missionary here. The Rev. Dwight Hunt, three days after his arrival, was requested by Argonauts of every persuasion to act as chaplain for the town, with a salary of \$2,500, promptly paid in quarterly installments. And on the 1st of January, 1849, the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was given to twelve communicants of six different denominations.

"Don't this remind you of old apostolic times?" asked the Doctor, with some enthusiasm.

"It does," said I; "it does, indeed. Were there any others?"

"Four Presbyterians came the same year—Woodbridge, Douglass, Willey, and Albert Williams. The first one organized in Benicia the first church in the State. The last one—Albert Williams—organized the first Protestant church in San Francisco. I knew them all, as well as Rev. Mr. Wheeler, the Baptist minister. And pleasant is the remembrance. Dwight Hunt organized the first Congregational Church in San Francisco, the third in the State; and Flavel Mines organized, in July of the same year, 1849, the first Episcopal Parish, the fourth church in the State. So there were, in 1849, four churches in operation—churches of the Argonauts, mind you!"

"Did you not say there was a Roman Catholic Chapel?"

"Of course, there was. Catch *them* neglecting their sheep. Langlois, a Canadian priest, was there—an honest, well-meaning man. I don't know where he is now. Many an hour I passed with him. He lodged on the second floor of the chapel, which, at the same time, was a school-house for the few Catholic children they could gather. Once I visited him; for I am a liberal Christian, young man—very liberal. Well, I visited him, climbed the stairs, and found half a dozen of—what do you think?"

"Well, I don't know; bottles of wine, may be?"

"Pshaw! Langlois was not that kind of a man. No; I found six Jesuits!"

"Jesuits! Where did they come from?"

"That was what I asked the first one who kindly addressed me with a welcome. That was Father Accolti. 'We come from the Willamette Mission, in Oregon,' said he, 'where we have been many years busy with the Indians. But since the gold discoveries, we were sent where Providence opened a larger field of action.'

"And so it did. Providence acts by means, and it is not ours to judge of the means. They may not always correspond with our very limited views; they may, apparently, go just contrary to our very limited wisdom. But, at the end, our short-lived wisdom will be confused; and, you may be sure, Providence will come out justified, not only, but glorified. What those few devoted priests have done, you may see in the colleges, seminaries, churches, spread all over the State."

"You are liberal, Doctor," I said, with a reporter's half-sarcastic smile.

"I don't know what you mean by liberal," he answered, somewhat roughly. "I certainly did not come to free America to become illiberal. It may be, they

thought me wrong, and wanted to bring me right; but certainly I have a very pleasant remembrance of my intercourse with Fathers Accolti, Nobile, and Langlois. I always object, however, to the term 'Father,' as being directly anti-scriptural. 'Thou shalt call no man Father, for One is thy Father—thy Father in heaven;' but even our Methodist brethren sometimes use it, and so I take patience with that."

The Doctor was again flying off. So I interrupted him: "And with your Presbyterian, Baptist, and other brethren, you were equally well associated?"

"Certainly. With the Rev. Albert Williams, I was present at the first San Francisco Bible Society meeting, held seven weeks after my arrival, in the Methodist Church, on Powell Street; and with Albert Williams, together with that stanch preacher, Rev. Mr. Taylor, was elected first vice-president of the society.

"But," said the Doctor, after a moment's pause, when he seemed to have been in a dream of recollections, "something happened then which will show you better than anything how we ministers of the free gospel felt about our 'Master's business.' It is a little long, yet it seems to belong to the Argonauts—for, truly, Argonauts they were, those poor, poor fellows.

"You see, General Keyes, then Captain commanding at the Presidio, was one of the wardens of Trinity Parish. Some way or other he felt the poor missionary had been 'overreached,' and, to show his appreciation and good-will, he had procured me the chaplaincy of the Presidio. This gave me provisions, fuel, and other advantages, very welcome to a minister with a family. As chaplain, I paid the Presidio a regular weekly visit. One day, sometime toward the end of October, I think, I observed a general consternation at the Presidio. I sat talking religion with one of the officers

in the adobe buildings, when there arose a sudden hue and cry. In stormed a young officer, exclaiming:

"'We have caught them, the d—d rascals; we have caught them!'

"Out went the officer, as in fever heat.

"I looked astonished at my—what shall I call him? He was not a penitent, but a rational man, who wanted information. I don't remember his name. He saw my astonishment, and said:

"'A serious case this. The brother of the officer you just saw here is midshipman on board the Commodore's vessel, now in port. A few nights ago, he went on shore in a boat with five sailors. It seems they had made up their minds to desert, thinking the gold-diggings would provide better for them than Uncle Sam. They tipped the midshipman overboard; he tried to resume his place; they knocked him over the head with their oars, rowed away, and fled on land. But the midshipman seems not to have fainted. He struck out bravely, and reached the shore. For many days, his brother, with several of our soldiers, have been after the miscreants, and, as it seems, finally found them, and here they are, to meet their doom.'

"These last words were spoken with a tone of sadness. 'What will be their punishment?' I asked. 'Hanging, of course,' he answered. 'The Commodore is a strict disciplinarian, and here we have to be more strict than ever. Hanging, of course.'

"I saw 'charity preaching' was not exactly in time, and I went home with gloomy visions of men struggling at the yard's end. Good as the Argonauts were, they had not yet reached the acme of philanthropy, as we have in these our days of 'murder unrepressed.'"

The Doctor sighed, coughed, and finally resumed. "As I just said, I went to my boarding-house in Montgomery Street. I had other reasons for being low-spirited. There, in one of those

miserable partitions, lay my youngest boy, about two years old, almost dying with brain-fever. I remembered how, just six years before, I had watched my first-born son, given up by the physician, after I had carried him over the Atlantic. The fresh air of New York Bay had saved him. Now he looked sadly at his little brother, who had just crossed the Atlantic and Pacific—asking if he would die. Day after day the agony was protracted, and kind Doctor Van Cannelhem had just said hope was gone, when there came a rap at the door. It was the chaplain of the Commodore's ship (I forget its name), an honest young man, but oppressed with the responsibility of preparing five condemned men for their awful end. Yes, the following day, at twelve o'clock, they were to be executed. No wonder the young chaplain looked out for help! He would have me, and the Presbyterian minister, and the Baptist, and the Congregationalist; that would make five—one for each poor soul. I looked at him, then at my little, dying son, then at the doctor. 'Go to those who are *sure* to die,' said he. 'I have yet one chance of restraining the fever. If that succeeds, the child is safe.'

"So I went. Soon after I reached the ship, the other ministers arrived. We shook hands, and went to see the prisoners. They were on the lower deck. A space had been divided into five compartments, open in front. There they lay, manacled and chained; guards around. A crew of more than three hundred, strongly sympathizing with the culprits, kept busy, but looked sullen and gloomy. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We set at once to work. John Black (the name he went by), and Pete, his comrade, were my share. Both were young Scotchmen, eighteen years old. John Black had an elder brother (Peter Black), who came under the care of another of my clerical friends. Then there

was an Irishman, who often called for me—perhaps my longer coat made him think I was of his church. Well, we soon got acquainted—talked, read, prayed, exhorted. The chaplain, I believe, was mostly busy among the crew; and there was need of that, for the crew thought, that five hangings for desertion and a not proven attempt to murder was rather 'rough work.' And so it was," said the Doctor, with a sudden jerk—"so it was. Nowadays, we have five murders for one attempt at hanging. Talk about the Argonauts!" he added, with an unclerical sneer. He again paused. That was the trouble—he was constantly off the track.

"And how did John Black behave?" I asked.

"John Black was a gentleman's son. I saw it at a glance; I knew it, afterward."

The Doctor is a little aristocratic, I think. Why in the world did he come to America?

"How afterward?" I asked.

"Well, don't interrupt me. This entire thing is in my mind, as if it happened yesterday. Don't interrupt me, if you want me to go on. John Black did not listen much to me, at first. He was very pre-occupied—wanted to see his brother. The Irishman took hold of me—confessed his sins. And *what* sins! What a mire those poor sailors walk in, sometimes! If you have any money to spare, young man, give it to the seamen's chapels.

"But I prayed and talked so much with our poor, condemned felons, and my clerical friends were so active in the same direction, that when darkness had set in, some light remained burning in their troubled minds, and they seemed, indeed, prepared for the most solemn scene I have ever witnessed on earth."

The Doctor paused. I thought he meant the execution. But after awhile he resumed:

"After supper, the Commodore sent me word, through the chaplain, that he wished me to administer the holy communion to himself, the officers, the men of the vessel, and the prisoners. Commodore Jones (I believe that is the name) rose a good deal in my religious thermometer, at this request, or order. He, the sole judge of five human beings who were to enter eternity within a few hours, wished to take the bread and wine with them, at the same table. He wished to drink of the same cup they were to drink; he wished to confess himself a sinner, like them, needing a saving God. I liked that, in Commodore Jones. I had the table set in front of the doomed men's cells, the bread prepared, the wine ready. Nine o'clock was sounded. The whole crew, over three hundred, were assembled; the officers were there; the Commodore was there; and the prisoners, with their clanking chains, were there. I began the service—'impressive,' they would call it; 'divine,' I call it—and when the words came, 'Ye who do earnestly and truly repent of your sins,' etc., the Commodore knelt, the officers knelt—all the ministers except the Baptist knelt, and many of the crew knelt; then, at last, rattling chains announced the approach of the doomed men; down they knelt—in chains, but free in Christ—at the same table with their human judge, ready to receive the bread of life.

"Three hundred faces—human, sympathizing faces—were gazing at the scene. How must these men have felt, when, in the confession, we all bewailed our 'manifold sins by thought, word, and deed'—when we all cried for mercy? How must they have felt, when these words came upon them: 'Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you?' How must they have felt when the blessing came: 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your

hearts and minds in the knowledge of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord?'

"In my thirty years' ministry," said the Doctor, with some emotion, "I have often pronounced these words, but never with more appreciation of their value. Yes, those poor hands took the bread, they took the cup which their earthly judge had taken, and, when the blessing had been pronounced, they went, with rattling chains, back to their cells, to sleep their last sleep on earth. About eleven o'clock, I bade them good-night, and added, 'Early in the morning, I will come and see you.'

"I went to sleep, tired and exhausted; I went to sleep, my little boy in agony; I went to sleep, my five chained felons awaiting death; I went to sleep—but a disturbed sleep it was! and early I awoke. I went to the cells. They were all alive—alive for a few hours.

"There came the usual morning blast, or—what shall I call it? a beautiful welcome to the new-born day—the usual morning music. 'Ah, that's the last we shall hear!' said the Irishman. I could not deny the truth of his assertion; so I tried to soothe him, and told him of a better blast which he might hear, some time hereafter. Poor fellow! 'I did not want to murder him, indeed, sir,' he said, feelingly. 'I only wanted to go to the mines.'

"Then I went to John Black. I liked him; I don't know why. 'O, Pete!' said he to his next fellow-prisoner, 'what will they say at home?'

"'At home!' That sounded so familiar to me. I said to John Black, 'Please kneel, and pray with me.' He did so. I don't know what I prayed; but there was a marching, a stamping, and all at once a stentorian voice said, 'By order of the Commodore....'

"There was a profound silence.

"The voice continued, reciting some of the names of the condemned men—

all except John Black and his brother Peter—

“‘Are reprieved!’

“A deep silence.

“When they were gone, it was a singular sight. The reprieved sailors felt alive again. Death with its terrors had fled. There was a chance—and what more than a chance is needed to stir the animal nature? Gloomy and dejected was John Black!

“What had happened? In the gloomy dark of night—impressed, perhaps, by the solemn communion scene—Peter Black, the elder of the two (the leader, probably, of the whole concern), had thought and thought. Seizing pen and ink—a well-educated man—he had poured forth words of sorrow and distress: ‘Why should five lives be sacrificed, when two only were guilty of attempt to murder? I and my brother tried to kill the midshipman; the others did not. Let our lives atone; let the others be saved.’

“The Commodore received that letter in the dark hours of night. He pondered, and concluded that Peter Black was right. The reprieve was ordered at ten o’clock. About eleven, Peter Black took leave of his comrades. Manly was his appearance. ‘Good-by, boys! Keep order,’ he said. Heart-felt were the many grasps of hands he took. I see him yet. Off he went in the boat appointed to take him to the *St. Marys*, another vessel, where he was to be executed.

“By this time, my clerical friends had left the vessel. I remained with John Black, who was to be hung within two hours, at the same moment when his brother would swing from the yard-arm of the *St. Marys*.

“The three reprieved men remained with poor John. Of course, my chief concern was with the doomed man. The other three, though chained, had *life* before them; John, in his chains, knew

that in sixty minutes he would hang at the yard-arm, a corpse! Sixty minutes! A short time to prepare for the *now* certain doom. Until now, a faint hope had lingered; death was not certain. Kind and hearty chums had, perhaps, whispered words of hope. The reprieve to his three comrades sealed his doom. With agony, he took hold of his countryman, Pete, exclaiming, ‘O, Pete! don’t tell them at home to what end I am come! My poor old father, and my dear old mother—do not tell them! Promise me, Pete!—promise me!’ And Pete did promise.

“Then he sank back on the deck, and began mumbling to himself, ‘I did not kill him—I did not;’ and, after a few moments, there came, as a whisper, ‘But I tried; yes, I tried.’

“That was my opportunity. I said: ‘You and your brother will go to your eternal account in a few moments. Your very death will be a great blessing to many. Dying as a man, you will do more good than perhaps you would have done when living. Come, pray with me.’

“And I did pray. He joined. He said ‘Amen.’ He seemed to have made up his mind. And thus I soothed him, and talked with him, until the tramp of guards announced the dreadful moment.

“The reprieved, as well as the doomed man, were marched up the stairs, and entered the gangway. The deck was crowded with three hundred men, looking with horror, with sympathy, with unutterable gloom at the young man, who, leaning on my arm, walked to the fore part of the vessel. His chains had been removed. Straight, but pale, his black eyes glistening, he stood before the steps of the scaffolding.

“He turned and faced the crew.

“‘Men,’ he said, ‘you see to what end I am come. Take care of yourselves. But I am no murderer.’

“Then, leaning on my arm, he ascend-

ed the steps leading to the platform. There was the noose all ready; the hood was put over his head. He trembled a little. I began the prayer for the departing.

"'Doctor, come down—quick!' cried the voice of the executive officer. I obeyed, went down, knelt, and repeated aloud the prayer of our church. Boom! a gun sounded from the *St. Marys*, and those who had nerve enough could see Peter Black swinging round on the yard-arm. Boom! sounded just under me, and John Black went up with lightning speed to the end of the yard-arm, swung up, and fell.

"I finished my prayer, remained some time on my knees, arose, saw the crew staring with glistening eyes at the dangling corpse, walked to the cabin, and sat down, very nearly exhausted.

"When I recovered a little, the chaplain came, and, 'by order of the Commodore,' asked me to 'address the crew.' There was the corpse hanging; the crew in a feverish heat of sympathy and trembling anger.

"I tried to collect my thoughts. I climbed something like a pulpit, and spoke to them. What I said I scarcely remember. I know my right hand often pointed to the poor dangling corpse. I spoke of discipline, law, order, and repeated the dead man's last words. The crew were very quiet, and the words seemed to have found their way. The corpse was let down.

"Ah me!" said the Doctor, with a sigh, "I was the first to touch him. I took his fine head. It hung as on a thread. The neck was broken. I kissed the handsome, intellectual face. I could not help crying a little. A handsome young man, there he lay. The spirit had gone. The body was to be buried. The coffin was ready. The boats were ready. In less than ten minutes, John Black's body was on its way

to Yerba Buena Island, where it was put to rest.

"The Commodore sent me his thanks for my services, and I hastened home, not knowing whether I would find my son alive or a corpse. I opened the door, and stood in my boy's sick-room. Two arms fell on my poor shoulders. 'He is saved—saved!' I need not tell you whose arms they were. The last resort had proved successful. He had continued to breathe; he would live. With the smell of death in my nostrils, this was life, indeed!

"Two years afterward, I sat, one sunny afternoon, in my cozy parsonage, and in came a gentleman, of English birth—to judge by his whiskers, at least.

"He sat down on the sofa, and asked me if I could give him some account of two brothers Black, who were executed in San Francisco two years before?

"I said I could. I gave him the whole story.

"'Well,' said he, stretching himself and taking it leisurely, 'those two brothers were of high birth in Scotland; they were gentlemen'—he gave an emphasis to the word—'and a distant relative bequeathed to them each 20,000 pounds sterling.'

"Although pretty much accustomed to high-sounding sums of money in California, this struck me, and I said, with peculiar emphasis, that much-meaning word, 'Indeed!'

"'Yes, sir,' said the lawyer; '20,000 pounds to each of them. Poor fellows! why did they run away from home!'

"'And so, sir,' I asked, 'you want a certificate of their decease?'

"'That is it,' said he, smiling courteously; 'just a few lines—that's all.'

"I wrote the few lines, gave them to him, and bowed him out.

"That was the last of the Blacks," said the Doctor, sighing. "Black was an assumed name."

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

A SMALL house, but large enough for two, and Jack standing alone in the door of it. The velvet evening lights and shadows were making a picture of the place. There was an atmosphere of peach-blossoms and young grass, to begin with, for it was spring, and the earth, with that gush of sentiment which is the result of reaction after a long winter, budded and bloomed in a very prodigal fashion. It seemed a sin and a shame that one man should be master of a domestic situation that it takes two souls, at least, thoroughly to appreciate, and then they do not begin to exhaust its resources.

There was a stream, that ran like liquid amber through a delicious meadow; there was a cow with a crumpled horn, if I remember; and a maiden, as I most positively affirm, with a man in prospective, and a chain of events that ached to discover themselves and topple over like a row of bricks, with a chance meeting at the beginning of the line and a capital match at the end of it. It takes time for all of these things to creep into the ranks so that they can go by the board simultaneously, and without any possibility of an accident. So Jack stood in the door of the house he had built, and whistled good-naturedly for his supper.

Supper came with the evening; so did the forlorn maiden, with her pail overflowing with frothing milk, and one shoulder much lower than the other in consequence; while the arm which was free stuck out like an index, pointing fatefully to the man she loved, who skulked in all his tatters at the lower end of the pasture. Having laid the table for one, the maid summoned the master to his meal, and down he sat, from habit, as

much as anything; yet there was a still voice within him—not a very small one, either—that cried for food; but, as far as the meal itself was concerned, he looked upon it as a mere formality, that was growing more and more tedious as the days increased. Jack listened to the gurgle of the hot water that gushed from the quaint spout of the soot-coated kettle, the nose of which was not unlike a black snake with its jaws open; sipped his tea in silence; fed his cat and his dog; pushed his chair back from the table, and walked forth into the sweet evening air, to go the rounds of the dumb family, and see them well bestowed for the night. Horses, cattle, swine, the birds of the heavens above, even the fish and the frogs in the waters under the earth, seemed to know him, and to respond to his magnetic sympathy. The fact is, Jack was a very large-hearted and affectionate fellow; he could no more stop loving than a fountain can stop flowing; but, somehow, the current of his love had never been directed toward any one in particular, and the consequence was that all the living things that belonged to him came in for a share of it, and actually seemed to thrive under it, for his stock was twice as fat and three times as gentle as any other stock in the country. I suppose there were some links in the chain of circumstances that were not yet welded; and meanwhile Jack was permitted to distribute his milk of human kindness among the good creatures that could appreciate it, and reciprocate to a considerable extent, rather than it should sour upon him—as I have known it to do in some ill-adjusted cases.

He had only to bide his time, as will

be very presently shown; for a man's time comes, sooner or later, although it isn't always the particular time he has anticipated; but that is the fault of his miscalculation, and not the error of the time. Jack, having stalled his four-footed family, returned to the palpable solitude of his house, which, by the way, he had never been known to designate as *home*; there is a difference, you know. There was the shadow, or the apparition, of a tattered and torn visitor that faded away from the glow of the kitchen as Jack entered his solitary chamber, but something in his heart compelled him to think no evil; and as he went to his dreams he sealed the fate of two happy souls who kissed surreptitiously under the eaves of the house that Jack built. It was a symptom of immediate change in the temporal affairs of Jack's household. Evidently the times were ripening; it seemed as though a breath would accomplish wonders, for the right impulse at the right moment is about all that is necessary to the salvation of souls.

Suppose we run over the chain of events that awaited the golden hour of its completion. There was Jack's house and the malt that lay in it; heaven had smiled upon his fields, and his harvest fattened on that smile. But in this mundane sphere, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, Jack found that granaries were insecure, and he was a loser by reason thereof. He put the matter in the hands of a detective. His cat was stationed in the malt-house; the thief was caught in due season, and suffered the extremest rigor of the law; but the end is not yet. Probably the cat experienced a selfish pleasure in the capture and partial mastication of her victim; but retributive justice peered under her loose blinders, and sent a dog after the cat, as a gentle reminder that the ways of Providence are past finding out. Jack's dog

worried Jack's cat, that killed the rat that ate his malt. Is there anything in Nature more perfect than this? That the dog might not forget how his proud days were numbered, the cow tossed him—the crumpled-horn cow; and she tossed him at the moment when the forlorn maid was stripping her of the last flaky threads of milk. Of course, there was consternation in the meadow; but virtue is rewarded, if you don't press matters too vigorously. Behold! how a tattered and torn fellow, who was hanging about the skirts of the meadow, rushed to the rescue of the maiden. It was a happy thought, and much good came of it, for the joy of that meeting, in a moment of imminent peril, seemed to be superior to all the conventionalities of life, and the man kissed the maid before sunset, and in the face of heaven, with an earnestness that vouched for the purity of his motives. Evidently the thing had gone far enough, for the bans were cried from the village pulpit on the three succeeding Sundays, and one of the corpulent clergy married them thereafter.

The chain might end here, but it does not. Jack was at the wedding, and held respectful conversation with the shaven and shorn priest. The priest, a good liver—as any one might know, from his girth—made casual mention of a cock—shrill clarion of the morn—whose unseasonable matins seriously disturbed the clerical slumbers. This naturally drew attention to the farmer, whose corn was, in a negative sense, the seat of the disorder, for it kept breath in the body of the cock whose throat was such an obstacle to the complete edification of the priesthood. He was a farmer of standing, as his horse, hound, and horn bespoke him, and evidently one not unworthy of Jack's friendship. He had a daughter—one Miss Jill—whom Jack seemed to remember as a kind of shadow in a dream of the past. They had been children together, and, as youthful

drawers of water, once suffered a slip, the result of which still lives in the ballad history of their time.

What more natural than Jack's new interest in life! Why should he not resume an acquaintance that time and circumstance had suspended for a dozen years or so? It was well for both Jack and Jill that they were separated early in life, for so many things transpire before men and women are completed, and the machinery of their development is so complicated and so noisy, that every one in his or her time is subject to much embarrassment that were better forgotten or kept under cover. It is well enough for sweethearts and lovers, husbands and wives, to entertain one another with pleasant tales of their childhood; but, I warrant you, if the living witnesses of their immaturity were cross-examined, the testimony would oftentimes put sentiment to the blush, and, in many cases, with good reason.

Jack renewed the love of his youth, with double ardor: first, for the joy of finding one worthy of his love; second, for the memory of the days gone by, when they seemed to live for one another, though in a very shallow and childish fashion. Then there was a tinge of regret for the wasted years, as they seemed to him, that mellowed Jack's fervor, and made his wooing twice as effective. If he had only known it, that natural estrangement of the two probably effected their ultimate union. Of course, Jack married Jill. There is no use in trying to make a secret of that fact. But had they lived side by side all their prime, they would have worn interest threadbare, and gone about seeking mates and matrimony in new places, like creatures blind of the eye that lies nearest home.

Now, here the magic chain is completed; for, by the house that Jack built and stored malt in hangs the tale. Without the house, the malt would have been carted elsewhere; the rat would have

gone hungry, and escaped the cat; the dog would have slept; the cow stood still; the maid mourned in secret; the man held his peace; and all the links of the chain fallen apart. How could Jack have married under such circumstances? Neither can any one of the many links be omitted. Trap your rat, surfeit your cat, beat your dog, or stable your cow, and the whole economy of Nature is set at naught, and the fate of countless generations yet unborn shall bear perpetual witness to the discrepancy—like a broken thread in a fabric that is forever weaving, forever incomplete.

Probably all of these events were not for the very best. Some of them might have been the result of misfortunes, or of bad training, or of the hereditary sins that sometimes cause the fall of the sweetest and best of us. I don't believe that the rat was born to bleed for the sole sake of Jack and his Jill; doubtless the demise of the malt-thief had more or less to do with an entirely different circle of events, as all the acts of our lives seem to serve several ends. They are like the net-work of rings in a Persian tapestry, where each circle, though complete in itself, is but a portion of the intricate series, and from which it can not be separated without dismembering the whole.

Jack took his Jill to wife. Never again sat he lonely at his frugal board; for the spirit of his love pervaded the very air and sanctified it, so that he knew, at last, the all-sufficient joy of love requited. In the calm days, when his life began to flow onward as a river, sometimes, in a reflective mood, he asked himself how he could have let the years slip by, and be living his narrow and selfish half-life, when the other half—that half that was to perfect him—lay so near at hand. There must have been a purpose in it. I believe there would have been a purpose in it, had he met a shrew, whose tongue, sooner or later, would have driven him

from his own door; probably somebody has to be sacrificed, now and then, that both ends of justice may meet. He was lucky to find his fate as early as he did; so was his maid, who ceased being forlorn, and the man likewise, who was taken into Jack's employ, clad respectably, and made ruler over the identical cow from that hour.

All is well in the house that Jack built. It was a deep design of Providence that put it into his head to build at all; and a liberal policy of fortune that laid it in his power to do so. Perhaps Jack never realized this to the extent that I do; for when the tree thrives, we rejoice in the blossoms and devour the fruit, but we do not always consider how deep the roots strike, nor from what sources it gathers nourishment—especially if we are just married.

Again, at sunset, Jack stood in the door of his house. Within was the dear

soul who was growing more precious in his eyes every breath she drew. There were but two of them, all told; yet they seemed to fill every nook and corner of the premises, so that they asked no odds of the great world around them. And when, at last, they sat down to partake of the evening meal, and the hot water gushed, and gurgled, and sang melodiously, as it fell into a bed of curled and fragrant leaves at the bottom of the teapot, Jack looked at Jill, and his silence spoke what his lips had not the skill to utter; for an angel from heaven had filled his heart and hers so full of peace and happiness, that a single syllable would have flooded their sympathetic eyes.

So much for the house that Jack built, together with this truth, which I found in the bottom of the well which stands over against the house: "He builded better than he knew."

COMMERCIAL AND MONETARY INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.*

THE State of California may, perhaps, not improperly be regarded as an exponent of the industrial and commercial interests of the nation of which she forms an important part; her interests, in fact, being those in which the prosperity of the whole country is involved. Combining within herself, as she does in an unequaled measure, all the great forces of production, and the essential elements of commercial greatness, whatever public policy would advance her interests must be certain to conduce to the general welfare.

California has a vast capacity for prof-

itable agriculture, her soil and climate being in a high degree favorable to that branch of production. Her mining interests, though much diminished, are still extensive; manufactures, too, have already begun their natural career of growth and development. In addition to all these, she has unsurpassed advantages for the building up of an immense commercial marine. She has a port destined to be to the Pacific what New York is to the Atlantic coast—the great emporium of foreign and domestic trade. With regard to this superiority, there can be no doubt. In the finest harbor in the world, with a central position between two hemispheres, the commercial supremacy of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast is assured, and she must, in the natural course of events,

*The article under this title was written at our solicitation by Hon. AMASA WALKER, and treats the subject in a more exhaustive, comprehensive, and thorough manner than his address before the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. We commend it to the earnest attention of our readers.

become one of the largest marts of commerce on the globe.

What other State combines *all* those advantages and peculiarities in so large a degree? Where are the great interests of agriculture, mining, and commerce so remarkably blended as here?

Upon a State in which such varied and important interests are united, the financial and monetary policy of the National Government must, of necessity, exert a very great influence, favorable or otherwise; and hence, such a State must be peculiarly sensitive in regard to that policy, which, if a false or mistaken one, must cause her to suffer more severely than sister States having a less diversified industry.

With this view of the character and condition of California, our purpose is, to inquire in what manner and to what extent the State in question is affected by the action of the General Government? What are the leading and most essential features of its economical policy?

1st. The creation of a monetary system, which supersedes the use of coin, and makes paper a legal tender.

2d. A system of restrictions upon trade, designed to affect the commerce and influence the industry of the country.

In what manner and to what extent is California affected by these important measures? First, in its

Agriculture.

This is its principal interest, not only at present, but prospectively. I find it stated, on what I conclude to be good authority, that the agricultural product of this State, for 1872, was "\$75,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 were exported." Have these agricultural products been raised in price by the issue of a legal tender currency? Not at all. The great staples, as shown by the *Price-Current* of New York, on the 8th of January, 1860 and 1873, were essentially the same. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the prices of

agricultural products were lower at the latter date than the former. So it is certain, that although the paper money of the country—which in 1860 was but \$207,000,000, and in 1873 is over \$700,000,000—has had no effect in raising the price of farmers' products, yet we know very well that the prices of all other commodities created and consumed in this country have been advanced by some fifty to seventy-five per cent. How, it may be asked, is it that one description of property should not be advanced in price, while all the others are? The answer is a plain one. Our staples—wheat, corn, beef, pork, etc.—are exported. We have, and always shall have, a large surplus of these, which we must send to countries that have gold as the standard of value. Whatever our staples, therefore, are worth in gold here, for shipment, determines the value of the entire crop. We can not have two prices, and therefore the price of the whole depends upon the value of the surplus exported.

Quite otherwise is it with those articles produced and consumed at home. They are measured by our home currency—our paper money—and are necessarily greatly advanced in price, because the currency is greatly expanded; and it is a well-settled principle, that general prices depend upon the quantity of the existing currency. For this reason, all the farmer has to purchase from home manufacturers of furniture, boots, shoes, clothing, carriages, harnesses, machinery, farming-tools, etc., are enhanced in cost from fifty to seventy-five per cent.; while all his products remain, as we have seen, at their former prices. This entails a heavy loss upon the farming interest; since all the expenses have been increased, while his products, being still measured by the old standard, are not enhanced at all in price, and thus he is made to bear a great proportion of the loss arising from the use of our present false standard of value. Such, incon-

trovertibly, are the facts of the case; and this loss falls with great severity upon the States whose chief industry is agriculture. It is, however, the natural and unavoidable result of adopting a greatly inflated circulating medium.

Mining Interest.

Let us turn for a moment to the mining interest—the production of the precious metals. What effect does the financial policy which substitutes paper for coin, as a medium of exchange and standard of value, have upon this branch of your industry? To answer this understandingly, we must inquire, Why are these metals mined? Because there is a universal demand for them. What occasions this demand? They are wanted throughout the commercial world for use as money, and very little, comparatively, for other purposes. Now, then, it is certain, that the greater this demand for gold and silver as money, the greater will be their value, the more they will purchase of all other commodities; and therefore, anything which diminishes this demand, will certainly diminish, in proportion, the value of these metals. The Government of the United States has declared that its notes, promising payment at some indefinite future, are the authorized currency of the country, and a legal tender for all debts and demands.

The effect of this act is to demonetize gold and silver, and reduce them to the level of wheat, cotton, or tobacco. They are made, for all domestic uses, mere merchandise. Of these paper promises for use as money, the National Treasury has issued \$356,000,000, and Congress has authorized some 2,000 banks to put out \$354,000,000 more—in all, \$710,000,000. Gold and silver, therefore, are now only wanted in the States for the payment of duties at the custom-house and the interest on the national bonds.

The effect of this policy is obvious.

Gold and silver not being wanted in any considerable quantity at banks, are sent abroad for what they are worth in other countries, and, since the price has been forced down by the Secretary of the Treasury, are the cheapest commodity we have to part with. The result is, to lessen their value. A dollar—twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold—will not command as much of any other commodity as before this unnatural expansion. For example: boots, which in 1860, when the currency was at par with gold, could be bought at \$3, are now worth \$4.50. The miner, therefore, pays fifty per cent. more than formerly for his boots, and loses the difference, because he can get his gold with no less labor than in 1860. He can not water his gold, as the Government and banks do the currency. He must produce the real article, not the promise of it. Hence the mining interest suffers to the full extent of the difference between coin values and paper-money values, so far as purchases are made of any commodities produced and consumed entirely within the country. That this policy of the Government expels our gold product is seen in the fact, that we exported in 1872 \$95,000,000—a great deal more than the whole product of the year. And such has been the case ever since the present insane policy of the Government was adopted, until now the country is nearly drained of its specie, and the premium on gold is advancing, and will probably continue to advance, until it reaches its normal rate, which, since the war, has never been less than thirty to thirty-five per cent.

Commerce.

Another interest to which we must refer is commerce. How is this affected by the financial policy of the nation? I answer, most adversely. Our commercial marine has been rapidly diminishing ever since the war, and bids fair to be-

come extinct. In 1860, seventy-five per cent. of all our foreign imports were made in our own bottoms; now, but about twenty-five per cent. Why this strange result? There are two principal causes. First, our paper money so raises the cost of production, so increases the expenses of ship-building in the East (where it formerly and most naturally existed), that we can not compete with ship-builders in the British Provinces, or on the banks of the Clyde, where they use a gold standard. Second, in addition to all this, heavy duties are laid on iron and other materials entering into the construction of vessels, which still further embarrass our ship-builders, and prevent them from successfully competing with foreigners.

In consequence of all these obstacles, we have nearly ceased the construction of vessels, except for coastwise trade, into which foreigners are not permitted to enter. But it may be asked, probably with some surprise, Why, if we can not build, do we not buy foreign ships, and thus keep up our commerce? That is certainly a very common-sense question. Why do we not buy? I answer by relating a fact communicated to me since I came to this place. A Swedish vessel, I think it was, arrived recently at Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of iron. After discharging its freight, the vessel, a fine iron steamer, was offered for sale, at what was deemed a very satisfactory price, and arrangements were made for its purchase by a few enterprising merchants; but they found, on inquiry, that Government would not permit this—that an American register would not be allowed to a foreign-built vessel. So the project failed, and the steamer departed.

While a false currency, retained without the slightest necessity, and heavy duties unwisely imposed upon the materials used in construction, prevent our building vessels, unwise restrictions forbid our purchasing them, as we might

advantageously do; and thus the restoration of our mercantile marine is rendered quite impossible.

Manufactures.

Of the effect of the financial policy of the Government upon the manufacturing interests of the gold and silver producing States, it is only necessary further to remark, that manufactures of different kinds commence and grow up in every country with the natural increase of wealth and population. They should be encouraged, but never forced. If there be no interference on the part of the Government, this growth and development will be natural and advantageous. The grasses and wild-flowers do not more certainly appear when the forest has been cleared, and the earth opened to the influence of the sun, than do manufactures when society has advanced in its conditions to that point at which they can be profitably introduced. This law of progress and development will be found as true in its operations in California as in Massachusetts. Manufactures—those especially adapted to the country—will, of necessity, be established and prosper. At present, this State has an advantage over the East in its currency, which, in spite of all opposing interests, has been maintained in specie. Your labor, and all your expenses of manufacturing, are no greater now than in 1860; while in the paper-money States they are at least sixty per cent. higher. This is favorable to the introduction of such manufactures as come most in competition with eastern fabrics. I have found in this city an establishment, employing about 400 hands, engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and, I presume, successfully. This the owners are enabled to do by the fact, that gold has been retained as the standard of value. In this, as in other respects, you are receiving the benefit of that courageous and determined course of

action which secured to you a sound and reliable monetary system, upon which to base your business transactions. The result of this policy will be found even more advantageous in the future than the past; because the terrific revulsion certain to come upon all that part of the Union where an inconvertible and redundant currency exists, will be but little felt here, and California will escape the wreck and ruin that will fall upon other sections of the country.

With this brief and general view of the evils inflicted upon the most prominent interests of the State by the policy of the General Government, I now proceed, in further illustration of the subject, to speak of the existing currency of the country, and of the false ideas entertained by a large part, if not a majority, of the nation with regard to it. And, first, I remark upon the

Monetary Policy of California.

The Constitution of this State most wisely prohibits the introduction of paper money. So far it is the wisest document of the kind in the Union, and if the people are able to maintain their fundamental law in all its integrity, they will have an immense advantage over the rest of the nation. Of this the people may rest assured, and if those gentlemen who are so dissatisfied with the present state of things will wait until the general explosion, which is sure to take place, and which from present appearances can not long be delayed, they will be quite satisfied that California has done well in preserving the gold standard. Wait until the inevitable collapse takes place, and then if the wisdom of your course is not fully vindicated, I am mistaken.

Ratio of Currency to Population.

The great redundancy of the currency in this country has already been referred to, but many persons are ready to

dispute the fact, and insist that although the circulation has been greatly increased, the business of the country has been equally enlarged, so that relatively they are in the same proportion, and consequently there has been no actual expansion. In reply to this I would say, that there is no better criterion of the increase of business than the increase of population, and what has this been? Why, from 1860 to 1870 the increase was about twenty per cent., while our paper circulation has been enlarged in the meantime 250 per cent. This disproportion is so enormous that, making all reasonable allowances possible, the currency must now be expanded to the extent of at least 100 per cent. beyond the business wants of the country.

Hence in the great agricultural States east of the Rocky Mountains the pressure of the present state of things is severely felt; although, most unfortunately, the cause of that pressure is not well understood. If it were so, the remedy would soon be applied. If what were once known as the Great West, or what are now the Middle States, comprehended the fact that no issue of paper money, however large, can raise the price of farmers' produce a single farthing, while it will greatly advance the price of everything the farmer buys, we should hear no cry for more greenbacks from that section of the country. On the other hand, Congress would be effectually called upon to take measures for the gradual restoration of the currency of the country to par with the gold standard. It would seem that the agriculturists of California, being brought into contact with the markets of Europe, would discover before long that the price of their wheat depended entirely upon its gold value for shipment to Liverpool, while the price of all they purchase from the other side of the Rocky Mountains is determined by the greenbacks of the Eastern States, and would be brought

to understand that the paper money of the country is worth for domestic uses—that is, for the erection of buildings, the manufacture or purchase of home commodities—not more than sixty or sixty-five cents on the dollar. Instead of a difference, as many imagine, of some twelve or fifteen per cent., the mere gold premium, the real difference is some forty or fifty per cent.

Amount of Currency Needed.

A great deal of popular misapprehension exists in regard to the quantity of money actually required for the transaction of business. It seems to be generally believed that the money of a country must be necessarily increased in equal ratio with the increase of population and production; but this is not true, because the amount of currency needed is determined by two factors: one its quantity, the other the rapidity of its circulation; therefore, if the facilities for using money increase as fast as the transactions of business, the currency may remain stationary and yet be sufficiently plentiful. Such is the theory, and it is most abundantly confirmed by the experience of different nations—especially that of Great Britain, whose trade and industry, exports and imports, have been quadrupled since 1825, but whose paper-money circulation is no greater now than fifty years ago; it being at present about \$200,000,000 (or 40,000,000 pounds sterling), against three and a half times that amount in the United States, whose commerce is only about half as great, and whose population is only about a third greater. To have a paper currency equal to that of the United States, Great Britain should have something like \$500,000,000, instead of \$200,000,000. The introduction of steam transportation and telegraph communication have so wonderfully increased the power of money, together with the thousand-and-one con-

trivances that modern discoveries have introduced for dispensing with the direct use of it, that a very small quantity is now needed for business purposes, compared with that required forty or fifty years ago; and it is unquestionably true, that, if the gold discoveries of California and Australia had never been made, the general commerce of the world in other commodities would be as great, and be conducted with as much ease as at present.

The Country approaching Specie Payments.

The delusion is very commonly entertained on both sides of the Rocky Mountains “that the country is fast approaching, by an easy and natural process, the resumption of specie payments—that we are ‘growing up’ to the present volume of circulation, and shall soon find our paper on par with gold.” There can not be a greater fallacy than this. So far as the conditions necessary for a resumption of specie payments are concerned, the country is further from that *desideratum* to-day than five years ago. But it will be asked, Has not the difference between gold and greenbacks been greatly diminished within the past few years, and does not that show that we are on the way to the return to specie payments? Not at all; because this fall in gold has not been the result of the operations of the laws of trade, but of the manipulations of the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been playing the *bear* in the gold market for the last four years. The premium on gold was about thirty-three per cent.; it has been reduced by the sales of the Treasury to an average of about thirteen per cent., a reduction of twenty per cent. But what good has all this done? Who is the better for it? The gold-miners? No; for they have been obliged to part with their products for twenty per cent. less when exchanged for greenbacks, or those com-

modities that come from the East where greenbacks are used. Have the farmers gained by it? No; for their commodities have been lowered, as we have seen, when measured by greenbacks, to the same extent as the decline in the gold premium. How great this loss has been in the aggregate may be seen if we take into consideration that the amount of agricultural productions, including cotton, have not been less than \$300,000,000 per annum, amounting, in four years, to \$1,200,000,000, upon which, if the loss by the decline of the gold premium has been twenty per cent., the total amount will be \$240,000,000. This is a very low estimate, and, being so, it is not to be wondered at that the farming interest is greatly depressed in all sections of the Union.

That this fall in the gold premium, which is thus injurious to the interests of agriculture, has been very prejudicial to those engaged in manufactures, will be seen, if we consider that when the gold premium was thirty-three per cent. they had, of course, twenty per cent. more protection against foreign competition than when it fell to thirteen—a protection they greatly needed, not against foreign labor, but against depreciated currency, by which the expenses of manufacturing have been most enormously increased. The manufacturers in the paper-money States are damaged by their currency as truly as the farmers of the gold-currency States, but not by any means to an equal extent. The former make their goods on a false standard of value, but they sell them also by the same standard, and get a profit, though that profit is realized in depreciated paper. But the manufacturers of the East are losing a large market for their goods in India, China, and South America, which they once had, in consequence of this unnatural increase of cost. We sent off in 1860 cotton fabrics to the value of \$11,000,000, principally to China

and other eastern countries. Now we export less than \$2,500,000. So of boots and shoes, furniture, and other articles. Besides, our false system is building up rival establishments in the Canadas and other British provinces, which are fast superseding our own, and if the present policy is continued, the manufacturers of the country are bound to feel as greatly embarrassed as the farmers are now. They can not enjoy a sound, satisfactory state of trade until the currency has been restored to par. Their interests, like yours, are injured by the use of a degraded currency, though in a different way, and at present to a less extent.

And here I will say a word to those who object to any contraction of the currency, on the ground that the demand for money is now greater than the supply. That is certainly true, and it always will be while the currency is unduly expanded; for under such circumstances the speculative demand, to which the expansion has given rise, will always cause a scarcity of money and a high rate of interest, as we see at the present moment. This has ever been the case in the past history of this country under the former mixed currency system. An over issue would make money plenty: that would raise prices; that would occasion speculation; that would cause such an unnatural and excessive demand for money as to create great stringency and an exorbitant rate of interest; and therefore interest has always been highest when the volume of currency was greatest, and lowest when the circulation was at its natural level. These facts are indisputable.

Introduction of Greenbacks.

I have learned, with surprise and regret, that many persons and presses, at this late day, advocate the introduction of paper money into this State. I have no doubt of the sincerity and honesty of those who favor this proposal, but such

persons are greatly mistaken in their ideas of what the effect would be upon the interests of California. Would such a measure raise the value or increase the quantity of your products? Not at all. How, then, could it benefit this State? If the farmer got no more for his cereals, and the miner no more for his gold, how would either gain by it? No class could be benefited, except speculators. They would reap a temporary harvest, which the adoption of a depreciated standard of value would occasion by the general disarrangement of prices which would follow. But the injury to all regular business would be great. The price of all merchandise would be raised equal to the gold premium, and a profit upon it besides. If, in exchanging your gold for greenbacks, you gained nominally twenty per cent., you would more than lose it whenever you made a purchase of any kind of merchandise; besides, labor would not rise at once to so great an extent as merchandise, and the laborer would for a long time suffer much loss in consequence.

The rate of interest would advance largely. Throughout the paper-money States interest has advanced far beyond what was ever known prior to the expansion. In Massachusetts, where capital is most abundant and cheapest, the rate has nearly or quite doubled. I never knew a mortgage made at a higher rate than six per cent. before the war; now the rate on such securities is anywhere from seven to ten, while business men are paying from ten to fifteen per cent., and speculators from fifty to one hundred for their call loans. The average rate can not be less than twelve per cent. throughout the paper-money States. Such is the necessary effect of expanding the currency beyond its natural limits, and such will be its effect here. If so, what is gained by exchanging your gold currency for paper? If your products will not be raised in price, nor your

production increased, nor the rate of interest be made lower, why make the change? Why cause all the derangement and injustice which the change would certainly occasion?

As the question of substituting notes for gold is a mooted one, and highly important in its bearings, let us, for a moment, inquire as to the *modus operandi* by which they could now be introduced into California, and the effects likely to follow. The first question would seem to be, How much will be wanted? To answer this, we must inquire how much the State has of gold coin now; for it is assumed by the advocates of the proposed change that a greater amount of currency is needed.

From diligent inquiry among the principal bankers and capitalists of San Francisco—those who have been longest and most intimately acquainted with its business and monetary affairs—I find the lowest estimate of the quantity of gold coin now in use in the State is \$15,000,000. Many regard the quantity as much greater, but I accept the smaller as nearest the true amount; and, if the population, as estimated, at this time is 600,000, it gives \$25 to every man, woman, and child in the State. Whether this is a sufficient quantity, we must judge by comparing it with the circulation of the other States, which we have called \$710,000,000, exclusive of the fractional. If the Union has now a population, as supposed, of 40,000,000, and California 600,000, then, deducting the 600,000, the population of the rest of the country will be 39,400,000, and this will give to all the other States together \$19.30 per capita.

We find, then, that California has already a greater currency by over twenty-five per cent. than the rest of the Union. That this result is a true one, there can be no reasonable doubt, because it is a well-known fact that gold—especially in new States, where the population is

sparse, and there are few savings-banks—is more extensively hoarded than paper money is in States densely populated, and having a savings institution in almost every considerable village. So much of currency California now has in gold; but she wants more, it is assumed, and therefore must introduce greenbacks. This may certainly be done at any time, if the citizens will, as a community, agree to accept them in all the transactions of trade; but how will they get them? The Government will not be generous enough to make a present of them. The people must buy them—with what? Gold? Then it will take all the gold they have, and more, too, of course, if they are to increase the volume of their present currency; and if they do not, what advantage is gained by the change? And when all this has been done, will the greenbacks stay in the State any better than gold? Not at all. If debts are due on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, the greenbacks must pass over in payment; if capitalists can get more interest on their funds in New York (as they can at present), they will send off their greenbacks just as soon as they would their gold.

If this be so—and no one can reasonably doubt it—where is the benefit to be derived from the introduction of greenbacks, and the consequent expulsion of gold? If any one can discover the advantage to be derived from such an alteration in the monetary *status* of California, he ought certainly to show it by a plain statement of the manner in which it can be brought about. Unfortunately, however, the clamor for greenbacks is sustained, so far as we have seen, only by vague assumptions and idle fallacies, which will be noticed hereafter.

National Bank Notes.

To all this it may be replied, perhaps, “although we talk of greenbacks, we would as soon have National Bank notes,

and those we are as much entitled to as other States.” Very well; but to what amount are you entitled? The Controller of the Currency, in his report of December 1, 1872, has given a table (page 11), showing the amount each State can call for, and from that we find the proportion of California to be \$6,324,183. But since the circulation authorized by Congress has already been distributed, to get this amount of bank-notes, an act must be passed legalizing a further expansion of the currency.

This would be the first obstacle to be encountered. Supposing, however, Congress should be disposed to grant the needful authority, what then? To get the amount of notes required, it will be necessary to deposit say \$7,000,000 in the bonds of the United States, as security for their redemption. Thus it would require an investment of \$7,000,000 of real capital, in order to acquire the \$6,324,183 of bank-notes which California is supposed to be so anxious to obtain.

Admitting, however, that the wealthy capitalists of this State—of whom the number is certainly large—should furnish the bonds, get the notes, and establish the banks; what next? To circulate their notes according to law, the new banks must keep a reserve in “lawful money”—which means greenbacks or specie—upon the whole amount of their circulation and deposits. How much of the funds of these banks must then be held for this purpose? Why, if their deposits should be equal to the average in other States, the amount will be nearly double their circulation; that is, about \$12,000,000.

It appears from the before mentioned report (page 6), that the banks of the nation had

Circulation outstanding	\$333,495,027
Deposits	625,708,307
Total	\$959,263,334

And they had of

Specie.....	\$ 10,229,756
Lawful money.....	118,971,104
Total	\$129,200,860

equal to about 13½ cents on the dollar. If the proposed banks in California, having a

Circulation of.....	\$ 6,324,183
Deposits.....	12,648,366
Total	\$18,972,549

keep a proportionate reserve, the amount will be in round numbers, \$2,300,000. The result then is, that the banks, with a circulation of \$6,324,183, must have a reserve in lawful money or specie of about \$2,300,000, leaving say \$4,000,000. This is the sum total of National Bank currency which could be had for circulation, over the amount of greenbacks or specie which must be held in reserve. This is the upshot of the matter, when carefully examined. The whole circulation of bank-notes might be, as before stated, \$6,324,183; but to sustain these, some \$2,500,000 of bank funds must be kept on hand.

What can be done with the Paper Money?

The banks being established, and merchants and others having borrowed the much coveted currency, what will they do with it? Will they discharge their existing debts? This they could not do, as the obligations were entered into under the law of the State authorizing special contracts, and are payable only in coin. The law can not be repealed in regard to past indebtedness, because there can be no *ex post facto* legislation; nor can a State enact a law "violating the obligation of contracts." The Constitution of the United States expressly forbids this.

Will dealers sell goods, or part with any kind of property, at the same rates they now do, and take their pay in depreciated greenbacks or bank-notes? Most certainly not. If disposed to give credits at all, they would be sure to ask

higher prices for everything offered for sale, and certain to charge a greater advance than the mere existing gold premium, because of uncertainty as to the value of the currency when their demands become due.

All kinds of property, then, under these circumstances, must be measured not only by a new, but uncertain, standard, and all business transactions be thrown into confusion and doubt; while the only class that could profit by the monetary chaos would be those who could take advantage of the embarrassments and distresses of their fellow-citizens, to speculate upon their misfortunes.

A few words now, in regard to the fallacies by which the proposal to introduce greenbacks, or National Bank notes, is sustained.

Annoyance to Visitors and Immigrants.

One of the popular arguments in favor of substituting paper money for coin, is, that persons from the East, on arriving in California, are much annoyed to find themselves obliged to lose (say as at present) fifteen per cent. on their funds, and that this fact prevents many from coming here and investing their money. Let us examine this statement of the case. I come to this city and put up at one of the first-class hotels (and there are no better in the nation), and find myself charged \$3 per day for a single room, and, if I want extra rooms, in proportion. In New York, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic cities, I should be charged \$4 per day for no better accommodations. What is the pecuniary result to me? I sold my draft on Boston for eighty-five cents on the dollar, so I lost fifteen per cent., but as I was charged but \$3, the gold price here, instead of \$4, the currency price at home, I gained a difference of about twelve per cent.—that is, it took \$3.53 of my money to pay \$3 here, instead of \$4 in the other States,

a difference of forty-seven cents per day in my favor.

That is the kind of LOSS which the eastern visitor or immigrant makes in coming to California; and, if he has sagacity enough to see it, he certainly will not grumble at the discount on his paper money, nor hesitate to make investments of greenbacks at the gold values in California.

The principle shown in the illustration given is equally true of all values, real and personal, throughout the State. All are measured alike by the gold standard, and on that account the immigrant who invests here actually gains when he purchases any kind of property.

Landholders and the Greenbacks.

Many of the large owners of land are said to be strongly in favor of substituting paper for gold, on the ground that they will be thereby enabled to make sales they can not effect now. "We could sell our land," say they, "if we would take greenbacks, but as such notes are worth but eighty-five cents on the dollar, we should lose fifteen per cent." Let us see how the case is. A. has a tract of land for which he asks \$10,000. He could take that for it, if he would accept greenbacks, but this he will not do, as it would involve a loss of \$1,500. But he "wishes the State had greenbacks as currency, for then he could sell his land and accept them as pay, because they would be current everywhere." True, he could then sell his land for greenbacks, and he can do the same now. If he were to take the greenbacks after they became the recognized currency, he would still lose the \$1,500, as he would find whenever he came to make any investments, for the good reason that every kind of property would at once be advanced at least as much as the depreciation of the greenbacks. He could, therefore, avoid this loss only by raising the price of his land equal to the

difference between the gold and paper. If he did so, could he sell his land any better than before? and if he could not, then what had he gained by the change?

Gold Monopoly.

Another argument is frequently made—namely, that the great capitalists and financial operators of this State are now able to control the gold market, and dictate high rates of interest, and therefore paper should be substituted. Admitting the statement to be true, would not these same capitalists have equal power over a paper currency? could they not as readily monopolize the latter as the former? or rather, could they not more easily manipulate paper than gold? They could do so, undoubtedly, and this argument in favor of paper, therefore, falls to the ground.

The plain truth of the matter is, that capital is power, and will be wielded by those who have it, whether the currency be sound or unsound.

Expulsion of Gold.

Again, it is often asserted that the absence of greenbacks has caused gold to be sent out of the State. This is, however, an illogical conclusion, contradicted by the palpable fact that California has not only more money in circulation per capita than any other State, but holds more gold at this time than all the National Banks in the Union had in 1872, as shown by their returns. Instead of expelling, it has been the means of retaining so much of coin as is found needful for use as currency.

But it is said that the gold is certainly being drawn off to New York. This may very naturally be so, since that city is the great commercial centre of the nation, and at this moment the rate of interest is very high there, owing principally to the demands of the speculative classes. If the whole currency were greenbacks, the results would be the

same. Capital will certainly flow to those points where it will command the largest income. It is altogether a mistake to conclude that California has less money, less capital, or less prosperity, than she would have had if she had adopted a false and dishonored currency.

Exclusion of Capital.

It may undoubtedly be true, as often asserted, that some persons have been deterred from bringing their capital here from other States in consequence of the nominal loss they would experience in the discount upon their paper money; but, on the other hand, it is unquestionable that a large amount of foreign capital has been, and is still, attracted to this State by the fact that the standard of value here is sound and reliable, and therefore there is less danger to be feared from the great revulsion and decline of values regarded as certain to take place in the expanded currency and credits of other parts of the country. What the State may have lost on one hand she has doubtless more than gained on the other.

The "Prosperity" Argument.

"States having paper money are enjoying high prosperity, while California, with her gold currency, is making little progress; therefore, she should secure the use of a paper circulation." Such is the argument of some who desire to exchange their gold for paper. Massachusetts, especially, is said to be advancing rapidly in wealth from this cause. These assumptions are without any adequate foundation whatever. Neither the old Bay State nor any other Eastern State is increasing in wealth at an unusual rate. The reverse of this is quite true.

The nature of that great prosperity, which seems to excite so much envy, has been strikingly illustrated in the case

of Massachusetts, by her "Statistics of Industry," taken every ten years, between the decennial censuses of the nation. For example: in 1855, the whole annual product of her agriculture was \$305,820,681; in 1865, it was \$517,240,613; showing a gain of \$211,419,932, or nearly seventy-five per cent. for the decade. That seemed to be a most gratifying result, and her chief magistrate congratulated the State on its "wonderful prosperity." But what was the real fact? An analysis of the census was made, by which it was ascertained how many bushels of grain, tons of hay, and other articles, had actually been produced; and it was found that, in many cases, there was not only no gain, but an absolute falling-off; and the conclusion was reached, that there had been "no material increase in actual values." Thus the illusion was dissipated. So at the present time, all over the paper-money States, prices have been greatly raised, and the cost of production largely increased. Rents are higher, wages are higher; but the net results are less favorable to the laborer and capitalist now than in 1860. The prosperity is fiction, not fact. In traveling through the country, at the present time, one can not fail to observe, that there are more splendid residences and more cheap tenement-houses than before the war; that there has been a great disturbance of the national industry; that the few have acquired enormous wealth, and the many been proportionally impoverished; and when the average is struck, the result will be, that there has been no general improvement in the well-being of the masses, even in the most favored States.

The Transition Period.

In conclusion, I would notice the obvious but not generally recognized fact, that this great State of the Pacific is passing through a transition period. California has a remarkable history—a his-

tory almost without a parallel. In 1848, gold was discovered in the bed of one of her rivers. It could be taken up by the shovelful. The news spread with electric velocity to all parts of the globe; and, in the memorable year 1849, tens of thousands poured into the country where gold was to be found in such plenty. In only five years from the discovery, the product had arisen to \$53,000,000. Such a marvelous accumulation of wealth the modern world had never seen. It was overwhelming, and the excitement it produced was correspondingly great. From that period, however, the gold product began gradually to decline, until it is, at present, only about \$20,000,000. But the fever which such a vast and sudden accession of wealth created has not ceased; the speculative spirit engendered by it has not passed away. The public mind, if I mistake not, is still in an abnormal state—still excited—still looking anxiously for new discoveries of the precious metals. A large number of persons have for several years been emigrating to Nevada and other States, to find new fields for their enterprise. The population of California, therefore, though actually increasing, has not of late advanced as fast as that of many of the new agricultural States. She has not had so large an immigration from abroad. Yet, in the meantime, a far more profitable, more reliable, and, in every moral and social aspect, more desirable industry, has grown up, with surprising rapidity. The cultivation of the soil, at first contemned and disregarded, has already become the chief industry of the State, although yet in its infancy, and capable of almost illimitable expansion. But in the present more natural and more wholesome state

of affairs, there is little excitement. Fortunes are not now made in a day. The State grows in wealth; but individuals do not become millionaires in a few months. Hence, to those familiar with the exhilarating scenes and vicissitudes of ten or twenty years ago, all seems dull and monotonous. To a reflecting mind, however—to one who can calmly look at the case—the situation and prospects of California are highly encouraging. There is absolutely nothing in her soil, climate, or position, to deplore. The great and beneficent change in progress necessarily involves more or less disturbance and ephemeral depression. All that California, on her part, needs, is patience under the temporary evils incident to the changes taking place in her industry, and faith in well-directed efforts to extend her agriculture, her manufactures, and her commerce. She must comprehend the situation, understand her own interests, and be true to herself. She has no occasion to ask for governmental favors, for nature has been bountiful; but she should insist on just national legislation; and, if I understand the case aright, her delegation in Congress should be united, earnest, and persistent in demanding a gradual but certain restoration of the currency to par with the California standard; that all restrictions upon the purchase of foreign vessels be removed, and the heavy duties now imposed upon materials entering into ship-building be abolished, or greatly lessened, so that San Francisco may have as many ocean steamers and sailing-vessels as her merchants may choose to build or buy, with which to transport her rich and varied products to every quarter of the globe.

THE PADRE'S RUSE.

UPON the banks of the river Yaqui, flowing through the northern portion of Sonora, Mexico, dwelt, in 1810, Padre Lorente. Grown wealthy upon the perquisites of his holy office, Lorente, as is too often the case among more enlightened men than the Yaquis, became possessed with an insatiate desire for great riches. In pursuance of the engrossing object, this unscrupulous man communicated with certain traders on the Cuban coast, and the result of the correspondence was, that, a few months afterward, a slave-ship, on pretense of other business, dropped anchor off Guaymas. Making to them various promises, the Padre succeeded in getting on board some 500 of the "most likely" of the Yaqui men, when the ship set sail almost immediately, and carried them away into slavery. And the Padre's coffers were greatly enlarged.

The Yaquis, however, attributed the abduction of their countrymen to the captain of the vessel in which they were transported; and the Padre, you may be sure, was careful enough to so conceal the truth from them, that they never once suspected him of so heinous a crime. Time passed, and the occurrence, although not forgotten, was rarely, if ever, mentioned, except among the immediate kindred of the unfortunate ones.

After years of unrequited toil, three of the 500 escaped from Cuba, and made their way, by hiding in the hold of a vessel, to the Florida coast. Laboring at whatever occupation offered itself, they soon became possessed of sufficient means to enable them to continue their journey to the land of their nativity, the banks of the beautiful river Yaqui, and, after many trials and difficulties, reach-

ed the northern boundary of Chihuahua, hurriedly crossing the southern line of the State of Jalisco. Here they paused and held council. Having no idea of the distance between them and the homes of their childhood, foot-sore and weary with long traveling, chagrined at the lives they had been forced to lead, despairing of the future, two of the unhappy trio were in favor of surrendering, and passing the rest of their lives as *peones*; but the third remained unchanged in his determination to see once more, or die in the attempt, the place of his birth. And so effectual were his persuasive words, that his companions were constrained to continue the journey with him five days to the south, on condition, that, if at the end of that time, they did not see their country and river from the tops of the highest peaks of the sierra, then he would do as they wished.

Early on the morning of the fifth day, they climbed to the pinnacle of an over-looking *picacho*, and there rested, awaiting in solemn silence the coming sun. Clouds flung their banners from peak to peak, drifting away to the right and left; but the weary Yaquis saw them not, neither saw they the coming of the day-god that was to show them—fairer than the tropic beach and waving palms of "the ever-faithful isle," more beautiful than the flower-spangled prairies of Texas, and more sublime than the grandeur by which they were surrounded—the pellucid Yaqui. For they slept the deep sleep of the exhausted traveler—too deep for dreams.

The sun had nearly attained to the meridian, and had unrolled all the vast panorama of winding valleys and tablelands destitute of verdure—gray sierra-

slopes and cañons, awful in the blackness of their desolation—before the Yaquis awoke. They raised their eyes with many misgivings, shaded them with trembling hands, and looked long and anxiously about them. A strip of green, glittering in the dim distance, contrasting strangely with the brown barrenness of its surroundings, attracted their vision. "Willow-trees, shading the banks of the Yaqui!" they all exclaimed. Falling upon their knees, the whilom slaves thanked God and the saints for sovereign guidance. In due time they reached the "strip of green," which was, indeed, the willow-bordered stream of their nativity, and were received with great joy, for they had long been mourned as dead.

When the tale of their sufferings and the cruelties done them had been recited, they disclosed to their astonished countrymen the name of their abductor—Padre Lorente. Whereupon, the Padre, who still lived among the Yaquis, honored and respected, was seized and bound.

While being led out to be shot, a ruse occurred to him, by which he might save his life, so suddenly and justly placed in jeopardy, and also augment his priestly power, which, until the return of the three Yaquis, had been almost absolute.

Among the many visitors of note whom the Padre had entertained during his long residence among the Yaquis, was an English nobleman, who had presented to the hospitable priest a focal-glass. Padre Lorente accordingly requested the indignant Yaquis to halt; that he had something very important to reveal to them. They did so, laughingly saying among themselves that it could do no harm to hear what the *mal-dito* had to say, as they intended to kill him, and thus effectually abolish the slave trade in their midst. He requested permission to put on his sacerdotal robes, which was at length assented to.

Then walking in front of his would-be executioners, he assumed a majestic manner, and, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, spoke as follows—addressing them reproachfully:

"Men of the Yaqui River! why do you wish to put me to death—I, who have power to destroy the world with fire? I have power given me of God to consume mine enemies with fire. Ye are mine enemies."

But they sneeringly answered, "We do not believe that what you say is true. Prove it to us, if you can, and we will set you at liberty."

Meanwhile, the Padre held the focal-glass concealed in the folds of his robe, and thus replied: "Do you see yon dry cactus-leaf?"

"We do."

"If I, from where I am standing, set that dry cactus-leaf on fire, will you believe that I have power from God to burn the world with fire, and thus destroy mine enemies?"

The Yaquis answered, as with one voice, and said they would.

"Then look!" ejaculated the Padre. "In three minutes that cactus-leaf will be on fire."

"Hold! hold!" said the captain of the Yaquis. "You have fire hidden under the cactus. We will first examine it."

Then the Padre, affecting to become angry at their incredulity, suggested that they should sweep round about the cactus-bush for a space of ten feet. And they did so, but found no fire.

Discomfited, yet still incredulous, the captain of the Yaquis ordered his men to form a circle around the cactus-bush, which should also inclose the scornful Padre—the hated Padre—with drawn bows. It was done.

Invoking the power of God with his most solemn voice and mien, the Padre knelt, arose, threw up his hands—in the right one of which he held, dexterously concealed from human view by the sleeve

of his robe, the focal-glass, raising it in such a way as to bring the sun's rays to a focus upon the cactus-leaf, toward which all eyes were now directed. Meantime, the utmost silence reigned; and when the cactus-leaf began to burn—faintly at first, then blazing up brightly, so that all saw it—great confusion ensued; shrieks and groans rent the air.

The Yaquis, now thoroughly convinced of the Padre's superhuman power, fell at his feet, begging and praying for forgiveness; that the world might not be destroyed by fire; and supplicating the bestowal of his benediction upon them and theirs—which was, at length, given!

And Padre Lorente's power over the Yaqui Indians became absolute.

ETC.

Art Growth.

Our attention was recently directed toward a crowd that seemed to hover, day and evening, about the show-window of a certain art-gallery on a certain street in this city. We don't like the atmosphere of crowds in general, but we will confess that we found the little community that hung about the spot in question, for palpable reasons, less disagreeable than common. A new picture was the magnet that drew pilgrims from various quarters of the town, and we began to inquire into the secret of its unusual success. The picture was of goodly size; people crossed the street to see it. It was highly colored, and souls with no more culture than a gobbler were attracted by the mere brilliancy of its tints. It was a taking subject—"Sunday Morning in the Mines, '49"—enough to have made a less meritorious production popular. So long as the throng of spectators was dense, we could get nothing notable from the fragments of criticism that floated about; the best judges were abashed by the flippant remarks of those who betrayed a ludicrous ignorance, as often as they opened their mouths; moreover, the mind is not in a reflective mood when the body is cramped, and the judgment is apt to be uncertain under such contingencies. Later, we stood looking at the picture, when two lads—not a dozen years of age—paused, on their way to school, and began a study of the subject. We awaited the verdict of their judgment with considerable curiosity, for the future art-life of the coast rests in the hands of the rising generation. One of the boys, who was not the image of the in-

fant Raphael, nor at all artistic in his appearance, grew enthusiastic over the smoldering embers in the foreground of the camp-scene; he wanted to know if "that log didn't look as if it was burning?" His comrade nodded assent, and said he was willing to bet "that frame cost money!" Probably it did; but he showed far less appreciation of the real merits of the exhibition than the youth who has already evidenced the possession of an eye for color.

Art is so thoroughly absolute, and so badly understood, the fathers of those sons might have made precisely the same remarks from precisely the same standpoints, and been thought none the less of. Yet the love of art is an appetite that grows with what it feeds on. Probably the dullest eye may be cultivated so that it shall find displeasure in bad pictures; and, as for such minds as in their immaturity are capable of detecting a touch of natural color in a work of art, they are equal to the highest attainments.

Some of the finest paintings on the coast were brought hither in early days. There were art-auctions then as now. It would be difficult to sell pictures for less sums than have been realized from some of our more recent sales, which does not speak well for the art growth of the coast; but pictures are in greater demand at present, and at last we may boast of an Art Association that has outlived its inaugural season, and whose future is most flattering.

Doubtless the chromo has its mission, and when that mission is accomplished, it will take its place among the things that were.

Barring its sharpness, the result of a too palpable imitation of the original made entirely without inspiration, the chromo answers every purpose as a substitute for the paintings that are beyond the reach of many. They are a favorable medium for the development of taste, and have nearly driven from the market those cheap lithographs of stagy-looking Indians wooing pink-faced squaws by the margin of streams that seem to be floored over with zinc. The endless series of female *beauties*, whose type is happily extinct—girls, whose lives were passed in the pensive contemplation of a flower nearly as large as their heads; Rosinas, Eugénies, and others of the same sort, broad-shouldered, wasp-waisted creatures, robed in glaring colors, and innocent of anything like expression—let us thank heaven, that, in the growth of art, the days of these monstrous obstacles to the comprehension of the beautiful are passing.

Keeping up Appearances.

There is a social malady more paralyzing to effort, and more fatal in its effects, than the dreaded equine epidemic which has so recently been holding high carnival all over the country. Veterinary surgeons have proved themselves equal to a successful combat with epizootic; but, once let the distemper of ambition to keep up appearances get good hold of a man or woman, and the chances are, that the poisonous virus will never be thoroughly eliminated, but its hapless victims will go coughing, and sneezing, and limping, in dislocated dignity, to the vast, all-embracing corral where the specious garb of appearances can no longer conceal malignant and hurtful realities. This ruinous plague saps the very foundations of social and domestic life, and blights and blasts the prospects of many an energetic, deserving man.

This moral infliction has, of late years, been making fearful strides among the middle classes of society. It is the bane of all healthful prosperity; it begets a spirit of hateful rivalry; it encourages petty pride; it stimulates an unworthy ambition; it fosters family dissension; it causes personal unrest; it engenders strife, and it is the fruitful source of more real unhappiness and dissension in domestic life than almost any other social sin in the

vast catalogue. Many a family, really possessing a store-house of home comforts and blessings, but for this direful effort to keep up appearances might revel in the joys of household felicity. Disdaining the precious gifts of a lavish Providence, they make themselves an unworthy sacrifice to appearances, and life becomes unreal and unsatisfactory to them and to everybody else—a mere puppet-like performance. Present and future happiness is all mortgaged to this insane endeavor to live after the pattern of some affluent neighbor, instead of being impelled by the impulse of some grand principle, or purpose. With frantic hope of success, they venture all on some perilous utopian scheme, forgetting that the best and noblest achievements of life are the result of persistent effort, and not of spasmodic action. They are chasing some flitting impossibility from day to day, instead of setting out in life with a definite purpose, and bending every energy toward its accomplishment.

This dreadful contagion seizes many a noble, ambitious young man, who starts out with splendid purpose in his eyes. But he must keep up appearances. He makes a royal fight for fortune, but fails. He finds himself at bay with fate. He wrestles heroically, but all overtures are unavailing—he can not propitiate success. He becomes discouraged and disheartened; his stout hands drop nerveless, his strong heart beats feebly, his brisk step lags wearily. His soul craves the strength of good, honest, wifely companionship; but he is too poor to marry the elect of his heart, for she has nothing but excellence to bring into the family exchequer, and so it ends in his becoming the mere appendage to some rich and silly woman—a mere walking-stick for flounces and finery—and the sequel is by no means glorious.

The supreme need of the hour is independent individuality, and a fine scorn for mere conventional edicts and meaningless exactions. Life is too rich a heritage to be sacrificed to the taint and feebleness of the courtier. We want more of the grand, severe simplicity of actual life, that has the knack of being sunny-faced and happy on a scant allowance. To attain its highest and noblest development, the mind must not be rasped perpetually with carking cares. Greater simplicity

would give emancipation from such ceaseless toil. We need to graduate into the higher school of thought and endeavor, where appearances are realities, and where there is no back-stairs method of getting into society. We want more of an arcadian degree of freedom in life—more of the mountain life of pure naturalness—more of the valley life of unaffected peace—more of the hill-side life of tranquil repose. Life, to be large, must be free; like the landscape, it must curve and swell after its own fashion, nor seek to shape itself after any conventional model. Harness recreant Nature to her own allotted task, and let her move forward unfettered by surroundings, nor spend one iota of garnered strength in an unworthy struggle to keep up appearances.

"In Memoriam."

Thou art gone, my own, my loved one,
Ere thy soft cheek's flush had grown
To the ripe blush of womanhood,
When the wiles of men are known.

O! how tenderly I nursed thee—
How I watched thy ripening form?
As a mother hugs her infant
To her breast, I kept thee warm.

How I guarded thee from danger,
From the slightest scratch or shake,
Lest the fragile cord that bound thee
To this world of ours should break.

But I must dash away the tears
That still linger in my eyes;
I must not weep, though thou art gone,
And, with thee, all I prize.

Like apples shaken from a tree
By rude winds before they're ripe,
So fell'st thou from my hand and broke—
My almost virgin PIPE.

W. L. E.

Picnics.

Californians do not picnic from necessity, for the urgent need of sunning one's self once a year is superseded by the dash and brilliancy of the great orb during most of the months in the calendar; and if "after the rains" is the chosen time, it is simply because the May season has always been chosen for out-of-door festivities. Nature is so affluent of her sunbeams that we catch them in a very riot of extravagance, and spend them as we do everything else, without thought or

stint. With every spring-time there is an increasing indulgence in the genial old fashion of celebrating the first day of May. The various turn-verein organizations of our German population gather out in the fields and woods to do honor to the well-remembered and beloved customs of the "faderland," and invigorate the systems of their members by taking as hearty swigs of fresh air as they do of lager beer. They run, jump, leap, swing, and give themselves up to a solid lunch, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Gatchen, and Katchen, and Hans, run wild, and who cares? Let them shout it out; plenty of room, and nobody's nerves hurt by the noise. The Masons and Odd Fellows congregate by thousands in some shady garden, to work off the plenitude of animal spirits, and renew the brotherly love, which is the professed cord binding them each in a perpetual round of benevolence and active charity. The military societies gather, and catch the sparkle of the sunshine on brass buttons and gay epaulets, as they march joyously, crushing the wild flowers with their stately tread, on their way to some impromptu banquet, gotten up for the occasion, "over the bay." One day it is a company of Germans; the next, St. Patrick's badge reflects its green in the golden sheen; and anon the Frenchman recalls the gay Boulevards in his Parisian heaven, and, for the moment, transports himself to the far-away home, as he joins heartily in the grand chorus of the Marseillaise, floating out from stringed instruments, and all the more impressive from the faint echoes returning from hill and rock.

Among Americans, it is, perhaps, in the religious denominations that the picnic proper is most enjoyed. It being a perfectly allowable and legitimate amusement, even in the eyes of the most narrow-minded sectarian, with very few exceptions, the young people are encouraged in the indescribable pleasure which results from dancing, and they "go at it" with a gusto and vigor truly wonderful to behold—no languid ball-room performances. The poetry of motion loses the lazy measure induced by two yards of train, and becomes an intoxicating whirl of mad romping, having in it the essence of "Copenhagen" and "Kiss-me-quick," and which sets even the "old folks in motion,

just for fun," some of them taking a hand (or foot, rather) in the untiring round, and relapsing, at the exciting close, into an indulgent, "Well, let them enjoy it, the summer of life is but once; let them have its bloom and fragrance in this pleasant now, of the May-time." Decorous old deacons—who mildly observe, "Well, dancing was never allowed church-members in my time"—look benignly on, and unbegrudgingly meditate on the changes time and custom has allowed since the days when Cotton Mather and the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth perpetrated that mixture of sulphur and nether fire, christened it "A Poem," and called it, with apt suggestiveness, "The Day of Doom."

Innovation! it is a good, dashing sort of a word; but it dares not articulate old-time creeds and practices in the churches, any more than in any other domain; its syllables are iconoclastic. Who could dream, to look on the innocent and merry picnickers, dancing to "worldly music," that once on a

time they would have been bemoaned thus:

"Moreover there together were
Children flagiti-ous,
And parents, who did them undo,
By nature vici-ous."

Get out of the close rooms, out of the trammels of daily routine; away from pulpit, and desk, and counting-room; start from behind the counter; pour out from factory and workshop; fling off the editorial *must*, in both senses of the word, and go back to supreme delicious youth—eat cakes and apples, like boys; swing and play battledore, like girls; forget nerves and backs, neuralgia and rheumatism, and get into the very heart of the sunshine; steep yourselves in the fragrance of wood-blossoms; gather anemones and wild violets, and take care of poison-oak, and all moral poisons, also; for the trail of the serpent is even in the Edens of Alameda and Berkeley, as erst in Adam's vast picnic ground.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE. By W. R. Greg. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Morally and intellectually this book is well worth exploring. It is unquestionably true, that any creed which claims to have reached the *Ultima Thule* of all truth, and assumes to hold in possession the key to the arsenal of all facts pertaining to natural and revealed religion, is utterly inadequate to the needs of any honest, inquiring, and expanding soul. The intellectual and the emotional interblend in every nature. The earnest spirit craves an honest "wherefore" to its ceaseless "why?" Doubts are but the dreary narrows through which the soul passes to a larger life; they may be the birth-pangs to a clearer atmosphere, and a more expansive growth. There are, doubtless, a class of truths that we may call root-truths, which can never be apprehended by the logical faculty in man, and which defy all judicial investigation. They appeal to a higher tribu-

nal of man's nature; they must be spiritually apprehended, if at all. But it still remains true, that this faculty of spiritual apprehension is cultivatable, and should be educated, like every other faculty. There is a spiritual, as well as a physical blindness. To seek to resolve these root-truths, to which we have referred, and which constitute the sum and substance of the work before us, by a mere intellectual process, is a bootless task. Coleridge best expresses it: "If you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief." There is enkindled a deeper and diviner light back of the understanding, which informs and illumines it. The clouds of earthly care are calculated to shut out this purer light. The soul needs more of true sabbatic rest and repose; more of exalted quiet for meditation and contemplation; more of Nature's soli-

tudes; more of green hills and musical brooks, and less of the rude din of this work-a-day life. Hence, old age that

"Walks thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,"

ofttimes sends back to giddy life the wisest counsel. It finds time for wholesome meditation. As says the author of the work in review, "Age is content to *think*, where Youth would have been anxious to *demonstrate* and establish."

The problems and enigmas of which the writer treats he does not presume to solve; he merely propounds. Of actual knowledge, he contends, we have simply nothing. Inheriting from a Puritan ancestry the strongest impressions in regard to the great doctrines of religion, the author, while now recognizing and acknowledging the invalidity of tenure by which they are held, is yet unwilling to yield possession of them, merely because the old title-deeds are full of flaws. Faith in a wise, loving, and beneficent Creator has grown and strengthened with the years, until it has become to him the assurance of an almost absolute certainty; and the belief in a renewed life hereafter, as he approaches the borders of the beautiful Beyond, rises to the sublimity of a solemn Hope—a hope resting upon no visible and ascertainable phenomena, but upon strong intuitive conviction; a hope that disdains to define or particularize the nature, mode, or conditions of that life, to realize its details or processes, or to form any distinct or plausible theory regarding it—especially any local, physical, or biological one.

The writer treats the problem of evil with a candor and cleverness eminently befitting a reverent questioner. His reasoning, in substance, is, that if we would but conceive of the Creator as immeasurably and incalculably wise, beneficent, and mighty, but still more or less conditioned by the attributes, qualities, and imperfections of the material on which he operates, and self-restricted by the laws or properties inherent in the nature of that material, we should at once find ourselves in a breatheable intellectual atmosphere. In other words, the author sees human agency and free-will conceded by the Creator to the created, when He said, "Let us make

man in our own image!" And in this he finds a solution of the sorrowful facts and experiences that environ this daily life, without doing violence to our moral sense, or casting a shadow over infinite goodness and love.

In his chapter on "Realizable Ideals," he more fully elaborates his views on existing evil. He distinctly refuses to believe in inevitable evils, and recognizes in the rectification of existing wrong and the remedy of prevailing wretchedness the work which is given us to do. He says: "Disease, destitution, endemic misery, certainly—and sin and suffering of nearly every sort, probably and mainly—lie at our door, at the door of the aggregate of our race, at that of our ancestors, or at our own; and I hold that what man has caused man may cure." He further holds that there is not a single ill under which humanity groans that is not distinctly traceable to our contravention of the laws of Nature—the physical laws, on which health depends; the moral laws, on which happiness depends; and the social and economic laws, on which plenty and comfort depend. The world, he contends, is so constituted that if we were consistently intelligent and morally right, we should be socially and physically happy. While conceding the terrible inheritance of ancestral errors, he, nevertheless, believes that we only require steadily to go right at once and henceforth, in order, ere long, to cancel the consequences of having gone wrong for such countless generations. He bravely substantiates his arguments with well-chosen *data* and statistical information.

Mr. Greg takes up the Malthusian theory—that the constant and irremediable pressure of population on the means of subsistence forever precludes the possibility of universal comfort and plenty, here on earth—and treats it at great length. The author formerly took issue with Malthus on this point, believing his premises to be imperfect, and his conclusions, in consequence, unsound. But further investigation and deeper thought seem to have shaken this confidence, and his present hope rests upon the possible existence of yet undiscovered laws which may operate to mitigate or annul the misery consequent upon such hopeless, universal, and ever-increasing pressure and privation. We can not forbear quoting the author's brave and heroic words

on a subject so interwoven with human destiny. His ultimate conclusion is, that "the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, which was originally fancied to doom the human race to perpetual struggle, discomfort, and misery, and to frown away all dreams for its steady progress and ultimate perfectibility, is the very instrumentality through which that final issue is wrought out; and through which, if man were only reasonably intelligent, it might be wrought out with no more suffering or *gêne* in the process than is requisite to supply the needful stimulus to the natural inertia of the undeveloped brain." Hence, he argues, that the necessity for exertion is all that Malthus' law indispensably implies and involves; that this exertion is of itself, or soon becomes, a pleasure; and that the righteousness, wisdom, and beneficence of the arrangement are thus vindicated the moment we catch a glimpse of "its perfect work."

The chapter titled "Non-Survival of the Fittest," is a closely considered argument in regard to the tendency in civilized societies to multiply the race from its inferior specimens, in opposition to Herbert Spencer's law of "The Survival of the Fittest." He shows, in a marvelously clear and intelligible manner, how the various influences of our social system combine to traverse Nature's salutary laws ordained for the preservation of a worthy and ever-improving humanity; how great masses of human beings emasculated by luxury, damaged by want, rendered reckless by poverty, with mental and physical energies sapped and characters grievously impaired by long indulgence and forestalled desires—how these great masses of enfeebled and noxious *débris* of human kind multiply their likenesses, and mold the mental and moral features of coming times. He shows, too, how a higher average of life may be compatible with a lower average of health. He does not believe that any artificial prohibitions or restraints, any laws imposed from above and without, can ever restore the true principle of "natural selection" to a due supremacy among the human race. He says, on this point, "We can only trust to the slow influences of enlightened and moral susceptibility, percolating downward and in time permeating all ranks."

Perhaps the theme *par excellence* of which he treats is that on the "Limits and Direction of Human Development." None but a soul rich and ripe in the deep, unvoiced, heart-crushing experiences of this mortal life could ever breathe such thoughts as these: "There is the peace of surrendered, as well as of fulfilled hopes—the peace, not of satisfied, but of extinguished longings; the peace, not of the happy love and the secure fireside, but of un murmuring and accepted loneliness; the peace, not of the heart which lives in joyful serenity afar from trouble and from strife, but of the heart whose conflicts are over and whose hopes are buried; the peace of the passionless, as well as the peace of the happy; not the peace that brooded over Eden, but that which crowned Gethsemane. . . . The solitude of soul, which is its worst sting, is also its surest seal. The deepest discernment and the highest wisdom ever proceed either from the throne of the crowned or the grave of the buried love."

He is a keen diviner of the agony of the crushed and bleeding spirit, and understands the anguish of disappointed and shattered ambition. There is in him an honest comradeship of soul with such as struggle in the valleys of this mutable life. His sympathies are catholic and eclectic. He traverses the spiritual realm with soft and reverent tread, but with a marked consistency of intellectual purpose, and a grand adherence to moral principle. Vigorous thought inspires vigorous words, and fidelity to conviction impels him to step aside from the old beaten track of an effete orthodoxy, and indite glowing words in behalf of individual development and the perfection of the race; encouraging every poor toiler in his effort to raise the suffering masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, and showing how the genuine philanthropist, in the measure of his wisdom and the purity of his zeal, is the real fellow-workman of the Most High.

Of the chapters on "The Significance of Life," "De Profundis," and "Elsewhere," we have not space to speak. They are, perhaps, even more freshly suggestive and original than those already reviewed. The work commends itself to the earnest and careful examination of every honest seeker after truth.

WONDERS OF SCULPTURE. By Louis Viardot. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This is a supplementary volume to the first series of *The Illustrated Library of Wonders*, which comprises some twenty volumes of admirable works, treating of art, science, nature, exploit, and adventure. The different branches of natural science are made eminently interesting and attractive, rendering the works valuable for family, school, and public libraries. The names of distinguished American authors and scientists, who edit these works, are sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and thoroughness of the information contained therein.

In the *Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, edited by Bayard Taylor, and brought out by the same publishers, the design seems to have been to strike a medium between the flashy, prolix book of travel, and the heavy, recondite compilation, adapted only to the severe and critical student; so, too, in the present series, the same design is carried out, the subjects being treated clearly, tersely, and intelligibly. They are not only entertaining, but educative.

The volume before us is a translation of *Les Merveilles de la Sculpture*, by M. Viardot, an art critic of celebrity. We regret to say that the translation does the renowned author but meagre justice. The English dress is slatternly and inelegant. The translator evinces a limited knowledge of the resources of the language, wholly inadequate to a finished work. He should take counsel of Van Laun, to whom M. Taine owes so much, in the re-production of his works in English.

Briefly, then, the plan of the work sets out with relics of the first crude efforts at sculpture and drawing, which have been preserved from the Stone Age; moving on through the long period of more advanced civilization required to free sculpture from its vassalage to architecture, preparatory to its production of independent works of art, in the form of bas-reliefs and statues. Taking up Egyptian art, he defines the four principal epochs, beginning with the archaic style of the middle empire; moving forward through the second epoch of growing grace and delicacy; marking its decline and re-appearance in the sev-

enteenth century, when, in the new empire, there was a *renaissance* of Egyptian art; until after the Roman conquest, when art became totally extinct in Egypt.

Other antique schools are fully and ably reviewed. Assyrian, Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman sculpture, with their influence over the early civilizations, and intimate connection with the faith of the several countries, are carefully delineated. The Greek school is especially full and complete, and continental galleries are laid under tribute for their masterpieces of sculpture.

Of the modern schools, he takes up the Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, English, French, and American. We have only space to record what he is pleased to indite in regard to our female artists, in this line; and which, no doubt, they will fervently appreciate, as coming from so distinguished an authority as M. Viardot. It suggests, at least, the fact that there are heights not as yet attained by them. With the utmost *sang-froid* the author says: "A number of American women have made praiseworthy efforts to accomplish something in sculpture, and if it would be mere flattery to admit that any one of them has done work worthy of lasting admiration, it is no less creditable to them to have tried, and they may at least be judged the peers of many men calling themselves sculptors, and called so by an easy world."

For shame! M. Viardot. Cruel, wicked, remorseless M. Viardot! We turn you over to the tender mercies of Hosmer, Lewis, and pretty Vinnie Ream.

MODERN DIABOLISM; with New Theories of Light, Heat, Electricity, and Sound. By M. J. Williamson. New York: James Miller.

Mr. M. J. Williamson is a "medium;" and, like most mediums whom it has been our fate to have dealings with, he is not over modest. He says of himself and his book: "As this work is written under the impression that the writer is the first individual of our world who has been able to obtain any truth respecting the other, and as such has been stated to be the fact, I propose, in this chapter, to give extracts from modern seers and

spiritualists, sufficient to show that there is no agreement whatever between their revelations and the communications I have received." Having given us to understand that no revelations are genuine unless bearing the trademark of the inspired M. J. W., the medium opens his batteries upon all members of society, and proceeds to monopolize all evidences of the life to come. He denounces A. J. Davis and Judge Edmonds as a couple of unfortunate enthusiasts—the former not believing what he says (which is a genteel manner of giving him the lie); the latter, simply deluded. He says the theories of the spiritualists are based upon the writings of Swedenborg, and Swedenborg he considers to have been a "learned lunatic."

The oracular Williamson seems to delight in destroying old beliefs. On page 246 he says: "There are many persons who do not believe in spiritualism, and do believe in clairvoyance. But the latter is a delusion; there is no such faculty in man." Then he proceeds to enlighten the world upon this very important point. Clairvoyance is a kind of spiritual telegraphy—that is, one spirit carries a message or impression to the brain of the medium, who seems to see what is going on in another part of the world, but, in reality, learns it all from this traveling spirit.

Mr. W. develops some startling theories—or facts, if he prefers that term. For instance, he has knowledge from the angels (or devils, as he seems to prove them, in most cases) of a second death, or a death of the spiritual body, when the soul is annihilated, or floats out of sight. We fondly hope that the wicked cease from troubling in that furthest heaven, for the world, the flesh, and the devil, combined, are not so hideous as the spiritual world whose temporal mouthpiece Mr. Williamson is doomed to be. He does not approve of Tyndall, Herschel, and others of that ilk. He does not even tolerate Robert Dale Owen. His hand is against every man, and to none is he more insolent than to his spirit-teachers. He says, he does not feel guarded in his language "when reviewing the idiotic lectures of the crack-brained professor" (Tyndall); and, in fact, we scarcely think the reader would accuse him of any such weakness, even without a special announcement of his manly indignation.

The result of his profound researches in the fathomless mysteries of Nature is recorded in this brief paragraph: "It will be perceived, that these new theories assume all our sensations to be of an electrical nature. Taste and smell, which differ but little, are the results of chemical changes which cause currents of electricity to flow through the nerves to the brain. Touch is the result of the development by friction of electricity, which is also conveyed to the brain." There you have it, in a nut-shell; and the scientists may hide their heads, for their occupation is gone.

Mr. Williamson devotes 150 pages to prophetic dreams, and succeeds pretty well in robbing them of their interest and mystery. There may be some professional jealousy in this, for he is in the same business himself; and while he is not slow to see the mote in the eyes of his spiritualistic brethren, he entirely overlooks a tremendous beam that is disfiguring his own.

But we must wind up Mr. Williamson and his *Modern Diabolism*. In page 92 he says: "It here becomes necessary to make a statement which may appear rather egotistical. *There has never lived in our world another individual with whom any of the other world, but the most degraded class, could communicate, except on very rare occasions, and then only for a moment.*" From our own personal observation, we can add, that of the many and various mediums who have come under our eye, not one of them but professed to hold spirit intercourse with the greatest minds of the past, from Socrates to James Fisk; and, as far as Mr. W.'s testimony goes, we have been able to select but one of his multitude of spirit friends whom we can call at all distinguished, and that one a certain nonentity whom W. dignifies as "Count," though he tells us, at the same time, that he is quite another party; and on page 111, he becomes dissatisfied with his sole high-toned and illustrious spirit, and says "It must be that he is now almost an idiot." Under these circumstances, his statement in the italics above quoted does seem to be rather egotistical. Moreover, we are informed that these spirits are utterly false, that they are continually lying; and that "one peculiarity about the lying of these people of the other world is, that they lie when the truth would

better serve their purpose ;" and in the preface, "It is difficult for me to believe, that these individuals have become such lying creatures. . . . I have not hesitated to state, that a relative of my own was one of the worst liars of the party."

Evidently, Mr. M. J. Williamson comes of bad stock. His spirits are lying spirits, whose machinations he appropriately styles "diabolism." His theories and refutations emanate from this very questionable source; then, what are they worth?

The book seems to be written in sober earnest; and it proves, pretty effectually, how useless it is to seek truth from those whom Mr. Williamson might designate as the agents of the Father of Lies.

THE FOREIGNER IN FAR CATHAY. By W. H. Medhurst. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The conscientious author, in the volume before us, does not pretend to the importance of a work on China. He claims no higher aim than simply to enlighten the home public in regard to the actual circumstances in which residents of that remote region find themselves, and to supply a few scraps of information respecting the Chinese themselves. Having occupied the position of English Consul at Shanghai for a period of years, he writes understandingly upon the subjects of which he treats.

The author claims that the succession of collisions with western powers, which has marked the history of China during the past thirty years, has done her grievous harm; that they have led to the devastating rebellions which have ravaged that country, sapped her resources, and brought the government to the helpless condition in which it now practically lies. He dwells at considerable length upon the missionary element of foreign society, and, while entertaining a profound respect for the work, he does not spare criticism in regard to the workers, and their mode of working. He contrasts the plan of operations pursued by the Protestant missionary with that of the Catholic; the former settling at the open port, building himself a foreign house, and mingling largely with the foreign population, while the latter penetrates

deeply into the interior, disassociates himself from the mercantile classes of foreigners, and works disguised as a native, unremittingly, at whatever station he occupies. He contends that celibacy enhances the usefulness of the missionary in a foreign field.

The chapters devoted to "Opium Smoking," "Infanticide," "Social Institutions," and "Modes of Sepulture," are brief, but well considered. The author's views in regard to the result of the intercommunication, thus far, between the two races, foreign and Chinese, materially differ from those of many other writers upon the commercial and political relations of the two countries. He affirms that men of high social position in China, who have of late years visited the West in a quasi-diplomatic capacity, have shown no sign of having been impressed by what they have observed, or moved to introduce improvements and advantages into their own country; that they manifest the most listless indifference to novel and interesting sights, to the marvelous progress in arts and manufactures, and return to their homes only to ridicule or sneer at the outlandish people among whom they have been thrown. In other words, in the writer's estimation, progress to the Chinese mind represents the free introduction into the country of a pushing, self-willed, impracticable, and eccentric race, whose notions and habits are utterly at variance with anything to which they have hitherto been accustomed. He says:

"The honest and patriotic mandarin can only discern in progress political complication, social revolution, and, perhaps, general rebellion; while the unscrupulous official sees in it an inevitable end to the monopolies and extortions which he has been accustomed to regard as legitimate sources of profit. The priesthood and *litterati* can only discover in progress an aggressive influence before which time-honored institutions, superstitions, and usages must, in time, give way. The mechanic, agriculturist, and carrier contemplate progress with an indefinite fear that it can not co-exist with the means of livelihood on which they and their fathers have depended for generations. . . . Added to all this, the general experience of intercourse with foreigners, thus far, has not been such as to encourage the opposite way of thinking. Under these circumstances, who can blame the Chinese for preferring to remain as they are, as far as it is possible to do so, and deprecating any innovation upon the groove in which, as they imagine, they have moved so happily and successfully for thousands of years past?"

With all due deference to the author's opinion, so flatly expressed, we can but wonder, if this be the true state of the case, why the Chinese government should appropriate one million of dollars to educate one hundred and fifty children—the brightest and most promising in the empire—in all the branches of a complete English education; and that "The Guardian's Chinese Educational Mission" should be established at the instance of a native Chinese, who had been previously commissioned to visit England and America, for the express purpose of inspecting internal improvements, taking notes on commerce, and acquainting himself with manufactures. This latter movement would seem to refute some statements made by Mr. Medhurst, and strongly indicates that Chinese officials and statesmen do not apprehend the speedy downfall of the empire, in consequence of intercommunication with the outside world.

TREASON AT HOME. By Mrs. Greenough. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have tugged through this duodecimo volume with very little profit to ourselves or to the world, we greatly fear. Mrs. Greenough's style occasionally reminds us of Mrs. Oliphant. There is the same latent contempt for the weak and inefficient, the same under-tone of faithlessness and dissatisfaction, the same tendency to diffuseness, the same womanly sympathy with the suffering, and the same skill in describing scenes and characters with which she is familiar. The plot of the story is laid in England, and the *dramatis personæ* are taken, for the most part, from the higher classes of society. The principal character, Lady Tremyss—a remarkably beautiful, quiet sort of a woman, with distinguished manners and a fine fortune—shows skill in portraiture and fidelity in detail. Lady Tremyss is a veiled mystery, and the action of the story develops the hidden motives by which she is guided, and brings to light the dark secrets of her mutable career. At times, the author's style is high-flowing and pedantic, trembling on the very verge of elegant imbecility; as, for instance, where "the carriage rolls between the couchant sphinxes," and "antique bronzes, in the corners, look down from high pedestals of

rosso antico." There is nothing in this line, however, that fairly approaches Miss Evans, in her *Macaria*, where she delivers herself after this sort: "Perish the microcosm in the limitless macrocosm, and sink the feeble, earthly segregate in the boundless, rushing, choral aggregation." Mrs. Greenough must needs study the absurd for some time to come, before she can expect to attain to such grandiosity as this.

But to return to our story. Edith Arden, with her delicate figure, transparent countenance, golden curls, and deep, earnest eyes—the counter-heroine of the plot—is the only daughter of a devoted father, who is determined to make a brilliant match for her. In the development of the story, Edith is thrown with Isabel, the only daughter of the redoubtable Lady Tremyss; a tall, brilliant, sparkling beauty, with her "brown eyes smiling as if in rivalry with her mouth, an air of perpetual gayety and mischievous playfulness glancing over her face." Walter Arden, a cousin of Edith—and a lover as well—is regarded by Lady Tremyss as an eligible match for her daughter Isabel; all the more desirable from the fact of his having taken into captivity the heart of that susceptible young lady. The mother resorts to well-planned strategy to compass her ends. The real *motif* of the story seems to be, the gradual working out and development of the terrible secrets in the character of Lady Tremyss; and these remain, for the most part, concealed until the sudden *dénouement* at the close of the story. In some of the scenic acting, perhaps Walter Arden is a trifle too melodramatic; although we must make due allowance for a spirited young man, with elegant carriage, broad shoulders, flashing eye, and manly, well-cut features, who is acknowledged to be the best rider, wrestler, and runner in all the country round about. Lady Tremyss is killed off in the very nick of time, as all treacherous, manoeuvring mammas should be; thus affording her long-suffering daughter favorable opportunity to prudently fall in love with a certain Lord Prudhoe, who marches across the stage at just the opportune moment to arrest the attention of the dejected and mourning Isabel, and, by his courteous, gentle, and solicitous manner, kindle afresh the fire of love amid the smoldering ashes of the heart. This left

the "coast clear" for Walter and Edith, who, through all these perilous years, had been enduring the "charming agonies" of an intercepted but invincible love. Dear, constant Edith! with a nature cast in such a mold of steadfastness, it was meet that her unwearying love should, at last, find its full and blessed fruition. We thank the considerate authoress for so much of consistency and poetic justice. We are grateful, moreover, that we are not compelled to see sweet Edith grow old and frowzy before the happy consummation, as is the case with Elizabeth, in Miss Craik's *Without Kith or Kin*. We assert it—and we assert it boldly—an author has no possible right to thus wantonly play with the best affections of the heart, and torture the tender sympathies of the reader; and if she persistently refuse to desist, she should be turned over to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Mrs. Greenough has happily escaped; but "so as by fire."

PALMETTO-LEAVES. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The authoress of this work can well afford to dispense with the dreary formalities of the conventional introduction. She made her seemingly bow to all the world in the vestibule of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That was "the connecting link" between Mrs. Stowe and the universe of mankind.

In the present volume, she prattles of a sunny land in the sunniest manner. There is a delicious sort of coquetry of style that attracts and charms the reader, from the time she bows in "Nobody's Dog," at the beginning, until she bows out the "irrepressible" Negro, at the close. The different papers which make up the book originally appeared in the *Christian Union*, and were warmly received. They are a transcript of the writer's personal experiences during a sojourn in Florida. Mrs. Stowe is an adept in character-portraiture, which, combined with a delicate perception, keen observation, sympathetic temperament, and light artistic touch, can not fail to make her records of travel both readable and interesting.

Every sketch is tricked out in the poetry of sentiment and idealization. There is, also, a vein of grotesque humor that permeates the

whole, giving it additional zest, while it never detracts from the thoughtful, wholesome tone. Here is a specimen of her gossipy, chatty style:

"The fact is, that people can not come to heartily like Florida till they *accept* certain deficiencies as the necessary shadow to certain excellencies. If you want to live in an orange-orchard, you must give up wanting to live surrounded by green grass. When we get to the new heaven and the new earth, then we shall have it all right. There we shall have a climate at once cool and bracing, yet hot enough to mature oranges and pine-apples. Our trees of life shall bear twelve manner of fruit, and yield a new one every month. Out of juicy meadows green as emerald, enameled with every kind of flower, shall grow our golden orange-trees, blossoming and fruiting together as now they do. There shall be no mosquitoes, or gnats, or black-flies, or snakes; and, best of all, there shall be no fretful people. Everybody shall be like a well-tuned instrument, all sounding in accord, and never a semitone out of the way."

There are some of the most exquisite delineations of rural Southern life. The slightest incident is dressed up in holiday attire, and there are subtle groupings, dramatic combinations, and ingenious pirouettings, which go to make up a grand tableau—perhaps we should say, a superbly artistic tableau. She darts out of the twilight of mystic sentimentalizing into the high noon of crystalline clearness of description; and there is such a dash of defiance about it all, such a fascinating *abandon*, that you are forced to exclaim, "Well done, Mrs. Stowe!"

She evinces also a genuine love for Nature—including dogs, cats, birds, lizards, snakes, wild-ducks, fish-hawks, water-turkeys, and alligators. Hear her discourse on her favorite cat: "Peter is a particularly martial, combative, obnoxious beast, very fluffy and fussy, with great, full-moon, yellow eyes, and a most resounding, sonorous voice. There is an immense deal of cat in Peter. He is concentrated cathood, a nugget of pure cat; and, in fact, we are all a little in awe of him. He rules his mother and sisters as if he had never heard of Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton. . . . Peter is a regular heathen, and hasn't the remotest idea of the millennium. He has much of the lion in him; but he never could lie down peaceably with the lamb, unless, indeed, the lamb were inside of him, when he would sleep upon him without a twinge of conscience. . . . P. S.—Ask the

author of *My Summer in a Garden* if he can't condense his account of 'Calvin's' virtues into a tract, to be distributed among our cats. Peter is such a hardened sinner, a little Calvinism might operate well on him."

This sly humor pervades the book, giving it a piquant flavor, from beginning to end.

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

By Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book completes the seventh volume of *The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, a new and valuable series of books, well suited to readers of all ages, and peculiarly adapted to school and family libraries. As several of the series have been already reviewed in these columns, it is unnecessary to go into any further detailed account of their plan and purpose. Suffice it, that they furnish a clear, picturesque, and practical survey of the lands and races of which they treat, as supplied by the

various accounts of travelers and explorers.

The present volume gives a vivid description of the first attempts at exploration in this country; of Captain Burton's discoveries and wild adventures on the coast region of Eastern Africa; of his successor, Captain Speke's famous journey to the Victoria Nyanza, his march to 'Kazeh, his detention in the Land of the Moon, and his successful trip to the exit of the White Nile and the kingdom of Unyoro. The remainder of the book is devoted to the exploits of Baker, and his expedition into Central Africa.

These books possess not a little of romance and melodramatic excitement, well calculated to enhance their popularity. The editor handles his material with great skill, and thus provides a vast amount of information for the young in a most fascinating form. We can highly commend the care and good sense displayed in the preparation of this series of useful and artistic works. The illustrations are profuse and remarkably good, and form an interesting and valuable feature of the publication.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- PALMETTO-LEAVES. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 STAR PAPERS. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- GALAMA. By J. B. DeLiefde. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 THE FOREIGNER IN FAR CATHAY. By W. H. Medhurst. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 YEAR BOOK OF NATURE AND POPULAR SCIENCE FOR 1872. By John C. Draper. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 THE HEMLOCK SWAMP. By Elsie L. Whittlesey. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
 ROUGE ET NOIR. By E. R. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Miscellaneous:

- THE STORY OF FELICE. By Esmeralda Boyle. London: Trubner & Co.
 THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL. By Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York and San Francisco: J. B. Ford & Co.
 NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS. By Grace Greenwood. New York and San Francisco: J. B. Ford & Co.



